

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII No. 7.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1917

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

## NORTHVILLE'S BIG FAIR COMING ON

THE EVENT PROMISES TO BE "SOME SIZED PUMPKINS."

CONCESSION CHIEF SCHRADER HAS ABOUT EVERYTHING NOW "CEPT TRAINED ELEPHANTS."

Everything seems to indicate so far that Northville's first venture into the fair business is going to be a big success. President Clark and his able corps of assistants are making things hum in all departments of the preparatory work. The business of mowing, grading and otherwise putting the grounds in shape is well on the road to completion. Big tents of the circus variety have been secured for the exhibits and the prospects are that the fair will prove the best one ever held in this part of Michigan, outside the state fair.

The poultry department, under superintendence of A. B. Fuller, promises a size and completeness that will not take a back seat even for the state show. Practically every business man in town has contributed to the prize list in that line.

In the household section, Mr. Ponsford is offering some dandy premiums, including a beautiful big American flag and a pair of handsome bed blankets for canned Michigan fruits and vegetables.

Mr. Schrader and his aides on the amusement and concessions committee promise ball games in which Northville, Redford, Plymouth, Farmington and other teams will contend for honors; and a midway that will furnish all the customary varieties of entertainment from a merry-go-round to an airplane ride.

Mr. Clapp offers many inducements to exhibitors in the vegetable and grain section. The stock show promises to be fine, and the races are already being extensively discussed among the trackmen of this part of the country.

The women's department, under Mrs. Frank Harmon's direction, will afford an almost unlimited field for the display of tasteful and deft handwork and many special premiums will be given along this line. Then there is the mechanical section, where automobiles and other modern conveniences will be seen, a place to put on exhibition your favorite cats, dogs, hares, etc.; in short, it is intended to have everything that can attract the public in such a place.

The premium lists are to be issued next week, and a nice little surprise is in store when they come out, for those who haven't yet grasped the idea of just how big an affair it is intended to make of the Northville Wayne County Fair.

## OUR PATRIOTISM QUESTIONED?

It is said that much surprise has been expressed by Detroit men who have been here during our out-door band concerts, that our Northville men do not remove their hats when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played, as is the custom under such circumstances elsewhere. The Record does not believe that the omission of this act of respect is any in-

dication of a lack of patriotism here, but merely a matter of not having acquired the habit. Even the matter of rising when our national anthem is played is not very thoroughly adjusted to our local public comprehension, as was rather amusingly illustrated during the recent Chautauqua when a lot of people promptly got up as soon as the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" were heard and the rest weren't certain enough about the matter to sit still, so they rose intermittently and hesitatingly until all but a few were standing, and those few looked scared but determined when reproving glances were cast at them. Not that in itself the act of standing during the playing of "America" was harmful, but it certainly destroys the significance of such a tribute to our flag when the same honor is paid an entirely different tune than the one specially designated for that recognition.

Too much honor cannot possibly be shown to our Star Spangled Banner in its own beautiful form or in the melody that bears its name. Keep this one honor solely for it.

## AERIAL VISITORS TUESDAY.

Most of the inhabitants of this section were out Tuesday morning "rubbering" the attraction being a flock of airplanes from the Selfridge U. S. aviation camp, which were seen gracefully navigating the ether in various directions over the village and the surrounding country. One of the big mechanical birds came to grief through failure of the "gas" supply, which could only be renewed by sending to the camp for the government article. The necessary landing was made on the Smock farm, the aviator stating that he felt assured of a safe place there because the Stars and Stripes were flying on the premises, (which certainly tallies one for the Smock family). Dozens of auto-loads of people visited the farm during the day to get a sight of the machine. In a few years more we will no doubt be so accustomed to this method of travel and transportation that we will scarcely look up when we hear the purr of a machine above us.

## W. R. C. NOTES.

The 15th regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday evening, September 12, at 7.30. A full attendance is desired as business of importance regarding our inspection will be discussed.

## RED CROSS NOTES.

Owing to the widespread response to the call for knitters, the yarn supply at headquarters has given out, and it is impossible for the Northville committee to obtain any at present. Notice will be given through the Record when more is secured.

## AUCTION SALE.

Frank E. Hills & Bros., will have an auction sale of high-grade Holstein cattle at the DeKay farm, 2 miles west of Northville, on the Fishery road, on Wednesday, September 12, at one o'clock, p. m. One registered thoroughbred Holstein cow, No. 181096, with calf by-side and 25 head of high-grade cows, most of these with calves by side, are included in the sale. Geo. Ratterbury, Auctioneer.

## NORTHVILLE HOME GUARD.

Owing to the loss or commissioning as well as non-commissioned officers and privates through the draft the ranks of the Northville home guard have been depleted to the extent that few members are necessary for a successful future of the organization. The efficient services of Capt. Berney, experienced officer of the M. N. G., have been secured for instruction in military tactics. On recommendation of retiring Capt. Hottom, Dr. Alexander has been elected Captain. Other commissioned officers elected are L. M. Eaton, 1st Lieut., Ross Dixon, 2nd Lieut. Non-commissioned officers appointed are Edward Bogart, 1st Sergeant; Don Ball, Quartermaster Sergeant; Frank Van Valkenburg, Sergeant; Russell Stewart, Sergeant; Corporals, Harry Taft, Joe Vroman, Ray Bogart, Lee Shipley and Roy Ambler. If you can't go to war, help put Northville on the military map by enlisting in Co. 50 of the Michigan State Troops.

## LETTER FROM E. K. STARK-WEATHER.

A long and interesting letter to the Record from E. K. Starkweather follows in the condensed form made necessary by lack of room. Dear Friends: Have just returned from the Rockies. Found my Record awaiting me. Have received it every Monday and appreciate it like a friend from home. All the people in the west are very friendly and especially in the mountains. Saw one party from Kalamazoo among the many campers in the national parks, where water, lights and space are free to those who comply with the rules. They have fine fishing, and there are frequent grocery stores, while vegetable wagons go through every day. All you need is money, to have a good time. Things are not much dearer than elsewhere. You can get board for \$2.50 a day at the little hotels; good clean beds and good meals. There is where I stay, as I am not much on the camp. Have visited most of the high points in the Rockies, except Pike's Peak. Am just a little afraid of the highest altitudes. Have visited Buffalo Bill's grave and fished in Bear Creek. After a few more side trips, shall be ready for "home, sweet home." Nothing like it, although I am not even a little homesick. Truly yours, E. K. STARKWEATHER.

## DEATH OF GORDON ALLAN.

Gordon Allan, a respected resident of this village for 26 years past, died suddenly of heart trouble Monday morning at his home, on South Center street. Although he had not been in his usual good health for some time his passing away comes as a terrible shock to his family and friends.

Mr. Allan was born in Selkirk, Scotland, April 22, 1846. He is survived by his wife, four sons and three daughters, besides six sisters and two brothers. Funeral services, conducted by Rev. A. N. Riley of the Northville Baptist church, were held from the home Thursday afternoon, with interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

## In Solitude.

All weighty things are done in solitude—that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, nor in any violent designs, for these cool and cool very soon, but in patient practicing for whole long days, by which I make the thing clear to my highest reason.—Jean Paul Richter.

## Flowers in the Soul.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—Mrs. Child.

## Good Things Come True.

You are perhaps expecting some great and wonderful thing to happen; but you will find that true progress comes from doing faithfully and well the little, everyday things that come to you. Truly great things do not drop into people's lives. They are built up of little things faithfully done.

## Perhaps a Safer Investment.

The Yankee does not use his gift for putting truth pithily. A prosperous New England farmer, replying to a comment on the amount of money he was spending to put his son through college, said: "Yes, it does take a lot of money, but I'd rather leave my money in my boy than to him."—Youth's Companion.

## Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

For Saturday night "The Island of Generation" in six reels, featuring Edith Story, Antonio Mereno and Frank Drew.

Next week Thursday night comes "An International Marriage," a delightful Paramount film, Rita Jolivet, leading lady.

On Friday evening, Sept. 14, Northville people will have a chance to see, right here at home the greatest and costliest film production ever made—"Civilization," which has been the talk of the whole country since its first appearance.

"Eat Plenty of Hard Food." There are three things to keep in mind when considering diseases of the teeth—first, that soft food is injurious, and that plenty of hard food should be eaten; second, that infection in the gums and tooth cavities may cause disorders by the pus being swallowed and so conveyed to the stomach and intestines; thirdly, that the pus may cause more serious trouble by being absorbed through the lymphatics.

Easy Beliefs. It is easy for a man to believe he is henpecked, and that the man who has a different political view is an anarchist.—Atchison Globe.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for the flowers and many kind acts bestowed upon us during our sad bereavement in the death of our wife and mother, especially Mr. Huey for his words of kindness, and also those who assisted with the music.

JAMES MUNRO.  
JOHN HOFFMAN AND FAMILY  
J. D. MUNRO AND FAMILY  
B. L. MUNRO AND FAMILY

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

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

NOTICE—Send your garments in early in the week to be dry-cleaned and pressed. Larkin 7w2p

NOTICE—Home provided for girl wishing to work way thru school. Phone 205-M. 6w1p

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

NOTICE—Mrs Geo Alexander will do dressmaking at her home. First house east of Wm Scott's on Cady street. 7w1p

LOST—Gray shawl, between Judd Chapman's and Northville Mrs C W Hamilton. Phone 325 R-5. 7w1p

LOST—Embroidery corset cover, on Main street 3 weeks ago. Finder please leave at Ambler's store 7w1p

WANTED—Reliable girl for general housework, in small family. Good wages. Inquire J W. Weltzman 7w1c

WANTED—To buy several bushels of butternuts this fall. Mrs D S. Kysor, Phone 346-W. 7w1c

WANTED—Men for track work. Apply to Wm. H. White, Northville. 6w2p

WANTED—Laundry work. Call 109-W. 6w1c

WANTED—To rent barn to store household goods for year or so. Inquire Roy G. Clark. 5w2p

FOR SALE—Gas Range, used about one year. Also 50 feet best grade electric lawn hose, used only two months. Bargains if taken at once. Mrs. H. A. Boyden. Phone 351-J.

FOR SALE—Refreshment tent 10x10 feet, 6-ft. wall. Just the thing for coming fair. Ralph Shafter. Phone 353-W. 7w1p

FOR SALE—Team of horses, cheap; also harness and handy wagon. Inquire Roy Clark. 7w2p

FOR SALE—A few household goods, including base burner in good condition. Mrs. A. T. Stewart. 7w1p

FOR SALE—Fertilizer, the kind that increases your yield. Phone 151 R-3. J. W. Cole. 7w1p

FOR SALE—Sows and pigs. Some due soon. Phone 312 R-2. George Merritt. 7w1c

FOR SALE—At one-half price, Hoover potato digger, good as new; potato planter, Manure wagon; steel wheel wagon and dump wagon. Lohman Seed Co., 245 Randolph St., Detroit. 7w1p

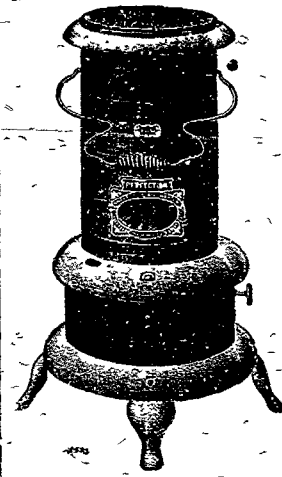
FOR SALE—New milch cow. Call 190 J-4. Joe Holman, Northville. 6w2p

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. 50tc.

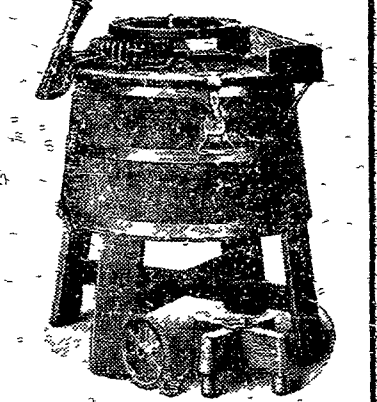
## PERFECTION OIL HEATER



Buy one of these Oil Heaters and put in that cold room where you want heat. Heat when you want it and where you want it. No smoke, no smell, no trouble.

Plain Stove ..... \$1.50  
Nickle Trimmed Stove, ..... \$5.50  
Blue Enameld Stove ..... \$6.50

## Motor High Speed Washer



It runs easier loaded than others do empty. It's the Washer with the spiral cut gears that give ease and speed; the four winged wooden dolly that churns the hot suds thru the clothes—positively won't injure even the finest fabrics; metal faucet, automatic cover-lift, high art finish; and other distinctive features.

See Our Line of Automobile Accessories.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

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



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

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

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

Northville State Savings Bank

Get in Touch with Our

## Special Bargain Counter

SATURDAYS

In Particular.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

## SPECIALS for SATURDAY

3 Cans VanCamp's Beans, for	25c
Fresh Eggs, per dozen,	39c
6 Swift's White Laundry Soap for	25c
Coleman Flag Salmon,	23c
1-2 lb. Can Hershey's Cocoa,	16c
3 Packages Luxury Macaroni,	25c
3 Dutch Cleanser, for	24c
3 Queen Anne Scourer for	25c
1-Quart Mason Jars, doz.,	64c
2-Quart Mason Jars, doz.,	82c

THIS IS FOR SATURDAY ONLY.

Sweet Potatoes, Peppers,  
Pickling Onions.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN  
CASH STORE.

