

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 8.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

## WILL DO HONOR TO SOLDIER BOYS

### THE FOURTH DISTRICT WILL HAVE HOLIDAY DOINGS AT PLYMOUTH

#### BANQUET, BANDS, PRESENTS, SPEECHES, MARCHING, AFTER- NOON AND EVENING.

Next Tuesday will be declared a holiday for the Fourth War District, comprising the townships of Brownstown, Canton, Dearborn, Huron, Livonia, Northville, Nankin, Plymouth, Romulus, Redford, Sumpter, Taylor, and Van Buren.

Ten of the quota of 207 from this district have already gone to Camp Custer, eighty one will be sent Sept. 21, 83 more are to go Oct. 1, and the balance of the 207 as soon after that as they can be gotten ready.

All those in the draft will be invited to be present at Plymouth Tuesday to take part in the day's doings and to receive the welcome and souvenirs to be prepared for them by the citizens of the district.

There will be three or four brass bands, some state speakers, to end with a sumptuous banquet in the evening.

All the G. A. R. boys, Spanish-American soldiers, Boy Scouts, and others will lead the parade as escorts to the newly drawn army.

It is expected that ten to fifteen thousand people will be in Plymouth for this occasion, the most momentous of the kind since the days of '61-64.

The following have been passed upon by the local board and approved by the district:

G. R. Simmons; Donald Safford, R. W. Ryder, Earl Montgomery; Guy Martin, Ed. Sallow; Clayton Jordan; Chas. Schultze; L. D. Stage; Walter Thompson; Chester Crum; R. H. Baker all of Northville; Ed. Davis, Plymouth; Milt Lyons, Redford; Walter Pragers, Wayne; Rosby McKinney, Plymouth; Charles Wahr, Dearborn; Jacob Schambers, Wayne; Lucius Tate, Dearborn; Howard Mellow, Plymouth; Homer Moore, Wayne; Ed. Miller, Dearborn; Ernest Westrum, Plymouth; Harry Lee, Rockwood; F. J. Faber, Redford; Ray Duchara, Trenton.

Joe Daniloff, Wayne; Guy Santure, Belleville; Aubrey Wiltse, Hand Station; Florin Harding, Redford; Carl Engquist, Plymouth; J. Hurd, Belleville; Henry Nielback, Wayne; Walter Heim, Plymouth; Jno. Jorgensen, Inkster; Titis Tremont, Dearborn; Mike Vicory, Dearborn; Sam Smith, Belleville; Nick Kostowski, Detroit; Speer Gillett, Dearborn; Earl Ryder, Plymouth; Arthur Oldenburg, Dearborn; Ray Jones, Redford; Ray Gibbs, New Boston; Ray Luchenbeck, Belleville; Mike Vanetes, Dearborn.

Elva Rowland, Plymouth; Leonard Hawkins, Redford; Mat Gill, Wayne; Spencer Lefevre, Redford; Frank Oliver, Plymouth; Gust Halzman, Plymouth; Chet Lau, Wayne; Fohn Bennett, Wayne; Fred Pelkey, Plymouth; John Frye, Redford; Joseph Hance, Plymouth; Geo. Ellis, Wayne; L. Wells, Plymouth; M. McQuaid, Redford; Geo. Park, Redford.

Thos. Bailey, Redford; Nick Klenke, Redford; Bendek Bonk, Redford; Lewis M. Keehl, Plymouth; Clarence Shafer, Paw; Arthur Cabbie, Redford; Geo. Millman, Waltz; Wm. McCarty, Bay City; Arthur Bennett, New Boston; Henry Balles, Ypsilanti; Chas. Brown, Redford; Geo. Krum, Redford; Rex Holland, Romulus; Chas. Albrecht, Denton; Jno. Gersch, Wayne; Scott Cortville, Plymouth; Jas. McCully, Romulus; Mat. Hans, Dearborn; Paul Harzog, Romulus.

A. F. Blonard, Eloise; Harry Nelson, Romulus; A. F. Slupczakowski, Wayne; Ed. Remus, Plymouth; Clarence Schurab, Plymouth; Leo Wagathe, Dearborn; Henry Munby, Plymouth; Joe Frybyl, Flat Rock; Joseph Evans, Flat Rock; Russell Wright, Dearborn; Fred Lecurex, Redford; Fred Gantz, Waltz; Allen Warner, Plymouth; Geo. Miller, Willis; Geo. Flemming, Dearborn; Maynard Tressler, Wayne; Otto Thompson, Eloise; Frank Gay, Rockwood; Harry Brown, Plymouth; Almeal Gable, Wyandotte; John Natzil, Rockwood; Lee Sackett, Plymouth.

Angst, Hartwig, Plymouth; Waltz Schultz, Rockwood; Clova Valentine, Rockwood; Julius Hott, Wayne; Clay Smith, Eloise; Frank Pitcher, Belleville; Elsworth Piddle, New Boston; Owen Smith, Wayne; John Sylvester, Inkster; Evert Bailey, Eloise; Murvale, Hueston, Plymouth; Albert Block, Rockwood; Chase Hess, Eloise; Walter Begen, Rockwood; Wm. Krueger, Plymouth; Grover Peters, Plymouth; Grover Simpson, Salem; Frank Gussney, Redford; G. Todd, Belleville.

Only 125 names, of the 208 are given above, but by today there will be it is expected forty more. A call has been made for 200 more to appear for examination Saturday and 200 more for Monday.

The Northville Council, called a special meeting Wednesday night and declared next Tuesday a Civic holiday and appropriated \$150, or as much as was needed, for this town's share in the expense. C. S. Fulkins, F. S. Harmon, N. C. Schrader, C. G. Yerkes, L. A. Babbitt and F. S. Neal were appointed a Committee of arrangements with power to act for the village. Every man, woman and child in the town is invited to participate in the event. There's room for all to help.

#### RED CROSS NOTES.

A supply of yarn for socks has been secured by the local committee and everybody who wants to knit those articles can be accommodated. The sewing classes are taking hold of the work with renewed interest since the summer vacations are over.

#### AUCTION SALE.

An auction sale of household goods will be held next Saturday, Sept. 22 at the home of Mrs. Mercy Evans on Randolph street at 1:30. George Rattenbury, auctioneer.

#### 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, in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## NORTHVILLE BUSINESS IN GENERAL SHAKEUP

Northville seems to be due for an extensive shakeup as regards business locations and ownerships. A. E. Stanley has leased the Wheeler store and will move his druggist business there Nov. first next. The store in the same block now occupied by the bakery just purchased by Mr. Casper will be used as a grocery by C. L. Blackburn, necessitating the removal of the bakery to another place. Mr. Cattermole has rented his Center street store to the Atlantic & Pacific Co., grocers, and the sale of the Ryder grocery business to Hills Bros. is in contemplation.

In addition to the changes, recently made by Cattermole, Roys, Skarritt, McCully et al. and with still others rumored as coming soon, the general business situation will take on quite a different complexion.

#### WEEKLY CALENDAR.

##### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Preaching service at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11. Evening services at 7 p. m.

Those without a church home are especially invited to these services.

##### ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)  
No services in Northville next Sunday. All are invited to attend the Missionary celebration at the Clarenceville church. Services there begin at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., Eastern time. Both services will be German, the pastor officiating at the morning services and Rev. Riedel from Detroit, preaching in the afternoon.

On the following Sunday, Sept. 23, the pastor will preach at the Salem church in the morning and administer Holy communion. Services in Northville in the afternoon on September 23.

##### METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Next Sunday is conference Sunday. No preaching in the morning.

Sunday school at the usual hour.

Epworth League service at 6:00 o'clock. Leader, Edward Bogart.

At 7 o'clock Dr. Durgin, who has charge of the young people's work in Bishop Benterson's area, will be present with the League for the services at 6 o'clock and will preach at 7 o'clock.

The W. H. M. S. will meet with Mrs. George Johnston on Friday afternoon, September 21.

##### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Service of worship at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. Sermon subjects: "The Peril of Respectability" "Three Steps to Success."

Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.

Christian Endeavor prayer meeting at 6 p. m.

Mid-week prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The opening meeting of the Martha Chapter will be held at the home of Mrs. D. P. Yerkes Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 7:15 p. m.

##### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

##### GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

Alice Nielson re-appears Monday night at the Garrick theatre, Detroit, in operetta after having won all the laurels obtainable in the great opera houses of Italy, France, England and her own country.

Miss Nielson will be seen in her new musical play, "Kitty, Darlin," which has been adopted from David Belasco's famous play, "Sweet Kitty Bellaires," which was presented here with great success a few seasons ago.

It is a part that suits Miss Nielson, who is once more afforded the opportunity of giving play to her splendid ability as an actress, a rare talent for a singer to possess and which a grand opera prima donna has little chance to display by reason that all grand opera performers act al fresco.

There will be but one matinee—Saturday—the Wednesday matinee being omitted.

## Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

This coming Saturday night Earl Williams and Anita Stewart will be seen in the gripping play, "The Sins of the Mother."