Julia Bottomley

Name of cow		No.		Breed		Date of birth			
Name		No.		Breed		Date of birth			
Month	Price	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk	Value of milk
Jan.	110.56	4.9	5.17	35	18.96	25	2.21	2.17	2.83
Feb.	88.0	8	3.6	11	12.66		1.76	14.40	8.16
March	936.6	3	31.84		11.14		1.94	13.28	8.41
April	792.5	3	26.34		9.43		1.39	10.52	5.64
May	640.2	4	62.9		10.20		1.23	11.53	5.45
June	547.7	4	23.50		8.22		1.17	9.87	4.87
July	588.2	4	124.12		8.44		1.15	9.59	3.69
August	434	3	16.50		5.77		8.7	6.44	3.32
September	173.9	4	8.17		2.85		3.3	3.18	1.46
October	42	7	5.2		7.4		0.8	8.2	1.02
November									
December	195.5	4	8.60		3.01		3.7	3.38	7.52
Total	6377.9		261.52		91.50		12.50	104.00	55.61

# ASTHMA

Dr. J. D.  
**KELLOGG'S**  
REMEDY

## “There’s a Reason”



## FOREMAN MYERS NOW TESTIFIES

Michigan Alkali Plant Man Lived  
on Bread and Water for  
Weeks.

### SUFFERED 4 YEARS

Nothing Did Him Any Good Until He  
Took Tanlac—Has Gained Seven  
Pounds—and All His  
Troubles Gone.

"I had to live on nothing but bread and water for weeks at a time, but since taking Tanlac, I can eat anything I want and enjoy it as well as I ever did," said Fred W. Myers, of 17 Sullivan street, Ford City, the other day. Mr. Myers is the well-known foreman at the Ford City plant of the Michigan Alkali company.

"I suffered from stomach trouble and indigestion for four years," he explained. "Everything I ate formed pills on my stomach that seemed to press on my heart so I could hardly breathe. I belched up bits of sour, undigested food and had an awful, gnawing sensation in the pit of my stomach that at times burned like a coal of fire. Mucus was constantly dropping down my throat. My eyes were watery so at times I could hardly see. I slept poorly and felt tired and worn out all the time."

"I have tried many different medicines but nothing did the least good until I got Tanlac. Tanlac seems to be made especially for my case for I commenced picking up right from the start and improved every day. My appetite now is fine and everything I eat agrees with me. I have no more gas on the stomach, sleep like a log and wake up feeling fine as a fiddle. Have actually gained seven pounds and am relieved of my troubles."

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

#### Matter-of-Fact Lovemaking

For downright prose Doctor Johnson's offer of hand and heart to his second wife would be very hard to beat.

"My dear woman," said Johnson, "I am a hardworking man and without something of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor. I have always been respectable myself, but I grieve to tell you that one of my uncles was hanged."

"I have less money than you, doctor," demurely answered the lady, "but I shall try to be philosophical, too. None of my relatives has even been hanged, but I have several who ought to be."

"Providence and philosophy have evidently muted us, my good woman," said the doctor as he pressed a chaste salute upon the lady's brow.—Reho both Sunday-Herald.

### YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry  
up a corn or callus so it lifts  
off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

#### The Retort.

"Two wrongs don't make a right, still—"

A senator was discussing the food control bill.

"While the bill has its drawbacks," he went on, "there would be worse drawbacks without it, and so we can face our opponents like the lady."

"My love," the husband said to this lady, "you spend all your money getting your palm read."

"And you, dear," she retorted, "spend all yours getting your nose red."

### YOU MAY TRY CUTICURA FREE

That's the Rule—Free Samples to Any-  
one Anywhere.

We have so much confidence in the wonderful soothing and healing properties of Cuticura Ointment for all skin troubles supplemented by hot baths with Cuticura Soap that we are ready to send samples on request. They are ideal for the toilet.

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

Don't hit a man when he is down—it's more customary to throw rocks at him when he's up a tree.

### When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

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

## MACK AND JENNINGS GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN



HUGHIE JENNINGS

CONNIE MACK

Connie Mack and Hughie Jennings are friends once more after a coldness between them of six years standing. The feud began when the Athletics met the New York Giants in the world's series in 1911. Peace was declared when Connie was on his last western trip and Hughie has, thus to say of how it came about and how time healed the breach:

"Connie Mack and I have buried the hatchet. We did it on the last trip of the Athletics to the West. I always liked Mack, but we fell out. Hoy? Well, here's the tale:

"When I was playing Pittsburgh for the world's championship in 1909, John McGraw came to me and helped me lay my plans for battle. You see, McGraw and I were side partners on the old Baltimore team. We were friends then, and have been ever since, and McGraw is the most loyal friend in the world."

"McGraw tipped me off to Babe Adams. He told me that the Pirate youngster had a great curve ball, but

that his fast one was not hard to solve. He told me a lot of other things, and we put up a great battle in that series, even if we did lose the deciding game. McGraw was a National league manager, but he was helping his old pal."

"Two years later McGraw was hooked up with the Athletics in the world's series, and he called on me for aid. I did. McGraw had helped me, so why shouldn't I help him? I told him all I knew about Mack's pitchers. I warned him about serving a fast ball to Frank Baker or breaking a curve close inside to him. No one in the National league criticized McGraw for tipping me off in 1909 but the Athletics did howl about what I did for McGraw."

"When Mack was in the West we talked it all over. Time has helped a lot, and we decided to forget the past. We are the best of friends now. Ask Connie, and while I am sure that our teams will fight it out every game, Mack and I won't lose our personal regard for each other."

### MITCHELL ROUSES UP CUBS

New Manager Has More Than Fulfilled  
Expectations—With Chicago Na-  
tional League Team.

Manager Mitchell has more than fulfilled the expectations. The club he took under his wing was not considered of first-division rank. Yet he has so roused things up that the Cubs



Manager Fred Mitchell.

have forced themselves in said rank. Whether Mitch can keep the pitchers working at top speed and the players' ambish so keen and forceful is a matter that time alone can settle. However, the new manager has at any rate demonstrated that with any kind of breaks he can make things lively from "play ball" to finish.

### TO DETERMINE A BEAN BALL

Difficult Matter to Determine Whether  
Pitcher Is Trying to Hit Batsman  
—Instance Cited.

Just to show the difficulty of deciding whether a ball whirling near a batsman's head is or isn't an intentional bean ball: In a game between Brooklyn and the Giants, Lew McCarty had to fling himself flat on the ground three times to escape being hit by Pfeffer. The crowd hissed and hooted, and the fans were positive that Pfeffer was trying to hit McCarty. Yet Pfeffer and McCarty are two close and devoted friends—and Pfeffer was almost sick with fright over the narrow escape of his old pal. Not one of those balls was pitched at Lew's head, but it surely looked that way to the crowd.

### BOBTAIL GAMES ARE BARRED

President of American League Stops  
Practice of Calling Games for  
Team to Catch Train.

There will be no more bobtail games played in the American league, so that one team or another can catch an early train. President Ban Johnson has issued a sharp call-down to the managers and umpires for consenting to call the Chicago-Cleveland game of July 2 before nine innings were played, pointing out that there is a rule of the league against the practice. The game, which went seven innings, the Sox winning 4 to 3, presumably will stand, however

## BASEBALL STORIES

Ed Walsh has made a come-back. Boy, page Frank Isbell and Johnny Kling.

Griffith has made a star shortstop out of Howard Shanks, who also is a 300 hitter.

Fred Mitchell has bagged Pitcher Vangilder of the Three-I league. The Detroiters were after him.

Ban Johnson says that the American league will play ball next year. So will the National league.

Frank Baker is playing third base below the usual standard. But he still is hammering the old apple.

Muggsy McGraw has gone into the movies. Wonder if they have a picture of him slugging Lord Byron?

A Chicago woman has sued Owner Comiskey of the White Sox for \$10,000 because a foul ball struck her in the face.

Philip Ball, owner of the Browns, denies the report that Fielder Jones will be supplanted by a new manager next year.

John T. Powers, organizer and first president of the Federal league, aspires to be an officer in the new national army.

Hans Wagner says his greatest ambition is to lead the National league in batting again before he retires from the game.

The army drill practiced by ball clubs should come in handy to Dick Hobitzel, who has volunteered for the dental corps.

Manager Bezdek of the Pirates has a number of very promising young players who will develop into stars if properly handled.

In spite of the slump of the Cincinnati Reds, averages show six members of Matnewson's surprising team hitting .300 or better.

Mathewson holds the world's record for pitched balls in a single game. He scored a victory several years ago with 68 in nine innings.

A campaign against the throwing of "pop" bottles at umpires of the Southern league has been started by President R. H. Baugh.

Lawton Witt is the first big league player to be called by the draft. Playing with the Athletics should be sufficient cause for rejection.

Two St. Louis Browns have enlisted in the army. Probably figuring that the trenches could be no worse than working for Fielder Jones.

The Giants have so many double-headers to play that McGraw may need more than seven pitchers to keep up the average winning percentage.

## CY YOUNG'S RECORDS

Pitcher Justly Known as "Great-  
est Ever" in His Line.

During His Career He Pitched Three  
No-Hit Games—Greatest Game  
Against Athletics, No Man  
Reaching First Base.

When it comes to breaking records, every player in any league must still take off his cap to old Cy Young, justly known as the "greatest ever" in his line. It was on August 3, 1890, 27 years ago, that Young climbed into the uniform of the Cleveland Nationals and pitched his first game in the major leagues. That was the beginning of a pitching career which lasted for 22 years, which is only one of the many records this remarkable player made. It hasn't even been equaled and very likely never will be.

During his long career Young hung up a few other records that will serve as targets for a long time. He pitched three no-hit games, one for the Cleveland Nationals and two for the Boston



Cy Young.

Americans. The first was in 1897, when Cincinnati was the victim. In 1904, for the Red Sox, he pitched the greatest game of his life against the Athletics, not a man reaching first base. He pitched another no-hit game in 1908.

Another record he holds is that of pitching 23 consecutive innings of hitless ball, and the successive retirement of 68 batsmen. Young performed many other notable feats, such as pitching 45 innings without being scored on.

When he joined the Cleveland Nationals he had only a brief minor league experience with the Canton club. Cleveland got him from Canton for \$500. He spent nine years with the Cleveland Nationals, then two seasons with the St. Louis Nationals and eight years with the Boston Americans. He returned to Cleveland in 1910 and remained there until 1911, when he was given his unconditional release, and finished out the season and his career with the Boston Nationals.

### CHARGE ADMISSION TO GAME

First Time Money Was Asked to Wit-  
ness Contest Was in 1859—Fifty  
Cents Was Paid.

The first time admission was ever charged to see a baseball game was on July 20, 1859. The game was played between teams representing Brooklyn and New York. The game was played at the Fashion race course in Long Island, now out of existence. What was in those days a vast crowd at a baseball game assembled to witness the contest, that is, 1,500 persons. And they each paid 50 cents admission. Gee, wouldn't it be great if we could do that in these days? But in 1859 the high cost of living had not yet struck us. They were the happy days.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### PITCHER FILLINGIM NO GOOD

Manager Connie Mack Tried Out Star  
of American Association and Found  
Him to Be Lacking.

No one is infallible, and that includes managers of baseball teams. They usually can tell a good player when they see one, but sometimes they make bad mistakes. For instance, there is the case of Fillingim of Indianapolis, the leading pitcher of the American association. Connie Mack tried him out in 1915 and found him wanting. The Indianapolis fans are not sorry that Connie made a mistake.

### BOOSTER FOR SPEED MARTIN

Duffy Lewis, Red Sox Outfielder, Is  
Strong Admirer of New Pitcher  
Secured by Browns.

Duffy Lewis of the Boston Red Sox is one strong booster for Speed Martin, the new pitcher with the Browns. Lewis saw a lot of Martin in California last winter, and he says he not only has brains with his physical ability, but that he is one pitcher always ready and never out of condition. Martin, by the way, costs the Browns very little, so that if he does make good it will be a great feather.

## OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Oint-  
ment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors  
wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Oint-  
ment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40  
Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any drug-  
gist, says Peterson, and money back if it  
isn't the best you ever used. Always keep  
Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine  
for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and  
the surest remedy for itching eczema and  
piles the world has ever known.

Peterson's Ointment is the best for  
itching and itching piles. I have ever  
found."—Major Charles E. Whitney Vin-  
yard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great  
satisfaction for Salt Rheum."—Mrs. J. L.  
Weiss, Cuylerville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it, recommend it. Adv.

Considering.

"Do you believe a wife is justified  
in taking money from her husband's  
pocket?"

"Certainly, if he is careless enough  
to leave any there."

Even if you were not born rich you  
can be an iceman.

## Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

On the battle-fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Frus-  
tration would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of  
muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short  
harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such  
as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined  
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A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Depart-  
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under which it is proposed to permit the har-vesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Okla-  
homa, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move  
over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the  
time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!

Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its  
13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the international boundary line to destination and the same  
rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guaran-  
tee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED move northward and assist your Canadian  
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M. V. MacINNIS, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
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As Cal Sized Up the Situation, That  
"Cyah" Certainly Must Have  
Been Traveling Some

H. C. Frick said in Birmingham,  
where he had come to attend a liberty  
loan meeting.

"The crack troops of the Kaiser—  
some call them cracked troops now—  
are hiding in caverns forty feet under  
ground. The men who now think  
German militarism a wonderful thing  
is as badly doped as Cal Clay of Nova  
Chucky."

"Cal was escorting some ladies from  
Nola Chucky to Paint Rock, and as  
they passed a planter's planter was  
playing with a powerful searchlight.  
He had fast put on his water towel,  
and he happened to turn it down the  
road where it streamed into the eyes  
of Cal and his two girls."