Coming next week Thursday, Mary Pickford in "Huida From Holland."

Special program will be given during Fair week.

#### W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)  
The regular semi-monthly meeting was held Sept. 10, at the home of Mrs. Jane Sessions. A good degree of interest was manifested. Papers on various phases of the liquor question were read and discussed. The consensus of opinion was—that the outlook for national prohibition is very hopeful.

Owing to press of Red Cross activities it was voted to hold but one monthly meeting, to which all are cordially invited.

Mothers in Northville, there is still room for you and need of you and work for you in the W. C. T. U. You are all invited to enlist, and with your voice and presence assist in making this country a safe place in which to rear the human race.

The next meeting, Oct. 1, will be held with Mrs. F. W. Wheaton.

#### "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."

#### CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank most sincerely all our friends, the King's Daughters, L. O. T. M., K. O. T. M. and F. of A. for their sympathy and kindness shown us in our sad bereavement.

MRS. GORDON ALLEN  
AND FAMILY.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Anna Barley and family wish to express their sincere thanks to their friends for loving sympathy and beautiful floral offerings, also Rev. Mr. Walker for his comforting words during their sad bereavement.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank The King's Daughters, Ladies' aid, Epworth League and friends for "flowers sent during my illness."

#### 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—Will the party who took the shoes from express wagon on Tuesday night, Sept. 11, between 5 and 7:30, by 10-cent store, return same to Record office to prevent further trouble. Party was seen to take them. Swlp.

WANTED—By boy, odd jobs after school and Saturdays. Phone 41-M. Swlp.

WANTED—Man for stove work. J. A. Huff's hardware. Swlp.

WANTED—Farm hand. Chance to learn the poultry business. Steady position. Apply or phone the Booth Poultry Farm, Redford, Mich. Swlp.

FOR SALE—My new Revelation china kiln. Fired but a few times and on account of moving to California will sell cheap. Mrs. Kimme, Plymouth. Phone 341R. Swlp.

FOR SALE—House and lot. Inquire at 27 Dunlap street. Swlp.

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

FOR SALE—Good Jersey cow; also horse about 1,600 lbs. Sound. A. G. Griffin. Swlp.

FOR SALE—Single harness, in good condition. Lester Cook. Phone 7-W. Swlp.

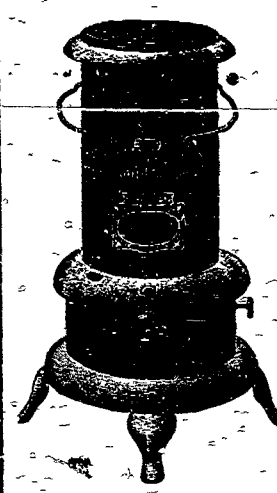
FOR SALE—Latest model Sharpless cream separator, in perfect order, at a bargain; also 1-2-horse power Wagner Electric motor and shafting. S. W. Curtiss, Laveview farm, Northville, Mich. Swlp.

FOR SALE—Base burner. Phone 327 R-2. Swlp.

FOR SALE—Black mare, 1600 lbs. Phone 223-J. Ed Sessions. Swlp.

FOR SALE—Cheap, Bay mare, suitable for farm work. Or in exchange for young cattle. Phone 185-R-5. Sam Pickard. Swlp.

## 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 \$4.50  
Nickle Trimmed Stove \$5.50  
Blue Enameld Stove \$6.50

## HAMMOCKS

Can you use them at less than cost prices?—Guaranteed Quality.

\$4.00 Hammocks for \$2.38  
5.00 Hammocks for 3.62  
6.00 Hammocks for 4.33

## LAWN MOWERS

\$8.00 16-inch, Ball Bearing, \$5.19  
4.00 14-inch, Plain Bearings, 2.89

## REFRIGERATORS

\$19.50, Good Size, Top Icer, for \$16.29

Anything in the Hardware Line—Tell us your wants

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with money doesn't fear accidents or sickness.



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

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

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

Northville State Savings Bank

## CHOICE LOTS SPECIALS for SATURDAY

H. & E. Sugar, 9 1-2c.  
3 Cans VanCamp's Beans for 25c.  
Fresh Eggs, per dozen, 39c.  
6 Bars Swift's White Laundry Soap, 25c.  
1-2 lb Can Hershey's Cocoa, 16c.  
3 Packages Luxury Macaroni, 25c.  
3 Dutch Cleanser, for 25c.  
3 Queen Anne Scourer, 25c.  
1-Quart Mason Jars, per dozen, 64c.  
2-Quart Mason Jars, per dozen, 82c.

6 Boxes Search Light Matches For 28c.

THIS IS FOR SATURDAY ONLY

WHEELER & BLACKBURN  
CASH STORE.

Get in Touch with Our

Special

Bargain Counter

SATURDAYS

In Particular.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

## GIANTS' SOUTHPAWS UNUSUALLY STRONG



FERDIE SCHUPP. RUSSELL BENTON. SLIM SALLEE.

## THREE REASONS WHY NEW YORKS ARE IN FRONT.

Whenever a southpaw is good he is very good, but when he is off color he's worth about as much to a ball club as a page off last year's calendar. So far this season the three Giant southpaws have been very, very good. Schupp, Benton and Sallee have won approximately three-fourths of their games, which is an unusually good showing for a trio of portside heavies performing on one ball club.

The work of these forkhanders must be figured as one of the reasons why the Giants are out so far in front, and Schupp, in particular, aided them to smother the opposition. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of Schupp's pitching is his wonderful control, a thing very few left-handers can boast of.

## FROM TWILIGHT LEAGUE

"Uncle Joe" Cantillon, manager of the Minneapolis club, pulled a prize abbi for a kid pitcher some years ago that still stands without a rival.

The Millers were playing on the home lot and the visiting club was knocking the cover off the ball when Mike Cantillon, brother of Joe, came rushing out to the bench in a rage.

"They've knocked every pitcher you've got off the mound but the new kid," yelled Mike. "Why don't you stick him in there?"

"Uncle Joe" had drafted the kid pitcher from the Canadian league, where ball games start after dinner, and he replied:

"I got this kid from the Twilight League. He can't pitch till after six o'clock."

## BANCROFT IS BATTING WELL

Philadelphia Shortstop is Redeeming Himself After Poor Showing Made Last Season.

David Bancroft, the Chopin of shortstops, is redeeming himself at bat this year. When Davy had his last set christening in 1915 he was one of the team's most dependable hitters. He sowed the pit hard and often and made a number of theatrical long-distance knocks that won games for Moran and his men.

Last season Davy, while maintaining his fielding thrills, skidded at bat. He was shy in the swat kitty all year and a dandy 254 swatman of 1915 fell to



Dave Bancroft.

212 in 1916. Had he played a more potent role with the bat last season, unquestionably the Phils would still be kings of the National League.

This year Banny has recovered his batting stride. He has hit the ball hard and true and is among the leaders in the National League in batting.

With Banny batting normal or better the Phils will be much harder to defeat than they were last season, when they were just nosed out of the championship.

## USING SPITBALL TOO MUCH

Delivery Is All Right When Used Properly—Cheney of Brooklyn Overdoes the Thing.

The spitball is all right when it is used properly and in a limited manner. Cheney, the big pitcher on the staff of the Robins, seems to be using that ball too much. For that reason he often loses control of the ball. It gets wet and soggy, and, like a girl who has just washed her hair, you can't do a thing with it.

## "ATHLETICS FOR ALL"

Secretary Baker Points Out Faults of College Sports.

Students Not Athletically Inclined Left to Fill Seats in Bleachers and Not Encouraged to Take Up Exercise.

A new era for college athletics is at hand if the mentors of sports in our schools throughout the country will put their shoulders to the wheel.

At a recent conference of the National Collegiate Athletic Association at Washington Secretary of War Baker urged "athletics for all" in our schools and colleges. He said that the custom of making specialized athletes out of the stronger and healthier students is well enough in a way, but he pointed out that the greatest fault with collegiate sports, as he saw it, was the fact that students not athletically inclined are left to fill the bleachers' seats and not encouraged to take up healthy exercise.

From a government standpoint in these war-time times, the encouragement of college sports means the elevation of physical fitness for a large percentage of the youth of the nation. Men who are physically fit have the qualities necessary to the good soldier, and, in the eyes of the government, a cessation of college sports would do a great and unnecessary harm.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association did not adopt a resolution to encourage college athletics on a greater and more democratic scale than ever before with the idea that college youths are to be trained for the ranks of the army alone. The goal for which the governors of college sports are striving embraces more than that. It points toward the adoption of universal athletic training in some form for all college students and the encouragement of physical fitness for all.

The message Secretary Baker gave the college representatives is therefore, has paved the way. The colleges have only to follow the path.

Perhaps the greatest immediate benefit to be gained through the action of the association is the effect it will have on football. The great gridiron sport was in a bad way prior to the Washington meeting, because many colleges took the view that dropping all sports was the greatest patriotic step they could take. Eastern football, especially, was doomed to experience a season of depression—this fall had it not been for Secretary Baker's timely words. As it stands now, the great majority of Eastern colleges will keep football alive and kicking. In the West, where football was to be continued, the sport faces a thriving season, despite depletion in the ranks of the players, caused by enlistments and the selective draft.