"Here comes one o' dem powerful  
racin' cyahs to judge by that here head  
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de side o' de road to safety till she's  
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"So they hustled up against the  
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"Cal gave a grunt of astonishment."

"Jee-rusalem!" he said. "How fast  
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His Chief Desire.

General Pershing told in Paris a  
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"He talked a lot on the voyage over,"  
said the general, "of the delight he  
would take in sightseeing when on  
leave."

"Don't miss Notre Dame cathedral  
in Paris," said a French volunteer.

"You see, I won't," said he.

"Don't miss Westminster abbey in  
London," said a Scot.

"No, sree!" But, say, fellows, the  
young soldier declared, "the thing I'm  
craziest of all to see is the Church of  
England."

Humor of Kultur.

"Here's a fruit tree, still standing.  
Why haven't you cut it down?" thun-  
dered the Teuton commander in  
France.

The young officer saluted stiffly and  
explained:

"We saved this tree to hang a pair  
of old peasants on. As it's their tree,  
we thought the joke too good to miss."

Her Mind on Money.

Patience—"Do you know the Latin  
Quarter in Paris?" Patience—"No.  
Does it look anything like the franc  
piece?"

### ON 'WHEATLESS DAYS'

Eat  
POST TOASTIES

(Made of Corn)

says  
Bobby



## Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of  
wear and often the kidneys weaken.  
The back is lame, bent and aching,  
and the kidney action distressing. This  
makes people feel older than they are.  
Don't wait for drops, gravel, harden-  
ing of the arteries or Bright's disease.  
Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try  
Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of el-  
derly folks recommend them.

### A Michigan Case

Mrs. Alice Miller, 406  
Indiana Ave., South  
Haven, Mich., says:  
"I had a great deal of  
trouble with my kid-  
neys and sharp catches  
in my back and sides.  
I also had bladder  
trouble and my kid-  
neys acted irregularly.  
The kidney secretions  
were unnatural.  
Doan's Kidney Pills  
relieved me of all  
these ailments."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S**  
KIDNEY  
PILLS  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 36-1917.

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**The Northville Record.**

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEP. 7, 1917.

**Wixom Whisperings.**

Mrs. W. H. White of Northville was a caller at J. G. Madison's Tuesday.

Joseph Belford and wife of Newark were Wixom visitors a part of this week.

J. E. Boyd and family of Traverse City visited his daughter, Mrs. Roach, last week.

A. VanLeuven and wife of Flint visited the latter's parents here a part of the week.

Ernest Oldenburg of Co. H. 33rd Mich. Infantry, was home from Camp Custer over Sunday.

Miss Lillian Belford attended the state fair Tuesday and Frances Proud taught school for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoopingarner of Gilead visited A. Mowry and wife Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harmon of Milford were callers at the home of J. G. Madison Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Towner and the son of Detroit visited at Mr. Van Wagener's from Saturday until Monday night.

D. M. Bellows and wife and daughter Ethel of Gilead, Mich., visited their sister, Mrs. E. A. Mowry, a part of the week.

Mrs. Smith, Roach, Severance, and Miss Maudie Patton and Edith Smith were in Pontiac Tuesday in the interest of the state fair.

The Misses Gibson, Sutton, Congdon and Sturman are all attending school at Pontiac; the three former at high school, and the two latter at business college.

Mrs. F. W. McDonald and son, Ovid, spent last week in Toronto, London, Hamilton and Niagara. While at the former place they attended the Toronto exposition.

Alec Key and wife and Mrs. C. Madison of Detroit and Mrs. Oscar Kellogg of Redford were the guests of relatives here Sunday. Mrs. Madison will remain for this week.

**WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.**

The subject for Sunday morning will be, "How to Make Your Church Attractive."

The topic for the evening will be, "My Community and Me."

There should be a liberal response to these subjects, as they are of vital interest to all. There is danger of fossilizing unless one keeps abreast of the times. You can never grow old so long as you keep in proper adjustment to community enterprise. When you lose the jungle out of your life you might as well have your friends call the undertaker. Don't consult the mirror and fret over gray hair and a few wrinkles. Keep on the jog and you'll never see your obituary in the paper.

**Novi News.**

Ford Brocke has been drawn to serve on the Oakland county circuit court jury for the coming term.

Mrs. Maggie Casey of Port Sanilac spent the first of the week at the home of her uncle, J. L. Munro.

The Cheerful Workers will meet with Mrs. Clara Clark Saturday afternoon, Sept. 8, with Mrs. James Lapham as assistant hostess. All welcome.

Judging from the number of accidents lately one would think a traffic officer is needed on every mile of the Grand River road.

Mrs. Alice Flint and daughter, Mary, Mrs. Delos Leavenworth and Mrs. Jay Dunham of Ypsilanti were in town Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Munro.

Our townspeople were highly entertained Monday by a band of Scotch laddies, big husky fellows in kilts, who made some fine music with bagpipes and drums.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Fox and son, Munro, of Saginaw and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Munro of Vassar have been Novi visitors this week, to be present the funeral of Mrs. Mary Munro.

Two Detroit men were killed Saturday night half a mile east of Novi during a race between two automobiles.

biles, when one of the drivers lost control of his machine. The victims were Michael Stanisleski and Alexander Ostroski. Both were members of a camping party which was returning from Walled Lake. In another car were three other members of the party, one of them a brother of Ostroski. A telephone pole was struck with such force as to be broken in two, but the machine did not stop until it encountered a tree of considerable size, which also was broken down. Stanisleski's neck was broken and he died instantly. Ostroski's skull was crushed. He died after reaching a doctor's office.

**DEATH OF MRS. JAMES MUNRO.**

Widespread sorrow prevails in this vicinity because of the death on Saturday, Sept. 1, of Mrs. Mary Munro of Novi, wife of James L. Munro and daughter of the late J. D. Leavenworth and Katherine Flint Leavenworth. Mrs. Munro had spent her entire life of 60 years here and her Christian character and many traits of neighborly and social helpfulness endeared her to all who knew her. She leaves to mourn the loss of a devoted wife, mother and sister, her husband, one daughter, Mrs. Via Huffman of Ray, Ind., and two sons, Orlando and Burton of Novi, and two brothers, Deles and Jay Leavenworth, also of this place. She had been for many years a consistent member of the Novi Baptist church, where she will be greatly missed. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon from the home, Rev. H. A. Huey, former pastor, officiating.

**Walled Lake Warbles.**

Several from here are attending the fair.

Mrs. W. Maxwell of Clare is the guest of Mrs. Orr.

Alex Keith had the misfortune to break his arm Sunday.

Walled Lake young people attending school at Pontiac are Mr. Chapman, Gladys Anscomb and Sinclair Dickinson. Edith Sherwood attends at Novi.

Leon Clitz of Detroit spent the first of the week here.

F. McKnight of Detroit spent Sunday at E. J. Cornell's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell of Highland Park have a baby boy.

Clifford Young has sold his farm and moved to this village.

J. Smith of Northville, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. C. Orr.

Miss Naomi Halverson has commenced school work in the Welch district.

Miss Grace Halverson has left for Brown City where she is to teach for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux spent Thursday in Orionville, guests of Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Walker.

Mrs. Georgia Chame has been entertaining her sister and husband of Cleveland the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Chafy left Saturday for a trip to Niagara Falls in company with Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Chafy of Keego Harbor and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chafy and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pommerville of Detroit.

**Removing Fence Posts Easily.**

Fence posts of considerable size may be removed readily by hitching a chain around the post near the ground and passing it over a piece of 2 by 4 stock set at a slant against the post. A horse hitched to the chain can withdraw large posts by means of the leverage on the chain and the piece of wood. Will Chapel, Manchester, 3a., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Some Travelers.**

The Arctic tern holds all records for length of migration. When the young are full grown the entire family leaves the arctic regions and several months later is found skirting the edge of the Antarctic continent.

**Sapleigh's Estimate.**

Sapleigh—"I hope, Miss Ethel, I am not taking up too much of your valuable time." Miss Ethel—"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Sapleigh, that the time I spend with you is of no value whatever."

**To Relieve Colic in Horses.**

In case of colic, rather strong salt water poured down a horse's throat will often afford great relief. Dry salt applied to the back of the horse over the kidneys will also relieve greatly.

**Dismal.**

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

**Failure.**

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

**ADVANCEMENT OF STATE REFLECTED IN FAIR EXHIBITS**

Improvement Noted in Displays at Annual State Exposition

**MANY NEW CLASSES ADDED**

Rare Exhibits of Animals Never Before Shown at a State Fair—Enlarged display of Farm Produce.

For sixty-eight years the Michigan State Fair, now the oldest state fair in the United States, has fostered the agricultural development of the state. Its influence has been felt in every movement having as its object the greater advancement of Michigan as a food raising section. Today the great prominence of the state among the pre-eminent agricultural and stock raising commonwealths of the nation is reflected in the elaborate exhibits of farm produce and live stock which mark each annual exposition.

A decided improvement is noticeable in the quality of live stock bred in the state, and much of this can be traced directly to the efforts of the fair in encouraging the introduction of blooded stock in Michigan. The movement to this end was at first slow and met with many reverses but the persistence of General Manager Dickinson was finally rewarded by the general interest inspired in the breeding of blooded animals.

**New Classes Established.**

As an indication of the attention given to live stock raising a number of new classes have been created in this department of the State Fair. Included in these is a special class for heavy draft horses in teams, harness and attached to a suitable wagon.

In the cattle department a novelty is introduced with the establishment of a class for Devonshire cattle, a breed rarely shown at fairs. General Manager Dickinson is assured of several exhibits of these uncommon animals. The State Fair has also established a separate class for dairy breed cattle—distinguishing them from the beef breeds—and has put up special prizes for exhibits in this new division.

**Rare Animals On Display.**

Two exhibits of Persian Fur sheep, commonly known as sacred sheep, will be added to the animal classes at the fair this year. These interesting beasts have long, fine, shaggy wool of exceptionally high value. This exhibit should be of interest to breeders and the general public as well. Another announcement of interest to exhibitors is the establishment of a special class for Spotted Poland China hogs, which should bring out a number of additional pens.

The agricultural exhibits this year, more than ever before, will demonstrate the advancement the state has made along these lines. Probably never in the history of Michigan has there been such a keen interest in this subject nor more accomplished, in a material way, in enlarging the state's food output.

**Daily Wild West Performance.**

California Frank, Pioneer Wild West Showman, will appear in daily free performances at the Michigan State Fair at Detroit from Aug. 31 to Sept. 9. In his company of 35 people are included Indians, in native garb, cowboys, plainsmen and cow girls all of whom participate in the spectacular performances before the grand stand which include, roping, shooting, Indian fighting and other characteristic features of frontier life.

**State Fair Auto Show.**

One advantage that visitors at the Michigan State Fair at Detroit August 31 to September 9, will enjoy is the opportunity afforded at the automobile show of viewing the new models long before they are exhibited in the national shows. With Michigan the center of the automobile industry every manufacturer in the state takes a personal pride in showing his latest product to the people of his own state. Other makers, according to G. W. Dickinson, will also exhibit and every motor car of prominence made in this country will be on display at the State Fair show.

**Dark Ways—Darkness.**

Night is proverbially the time for criminal activity, and Spaniards say "The false coin passes at night." Too often successful men ignore old friends, or, as the Spaniards say: "With the glories they forget the memorias." Shrewdness has worked off undesirable articles. Spain tells that "The saddle and mane make the horse sell." Waste labor is "To carry iron to Vizcaya." A man born to good fortune is "The son of a white hen."

**Margaret's Thought.**

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

Yes, Very Dry.  
"Yes," said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "it's pretty terrible, dry out my way. It's got so, in fact, that about half of the time three or four of my smallest children get practically covered up while playing in the road and can't be found till their maw yells for 'em to come to dinner or an automobile comes ripping along and knocks 'em out of the dust."

A Mild Protest.  
"Bredern and sisters," said Parson Absolom Jonsing, as he surveyed the scant covering of the bottom of the contribution basket, "Ah wouldn't say a wuld to 'snuate that one of yoh was stingy, but Ah has got to admit that yoh all is mighty thrifty tryin' to get to heaven foh about one ten-billionth of a cent a mune."

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

Platonic Friendship.  
"Do you believe in platonic friendship?" "Well, not altogether. My personal opinion is that I'd believe more in platonic friendship if it were carried on with the full knowledge and consent of the husband of the one and the wife of the other."—Detroit Free Press.

"Mother Ann."  
"Mother Ann" was a friendly nickname given to a woman named Anna Lee, an English woman who came to the United States during the revolutionary period and founded the sect called Shakers. She was illiterate, but a good woman, a religious enthusiast, and popular in her day.

**ORDER.**

WHEREAS, Said assessment rolls for the townships of Gratiot, Grosse Pointe, Nankin, Northville and Romulus, in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan, for the year 1917 have heretofore been made by the supervisors of said townships and reviewed by the regularly constituted boards of review of said townships; and

WHEREAS, Said assessment rolls are now subject to inspection by the Board of State Tax Commissioners of the state of Michigan, or by any member thereof; and

WHEREAS, It has been made to appear to said Board of State Tax Commissioners that property in said townships has been so irregularly and unlawfully assessed that adequate compliance with law cannot be secured except by a review of said assessment rolls, it is

THEREFORE ORDERED, That in accordance with the provisions of Section 152 of the General Tax Law, as amended by Act No. 153 of the Public Acts of 1913, said assessment rolls shall be subject to review and that George H. Kelley, supervisor of said township of Gratiot and Edmund C. Vernier, supervisor of said township of Grosse Pointe, be required to appear at the Grosse Pointe Township Hall at the corner of Roosevelt and Maumee Sts., in said township, on Monday, the tenth day of September, A. D. 1917 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and that Jacob J. Stellwagen, supervisor of said township of Nankin, be required to appear in the Council Room in the village of Wayne on Thursday, the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1917 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and have with them at the aforesaid places the assessment rolls for their respective townships for the year 1917 and all sworn statements filed with them for said year; and it is

FURTHER ORDERED, That public hearings be held as follows:

For the townships of Gratiot and Grosse Pointe in the Grosse Pointe Township Hall at the corner of Roosevelt and Maumee Sts., in said township, on Monday, September 10, 1917, and in the Village Council Room in the Village of St. Clair Heights, on Tuesday, September 11, 1917.