Jim Corbett picks Ray Schalk as the greatest allround backstop. Anybody could do that.

Detroit has but two .300 hitters at the present time. They are Cobb, .384, and Veach, .312.

Mike Regan of the Reds is not much of a strike-out pitcher, but he manages to win just the same.

Johnny Kilbane umpired a ball game in Cleveland. Johnny evidently doesn't care what happens to him.

The acquisition of Evers hasn't helped the Phillies, who seem to be hopelessly out of the pennant race.

With the exception of Alexander, the Phillies' pitching staff has been shot to pieces and Pat Moran is up a tree.

Connie Mack is easy to please. He says it will satisfy him to see his Athletics top the Browns and Senators.

Wagner must still consider himself in the promising class, for he says he wants to again lead his league in batting.

Barney Dreyfuss is out to land two ball players and has made offers for both. He wants an infielder and a clean-up hitter.

Pitchers Benton and Perritt of the Giants have waged a \$50 suit of clothes on their respective batting averages this year.

Hans Wagner has made a lot of noise with the stick since his return to the game. The veteran lost little time in establishing himself among the .300 hitters.

The Pirates may not climb out of the cellar, but they'll provide Pittsburgh fans with many interesting games. Bezdek has made considerable progress with the material in hand.

Heretofore the National league list has shown more heavy hitters than has the American league list, but of late more American than National leaguers have hit .300 or better.

With the Phillies, the Cardinals and the Reds continually bobbing up and then falling back in the National league race, there doesn't seem to be a chance for the Giants to be ousted from the lead.

Washington is the only major league club which has two brothers playing side by side in the outfield. Clyde and Horace Milan are the brothers. The Brooklyn club also has two brothers on its roster, Zach and Mack Wheat.

The Cincinnati club surely picked up a good ball player when Billy Kopf, discarded by Connie Mack, was purchased from Baltimore. Kopf is a classy fielder and a hitter who is no stranger in the column where doubles, triples and home runs are marked.

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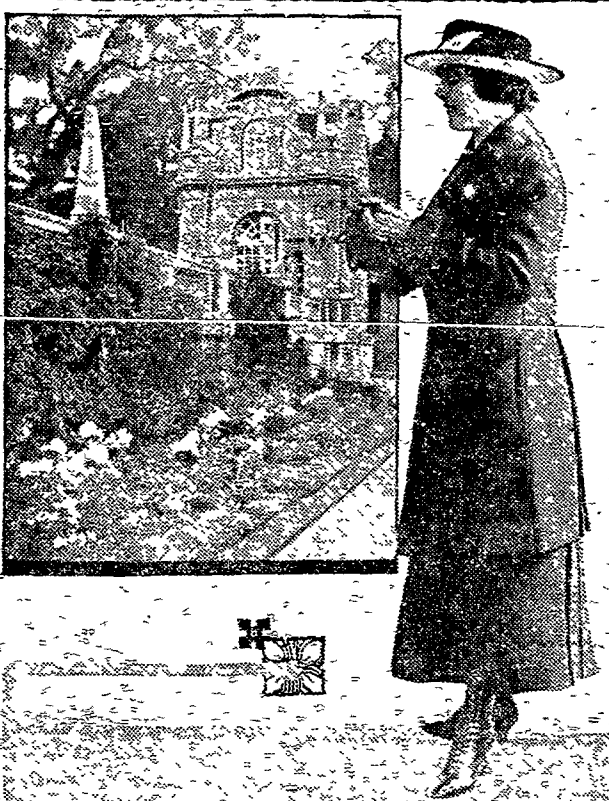
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## Fine Example of Tailored Suit



In the styles so far presented for fall and winter there are no radical departures from those of the passing season. Usually when the time comes to buy new clothes, the attention of the feminine public is almost wholly centered on incoming styles. But just now other absorbing interests are taking so much time that women are best suited with conservative ideas in dress. They are readjusting their lives in order to become helpful in time of war.

The most noticeable difference between the tailored suit for fall and those of last spring is in the length of coats. In coat suits the coats are longer. But a plain three-quarter length even if it did service last year, will find itself much at home among the plain suits just turned out. Besides added length the fall coats present a new feature in placing of trimmings. In many of them decoration appears only at the sides of the coat, where short bands of fur or braid or stitching find a place.

Soft surfaces, like wool velours, and

quiet colors, are characteristic of the season. Colors most popular are those classed as "the fur colors" including taupe, gray, brown, castor, beige, dark wine and the shades of amethyst. In the richest tones relieve a range that would otherwise be too grave. Dark blue is good as always.

One of the new fall suits is shown in the picture and as a model which looks well in any of the popular wool materials. The skirt has a panel with two plaits at each side down the back, which correspond to plaits in the coat. It is otherwise plain.

The coat is semisitting with two straps of the material across the back at the waistline. Below these is a straight panel like that in the skirt. A panel finished with three rows of braid at the bottom is set in at each side below a long side body which fastens over it with a button.

The pointed muller collar is a new development of this admirable and popular style in collars. From every standpoint this is a fine example among well-tailored suits.



What Can We Do?

The performance of the Canadian soldiers in the great war will reflect glory on their country and race, as long as history lasts. But their record is matched by that of the women of Canada who have thrown themselves heart and soul into war work of all kinds. They have shown energy and endurance and bravery equal to that of their men. There is no calculating the value of the services they have given and the sacrifices they have made.

The same disposition to help shows itself among women all over this country. There are few among us so dense as to fail to see that it is disgraceful to be a slacker in times like these.

The government cannot do all the work that must be done for the soldiers and for those he leaves when he goes out to war. The soldier must be provided with clothing, socks, underwear, shirts, sweaters, mufflers and mits, when on duty. These things wear out and must be replaced. Hospitals must be supplied with sleeping garments, slippers, bandages, dressings, and an endless stream of surgical supplies must flow into them, besides sheets, pillow cases and other things that are made by women. Comfort kits are to be furnished for every fighting man, and every one is entitled to messages from someone back home, whether he has relatives and friends there or not.

Prisoners and the men in hospitals are to be remembered with letters and provisions, when possible. And besides all this, for the soldiers, there is the work of looking after the welfare of the poorer families left at home.

All these things require the volunteer work of women, money and more money. Women are showing themselves equal to the task set them. The thing for each one to do is to decide what part of the service she will enter, and to enlist in that and serve as long as she is needed. Social distinctions

count for nothing; all are working together in churches, clubs, societies, to furnish supplies of all kinds, money and to do the work at hand whatever it is.

Julia Bottumley

## Batik Work.

Batik work, which first made a general appearance in our shops a few months ago, has been adopted as we usually adopt good ideas, and may be used in the future. Various fabrics are now treated with this process, which produces such unusual and interesting designs, and batik flowers are a not unusual form of trimming on afternoon frocks.

## Corded Yokes.

When making a smock or a blouse that is to have a corded yoke, it is advisable to finish the yoke completely and when attaching the blouse section simply slip the pieces under the corded part and stitch right above the cording. All you will then have to do is to trim the under edges and roll them up.

## Huge Silk Bags Match Suits.

Huge moire or other silk bags, in suit colorings and mounted on frames are being carried by New York women. They are something entirely new in handbags. While not really knitting bags, they are long enough to hold the needles and large enough in every way.

## Helps Keep Shape.

One of the striking midsummer suits of silk about the bottom of the coat. It is not only attractive to look at but it is quite useful, for it is heavy enough to act as a weight to keep the skirt of the coat hanging straight and wrinkleless.

## THINKS IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO SPEAK

Detroit Mason Came Near Giving Up and Quitting, He Says.

## WIFE ALSO TESTIFIES

"Tanlac Has Put Me on My Feet Feeling Strong and Well as I Ever Felt in My Life," Says Edward Young.

"Tanlac has put me on my feet feeling as strong and well as I ever felt in my life, and I think it's time for me to speak out for the benefit of others," said Edward Young, a well known brick mason who lives at 48 Sprout street, Detroit, Michigan, a few days ago.

"Ever since I had a spell of grippe over a year ago," he continued, "I have had no strength and felt bad and run-down all the time. I was very restless and had a tired-out feeling all the time. I lost weight and felt like I would just have to give up entirely. I lost a good deal of time from my work because I was too weak to keep it up."

"Finally a friend of mine recommended Tanlac to me and he couldn't have done me a greater favor, for it has just about made a new man of me. I have just finished one of the hardest week's work of my life and I just feel like I could keep on going, for I can do more hard work than I ever could."

Mrs. Young, who witnessed her husband's statement, said: "I can see the improvement in Mr. Young more than he can himself. I have never seen a medicine do anyone so much good. We are both delighted with Tanlac and can't say enough for it."

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

## SHE SAW DANGER IN DELAY

Owing to Circumstances, Fair Maid Was Willing to Make Momentous Decision at Once.