For the township of Nankin in the Village Council Room in the Village of Wayne, on Thursday, September 13, 1917.

For the township of Northville in the Village Hall in the Village of Northville, on Friday, September 14, 1917.

For the township of Romulus in the Township Hall in said Township, on Saturday, September 15, 1917; and it is

FURTHER ORDERED, That each of the aforesaid hearings shall begin at nine o'clock in the forenoon on the days mentioned and that at said hearings the Board of State Tax Commissioners, or any member thereof, shall hear and determine as to the proper assessment of all property and persons subject to taxation in said townships and shall take such action as will correct any irregularities that may be found to exist; and it is

FURTHER ORDERED, That any person affected, or liable to be affected, by said review of assessments may appear and be heard at the aforesaid hearing; and it is

FURTHER ORDERED, That due notice be given of said hearings in accordance with law.

WITNESS our hands and seal this twenty-seventh day of August, 1917.

ORLANDO F. BARNES,  
THOMAS D. KEARNEY,  
CASS R. BENTON,  
Members of the Board of State Tax Commissioners.

**FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!**

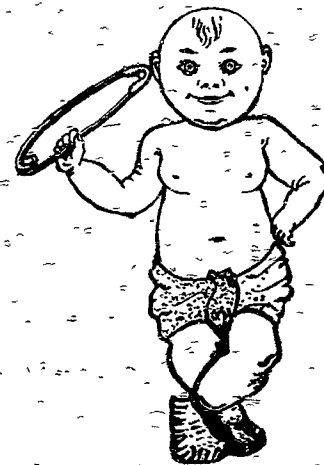
Why, the "sale" stores themselves blunderingly say that their "sales" are held for the purpose of clearance to make room for New styles! In other words, they expect you to buy their former-style clothes merely because they want to get rid of them! Why take chances on "bargains" when

**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.

**"SAFETY FIRST."**

At our sale last Saturday the \$3.00 Carpet Sweepers at 98 cents were all sold in 20 minutes. Consequently, scores of people were disappointed. We thank our customers for their prompt and liberal patronage, and for the benefit of those who failed to get in on such a wonderful bargain we are trying to arrange for another sale, which will take place in the near future, if we succeed in obtaining the goods.

**SCHRADER BROTHERS**

Northville, Michigan.

ONE DAY ONLY

**ALSEIUM**

2 Performances Only.

COMING

Friday September the 14th

THE MOST WONDERFUL PICTURE EVER PRODUCED

THOS. H. INCHE'S MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCTION

**"CIVILIZATION"**

40,000 People! 6,000 Horses! 2 Complete Armies.

Colossal in Idea and Production.

Astounding in Magnitude—Matchless in Splendor.

**"CIVILIAZION"**

—IS—

Timely Patriotic! Thrilling! Daring! Inspiring!  
Battle Ships, Aeroplanes, Submarines, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, All Engaged in the Most Thrilling Action ever witnessed in History.

SEE The Destruction of the Great Ocean Liner.  
The Sinking of the Submarine.  
The Combat High in the Clouds.  
The Destruction of the Cities.

All that the World is Talking of, "Civilization" shows

the Absolute Climax of Photographic Art.

First Time to be Seen at Moderate Prices.

REMEMBER, ONE DAY ONLY

Two Shows—7 and 9 o'clock.

ADMISSION: - 25 CENTS.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Murdock's Drug Store.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

## PENSLAR KIDNEY PILLS

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

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

**T. E. Murdock**

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

## FLOWERS

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

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

## FORD AGENCY

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

## Phone 247-J- DIAMOND DAIRY

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

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

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

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

**NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE**  
Eastern Standard Time.

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

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and  
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for  
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and  
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To  
Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43  
a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.;  
also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and  
12:09 a. m.

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



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

Completely equipped for giving every ap-  
proved form of hydropathic treatment for  
Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous  
Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The  
Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in thera-  
peutic value by any spring in America or Europe.

**WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS**  
in connection. Delightfully located on river  
front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co.'s Wharf.  
Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00  
per day and up.  
J. R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

## Northville Newslets.

Teachers' institute in Detroit this  
week.

Adelbert Lorraine and family have  
moved to Tecumseh.

Earl Paughman has purchased a  
new separator and suo-filler.

Wendell Miller will teach the school  
at Mead's Mills this coming season.

Miss Olive DesAutels is able to be  
out again, after an illness of many  
weeks.

Fred Wheeler and family have  
moved back to Northville from Rock  
Island, Ill.

Robert McCully has sold his bakery  
business to L. H. Casper, formerly of  
Detroit, who takes possession Monday  
next.

Mrs. Emily Swift, who was injured  
by a fall, a short time ago, is still  
unable to be up. Mrs. Lottie Card  
of Novi is caring for her.

One of the big plate glass windows  
of the new Edison building has  
already had to be replaced, having  
been broken in some mysterious  
manner.

"Each engineer drafted to get gift  
of tobacco," says a caption in a De-  
troit daily paper. Spoz'n he doesn't  
smoke or chew? Has he got to take  
it anyway?

L. C. Mead of this place was re-  
elected secretary-treasurer of the  
22nd Mich. Volunteer Infantry which  
held its 59th annual reunion at  
Pontiac last week.

The 6th annual reunion of the  
Lyke family was held at the home of  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lyke, August 30.  
Relatives were present from North-  
ville, Novi, Salem, South Lyon, Dix-  
boro, Lansing and Topeka, Kansas.

A soldiers' monument, donated by  
a former resident, H. E. Bradner of  
Lansing, is to be unveiled at Plymouth  
next Sunday, Sept. 9, at 2:30 o'clock,  
with appropriate ceremonies. G. A.  
R. veterans of Northville have been  
especially invited to attend.

And speaking of the elimination of  
wastefulness, we are told that the  
figures show 24,459 tons deficit in the  
total July garbage collections from  
47 U. S. cities. Another good  
demonstration of America's respon-  
sive loyalty in time of need.

Northville schools opened Tuesday  
with a full corps of teachers and a  
first day's enrollment of 386. This  
will be increased to at least 400 when  
the full number of students is regis-  
tered. The High school will be  
larger this year than ever before.

Passengers on a D. U. R. car going  
to Detroit Saturday morning were  
much amused at a novel "mobile" in  
operation at one of the villages along  
the way. A little girl was enjoying  
a ride on a bicycle with a small dog  
hitched at the end of a rope as motor  
power.

Housewives who read the Record  
are reminded that the canning de-  
partment is open to any girl or  
woman in Michigan, who has put up  
Michigan fruits. Farmers' wives and  
daughters have a fine chance to  
compete for the big \$6 flag, the  
\$2.75 blankets, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin have  
leased their farm on the Fishery road  
to M. W. Brillinger of Detroit and are  
moving into the Houck house on North  
Wing street. They have also taken  
an apartment in Detroit, where Mrs.  
Griffin will reside a part of the time.  
Mr. Griffin is with the Loveland Co.,  
distributors of the Saxon and Haynes  
automobiles.

Doctor Northrop of the Baptist  
church is always up to date to break  
the monotony of church services. He  
will deliver his sermon Sunday even-  
ing in blue jeans. He has been a  
working man himself when a young  
man. Has carried the hod, worked  
in many harvest fields, sawed wood  
to get through college and therefore  
can talk practically and experimen-  
tally to working men and he is an all  
rounder on labor problems.—Fenton  
Independent.

**About Deep Breathing.**  
Many people act on the principle that  
because deep breathing causes dizzi-  
ness it does not agree with them. But  
if they will practice the breathing less  
vigorously they will find that gradu-  
ally they can take all the deep breaths  
they want without the slightest dis-  
comfort. Take ten breaths in ten sec-  
onds and gradually decrease the num-  
ber of inhalations.

The Northville Market corrected  
up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.00. Red, \$2.05.  
Eggs—38c. Butter—40c.  
Hogs, Alive—\$18.00.  
Oats—80c. Corn—\$1.90.  
Veal Calves, Alive—\$13.00.  
Chickens—20c.  
Beef—9 1/2c. Beef Hides—16c.

## DICKINSON HAS GOOD RECORD

Five Years As Secretary-Manager  
Shows Remarkable Development  
of Annual Exposition.

That nothing succeeds like success  
is so generally recognized today that  
a successful man is one to be sought  
after and admired in every activity of  
life.

G. W. Dickinson, general manager of  
the Michigan State Fair, had been for  
several years superintendent of trans-  
portation on the Fair board and in  
this capacity the directors came to  
know him as a man of ability for suc-  
cessful accomplishment.

While a member of the state rail-  
road commission he made a lasting



G. W. DICKINSON  
reputation for himself as a man of  
force with a capacity for doing things.  
In his home city of Pontiac, Mr. Dick-  
inson was known to his fellow towns-  
men as a successful merchant, a suc-  
cessful banker and a successful  
farmer. In this last capacity he har-  
vested some excellent crops through  
the adoption of original methods for  
the cultivation of the soil.

The present high standing of the  
Michigan State Fair is largely due to  
the great measure of success which  
has attended Mr. Dickinson's five  
years incumbency as secretary.

**Patriotic Day, Sept. 4.**  
General Manager G. W. Dickinson of  
the Michigan State Fair, has de-  
signed Tuesday, September 4, Patri-  
otic Day at the State Fair this year,  
and it is dedicated to the members of  
the G. A. R. in the state. Admission  
tickets have been forwarded to the  
several posts.

**Zebra's Stripes.**  
The zebra's stripes and similar mark-  
ings on other animals are called "pro-  
tective colorings." In the theory of  
natural selection it is assumed that  
those animals survived who were best  
fitted to escape from enemies, and an-  
imals which were so colored and striped  
as to avoid detection in the jungle  
passed on their characteristics to their  
descendants. Those which were easily  
detected did not survive to have prog-  
eny.

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

**Chance for Americans.**  
The vice consul at Belfast, Ireland,  
calls attention to the market existing  
there for American manufacturers of  
glassware, particularly bottles. Bel-  
fast is the world's center of the ginger-  
ale industry, and also puts up quanti-  
ties of aerated waters, whisky and  
other drinks. England supplies most  
of the bottles.

**Black Hair Means Vigor.**  
The most pugnacious of all animals  
known in nature is the black panther.  
The most difficult of all horses to con-  
trol is a black stallion. The one snake  
which never can be safely handled by a  
snake-charmer is the black cobra.  
The only unnameable faculty in the tim-  
id species of mice is the black mouse.

**Rich Roumania.**  
Roumania is one of the richest parts  
of Europe. After the United States  
and Russia it is the largest grain-  
growing country in the world. It is  
one of the world's chief oil fields. Its  
middle class is probably the richest to  
be found anywhere.

**Took Remark Literally.**  
"Maria, you'll never be able to drive  
that nail with a flatiron. For heaven's  
sake use your head," admonished Mr.  
Stubbins. And then he wondered why  
she would not speak to him again.—  
Puck.

**Green Mountain Wisdom.**  
"Don't always feel flattered, young  
man, when she answers 'Yes,'" advises  
the Burlington (Vt.) Daily News. "She  
may just want someone to escort her  
evenings."

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

**FORESTERS OF AMERICA**  
Regular Meetings:  
August 3, 17 and 31.  
A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACHE,  
Secy. C. R.

**NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 156**  
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  
Regular, Friday, Sept.  
21. Work.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.**  
(By the Pastor.)

Morning worship at 10. Sermon  
subject: "Choosing Our Environ-  
ment."

Sunday school at 11:30. Were you  
there last Sunday? If not, there  
was a vacant place which should have  
been filled. And no matter how  
many were there, no one else could  
fill your place. Think it over.

The entire evening will be given  
over to Christian Endeavor. Mr. A.  
LaVerne Spafford, Field Secretary of  
the Michigan State C. E. Union, will  
be present and will conduct a con-  
ference on "Methods" at 6 o'clock.  
All Endeavorers and those directly  
interested in the work are expected  
to be present at this meeting. Mr.  
Spafford will give an inspirational  
address at the seven-o'clock service,  
and all members of the church and  
congregation are most cordially in-  
vited to join in this service.

The Woman's Missionary Society  
will meet Wednesday afternoon,  
September 12 at 2:30 o'clock, at the  
home of Mrs. N. C. Schrader. It is  
hoped and expected that following  
the time of relaxation of effort during  
the "vacation months" renewed in-  
terest and activity will be manifested.

Misses Louise Thayer and Lida Rich-  
ardson and Mrs. Ina Casteline con-  
stitute the September flower commit-  
tee. Persons desiring to send flowers  
to the church please notify the chair-  
man.

**METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.**  
(By the Pastor.)

The last Sunday before conference.  
The pastor will preach both morning  
and evening.

The Sunday school at 11:30.

Epworth League at 6 p. m.

A cordial welcome to all services.

The pastor will go to conference  
Tuesday Sept. 11.

**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**  
(By the Pastor.)

Preaching service at 10 o'clock, on  
Sunday morning. Evening service at  
7 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m.