"Harry," she began, in a sweet, timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

"Harry, who reads the papers, and was about as thoroughly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stopped him."

"I don't want to know about that," she faltered, "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"

"Awful scarce!" echoed Harry, dismally.

And is it all being taken away to pay for the war?"

"It is," said Harry.

"And if they continued to take it away, there wouldn't be any left in this country by and by and we'll have to use silver?"

"Yes," sighed Harry.

"Harry," she whispered, "I told you I would give you my decision in the summer, but I repent. It—it is 'Y—yes,' Harry, don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"—London Answers.

## A Bungler.

"The Kaiser tries hard to please, but his efforts are very bungling."

The speaker was Seward Prosser, head of the New York Red Cross.

"The Kaiser," he went on, "kicked out Bethmann-Hollweg, who only wanted an honorable peace, and took on Doctor Michels, who demands a peace of victory. Yet the Kaiser tries to please his people—he even tries to please the allies—but he bungled like the bachelors."

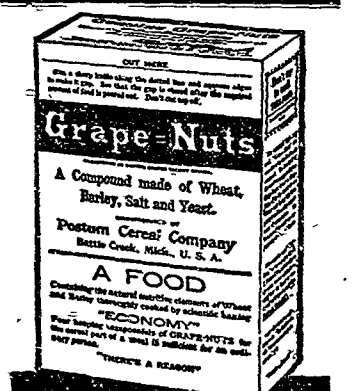
"Why, Miss Mamie," said the bachelor, gallantly, at the seashore hop, "your mother positively looks as young as you do."

"That's no compliment," said Miss Mamie, with a toss of the head.

"What I meant," stammered the bachelor, more gallantly than ever, "was that you—er—your look as young as your mother does."

The women want somebody to invent a smokeless cigar for men who ride on street cars.

Openings sometimes come to men and oysters when least expected.



The wholesome nutrition of wheat and barley in most appetizing form



## HUBBY'S VIEWS.



"I think a trip to Europe would do your wife good. However, I shall call in another physician to see if my diagnosis is correct."

"I guess it's correct enough, doc. Better call in a dressmaker if you want to hasten the cure."

## Learning.

She's learning farming by degrees. She thought potatoes grew on trees.

## An illustration.

"Isn't it strange how the majority of people can become attached to a bad custom?"

"Yes; look at the street car strap hangers."

**The Boy Prude.**  
Representative La Guardia of Michigan was praising the president's flag day oration.  
"How well he speaks out against the German militaristic autocracy!" said Mr. La Guardia. "Every true Democrat must speak out against that hydra. To use soft words about it is to be weak and silly and mistaken—like the little boy prude."  
"A little boy prude, having eaten too many sour cherries, was taken ill in school, and began to groan and writhe."  
"What's the matter?" said the pretty teacher. "What's the matter, Tommy?"  
"The boy answered in an embarrassed voice:  
"I've got a terrible pain in my—my abandon."

## SOOTHES ITCHING SCALPS

And Prevents Falling Hair De Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

On retiring, gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water using plenty of Soap. Cultivate the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment for everyday toilet purposes.

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

## Considerate.

"What makes you so jealous?"  
"Oh, it pleases my wife."—Boston Transcript.

## Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

**160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE!**

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutritious are the only food required for best or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

M. V. MacINNES, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Government Agent

## Don't Take Risks

If your stomach is strong, your liver active, and bowels regular, take care to keep them so. These organs are important to your health. Keep them in order with

## Beecham's Pills

and avoid any risk of serious illness. A dose or two as needed, will help the digestion, stimulate the bile, and regulate the habits. Their timely use will save much needless suffering, fortify the system and

## Insure Good Health

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

### A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER--ASTHMA

Your money will be refunded by your druggist without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and the Asthmatic symptoms accompanying them. No matter how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

### DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

AND ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES positively give INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Asthmatics should avail themselves of this guarantee offered through their own druggist. Buy a 5-cent package and present this advertisement to your druggist. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and the druggist will give you back your money if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make.

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

### YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A Bog Spavin or Thoroughpin but you can clean them off promptly with

### ABSORBINE

and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 M free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles of Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Cysts, Allergies quickly. Price \$1 and \$2 by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

### Every Woman Wants

### Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Partine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37-1917.

## HomeTown Helps

### PLANNING HOME IS BIG TASK

Many Problems of Location and Construction Must Be Solved Before Excavations Are Started.

A location for a home should be a site with a restful aspect. Home builders should persistently and seriously consider all of the numerous features entering into the situation and construction of a house which they themselves are to occupy.

Very many problems of location and construction must be solved even before excavations for a home are started. All members of the family which is to be the first occupant of the building should be privileged, in fact, they should be invited to freely express their ideas as to proper location and construction, both as to type or architecture, and construction materials. Every requisite of those who are to occupy the house, every possibility and limitation should be carefully considered and decided upon before the site is chosen and before the plans are drafted.

If part of the family goes to business each day it will be necessary to construct the home near a railway station or trolley line. If there are children of school age in the family it is imperative for the young folks' welfare to select a building site in a community with good schools and to locate the home within a reasonable distance of the school or schools which the children will attend. These and other details should be given careful consideration.

### TURNING SEWAGE INTO ASSET

British City Shows How Profit Can Be Made by Scientific Handling of Waste Effluent.

Through installation of modern sewerage and "garbage disposal" systems many cities of this country are securing valuable by-products from waste, but our municipalities could probably emulate to advantage the method adopted by an English city in creating an asset out of a waste effluent difficult of disposal, says the Manufacturers' Record. According to a statement in commerce reports by the United States Consul at Bradford, England, that city recovers the grease in the sewage coming from many wool-washing and scouring establishments located there and turns it into a profitable by-product.

This grease by-product is said to be of value in the leather-dressing trade and to some extent in branches of the textile industry.

The sales of the recovered grease by the sewage works of the city of Bradford were reported to amount to \$389,320 in 1916 at the present high price of \$122 a ton, and it is estimated that for this year over \$340,000 will be realized from this source, in addition to nearly \$25,000 derived from the sale of manure or fertilizer made from the sludge left after the extraction of the grease. Because of the development of this by-product it is thought the Bradford sewage work will be self-supporting in 1917.

### Danger in Municipal Pigs.

One method of disposing of garbage is that adopted by many municipalities of feeding it to pigs. Approximately 10 per cent of the total collection in 1909, according to reports of cities of 30,000 and over, was "handled" in this manner. This may be a slight improvement over dumping it, but only for small places where the garbage can be handled before it decays. So serious a matter is this system that the state of Colorado has passed a law compelling all meat markets to state whether the pork sold by them was fed on untreated garbage. Another state board of health finds that of 1,000 hogs fed on city garbage, 33 per cent had tuberculosis. "The idea of eating garbage-fed pork is disgusting," says one mayor. The eating of it may be injurious.

### Hainault Forest.

Hainault forest, where the London county council golf courses will be closed for the remainder of the war, bears a title that torments the antiquaries, some of whom have gone to Germany for a derivation. "But 'Hainault' is really a modern corruption of a word variously written 'Hineholt' or 'Henholt,' which stands obviously for the Saxon hean-holt, meaning 'worthless wood.' This same name of 'Hineholt' was formerly borne by part of the royal forest near Colchester. Anciently Hainault forest comprised that portion of the great forest of Waltham which lay south and east of the River Roding, and was administered by the same officials as Epping forest.—London Chronicle.

### Employers Build Homes for Workers.

Coincident with the change of the building trend toward manufacturing work, there is a tendency for corporations to build moderate priced houses for their employees. The obvious necessity of keeping labor stable and halting the roving tendency of employees at the present time undoubtedly has much to do with this movement. It is probable that the idea will be adopted more widely as the war progresses and labor stringency increases.

### WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC! LIFT OUT ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.



Just think! You can lift off any "corn" or callus without pain or soreness.

A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it Freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of Freezone, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears; then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off.

Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

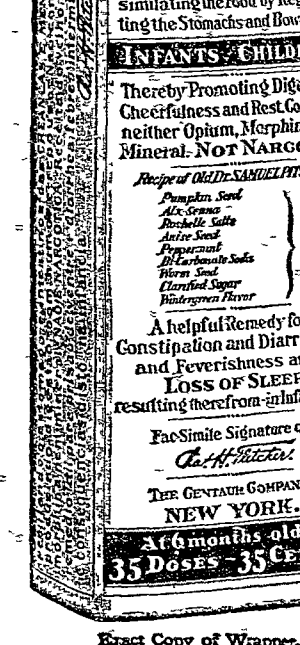
Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't Freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

### Wastefulness.

Some families take pride in serving lavish and overabundant meals and overgenerous service of food. This leads inevitably to waste of food on the table and is a temptation to overeating which often impairs health and efficiency.

There's a certain age in a woman's life when she moves her prayer rug over in front of the mirror.

It is easier to win a girl's heart than it is to earn her hand.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Just From College.  
"How very seedy your friend looks!"  
"Naturally. He's just come out of an agricultural college."—London Answers.