On September 23 the church and  
Sunday school will observe "State  
Mission Day." A special program of  
inspiration and instruction regarding  
Baptist State work will be given by  
the Sunday school.

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

**Simply Solved.**  
He had been calling on the Widow  
Smithers for some time, and it could  
not be said that he had made an im-  
pression, although he had failed to  
realize the fact. She decided to speed  
him on his way at the first opportu-  
nity, and it came that night. He  
heaved a sigh and said, "I have only  
one friend on earth—my dog." "Well,"  
she answered, calmly, "if that isn't  
enough, why don't you get another  
dog?"

**Nature's Great Hoodoo Temple.**  
In the Hoodoo basin of western  
Wyoming are curious formations which  
resemble Punch and Judy heads, grim  
savages, simpering old maids, monkeys,  
rabbits, birds and animals. There are  
fifty different shapes of heads, says  
Popular Science Monthly, and over forty  
different animal and human faces  
have been counted. The rock out of  
which the hoodoos have been carved  
by Dame Nature is what is known as  
volcanic breccia.

**Most Necessary.**  
A bride for the tongue is a neces-  
sary piece of harness.

## FINAL INSTALLMENT

Due August 30th on  
Liberty Loan 3 1/2 Bonds.

We request all who have not made  
payment of balance due on their  
subscriptions to do so as soon as  
possible.

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

## When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

Following is the 1917 schedule of  
the Tigers for Detroit games and the  
names of the teams with whom they  
play:  
Sept. 14, 15—with Chicago.  
Sept. 16—with Cleveland.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mrs. Jane Townsend.  
Mr. W. J. Thomas.  
The O. C. Lumber Co.  
Mrs. Anna McGraw.  
Stiff & Keller, Agts.  
Irvin Knapp.  
Frank Coleman.  
Miss Ruthie Avery.

**Should Have Been Hardened.**  
"Have you the firmness that enables  
you to go on and do your duty in  
the face of ingratitude and ungenerous  
criticism?" "I ought to have. I once  
cooked for a camping party."—Wash-  
ington Star.

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

## 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**

## SCHOOL BOOKS

We are carrying a full  
line so we can supply  
your needs this fall.  
We also carry a full  
line of

## SCHOOL SUPPLIES

School Books and  
Supplies will be Sold

**FOR CASH ONLY.**

**A. E. STANLEY**  
**THE Rexall 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 339 J. **G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.**



# "CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY OF THE NORTH," "MAID OF THE FOREST," ETC.



HOLLIS AND VERA BECOME VERY FRIENDLY, THOUGH HE IS UNAWARE OF HER IDENTITY—M'CANN MAKES TROUBLE AND REGRETS IT

**Synopsis.**—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, *Esmeralda*. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown aboard. Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool. The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party. Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

The sight of the little craft, stanch and buoyant, bobbing about just below us in the glow of light, brought back my courage. Ay, there was a chance here; we could get free of the doomed yacht; we were not to perish like downing rats, helplessly. To be sure, the boat was a small one, a mere dinghy intended for use in smooth waters; why they had continued trailing it astern so far at sea was a mystery; yet it would bear the three of us unless a storm arose. There was no time to seek either blankets or provisions, nor



She Went Down the Rope Hand Over Hand.

was there any fresh water to be had—but at least we need not go down with the ship. We had still a hope of rescue, a fighting chance—God be thanked for that!

My hand closed over hers as she turned and looked at me. Never in any eyes have I seen such glimpe of steady courage.

"The boat is strong, stanch; she will carry us, Mr. Hollis?"

"Ay, this is better than I dared hope. But there is no time to lose; the yacht is settling fast—see those bubbles of air! Why, I can almost feel the droop of the planks beneath my feet. Here, McCann, bear a hand! Pull yourself up by that flag locker; now get a grip here. Are you sailor enough to slide down that rope?"

He stared at the boat, bobbing up and down on the black water, with lackluster eyes.

"It—it will sink," he half sobbed, "it—it is almost full of water."

"Sink nothing!" my disgust rising beyond control. "It will hold twice your weight. Down with you, and bail. Then stand by to help the lady. Over you go, my lad, if I have to pitch you headlong; this is no time to argue the matter. Will you try it quietly?"

He stared up into my face, but his fear of me must have been greater than of the lapping water below for the strands of the rope slipped through his fingers, and an instant later he clambered into the bow of the boat, and sank onto his knees in the water. To my relief the dory did not sink greatly beneath his weight, the water shipped proving scarcely ankle deep. It would support the three of us without wailing. The yacht rolled to starboard, fairly burying her rail. I thought she would never rise again, and my arms clasped the girl to hold her steady. Then the hulk rose slowly, painfully, like a giant struggling for one last breath. No words can describe the dead, sodden feeling of the sinking hulk under us.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Adrift in the Boat.

To cling there longer, to delay another moment, would be suicide. I leaped far over and looked down at the dinghy now rising and falling on the swell caused by the plunge of the yacht. McCann was upon his knees clinging to the gunwales, his face turned upward pleadingly toward the light.

"Catch this lantern, McCann," I called down to him sharply. "I will swing it to you on the end of a rope. Easy, man! Now throw off the lash-

ing, and make the gimp secure on the thwart behind you; better tie it to the lock. Good; you'll make a sailor yet. Now listen—work your boat over until you can get a grip on the rudder chains, and hold her steady—yes, to your right; use one of the oars. Now hang on—I'm going to send the lady down; stand by to give her a hand."

He did as I bade him in a fashion, but was so awkward about it, I wondered the boat kept upright. Satisfied, I glanced aside at my silent companion:

"Not a very easy gangway, but the best we have. Are you afraid?"

She smiled.

"Not in the least, Mr. Hollis; these skirts are a nuisance, but I can climb like a boy. Help me keep my balance on the rail."

She was over so quickly I can scarcely recall more than clasping her arm and she went down the rope hand over hand, as lightly as a sailor. By the time she reached the boat, her body was half submerged in the water, but McCann gave her his hand, and assisted in dragging her in over the side.

"I am all right, Mr. Hollis," she called in her clear, steady voice. "Now you come—come quick!"

"Just a second more," I answered. "Here is the line; haul it in. Get out your oars, McCann, and pull. Don't wait, or you'll be sucked down when the yacht sinks. Never mind me; I'll jump from the rail, and swim out to you."

I climbed onto the rail, gripping an iron stanchion for support, and poised myself for the plunge. The boat, surrounded by its little circle of light, drifted away, McCann awkwardly struggling with the heavy oars. The lantern rays fell full on the girl's upturned face, and once she held out her hands in pleading gesture. It could scarcely have been a minute I hesitated, yet suddenly beneath me came a sound of rending wood, a muffled explosion, and the deck reeled as though burst asunder. I leaped straight outward, and went splashing down into the sea.

I must have sunk deeply, for I felt no swirl of the waters, no suction, but when I came again to the surface, nothing was visible but the bobbing lantern on the dinghy. The *Esmeralda* had disappeared. A faint cry reached me, and I answered it, striking out strongly toward the guiding light. Five minutes later, dripping and a bit exhausted—for I had been ashore a long while—I managed to clamber in over the stern. Even as I rested breathlessly on the thwart, I realized that the girl had crept aft, and her hands sought mine.

"Oh, I am so glad," she sobbed, almost hysterically. "I was afraid! I—I thought you went down with the yacht."

"No such luck. I jumped just as her decks blew up. Is there anything in sight?"

"I—I haven't looked; but there is no sound, no light anywhere. Do you suppose the steamer has really left us?"

"I have no doubt of it," I answered, but stood up so as to see about more clearly. "They supposed all who lived had been picked up, and then continued on their course."

My eyes ranged the horizon, but I found nothing. We were alone on the great ocean in the grasp of the black night. I sat down again dazed for the instant by the immensity of the waters, the utter loneliness, and the sudden realization of the littleness of this cockleshell in which we floated. Her voice aroused me to a comprehension that I alone was a sailor, and that on me depended every chance for life.

"Do you know, Mr. Hollis, where we are?"

"Not exactly. I heard the captain state the position of the yacht yesterday noon, about one hundred and fifty miles east and south of Montauk; we have drifted some since."

"Are we in the steamer lanes?"

"Not of the north Atlantic liners; they would pass farther eastward. I cannot imagine what that fellow who rammed us was doing up in here so far out of his course. Yes, that was a liner; I could see the lights of her ports. The only vessel passing along here will be coasters, or, by luck, possibly some tramp bound Boston way. Now let's see what is on board; try the locker forward; and Miss Vera, you might examine beneath the stern sheet. This boat has never been aboard since we sailed."

They went at the task as though glad of the opportunity, McCann creeping forward on hands and knees.

"There's nothing here," he reported discouragingly, "but a roll of tarpaulin, some rope ends, and the splintered handle of a paddle."

"Well, what more do we want? That means a sail, if we can make a hole in one of the thwarts to step a mast. How much cloth is there?"

"Two or three yards."

"Pass it back here; good, solid stuff that. Now, Miss Vera, what are your discoveries?"

She looked up quickly, her eyes sparkling in the dim gleam of the lantern.

"A bag of sea-biscuits, a small beaker of water, insipid, but sweet, some strong cord, and a bradawl."

"Lord!" I exclaimed. "This is almost too good to be true. Why, we are outfitted for a voyage. However, there is little use endeavoring to rig up a jury mast before daylight, when we know in which direction to steer. McCann, you haven't been overboard, and, no doubt, your watch runs; what time is it?"

He fumbled about and found the timepiece, staring at it in amazement.

"Must have stopped, Hollis," he said. "No, by jove, the thing is running all right; the hands point to 1:30."

"That's about the hour. The collision occurred before eight bells, or else Seelye would have been on the bridge, instead of aft by the cabin. Have you any idea who was saved?"

"I heard the captain's voice back there under the awning, ordering out the boats, and after I was caught under that wreckage Carrington came up from below and climbed along the rail. I called to him, but he paid no attention; there was considerable noise then, and he might not have heard me."

Vera was leaning forward listening.

"Did Mr. Seelye leave in the boats?" she asked. "Was he hurt?"

I tried to stop him from answering by a gesture of my hand, but the man was gazing out over the port quarter, and saw nothing.

"Seelye—the second mate? No, he didn't get away. The same spar that got me, caught him, and he never spoke after that; seemed like a nice fellow, too."

"Her face was like marble in the lamp-light."

"He was killed!—Then it was because he was killed he did not unlock my door; I—I am glad I know."

She buried her face in her hands, and sat there motionless. There was nothing I could do, or say, for I had no conception as to what the man was to her—lover, husband, father, friend? Truly only the last relationship appeared possible, for seemingly there could be no closer ties between the two. They were clearly not of the same class, yet the girl's sorrow was evidently real and genuine.

To relieve my mind, I compelled McCann to pick up a panak, which had lodged under a thwart, and bail out the boat. He crept about grumbling to himself, but did a fairly good job. As no water oozed in through the seams, we were soon floating with much greater buoyancy, the planking under foot rapidly drying.

The night was dark and thick, but without rain. My wet clothes clung to me in discomfort, yet I had no reason to fear evil results, as the air was warm, and the salt water had its own virtue. It was a gray, ghastly morning, the sky overcast, the great surges bearing down upon us, ever racing toward our little cockleshell, terrifying in their aspect. The sharp bow of the dinghy rose to them buoyantly enough, but the broad expanse of troubled waters stretching all about, the black, cloud shadows overhead, and the little boat in which we were tossed, combined to bring to me a feeling akin to despair. The only hope was the possible overhauling of some passing ship, but the lowering sky scarcely enabled me to see clearly a hundred yards, even in the light of the gray dawn.



It Was a Gray, Ghastly Morning.

A rescuing vessel might easily pass us by within a quarter of a mile unseen, nor had we any means of attracting attention. I confess that, sitting there in loneliness, staring about into the grim expanse of fog and sea, I fell into a blue funk. Nor was I greatly heartened when the sun finally rose above the horizon, for it was no more than a sullen red glow, barely visible through the clouds of vapor, and only rendering more ghastly than ever the heaving leagues of ocean.

My glance turned downward to my companions in the boat. McCann still slept, with head pillowed on his arm,

but the woman lay with her eyes wide open, looking upward at the drifting spume. Her eyes met mine, and she sat up, grasping the gunwale with one hand, and stared about her over the drear expanse of sea.

"There is nothing in sight?" she spoke wearily. "Are you sure Mr. Carrington made his escape?"

"As certain as I can be. I did not see him after I left the party in the after cabin last evening. But McCann insists that he came on deck, and joined the others in lowering the boats. Beyond doubt he got away safely, and was picked up by the liner."

She was silent for some time, her gaze on the man sleeping in the bows. He rolled over, revealing his face, gray and haggard in the dawn.

"Who—who is that man?" she questioned. "You call him McCann; is he a sailor?"

"No; he was one of the guests. He is a rich man's son, who occasionally takes a flyer on Wall street."

"Not—not Fergus McCann?"

"I believe that is his name, now that you recall it. Why? Did you ever know the fellow?"

"Only by reputation, which is not the best. He was involved rather unpleasantly in the Bascom shooting case."

"Ay, I remember. I read about the affair in a Chicago paper at the time, but failed to comprehend it was this McCann who was involved. Did Bascom die?"

"He will be crippled for life, of course his assailant may not have been entirely to blame—it was a drunken quarrel over a woman."

"Well," I said quietly, "the man is in for a job of sailor work here, whether it pleases him, or not. He acted a bit sullen last night, but I am in no mood just now to baby him. Have you ever steered a boat with an oar, Miss Vera?"

"I have done lots of canoeing, and last summer at Palm Beach," she stopped, laughing at the slip. "Yes, actually at Palm Beach I steered some larger boats. I—I believe I could."

"You will find this somewhat different. Still, there is not much of a trick to it, and I am going to let you try your hand. Do you think you can hold her all right?"

"Of course I can," almost indignant. "Really, Mr. Hollis, I have steered boats in worse seas than this. If the oar wasn't quite so heavy—"

"There is no steering paddle aboard. Well, if anything goes wrong, sing out. I'm going to rout out that fellow forward and get at our work."

I cannot say that McCann was particularly pleasant about it; he had a way of showing that he rather resented my assumption of authority, and performed what I ordered with a deliberation which was almost insolent. However, he made no open revolt, and I thought it best not to anger the man unnecessarily. We worked steadily for an hour, the fellow proving practically useless, except to hand me the article required, or to throw his weight on a rope's end. Vera succeeded in holding the boat steady, although I thought the weight of the waves increased as though we were on the outer edge of some storm.

I lashed an oar upright to a thwart, bringing it securely by ropes to oarlocks on either side; then secured the broken paddle handle as a spar, notching the oar to give purchase, and rigged up the tarpaulin, being compelled to use rope-ends to secure it in position. It was a rough job, yet the stiff canvas belled out in the wind, and I was conscious of a thrill of hope, as I crept back to the stern sheets, grasped the steering oar, and headed the boat into the southwest.

## CHAPTER VII.

### I Enforce Authority.

Scarcely had we taken this new course when the sun, now well above the horizon, a red ball of fire, burst through a rift in the clouds, and the waters in our wake became a trail of crimson. The encircling mist seemed rent asunder by some invisible power, whirling away like wreaths of smoke blown by the wind, and yielding us broad view to where sky and ocean met. Our straining eyes caught nowhere a signal of life or hope, no gleam of distant soil, no black shadow of smoke. We were alone in the drear waste of water, with not even a speeding seagull to break the dull vista of warning sea and sky.

I forced myself to turn away from the grim fascination back to the boat in which we floated. McCann had sunk down about the jury mast, and rested there hanging over the side, staring moodily down into the green water. His heavy face exhibited no interest and looked almost brutal in the garish light. Lord, how the appearance of the man had changed! Could this be the same fellow I had played cards with on the quarterdeck of the *Esmeralda* only two days before? Why, then, had he been a life of the company, full of humor, a bit rough in speech to be sure, and drinking more than was necessary, yet apparently a good fellow. But now—why, he actually had the aspect of a brute; age, and likewise the manners of one. A single night of danger and exposure had sufficed to bring to the surface his true character, had stripped off the veneer, and proven him a bullying coward, inefficient, and unwilling. I felt my teeth close tightly as I looked at him, but relief came when I turned toward the girl, seated near me. She must have felt the intemperance with which I regarded her, for she turned suddenly, a flush sweeping over her cheeks.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Hollis, the way those clouds and waves blend yonder, such a marvelous massing of colors? Oh, there is no beauty like the sea!"

"But always a cruelty in its beauty, like that of a tiger cat," I answered. "Perhaps we had better breakfast, Miss Vera; let me see your bag of biscuits by daylight."

She brought them forth, together with the jug. A little sea water had seeped into the bag, and the outer layers were more or less mildewed, yet enough remained sweet and wholesome to give me hope of their sustaining us until we should be picked up by some passing vessel. The water-jug, however, was only half-filled and must be sparingly used.

"We will go on short rations," I announced, breaking a biscuit with my knife. "Just enough to keep us from starving. Here, McCann, is your portion."

Oh, there is no beauty like the sea!

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"He Has a Revolver."

knife. "Just enough to keep us from starving. Here, McCann, is your portion."

He reached out and took what I handed him; then gave utterance to a curse.

"My God! do you mean I am to breakfast on this half biscuit?" he exclaimed angrily.

"On that, or on none at all," I answered, evading him sternly. "You haven't done so much work as to earn double rations. I give you the same as I take myself. All we have is what is in this bag, and heaven knows when we shall meet a ship."

"Ship, ha—! We are not far from Long Island."

"Two hundred miles at least, and with this jury rig we should have to make some wide turns—that's course. Take what I give you, man, and be decent about it."

He grumbled something regarding his belief that I was keeping most of the food for myself, but I broke in; determined to end the discussion:

"That's talk enough. Eat your half biscuit the same as we do, and be thankful you have got that; and when you come to the water, one swallow each will be all we are entitled to. You hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you; but who in thunder are you?"

"The only seaman on board, McCann, and the life of this young lady, as well as your own, depends on my judgment. I am not seeking trouble with you, but you will obey my orders while we are afloat here, or take the consequences. That half biscuit is your ration; eat it, or leave it, as you please, but you'll cut out the profanity, and I'll not warn you again."

He was too great a coward to force the issue, and fell to munching his biscuit, one hand gripping the gunwale, as though he wished my throat was between his fingers. As I nibbled at my own small portion, watchful of his movements, and thinking of how best to keep the fellow at a safe distance, the girl leaned toward me, and whispered a word in my ear.

"He has a revolver. I saw the butt in his pocket, while he lay asleep in the bow. You will be careful, Mr. Hollis!"

"You need have no fear for me," I answered reassuringly, and ventured to touch her hand where it rested on the thwart between us. "I have been a bucko mate, my lady, and learned how to handle his kind. If he ever draws a gun on me out here, I'll teach him something he never learned yet in Wall street."

The hours of that day fairly dragged along, as we stared out dull-eyed on the same vista of sea and sky. The girl and I talked, avoiding as much as possible all reference to our situation, and the fate of the yacht, our conversation drifting here and there. We spoke of books, of art, of drama, and she exhibited even a wider range of knowledge on these subjects than I possessed, while her comments were keen and original—not pedantic, nor bookish in any way, but the outspoken frankness of young womanhood. Indeed, she was wholesome all through, her face a mirror of her nature, her eyes reflecting back each mood. Never before had I met one of her sex so deeply interesting, so unconventional and pluck-spoken.

The castaways are sighted by a strange ship which takes them aboard. Then their real adventure begins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right One to Switch.  
Irate Parent—I warned you boys, and now I'm going to switch you for making such a racket.  
Bobby—Well, switch Johnny; we're playing train and he's the locomotive.

## HIS ALMA MATER

By JANE OSBORNE

When Clay Stinson received the appeal from the secretary of his class at college for contributions to support the aviation corps that was to be sent to the front by his alma mater he made out that check for a thousand dollars, but before he signed it he thought of Peggy. Peggy made all the difference in the world.

It wasn't that Peggy was selfish, but Peggy was the sort of wife that needed to be financed generously. It would have been as alien to Peggy's nature, thought Clay, to attempt any sort of economy, even in war time, as it would be alien to the butterfly's nature to start in storming away the honeyed sweetness that it gathers from the flowers as the thrifty bee does.

It was just when he was turning into the long driveway that led to the low-roofed bungalow nesting among the trees where Peggy, who he was sure, ought to have lived in an Italian villa, at least, deigned to dwell, greeted him with even more than usual excitement, at the door. It was Peggy's manner, always to be in a state of delightful expectancy and impatience when Clay returned home every night. Her vivacity was contagious and Clay would have been transported from business or thoughts of the departing stenographer had it not been for the thought of the unsigned check for one thousand dollars. He was rather pensive at dinner, stealing snatches of time between Peggy's clever little sallies, to meditate and work out his plan of action. In order to dispense with the stenographer, he was thinking, he would have to work overtime. It would often mean that he would have to return to his office at night, patiently to type out the letters that were not typed in the daytime.

Of course Peggy should not know. He would have to tell Peggy simply that business detained him.

Peggy talked glibly through dinner, which she seemed to eat with a relish. And more than once she stopped to give directions to the waitress.

"Do you think the new cook will do?" she asked, knowing well enough that Clay never had a word to say about the household management. "You know, I had to dismiss Brady. I think this one is rather better."

"Yes; that caviarre was delicious." Clay had presence of mind enough to say; and then, venturing into an unaccustomed field of inquiry, he added: "I suppose wages are advancing even with cooks?"

Peggy pouted with a playful note of annoyance.

"Yes; I really had to agree to forty dollars this time. I suppose I shall have to make an increase if I am to keep her."

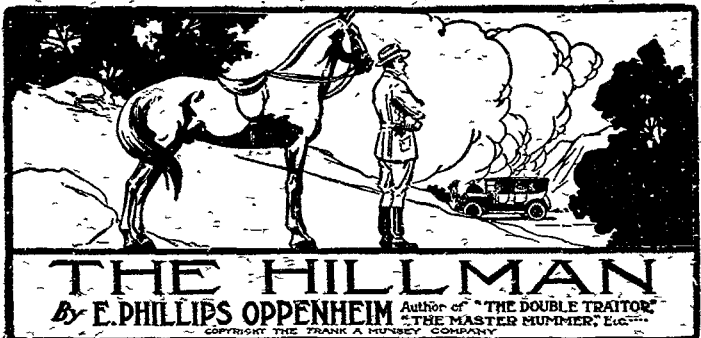
Had Clay found it possible to throw off his air of preoccupation more easily, he might have remained at home that first evening. But so eager was he to begin the work that would make the sending of a check for a thousand dollars possible that he excused himself after dinner to return to his office. By eight o'clock he was busy with the files, bringing his correspondence up to date, so that the burden of his later work would not be too heavy. "I shan't in the least mind your going," Peggy reassured him, as he started out. "I'm dreadfully sleepy, and I'm afraid I should have been quite stupid if you had stayed home."

Three or four nights out of the week Clay returned to his office, and as often Peggy, apparently uncomplainingly, professed perfect willingness to retire early and forget her loneliness. One evening that Clay had intended to devote to his correspondence, the vision of Peggy in a new evening frock changed his mind. It was one of those exquisitely simple gowns that experience had taught Clay to know were the most expensive kind. But even this knowledge did not spoil the pleasure it took in beholding his pretty wife so attractively dressed to meet him.

"Do you very much like this dress?" Peggy asked him after they had finished dinner. "I can really tell that you do just by the way you look at it." And then, not waiting for Clay's enthusiastic response, Peggy went on: "I never could keep a secret, so I just have to tell you that I made it." She paused a moment and watched, and not finding a reproving frown on Clay's face she went on: "And I have cooked dinner every night for two weeks—ever since the last cook went. Oh, I never meant to tell you that, too, but you know I can't keep a secret, and if you ever found out you'd hate me for deceiving you. You see the girls in my class at college were getting up a fund for an ambulance, and of course they looked to me to help a little. But I knew you couldn't endure having two-course dinners or seeing me dressed in a shirtwaist in the evening, so I decided to go along living just as we always had, and I'd save the cook's wages and my dressmaker's bill by doing a little myself. And that caviarre we had the other night wasn't caviarre at all; it was just mock caviarre made out of sardines. Nelly's been a trump and has done a lot to help me with the cooking. And nights when you do stay home she does the dishes all alone, and the nights when you don't, we really have fun together. So that's my secret."

Half an hour later Clay and Peggy in the roadster were speeding toward Clay's office, and half an hour after that they were home again. And with Peggy at his side, Clay was typing out the letters of the day in his library. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)





## CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"It's wonderful!" Sophy declared. "Try and bear the thread of it all in your mind. For two acts you have been asked to focus your attention upon the increasing brutality of the marquises. Remember that, won't you?"

"Not likely to forget it," John replied. "How well they all act!"

There was a quarter of an hour's interval before the curtain rose again. Rumors concerning the last act had been floating about for weeks, and the house was almost tense with excitement as the curtain went up. The scene was the country chateau of the "Marquis de Guy," who brought a noisy crowd of companions from Paris without any warning. His wife showed signs of dismay at his coming. He had brought with him women whom she declined to receive.

The great scene between her husband and herself took place in the square hall of the chateau, on the first floor. Louise reaffirms her intention of leaving the house. Her husband laughs at her. Her position is hopeless.

"What can you do?" he mocks. She shrugs her shoulders and passes into her room. The marquise sinks upon a settee, and presently is joined by one of the ladies who have traveled with him from Paris. He talks to her of the pictures upon the wall. She is impatient to meet the Marquise de Guy.

The marquise knocks at his wife's door. Her voice is heard clearly, after a moment's pause.

"In a few minutes," she replies. The marquise resumes his flirtation. His companion becomes impatient—the marquise has pledged his word that she should be received by his wife. An ancient enemy against the Marquise de Guy prompts her to insist.

The marquise shrugs his shoulders and knocks more loudly than ever at his wife's door. She comes out dressed for travel and is met by Faraday, who suddenly appears.

"You asked me what I could do," she says, pointing to her lover. "You see now!"

There was a moment's breathless silence through the house. The scene in itself was a little beyond anything that the audience had expected. Sophy, who had been leaning over the edge of the box, turned around in no little anxiety. She heard the door slam. John had disappeared!

He left the theater with only his hat in his hand, turning up his coat by instinct as he passed through the driving rain. All his senses seemed tingling with some nameless horror. The brilliance of the language, the subtlety of the situation, seemed like some evil trail drawn across that one horrible climax. It was Louise who had come from that room and pointed to Faraday!

He reached his rooms—he scarcely knew how—and walked upstairs. There he threw off some of his dripping garments, opened the window wide, and stood there.

He looked out over the Thames, and there was a red flare before his eyes. Stephen was right, he told himself. There was nothing but evil to be found here, nothing but bitter disappointment, nothing but the pain which deepens into anguish. Better to remain like Stephen, unloving and unloved, to draw nearer to the mountains, to find joy in the crops and the rain and the sunshine, to listen stonily to the cry of human beings as if to some voice from an unknown world.