### MINNESOTA DRUGGIST PRAISES DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

I believe you have a splendid, reliable kidney, liver and bladder medicine in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and my customers who have taken it during the past six years have nothing but praise for what it accomplished for them. On account of the splendid reputation which it enjoys in the trade I have no hesitancy in recommending it for the troubles for which it is intended.

Yours very truly,  
J. G. STEBB, Druggist,  
Sept. 21, 1916.  
Hastings, Minn.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You—Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Leave and mail size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Philadelphia public schools are to give increased attention to callisthenics.

### After the Movies is for Tired Eyes.

Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itchy Eyes—Granulated Eyelids, Redness—Stinging—Swelling—Tearing—Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as you give your body with the same regularity.

## 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 Prussianism 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 Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Department of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Ontario, 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 United States have been harvested, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that 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 guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War." For particulars as to routes, identification cards and places where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. MacINNES, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Government Agent.

## You Look As YOU FEEL

You know well enough when your liver is loafing.

## CONSTIPATION

is the first warning; then you begin to "feel mean" all over.

Your skin soon gets the bad news, it grows dull, yellow, muddy and unsightly. Violent purgatives are not what you need—just the gentle help of this old-time standard remedy.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine Bears Signature

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**A BSENCE OF IRON in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but**

**CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will greatly help most pale-faced people.

## Children Cry For

# Fletcher's CASTORIA

## What is CASTORIA

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

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

## In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### Drink Buttermilk.

Cultivate a taste for buttermilk and drink lots of it, for thus you will be drinking to your health.

### WRINKLES ALL DRIVEN AWAY

A grandmother writes: "The bottle of Usit has completely cleared my face of the horrible wrinkles that were such an eyesore to my daughters, my grandchildren and to me. It is a godsend to wrinkle suffering humanity." When Usit is regularly applied for a reasonable time, wrinkles disappear, the skin regains its former smoothness, plumpness and color. Usit is such a splendid skin treatment that a bottle should always be on your dressing table. Rough skins made smooth; sallow, dry, faded complexions get back their natural freshness from its use, and it is also a fine treatment for freckles, blackheads, and many forms of eczema.

Usit is not a cream or paste, but a pure nut oil liquid, to be used at night before retiring. Try Usit Face Powder De Luxe, which is no ordinary face powder, but a preparation appealing to people of discriminating and refined taste. Four tints—flesh, white, pink and brunette. Delicately perfumed. For further distribution a bargain. Once only. One 50c bottle Usit and one 50c box Usit Face Powder De Luxe for 75c. Address Usit Mfg Co., 895 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### An Expert

In the basement at the Birmingham (Eng.) art school is an art model—a plaster figure of a very big man with a decided corporation. Across it, in chalk letters, appear the familiar words, "Eat less bread."

### Back Given Out?

Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and aching and your kidneys irregular, if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women.

### A Michigan Case

Mrs. Selma Lundberg, 4339 Grand Blvd., Menominee, Mich., says: "My back ached constantly and I had such pains across my kidneys I could hardly bend over or lift anything. My kidneys were weak and the way they acted bothered me very much. I sometimes was so dizzy I couldn't walk and I was awfully nervous. I became bloated. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was entirely well. I give Doan's Kidney Pills the credit for my cure."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

## PATENTS

Watson E. Cotnam, Washington, D. C. Books free. High-class references. Free results.



## The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEP. 14, 1912.

### PATRIOTISM-VS. PARTISANSHIP.

Every petty and persistent objector to the governmental conduct of affairs during this time of crisis in our National life should be obliged to read—or to hear, if he can't read—Charles E. Hughes' masterly and thoroughly patriotic address to the American Bar Association. Mr. Hughes is in the unusual position of actively and efficiently supporting and co-operating with the chief executive who was so recently his opponent for a position which has proven so trying that Mr. Hughes is said to have expressed himself as thankful for his defeat. Mr. Hughes has not only demonstrated his patriotism in the course he is pursuing, but in even greater degree has shown the breadth and depth of a legal mind that is a very decided loss to the supreme court of the U. S.

It is remarkable how viewpoints change with the passing of time. Some years ago "dollar wheat" seemed very desirable to farmers when it had stayed below that figure for a while, and now they are kicking because the government places it at \$2.20, which the old con thinks is plenty high. But of course it costs the farmer much more to live than it used to. There is the upkeep of his automobile—or automobiles—besides his telephone and electric light bills. And then it costs more to feed his 19-dollar-a-hundred pig, too.

Those suffrage "pickets" in Washington, D. C., deny, of course, that their persistent performances, have had anything to do with Maine going two to one against equal suffrage in this weeks election. Other friends of suffrage throughout the country, however, are saying "I told you so."

Stephen Szys of Wyandotte was arrested the other day for auto speeding. Szys is "Szt" Steve. Even with a name like that you can't expect to play safe with that dangerous combination, booze and gasoline.

Even the weather department is open to suspicion of collusion with the enemy when our precious crops are perilled and our Sammy boys set to shivering by frost temperatures arriving 20 days ahead of schedule time.

The funeral obsequies of "Old Rye," were observed in various sections of the U. S. last Saturday, Sept. 8, but the "wake" is expected to continue for a couple of years especially in Kentucky.

Speaking of "adding insult to injury" it has recently been discovered, we are informed, that the oleo manufacturers are putting short weight pounds in their original packages.

What awfully paradoxical times we live in nowadays. Frinistance, peace meetings and church services resulting in rows that require the calling out of the militia.

Cheer up! Food value experts declare that milk as a food would even at 15 cents a quart be cheaper than meat, because of the nourishment it contains.

### HEALTH BEGINS AT HOME.

The frequency of diseases of a serious nature arising from insanitary conditions, which take a horrible toll of human lives unnecessarily, and cost, in the aggregate, huge sums of money, emphasize the importance of taking every possible step to obtain more sanitary conditions and to install in the minds of the people the importance of making conditions in and around their homes as sanitary as possible. It is well understood by every intelligent citizen that a very large percentage of disease is preventable. The health of the children demands clean homes with sanitary surroundings. Ask the State Board of Health for free literature on the prevention of communicable diseases.

## Walled Lake Warbles.

Glenn Moss is visiting friends at Clarkston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Bickins of Pontiac spent Sunday here.

Miss Bell Smith of Pontiac spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. Bert Welfare has been ill with an attack of sciatic rheumatism.

Mrs. Georgia Champe has returned from a several days' visit in Detroit.

Mrs. Harry Morris of Northville was a recent guest of Miss Ruth Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wedow have returned from a three weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. Della Pratt entertained her sister and husband from Pontiac a few days last week.

Mrs. L. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rose and son, Cameron, of Mt. Clemens visited friends here the first of the week.

Mrs. Dan Bentley entertained at a miscellaneous shower Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Hazel Bentley, who will be married soon.

The funeral of J. J. Smith was held from the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. J. Smith, Friday afternoon, Rev. E. A. Brass of Wilcox officiating. Interment in the cemetery here. Mr. Smith was 88 years old and leaves three daughters, Mrs. H. J. Smith, Mrs. Isaac Welch and Mrs. Fred Quigley of California.

## Farmington Flashes

Mrs. Williver was in Pontiac Sunday.

Bert Gates and family were in Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Conroy of Detroit was a Farmington visitor Sunday.

Max Spranger of Detroit was in town calling on old friends Sunday.

Mrs. Carl Hmborn and baby, Virginia, of Pontiac were visitors in town Sunday.

Jeannette Hambleton entertained her cousin, Ione Conroy of Detroit, over Sunday.

Mrs. Glen Green and daughters and Mrs. Ida Langston were at Belle Isle Sunday.

C. Sloat returned to Sincor, Canada, last week after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Mrs. M. F. Stanley of Northville was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George P. Conroy, Friday.

Miss Lillian Gates is attending school in Detroit and making her home with her grandmother, Mrs. Measell.

Mrs. Rue Langbecker and sons, Kenneth and Clayton, visited her sister, Mrs. Harry Bartlett at Conroy's Corners, Tuesday.

Rev. W. A. Moore of Detroit preached in the Farmington Universalist church Sunday. He will be here again in two weeks.

Saturday was "Heart Tag Day" for the Michigan Child Welfare League. Everybody was wearing tags and some had more than one.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox of Twin Falls, Idaho, are visiting Mrs. Wilcox's brother, R. B. Botsford and family. Many will remember Mr. Wilcox as a genial D. U. R. conductor some years ago.

## Novi News.

Miss Potter of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Stoneman of Detroit were over-Sunday guests at the home of J. J. Potter and family.

Rev. F. W. Gookin of Romeo, Mich., will conduct services in the Baptist church this coming Sunday, morning and evening. A good attendance is especially desired.

Jonah Sanford, a former well known resident of this township, died Aug. 22 at the home of his daughter at Davisburg. He was 92 years of age and had been an invalid for 5 years. He is survived by his only child, Mrs. Helen Pennell. He was buried at Andersonville, Mich., beside his wife, who died a few years ago.

**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.

## TRACE OF MERMAID

Scientists Find Skeleton Half Human and Half Fish.

Ancients of All Races Believed That Beautiful Sea Maidens Once Lived—Maybe Our Forebears Wore Fins and Scales.

Mermaids were not mythical creatures at all; but real, living beings, according to some scientists, who, in support of this belief, point to the skeleton of a strange animal, half human and half fish, said to be more than 4,000 years old and reported to have been found, deeply imbedded in sand on the coast of China. This skeleton, however, is said to be considerably smaller than the proportions of a mermaid, according to popular conception, which pictures her with a form much the same as that of a woman. It is pointed out, however, that this skeleton might have belonged to a dwarf of the species, or to a kind of fish which is said to have been common in Chinese waters about 6000 B. C. And it is conceivable that the creature might have grown to larger size in a different climate.

The skeleton which has come to light after centuries is described as having had a head, shoulders and arms like those of a woman, as proved by the formation of the bones and skull. The lower half of the body became petrified, and in all respects was like the tail of a fish, with several fins. On the head and the upper portion of the body a shriveled skin was found, similar to that of an Egyptian mummy. If further proof were needed, it would seem to be supplied by a few strands of hair on the head. Anatomists have decided that this was once flaxen and grew abundantly. Every story of a mermaid pictured a goddess-like creature sitting upon a rock in the sea, combing her hair. Almost every one of the ancient races left behind them accounts of the mermaid. These have been discredited for ages, being grouped with other myths such as the Greeks entertained. The sea serpent and dragon of such terrible aspect described by writers of old were fanned with the mermaid as a figment of imagination. But the discovery of this skeleton, it is claimed, discredits all the theories of civilization and brings to the fore once more the question so often asked—were there really mermaids?

The name mermaid is of Teutonic origin, corresponding with triton and siren as used in antiquity. The Chaldeans called this creature Oannes, the Chinese named her Wimpus, and even one tribe of American Indians were said to have had a legend of the mermaid, in which they term her Ottaves. It has been one of the unexplainable points of the mermaid legend that so many peoples in such distant parts of the globe believed in the reality of a creature half woman and half fish. It would be hard to imagine two races further apart than the Chaldeans and the Indians, but both knew of the mermaid.

Whatever of truth there may be in the reported finding of this skeleton, it, at any rate, opens anew one of the most fascinating chapters in the lore of mankind.

### Help Uncle Sam Save.

How many people stop to think that a 1-cent postage stamp costs Uncle Sam as much as a postage stamp of the highest denomination made? It is a fact. Consequently people who place two 1-cent stamps instead of one 2-cent stamp on a letter are increasing the cost to the government of carrying on the post office, and the people who cover a parcel post package with small-denomination stamps instead of using one of two of high denomination to make up the amount of postage required are guilty of an act of thoughtlessness inimical to conservation. The department requests the public to think of this hereafter, and to do its best to help out Uncle Sam.

### He Had Been Drawn.

Capt. Ian Hay Belth, addressing the Chicago City Club, recently told the following story to illustrate his statement that life in the trenches had its moments of comedy:

"There were two friends in separate days of a trench. Whenever a shell burst near by one would cry out, 'Are you all right, Bill?' and the answer would come back, 'Yes, I'm all right.' After this had happened several times the second man cried out: 'Yes, I'm all right, but what's the excitement about?' Then the first one answered: 'The men over here, have gotten up a sweepstake on who's going to be hit next, and I've drawn you.'"

### Modern Whaling.

A whaling ship hasn't been seen in New York for years, but a big Norwegian ship named Thor I arrived there the other day with 18,000 barrels of oil taken from 297 whales. The old-fashioned way of whale catching has gone out of use. The Thor is simply a mother ship, and four steam trawlers chase and capture the whales and bring them to the Thor for the work of cutting up and trying out to be done. There is no romance in the modern game.

### Her Duty.

"Emma's hair used to be brown and now it is golden. Why did she change?"  
"You see, her mother wanted her to be a blond, so Emma felt she must obey a mother's dying request."

## "400" PAPER IS EXCLUSIVE

The Chronicle of New York Probes One's Family History Before Taking Subscription Money.

Every once in a while somebody does something nobody else ever thought of doing, and puts it over. All of which leads us to the Chronicle, the latest magazine published in New York, which has been called "of, for and by society."

The publishers won't admit this phrase is the proper one to apply to it, but the fact has leaked out that certain persons who sought to become subscribers were turned down because their family histories would not stand the close scrutiny of the social microscope.

The Chronicle is published monthly, at the rate of \$12 a year, and is not on public sale. Just who the backers of the project are no one seems to know. It has been said that a certain group of well known women got together and said: "Isn't it about time that something be done to kill the idea that society does nothing but engage in 'butterfly balls,' 'monkey dinners,' 'all night bathing parties,' and the like? Let's get out a magazine that will show we have real thoughts and are doing real things. And let's keep it a secret."

And here enters James W. Penneck, Jr., formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., a dapper little man who talks high-browish and wears suits, ties and hose of the same shade of green, brown, violet or grey. He is the man you are referred to when you call at the Chronicle office at Fifth Avenue. "Yes, I'm in charge here," he draws.

"It's immaterial who the publishers of the Chronicle are," he answers to the direct question.

"Oh, no, it would be impossible for you to see a copy. They're for our subscribers only, and you know, our subscribers are invited to subscribe. Our contributors? Well, they're our subscribers. That is one of the basic ideas concerning the Chronicle. The terms contributors and subscribers are synonymous."

### American Machinery for Swiss.

Since the beginning of the war Swiss peasants have paid increased attention to American agricultural machinery, especially to motor plows. The principal drawback to the introduction of modern American agricultural machinery in Switzerland is that few farmers own more than five to ten acres and about five to ten head of cattle; but recently the larger peasant associations have shown an interest in such machinery, and they might act as purchasers of the machines, renting them to the farmers. The war has made unusual demands on the farmer, because of the lack of laborers and horses. This has created sentiment in favor of the introduction of motor-driven machinery for working the ground, to avoid a serious shortage at the next harvest.

### Donkey Engine Crosses Slough.

A donkey engine employed in clearing land on the lower Columbia river, Oregon, made a record for itself by crossing a deep slough under its own steam not long ago, when no scow was available for its transportation to a new setting. The feat is described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The slough was 180 feet across, several feet deep, and had rather steep banks and a soft bottom, but the engine forded it safely, although the water at one point reached the crown sheet of the firebox. The steam gauge showed 150 pounds pressure when the engine was fired up for the trip, and 15 pounds of steam was left when it landed on the opposite bank.

### Fish Had Four Feet.

While fishing in the Iowa river Raymond Peterson caught a strange thing. Local scientists have pronounced it a "hycoprotisbygashaway," but some of our best-posted nimrods say it is a mud puppy. Anyway, it was a strange-looking creature with a body shaped like an eel. It was 24 1/2 inches long. It had a head like a fish with the exception that instead of gills it had a collar of fur just back of the head. It had four legs and in some respects resembled a baby alligator. The little animal put up a pretty game fight for a while, but it soon died when exposed to the air. It was sent to a large museum in New-York city.

### Made for Concealment.

Stick insects, which are so called because of their resemblance to dry sticks, have two forelegs, which they fold over their eyes when disturbed and evidently think that in so doing they are lost to view.

The eggs of these insects take over six months to hatch. They are only one-tenth of an inch in their widest part, yet an insect which at hatching is three-quarters of an inch in length is packed into them.

The stick insects destroy the weaklings soon after they are hatched by eating their legs.—Exchange.

### Had an Alias.

In order to save his dog's life, Howard S. Lewis of Hutchinson made public announcement last week that he had changed the animal's name from Kaiser to Dennis. "I really was afraid someone would take a shot at him," Judge Lewis explained, "and, besides, the Kaiser's name's Dennis, anyway."—Kansas City Star.

### Difference in Talk.

"The English and the American speak the same language."  
"Not always. In discussing corn the English call everything 'corn' except corn and they call that 'maize.'"

Saturday Evening, September the 15th

Earl Williams and Anita Stewart, in

"THE SINS OF THE MOTHER."

Admission, 10 Cents.

Thursday Evening, September 20th

Mary Pickford, in

"HULDA FROM HOLLAND."

Admission, 15 Cents.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SPACE.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum style plus extra value at

\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

## FOR SALE

HARD AND SOFT COAL, CEMENT  
AND SALT.

I Will Pay the Highest Prices for Your Produce

I PAY CASH AND MUST HAVE CASH.

Car of Feed, Middlings, Gluten and Bran, last  
of the week, that I can Sell at Right Prices.

South Lyon Phone, 25 F-2-1; Plymouth Phone, 306 F-2 1.