He leaned a little further from the window, and gazed into the court at a dizzy depth below. He had cut himself adrift from the peace which might have been his. He would never know again the joys of his earlier life. It was for this that he had fought so many battles, clung so tightly to one ideal—for Louise, who could show herself to anyone who cared to pay his shilling or his half-guinea, glorying in her dishonor; worse than glorying in it—finding some subtle humor in the little gesture with which she had pointed, unashamed, to her lover.

John bent a little lower from the window. A sudden dizziness seemed to have come over him. Then he was forced to turn around. His door had been quickly opened and shut. It was Sophy who was crossing toward him, the rain streaming from her ruined opera cloak.

"John!" she cried. "Oh, John!" She led him back to his chair and knelt by his side. She held his hands tightly.

"You mustn't feel like this," she sobbed; "you mustn't, John, really! You don't understand. It's all a play. Louise wouldn't really do anything like that!"

He shivered. Nevertheless, he clutched her hands and drew her closer to him.

"Do, please, listen to me," she begged. "It's all over. Louise is herself again—Louise Maurel. The Marquise de Guy never lived except upon those boards. It is simply a wonderful creation. Any one of the great actresses would play that part and glory in it—the very greatest, John. Oh, it's

so hard to make you understand! Louise is waiting for you. They are all waiting at the supper party. You are expected. You must go and tell her that you think it was wonderful!"

He rose slowly to his feet and caught at her hands roughly.

"Supposing I won't go?" he whispered hoarsely. "Supposing—I keep you here instead, Sophy?"

She swayed for a moment. Something flashed into her face and passed away. She was pale as ever.

"Dear John," she begged, "pull yourself together! Remember that Louise is waiting for you. It's Louise you want—not me. Nothing that she has done tonight should make her any the less worthy of you and your love."

He strode away into the farther room. He reappeared in a moment or two, his hair smoothly brushed, his tie newly arranged.

"I'll come, little girl," he promised. "I don't know what I'll say to her, but I'll come. There can't be any harm in that!"

"Of course not," she answered cheerfully. "You're the most terrible goose, John," she added, as they walked down the corridor. "Do, please, lose your rag. The whole world is at Louise's feet tonight. You mustn't let her know how absurdly you have been feeling. Tomorrow you will find that every paper in London will be acclaiming her genius."

John squared his shoulders.

"All the same," he declared grimly, "if I could burn the theater and the play, and lock up Grailiot for a month, tonight, I'd do it!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

The days and weeks drifted into months, and John remained in London. His circle of friends and his interests had widened. It was only his relations with Louise which remained still unchanged. Always charming to him, giving him much of her time, favoring him, beyond a doubt, more than any of her admirers, there was yet about her something elusive, something which seemed intended to keep him so far as possible at arm's length.

There was nothing tangible of which he could complain, and this probationary period was of his own suggestion. He bore it grimly, holding his place, whenever it was possible, by her side with dogged persistence. Then one evening there was a knock at his door, and Stephen Strangeve walked in.

Stephen, although he seemed a little taller and gaunter than ever, though he seemed to bring into the perhaps over-armed atmosphere of John's little sitting room something of the cold austerity of his own domain, had evidently come in no unfriendly spirit. He took both his brother's hands in his and gripped them warmly.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Stephen," John declared. "It has been an effort to let me come," Stephen admitted. "I am one of the old-fashioned Strangeves. What I feel is pretty well locked up inside. The last time you and I met perhaps I spoke too much; so here I am!"

"It's fine of you," John declared. "I remember nothing of that day. We will look at things squarely together, even where we differ. No—"

He broke off in the middle of his sentence. The door had been suddenly opened, and Sophy Gerard made a somewhat impetuous entrance.

"I'm absolutely sick of ringing, John," she exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I hadn't the least idea you had anyone with you."

She stood still in surprise, a little apologetic smile upon her lips. John hastened forward and welcomed her.

"It's all right, Sophy," he declared. "Let me introduce my brother, may I? My brother Stephen—Miss Sophy Gerard."

Stephen rose slowly from his place, laid down his pipe, and bowed stiffly to

Sophy. "She held out her hand, how ever, and smiled up at him delightfully. "How nice of you to come and see your poor, lonely brother!" she said. "We have done our best to spoil him, but I'm afraid he is very homesick sometimes. I hope you've come to stay a long time and to learn all about London, as John is doing. If you are half as nice as he is, we'll give you such a good time!"

From his great height, Stephen looked down upon the girl's upturned face a little austerely. She chattered away, entirely unabashed.

"I do hope you're not shocked at my bursting in upon your brother like this! We really are great pals, and I live only just across the way. We are much less formal up here, you know, than you are in the country. John, I've brought you a message from Louise."

"About tonight?"

She nodded.

"Louise is most frightfully sorry," she explained, "but she has to go down to Streatham to open a bazaar and she can't possibly be back in time to dine before the theater. Can you guess what she dared to suggest?"

"I think I can," John replied, smiling. "Say you will, there's a dear," she begged. "I am not playing tonight. May I enter in going on in my place. We arranged it a week ago. I had two lines to pay on Saturday, and I haven't had a decent meal this week. But I had forgotten," she broke off, with a sudden note of disappointment in her tone. "There's your brother. I mustn't take you away from him."

"We'll all have dinner together," John suggested. "You'll come, of course, Stephen?"

Stephen shook his head.

"Thank you," he said. "I am due at my hotel. I'm going back to Cumberland tomorrow morning, and my errand is already done."

"You will do nothing of the sort!" John declared.

"Please be amiable," Sophy begged. "If you won't come with us, I shall simply run away and leave you with John. You needn't look at your clothes," she went on. "We can go to a grillroom. John shan't dress, either. I want you to tell me all about Cumberland, where this brother of yours lives. He doesn't tell us half enough!"

John passed his arm through his brother's and led him away.

"Come and have a wash, old chap," he said.

They dined together at Luigi's, a curiously assorted trio—Sophy, between the two men, supplying a distinctly alien note. She was always gay, always amusing, but although she addressed most of her remarks to Stephen, he never once smiled. He ate and drank simply, seldom speaking of himself or his plans, and firmly negating all their suggestions for the remainder of the evening. Occasionally he glanced at the clock. John became conscious of a certain feeling of curiosity, which in a sense Sophy shared.

"Your brother seems to me like a man with a purpose," she said, as they stood in the entrance hall on their way out of the restaurant. "Like a prophet with a mission, perhaps I should say."

John nodded. "In the little passage where they stood, he and Stephen seemed to dwarf the passers-by. The men, in their evening clothes and pallid faces, seemed suddenly insignificant, and the women like dolls."

"For the last time, Stephen," John said, "won't you come to a music hall with us?"

"I have made my plans for the evening, thank you," Stephen replied, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

He left them standing there and walked off down the Strand. John, looking after him, frowned. He was conscious of a certain foreboding.

"I suppose," Sophy sighed, as they waited for a taxi cab, "we shall spend the remainder of the evening in the usual fashion?"

"Do you mind?" John asked. "No," she assented resignedly. "That play will end by making a driving idiot of me. If Louise is tired tonight, though, I warn you that I shall insist upon supper."

"It's a bargain," John promised. "We'll drive Louise home, and then I'll take you back to Luigi's. We haven't been out together for some time, have we?"

She looked up at him with a little grimace and patted his hand.

"You have neglected me," she said. "I think all these fine ladies have turned your head."

She drew a little closer to him and passed her arm through his. John made no responsive movement. He was filled with resentment at the sensation of pleasure that her affectionate gesture gave him.

The curtain was up and the play in progress when they reached the box that John had taken for the season.

The spell of it all, against which he had so often fought, came over John anew. He set his chair back against the wall and watched and listened, a veritable sense of hypnosis creeping over his senses. Presently the same impulse which had come to him so many times before induced him to turn his head, to read in the faces of the audience the reflection of her genius. He had often watched those long lines of faces changing, each in its own way, under the magic of her art. Tonight he looked beyond. He knew very well that his search had a special object. Suddenly he gripped the arms of his chair. In the front row of the pit, sitting head and shoulders taller than the men and women who lounged over the wooden rest in front of them, was Stephen. More than ever, among these inappropriate surroundings, he seemed to represent something almost patriarchal, a forbidding and disapproving spirit sitting in judgment upon some modern and unworthy wantonness. His

face, stern and grave, showed little sign of approval or disapproval, but to John's apprehending eyes the critical sense was there, the verdict foredoomed. He understood as in a flash that Stephen had come there to judge once more the woman whom his brother desired.

The curtain went up again and the play moved on, with subtle yet inevitable dramatic power, toward the hated and dreaded crisis.

The play came to an end presently, amid a storm of applause. The grim figure in the front of the pit remained motionless and silent. He was one of the last to leave, and John watched his retreating figure with a sigh. Sophy drew him away.

"We had better hurry round," she said. "Louise is always very quick getting ready."

They found her, as a matter of fact, in the act of leaving. She welcomed them naturally enough, but John fancied that her greeting showed some signs of embarrassment.

"You knew that I was going out to supper tonight?" she asked. "Oh, didn't I tell you? The prince has asked the



"My Preference Is to Remain Standing."

French people from His Majesty's to meet Mr. Grailiot at supper. I am hurrying home to dress."

John handed her into her waiting automobile in silence. She glanced into his face.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Nothing!"

"The prince would have asked you, without a doubt," Louise continued, "but he knows that you are not really interested in the stage, and this party is entirely French—they do not speak a word of English. Au revoir! Sophy, take care of him, and mind you behave yourselves!"

She waved her hand to them both and threw herself back among the cushions as the car glided off. John walked to the corner of the street in gloomy silence. Then he remembered his companion. He stopped short.

"Sophy," he begged, "don't hold me to my promise. I don't want to take you out to supper tonight. I am not in the humor for it."

"Don't be foolish!" she replied. "If you stay alone, you will only imagine things and be miserable. We needn't have any supper, unless you like. Let me come and sit in your rooms with you."

"No!" he decided, almost roughly. "I am losing myself, Sophy. I am losing something of my strength every day. Louise doesn't help as she might. Don't stay with me, please. I am beginning to have moods, and when they come on I want to be alone."

She drew a little closer to him. "Let me come, please!" she begged, with a pathetic, almost childlike quiver at the corner of her lips.

He looked down at her. A sudden wave of tenderness swept every other thought from his mind. His mental balance seemed suddenly restored. He hailed a passing taxi and handed Sophy into it.

"What a selfish pig I am!" he exclaimed. "Anyhow, it's all over now. We'll go back to Luigi's to supper. I'll means. I am going to make you tell me all about that young man from Bath!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

Louise glanced at her watch, sat up in bed, and turned reproachfully toward Aline.

"Aline, do you know it is only eleven o'clock?" she exclaimed.

"I am very sorry, madame," the latter hastened to explain. "But there is a gentleman downstairs who wishes to see you. He says he will wait until you can receive him. I thought you would like to know."

"A gentleman at this hour of the morning?" Louise yawned. "How absurd! Anyhow, you ought to know better than to wake me up before the proper time."

"I am very sorry, madame," Aline replied. "I hesitated for some time, but I thought you would like to know that the gentleman was here. It is Mr. Stephen Strangeve—Mr. John's brother."

Louise clasped her knees with her fingers and sat thinking. She was wide awake now.

"He has been here some time already, madame," Aline continued. "I did not wish to disturb you, but I thought perhaps it was better for you to know that he was here."

"Quite right, Aline," Louise decided. "Go down and tell him that I will see him in half an hour, and get my bath ready at once."

Louise dressed herself simply but carefully. She could conceive of but one reason for Stephen's presence in her house, and it rather amused her. It was, of course, no friendly visit. He had come either to threaten or to cajole. Yet what could he do? What had she to fear? She went over the interview in her mind, imagining him crushed and subdued by her superior subtlety and finesse.

With a little smile of coming triumph upon her lips she descended the stairs and swept into her pleasantly warmed and perfumed little drawing-room. She even held out her hand cordially to the dark, grim figure whose outline against the dainty white wall seemed so inappropriate.

"This is very nice of you indeed, Mr. Strangeve," she began. "I had no idea that you had followed your brother's example and come to town."

She told herself once more that her slight instinct of uneasiness had been absurd. Stephen's bow, although a little formal and austere, was still an acknowledgment of her welcome. The shadows of the room, perhaps, had prevented him from seeing her outstretched hand.

"Mine is a very short visit, Miss Maurel," he said. "I had no other reason for coming but to see John and to pay this call upon you."

"I am greatly flattered," she told him. "You must please sit down, and make yourself comfortable while we talk. See, this is my favorite place," she added, dropping into a corner of her lounge. "Will you sit beside me? Or, if you prefer, draw up that chair."

"My preference," he replied, "is to remain standing."

She raised her eyebrows. Her tone altered.

"It must be as you wish, of course," she continued; "only I have such pleasant recollections of your hospitality at Peak Hall that I should like, if there was any possible way in which I could return it."

"Madam," he interrupted, "you must admit that the hospitality of Peak Hall was not willingly offered to you. Save for the force of circumstances, you would never have crossed our threshold."

She shrugged her shoulders. She was adapting her tone and manner to the belligerency of his attitude.

"Well?"

"You want to know why I have found my way to London?" he went on. "I came to find out a little more about you."

"About me?"

"To discover if there was anything about you," he proceeded deliberately, "concerning which report had reached me. I do not place my faith in newspapers and gossip. There was always a chance that you might have been an honest woman. That is why I came to London, and why I want to see your play last night."