C. M. McLAREN

SALEM, MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

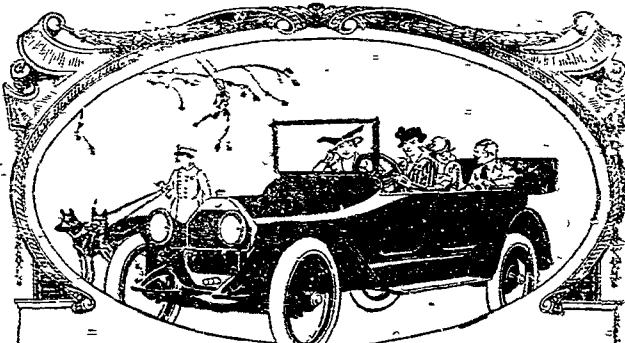
## BETWEEN WASH DAYS

every member of the family will find use for an

ELECTRIC FLAT IRON

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

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY



## 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  
(S. O. L. Lansing)

FRANK S. NEAL, AGENCY,  
Northville, Michigan.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC**  
Physician and Surgeon—Office next  
door west of Park House on Main street.  
Office hours 1:00 to 5:00 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  
Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farming-  
ton and Detroit at 6:30 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.

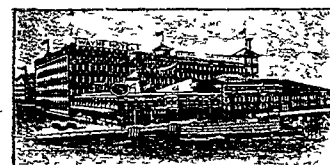
Cars leave Detroit for Northville at  
5:35 a. m. and hourly to 7:35 p. m.;  
2:35 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;  
Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except  
Sunday.

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 8:13 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 Ave.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every ap-  
proved form of hydrostatic treatment for  
Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous  
Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The  
Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeu-  
tic 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 Wharfe.  
Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00  
per day and up.  
J. H. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

## Northville Newslets.

Did you blanket your tomato vines  
and things?

Chas. Mundy is taking his vacation  
from work in the Lapham bank.

Everybody turn out next Tuesday  
to give our soldier boys a good  
send-off.

New moon tomorrow—Saturday.  
Be sure to see it "over your right  
shoulder."

Miss Aletha Yerkes is taking a col-  
lege preparatory course at Central  
High School, Detroit.

Boosting for the Northville Fall  
is now in order. Call at the "Record"  
office for advertising matter.

The Frank Bolton and A. T. Stewart  
residences in the fourth ward are  
being improved by repainting.

Wayne County had no county ex-  
hibit at the state fair. Probably  
saving up for the real Wayne county  
fair here at Northville.

The Michigan state fair which  
closed Sunday was again the "best  
ever," and again improvements for  
next year are in view.

Fred Skarritt has leased the former  
Stanley hotel on Main street and is  
having the interior redecorated and  
remodeled in preparation for its open-  
ing as a rooming house.

A much needed improvement has  
been made at the D. U. R. terminus  
on Main street by the putting in of  
a cement platform on each side of the  
track for landing passengers.

The property on the north side of  
Main street has been improved by  
the installation of new cement walks  
for a considerable portion of the  
block, beginning at the Lapham bank  
building.

Two more Northville boys, Russell  
Stewart and Tracy Ely, have offered  
their services to Uncle Sam. They  
left on Wednesday for Columbus, O.,  
where, if accepted, they will be en-  
rolled in the motor department.

A base burner, a gas stove and lawn  
hose, all advertised in the Record's  
liner column last Friday were sold  
the same afternoon. Also half a  
dozen would-be buyers appeared, too  
late. It certainly produces results  
to insert Record liners.

News dispatches are telling us that  
in Larue Co., Kentucky, the native  
county of Abraham Lincoln, the exact  
quota of men, 132, was drawn, and  
not one claimed exemption and none  
failed to pass the physical tests. Was  
it psychological influence?

The best way for motorists to get  
to Detroit from Northville now is 5  
miles east on the 7 mile cement road,  
then either to the left into Farm-  
ington or by the old fair ground road  
to the power house, then straight to  
the city via Grand River road.

Rev. F. I. Walker is attending the  
annual conference of his denomina-  
tion at Flint this week. The people  
of Northville, regardless of church  
affiliations, are hoping that the family  
will be permitted by the conference  
to remain here as long as possible.

We may expect to see birdmen  
hovering over town at any time now  
when weather conditions are favor-  
able. Landing sites are being se-  
cured by the government in various  
parts of this section, the nearest one  
to us so far reported being located  
near Redford.

A thousand Northville Fair prem-  
ium books are now ready for distri-  
bution. If any of our readers have  
friends to whom they wish a copy  
sent, they are requested to leave or  
phone the name to F. J. Cochran's  
office. Help is needed in the distri-  
bution of these books.

The state tax commissioners con-  
vened for business at the village hall  
this (Friday) morning at 9 o'clock.  
The taxation figures for Northville  
have all been reviewed by the com-  
mission, and any taxpayer who has a  
grievance in connection therewith  
must bring it before the board today.

Members of the local W. R. C. will  
be saddened to learn of the sudden  
death on Tuesday, Sept. 4, at the home  
of her sister in Ypsilanti, of Mrs.  
Clark Sackett of Plymouth. Mrs.  
Sackett was the daughter of the late  
Mrs. James King of Newberg and  
was a charming woman, well known  
to many ladies here.

## ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The Northville Market corrected  
up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.05. Red, \$2.07.  
Eggs—35c. Butter—41c.  
Hogs, Alive—\$17.  
Oats—New, 55c.  
Seed Oats—75c.  
Chickens—20c.  
Ref.—9 to 9½c. Beef Blakes, 16c.

Mrs. A. M. VanTassel has been ill  
this week.

Mrs. Long, who has been seriously  
ill, is slowly recovering.

The regular meeting of The King's  
Daughters will be held Tuesday  
evening, Sept. 18, at 7 o'clock, at the  
home of Mrs. Fred VanAtta.

Another German "war measure"  
lately inaugurated is the dropping of  
sacks of poisoned candy in ally terri-  
tory. Of course a child finding one  
would not (?) eat the contents.

A big bowling match is to be played  
this Friday night at the Hinkley  
alleys, between the experts of Farm-  
ington and Northville. Some high  
scores are expected to be made.

Northville carried off high honors  
in the better babies contest at the  
state fair, Junior Schrader standing  
first in the under 2-years class and  
Warner Neal first in the under 3-years  
class.

Anyone intending to exhibit articles  
in the Woman's department at the  
Northville fair is requested to notify  
at once the chairman, Mrs. F. S.  
Harmon, that the approximate amount  
of space required for that department  
may be known as soon as possible.

The "Record" has received a copy  
from an unknown friend of the Fort  
Sheridan Revue, a weekly paper  
"written of and for the men at Fort  
Sheridan." The paper is full of in-  
teresting things pertaining to military  
matters and it must be greatly  
appreciated by the soldiers.

A pair of outlaw dogs which have  
been killing hogs over in Oakland  
Co. is believed to have been depleted  
by one when a wounded shepherd dog  
was found in a Pontiac basement and  
shot by a policeman. The two  
animals, the other one a bulldog, have  
been seen several times, but had  
always succeeded in getting away  
from their pursuers. They seemed to  
prefer pork to mutton, and have killed  
or mangled hundreds of dollars worth  
of swine during the last few weeks.

The ladies of Northville and else-  
where are especially urged to ex-  
hibit at our coming fair the products  
of their skill and industry along the  
line of fancy work, canned goods and  
baked goods. No one need be afraid  
to entrust her property to the care of  
the fair association, as an efficient  
watchman will be on duty each night.  
It would be greatly appreciated if  
those who are planning to enter  
articles in these departments would  
at once notify the committee. No  
entrance fee is required.

## Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. B. Kitson is visiting her  
parents at Lansing.

Mrs. May Proud was a Detroit vi-  
sitor a few days last week.

J. L. Calkins and family were over  
Sunday guests of Wixom relatives.

Forrest Hicks of Brighton was the  
guest of Henry Perry and wife Sun-  
day.

Myron Severance has moved his  
family to the Bateman place at  
Walled Lake.

Chris Oldenburg is to move his  
family in the house recently vacated  
by Myron Severance.

Geo. Conroy and Stanley Brown of  
Durand are visiting the former's cou-  
sin J. N. Conroy and family.

Chas. Bush and family of Highland  
Park were the guests of the Rose and  
Parker families last Wednesday and  
Thursday.

Wm. Grow, wife and two sons and  
Mrs. Lawson of Vernon were guests  
of John Pattan and family last Sat-  
urday and Sunday.

Robert Mowers returned to his  
school work at Kalamazoo Saturday,  
after spending the summer with his  
father, Dr. Mowers.

Oscar Kelsey and wife of Redford,  
Mrs. E. Madison of Detroit and Mes-  
dames Thompson and Shannon of  
Wixom attended the home-coming at  
Walled Lake Saturday.

J. G. Madison, his wife and daugh-  
ter, Dorothy, Mrs. Bert Parker and  
daughter, Miss Edith Pittinger and her  
cousin and Mrs. Scott Kitson were all  
in Pontiac last Saturday.

## WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
The morning service will be a theo-  
logical discussion between two cham-  
pions of the old and the new testam-  
ent. These men are able students.  
Come and hear them.

The evening topic will be, "How  
a Man Turned his Old Heart in for  
More than it was Worth Toward a  
New One."