She was speechless. It was as if he were speaking to her in some foreign tongue.

"I have struggled," he continued, "to adopt a charitable view of your profession. I know that the world changes quickly, while we, who prefer to remain outside its orbit, of necessity lose touch with its new ideas and new fashions. So I said to myself that there should be no mistake. For that reason I sat in a theater last night almost for the first time in my life. I saw you act."

"Well?" she asked almost defiantly.

He looked down at her. All splendid self-assurance seemed ebbing away. She felt a sudden depression of spirit, a sudden strange sense of insignificance.

"I have come," he said, "if I can, to buy my brother's freedom."

"To buy your brother's freedom?" he repeated, in a dazed tone.

"My brother is infatuated with you," Stephen declared. "I wish to save him."

The woman's courage began to assert itself. She raised her eyes to his. "Exactly what do you mean?" she asked calmly. "In what way is any man to be saved from me? If your brother should care for me, and I by any chance, should happen to care for him, in what respect would that be a state from which he would require salvation?"

"You make my task more difficult," he observed deliberately. "Does it amuse you to practice your profession before one so ignorant and so unappreciative as myself? If my brother should ever marry, it is my firm intention that he shall marry an honest woman."

Louise sat quite still for a moment. A flash of lightning had glittered before her eyes, and in her ears was the crash of thunder. Her face was suddenly strained. She saw nothing but the stern, forbidding expression of the man who looked down at her.

"You dare to say this to me, here in my own house?"

"Dare? Why not? Don't people tell you the truth here in London, then?"

She rose, a little unsteadily to her feet, motioning him toward the door, and moving toward the bell. Suddenly she sank back into her former place, breathless and helpless.

"Why do you waste your breath?" he asked calmly. "We are alone here, you and I—we know the truth!"

She sat quite still, shivering a little. "Do we? Tell me, then, because I am curious—tell me why you are so sure of what you say."

"The world has it," he replied, "that you are the mistress of the prince of Sevre. I came to London to satisfy myself as to the truth of that report. Do you believe that any man living among that audience last night, could watch the play—although you are a clever actress, madam—and believe that you were a woman who was living an honest life?"

"That seems impossible—"

she demanded.

"Utterly impossible!"

"And to John?"

"I am speaking for myself and not for my brother," Stephen replied. "Men like him, who are assailed by a certain madness, are best left alone with it. That is why I came to you to bargain, if I could. Is there anything that you lack—anything which your own success and your lover, or lovers, have failed to provide for you?"

It was useless to try to rise; she was powerless in all her limbs. Side by side with the anger and horror that his words aroused was a sense of something almost grotesque, something which seemed to force an unnatural laugh from her lips.

"So you want to buy me off?"

"I should be glad to believe that it was within my power to do so. I have not John's great fortune, but I have money, the accumulated savings of a lifetime, for which I have no better purpose. There is one more thing, too, to be said."

"Another charge?"

"Not that," he told her; "only it is better for you to understand that if you turn me from your house this morning, I shall still feel the necessity of saving my brother from you."

"Saving him from me?" she exclaimed, rising suddenly and throwing out her arms. "Do you know what you are talking about? Do you know that if I consented to think of your brother as my husband, there is not a man in London who would not envy him? Look at me! I am beautiful, am I not? I am a great artist. I am Louise Maurel, and I have made myself famous by my own work and my own genius. What has your brother done in life to render him worthy of the sacrifice I should make if I chose to give him my hand? You had better go back to Cumberland, Mr. Strangeve. You do not see life as we see it up here!"

"And what about John?" he asked, without moving. "You tempted him away. Was it from wantonness, or do you love him?"

"Love him?" she laughed. "I hate you both! You are bores—you are ignorant people. I hate the moment I ever saw either of you. Take John back with you. Take him out of my life. There is no place there for him!"

Stephen picked up his hat from the sofa where it lay. "Louise" remained perfectly still, her breath coming quickly, her eyes lit with passion.

"Madam," he said, "I am sorry to have distressed you, but the truth sometimes hurts the most callous of us. You have heard the truth from me. I will take John back to Cumberland with me, if he will come. If he will not—"

"Take him with you!" she broke in fiercely. "He will do as I bid him—do you hear? If I lift my little finger, he will stay. It will be I who decide, I—"

"But you will not lift your little finger," he interrupted grimly.

"Why shouldn't I just to punish you?" she demanded. "There are scores of men who fancy themselves in love with me. If I choose, I can keep them all their lives hanging to the hem of my skirt, praying for a word, a touch. I can make them furious one day and penitent the next—wretched always, perhaps, but I can keep them there. Why should I not treat your brother in the same way?"

He seemed suddenly to dilate. She was overcome with a sense of some latent power in the man, some commanding influence.

"Because," he declared, "I am the guardian of my brother's happiness. Whoever trifles with it shall in the future reckon with me!"

His eyes were fixed upon her soft, white throat. His long, lean fingers seemed suddenly to be drawing near to her. She watched him, fascinated. She was trying to scream. Even after

she had turned away and left her, after she had heard his measured tramp descending the stairs, her fingers flew to her throat. She held herself tightly, standing there with beating heart and throbbing pulses. It was not until the front door had closed that she had the strength to move, to throw herself face downward upon the couch.

Louise ate a very small luncheon, but an unusual thing for her—she drank two glasses of wine. Just as she had finished, Sophy came in, with ink-stained fingers and a serious expression.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"It's Louise You Want—Not Me."

look at things squarely together, even where we differ. No—"

He broke off in the middle of his sentence. The door had been suddenly opened, and Sophy Gerard made a somewhat impetuous entrance.

"I'm absolutely sick of ringing, John," she exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I hadn't the least idea you had anyone with you."

She stood still in surprise, a little apologetic smile upon her lips. John hastened forward and welcomed her.

"It's all right, Sophy," he declared. "Let me introduce my brother, may I? My brother Stephen—Miss Sophy Gerard."

Stephen rose slowly from his place, laid down his pipe, and bowed stiffly to



"Take Him With You!" She Broke in Fiercely.

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VISITORS HERE  
AND ELSEWHERE

Dorothy Smith of Sans Souci, has been a recent visitor here.

Mrs. Ray Bogart entertained her brother from Omaha, Neb., last week.

Mrs. T. H. Turner and Mrs. W. E. Ambler were Ann Arbor visitors Tuesday.

A. K. Dolph spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit at the Bible students' convention.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Marvin and children have moved here from Wayne to their home in Bealton.

Miss Marjorie Black returned home Sunday from Lansing, where she had been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Paul and son, LeRoy, of Lansing spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Black.

Miss Zehra Clark of Plymouth and Blanche and Bert Clark of Detroit were week-end visitors at James Clark's.

Miss Virginia Edwards and Mrs. Degan of Flint visited Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Edwards from Saturday until Monday.

B. A. Wheeler was called to Grand Rapids Wednesday by a telegram announcing the very serious illness of his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barley left town this Friday morning on a motor trip to Rochester, N. Y. with their son, George, of Rochester, Mich.

Miss Emma E. Harding, a former Northville resident, visited friends here last week, before returning to her

duties as Y. M. C. A. secretary at St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. John Shaw spent the week-end with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore is making a few weeks' visit at the home of her brother-in-law, Judge Moore at Lansing.

Mrs. Jay Burgess and two daughters and Miss Eva Jarman, of Isabella county were relatives entertained for the week-end at the home of Mrs. James Clark.

Ward Cook and wife are spending a month with the former's parents here, during his vacation from his work for the U. S. Fisheries Commission at Duluth.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Carlson of Royal Oak and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rae of Kenton, O., were Sunday guests of Frank Macomber and wife. Mrs. Carlson was formerly Miss Arbutus Wolfe of this place.

Mrs. Frank Schaefer and Mrs. Geo. Groth entertained a party of friends at noon luncheon at the latter's home Wednesday in honor of the birthday of their mother, Mrs. Nettie James.

Begone Stevens of Wixom, who has been one of the employees at the local telegraph office, has enlisted in the U. S. Signal Corps and will soon leave for the training camp. Joseph McGlynn of Toledo takes the young volunteer's place here.

Mrs. Jennie White and Mrs. Gertrude Swift attended the funeral in Detroit, Monday, of Mrs. Margaret Donaldson, a former resident here, who died August 29 in Los Angeles, Calif. The services were held in the chapel at Woodmere cemetery, where interment was made.

Mrs. Mattie Cook and little son have

returned from a several weeks' visit in Canada.

Mrs. James Hesse and daughter, Monica, of Detroit are guests of Mrs. Hesse's sister, Mrs. James Savage.

Mrs. H. B. Shepson and Mrs. Minnie Van Court of Interlaken, Seneca Co., N. Y., are visiting Northville relatives, the Bakers and Neals.

Miss Beulah Parr of Philadelphia who is a teacher in the Wyandotte schools was a week-end visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft.

David Gage visited his son, and family at Saginaw last week and was one of an automobile party which went to Cass City to attend the dedication of the good roads monument to Horatio S. Earle, who has been a personal friend of Mr. Gage for many years.

Miss Olive Dixon, who returned Monday from Sargent camp, New Hampshire, where she has been spending the summer, stopping a day each at Rostoh and Niagara Falls on her way home, left Thursday for Beaver Dam, Wis. to enter upon her second year's work as a teacher in the High school there.

## Robin Adair.

"Robin Adair" is not a Scotch song. It is Irish, and was first known as "Eileen Aroon" or "Eibhlin a ruin." It is very old, as songs go, the words being written about 1830, by Carrol O'Daly. The tune as we know it belongs to Cornelius Lyons (1702). The Scottish version was written by Lady Caroline Keppel in 1752; five years later she married Mr. Robert Adam P. P., from Tackstown, County Dublin, Ireland.

## Familiar Misquotations.

"Where there's a will there are many quibbling relations."

CARRY YOUR PACKAGES HOME—REDUCE THE COST TO YOU.

## WEITZMAN'S STORE

Potatoes, Peck, 39c

Stott's Fancy Flour \$1.69

Also Carry HENKEL'S, GOLD MEDAL, PEERLESS, RED WING.

10 Pounds Sugar for 89c

60c Celon Tea, green or black, = 44c

50c Coffee, 33c 40c Coffee, = 29c

3 Cans 25c Lima Beans, for = 50c

3 Cans 25c Salmon, for = 50c

12c Cans Sardines, in Oil, 3 for 25c

Lemons, doz., 39c Potatoes, peck, 45c

Bread, large loaf = = = 12c

3 Cans Best Peas for = 50c

25c Salmon = 19c Apples, 3 quarts for 25c

10c Sardines, 3 for 25c Best 25c Chef Corn 19c

Best 25c June Peas, = = = 3 for 50c

3 Large Packages of Corn Flake for = 25c

Kerosene Oil 11c Gallon—Bring Your Cans.

Be Patriotic. Help in the general movement to reduce expenses all along the line. Do as the people of the cities are doing, and carry your own packages home. The cost of delivery increases the cost to you. Customers will be the gainers by the elimination of delivery expense. Try it and see.

## Wouldn't Hurt Cow.

Little Edith was visiting in the country, and as she was coming across the field one day to dinner, an old pet cow noticed her and thinking, perhaps, Edith had something for her to eat, followed closely at her heels. The little girl was so frightened she started to run, and the cow ran too. Finally, unable to stand it any longer she burst into tears, saying: "Oh, if you'll only go away, I won't hurt you."

## Lamb's Money.

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

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

Present, EDWARD COMMAND, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CATHERINE KATOR (formerly Catherine Smitherman), deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James W. Kator praying that administration of said estate be granted to him or some other suitable person.

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

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

EDWARD COMMAND, Judge of Probate.  
ALBERT W. FLINT, 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. 62-6.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. It is Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Druggist, Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, or 25 years known as Best. Safest. Always B and L. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Chesterfield  
CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC  
tobaccos—Blended



There's more to this  
cigarette than taste

You bet! Because Chesterfields, besides pleasing the taste, have stepped in with a brand-new kind of enjoyment for smokers—

Chesterfields hit the smoke-spot, they let you know you are smoking—they "Satisfy"!

And yet, they're MILD!

The blend is what does it—the new blend of pure, natural imported and Domestic tobaccos. And the blend can't be copied.

Next time, if you want that new "Satisfy" feeling, say Chesterfields.

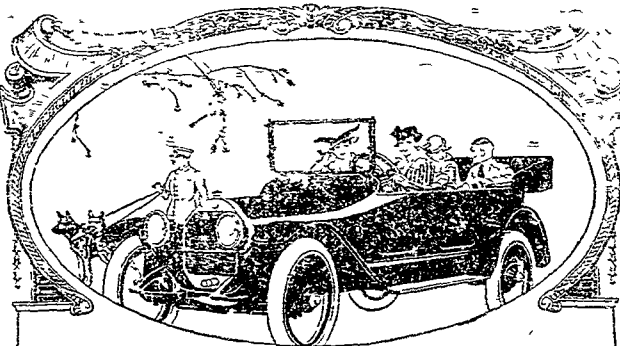
Register the Myers Tobacco Co.



Wrapped in  
glassine paper  
keeps them  
fresh.

20 for  
10¢

They "Satisfy"!  
and yet they're Mild!

Eight-Cylinder  
Superiority

Every delightful anticipation of eight-cylinder performance is realized in the Oldsmobile Eight. Maximum range of action on high gear; elastic pick-up; a new sense of power; a new freedom from vibration. And in addition, beauty of design and elegance of appointment undreamed of at the price.

Oldsmobile  
Light Eight  
(f. o. b. Lansing)

FRANK S. NEAL, AGENCY,  
Northville, Michigan.