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

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

**NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.**

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

**NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 59, K. T.**

**ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.**  
Regular Sept 21.  
Regular, Friday, Sept.  
21. Work.

## BRITISH ARMY ONCE IN BERLIN

Several Regiments of Adventurous No-  
bles—Went There to Help Old  
Frederick V.

It was somewhere about the middle  
of July, 1620, that a British army ar-  
rived in Berlin. The account of its do-  
ings may not be found in any history  
book, for the secret papers are safely  
stored in the state archives of the  
Prussian capital. At that time Berlin  
was a small, riverside town, but under  
the able rule of the "Great Elector"  
it quickly became a place of considerable  
importance. The object of the British  
invasion, however, was not one of con-  
quest. It was the result of a promise  
which James I had made to his son-in-  
law, Frederick V. The Elector Palat-  
ine Frederick had placed himself at  
the head of the Protestant Union of  
Germany. He accepted the crown of  
Bohemia in 1619, and it was in order  
to help the newly elected king against  
the followers of the Lusatians that the  
British troops were sent to Berlin. The  
force, which was composed of many  
penniless but adventure loving nobles  
recruited from all parts of England  
and Scotland, was commanded by Sir  
Andrew Grey. A letter written by  
James I which is to be seen preserved  
in the state paper office, states that  
"the force was some 5,000 strong, and  
constituted one of the finest armies  
ever seen on the battlefield." It goes  
on to say that the men were clad in  
red and white Hanoverian uniforms,  
and were well armed and efficient sol-  
diers. The contingent landed on the  
Prussian coast early in the spring of  
1620, and after a perilous march  
through the neighboring swamps ar-  
rived at Tempelhof, on the outskirts of  
Berlin. There it was that the trouble  
arose. The Berliners hastily barri-  
caded the streets and prepared to de-  
fend the city against the British. But  
the British had no sinister designs on  
the city, and after resting lifted their  
camp and marched into Bohemia,  
where they joined the camp of Fred-  
erick V. One, and only one action  
was fought—which ended so disap-  
pointingly that Frederick V, the "Winter  
King," was forced to abdicate, and the  
campaign of the British, which had  
been the cause of so much distrust in  
Prussia, came to an end.—Dundee Ad-  
vertiser.

**Cheapest Dish in the World.**  
Corn is a great food—a plain and  
simple food. But corn—at least the  
solid variety—is not taken straight.  
Moreover the addition of water does  
not mend matters. The flavor of corn  
alone is too faint and elusive for our  
battered and peppered taste-buds to  
detect its rare aroma.

One ounce of shredded codfish is  
sufficient to impart a distinct flavor to  
a quart of cornmeal mush. The addi-  
tion of an ounce (two tablespoonsfuls)  
of oil will increase the palatability  
and add greatly to the nutritive value  
of the recipe. This dish may be  
cooked as mush and then eaten with  
butter, or fried, or baked. It may be  
served alone or with a dressing.

Here is a table of the ingredients  
with their nutritive value for enough  
"corned codfish" to serve four healthy  
appetites:

Corn meal, 1 cup (5 ounces).....1.66c  
Codfish (1 ounce).....1.25c  
Oil, 2 tablespoonsful (1 ounce).....1.50c

Total.....4.41c

—Milo Hastings in Physical Culture.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Billie Burke returns to the Majestic  
theatre, Detroit, starting Sunday after-  
noon, in a delightful play of mystery  
and intrigue. It is entitled "The  
Mysterious Miss Terry" and it was  
written for Miss Burke by Gelett  
Burgess. In the leading role of Miss  
Terry, Miss Burke will be seen as a  
young, parry and adventurous hei-  
ress who tires of society and who  
seeks to find just what kind of peo-  
ple there are in the world. The  
Majestic Trio will offer a new reper-  
toire of songs and the other films  
include the third installment of the  
Rex Beach travel pictures, a Mutt and  
Jeff comedy and other subjects.

**Early Use of Tobacco.**  
The indications are that the Ameri-  
can Indians were the first to use to-  
bacco; they were using it when Colum-  
bus discovered America.

## FINAL INSTALLMENT

Due August 30th on  
Liberty Loan 3½% 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.

## ICY-HOT

## BOTTLES AND LUNCH KITS

KEEPS THINGS ICY COLD OR  
STEAMING HOT.

Pint Bottles, ..... \$1.50 and \$1.75  
Quart Bottles, ..... \$2.75 and \$4.00  
Lunch Kits, with Pint Bottles, ..... \$2.75 and \$3.00  
Quart Carafes, ..... \$4.50

## A. E. STANLEY

THE *Rexall* STORE

NORTHVILLE MICHIGAN.

## SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

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

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.



## KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

ALL-WOOL—100 PER CENT AND NO  
COMPROMISE.

Never in all Clothmaking History were  
cotton-adulterated fabrics so numerous, never  
were pure-wool fabrics so rare. . . . Yet in our  
Fall and Winter Kirschbaum Suits there is no  
taint of cotton to steal away the lustrous, tailor-  
able qualities which wool naturally possesses. . .  
If you want Clothes of all-wool—all-wool and  
nothing else—look for the Kirschbaum label as  
your guide and guarantee. - \$16.50, \$18, \$20.

## WM. GORTON

Northville, Michigan.



# "CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

A Thrilling War  
Story of the  
North Atlantic

## THE CASTAWAYS ARE SIGHTED BY A SHIP, THE INDIAN CHIEF, WHICH TAKES THEM ABOARD—HERE THEY FIND CONDITIONS RATHER AMAZING

**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. McCann refuses to submit to the authority of Hollis, and the latter enforces obedience.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

However, our conversation lapsed at last, through sheer weariness on my part. I had been at the steering oar so long, starting out into that drear expanse of ocean and sky, that my every muscle of my body ached, and my eyes could scarcely be forced to remain open. In the silence she must have noticed this, for she exclaimed suddenly: "Why, I never thought! Let me take the oar while you sleep." "I am afraid I shall have to," I admitted, "for I must keep awake to-night. You feel competent?" "Why, of course, you saw me steer. If anything goes wrong I can call you easily enough. Please lie down for a few hours."

I looked about, permitting her to grasp the oar, and slip into my seat. "Really I feel as if I must," I said, regretfully, "and there can be no danger while things keep as they are. Call me, though, if there is a change in the weather, for that jury mast will never stand any weight of wind."

"I promise; but I am a better boatman than you think."

I must have slept for several hours undisturbed, for when I finally opened my eyes once more the sky above us was beginning to turn purple with twilight, and the breeze had failed, so that the sail flapped idly against its improvised mast. Thus, perhaps, was the noise which had aroused me. I sat up, wide awake instantly, and stared about me in the boat. There was little change noticeable; Miss Vera still clung to the steering oar, showing no outward signs of weariness, and greeted me with a smile and nod of the head; but McCann had moved forward, and sat playing idly with an open jack-knife.

"I bear testimony that you slept well, Mr. Hollis," the girl said cheerfully. "I did not realize until I lay down how weary I was," I replied, adopting her manner, "but really you had no right to let me lie so long. Why, I must have been sleeping three or four hours; and you will be tired out."

"Oh, no; it was no trick at all. The wind kept steady until just a few moments ago, and I do not feel in the least fatigued."

"And you have seen nothing? no smoke, no sail?"

She shook her head, her eyes grown grave.

"Not a thing; we seem to be absolutely alone in the immensity of the sea—just one great wave after the other. It—it gets on my nerves."

"It certainly does; such a sight has driven more than one insane. But what does this mean? Why is the biscuit bag out here?"

I pointed to the bottom of the boat, beyond her feet. Her eyes met mine, her answer made in a whisper.

"He—he crept back here while I was adjusting my oar, and took two."

"McCann?"

"Yes, he had the bag before I noticed, and I thought it best not to anger him then, for he held that open knife in his hand."

"You should have called me."

"The mischief was done before I had any time. Besides I knew you needed the sleep. What are you going to do?"

I smiled a bit grimly, glancing him beneath the sail.

"I am about to give Mr. Fergus McCann, late of New York, a little specimen of sea discipline which I hope may last him for the remainder of this voyage," I replied quietly. "Hold the boat steady, Miss Vera, and leave me to attend to this degenerate son of wealth."

I crept forward, scarcely jarring the frail craft, and was beyond the jury mast before the fellow had aroused sufficiently from his knife play even to note my approach. He stared at me insolently, leaving the keen blade trembling in the plank.

"McCann," I began, wasting no time in preliminaries, lifting myself on one knee, and facing him, "the young lady says you took advantage of my being sound asleep to help yourself to biscuits; is that so?"

"Well, what if I did? I was hungry."

"So am I; so no doubt is the lady, for the matter of that. Hunger is no justification for stealing. You were not starving; you received exactly the same share we did. More than that, I have assumed command of this boat."

because I am the only one on board knowing the ways of the sea. I told you plainly what you were to do, and I propose to enforce my orders. Not another bite will be given you today, or tomorrow."

"Is that so?" he drawled, a wicked smile revealing his teeth. "You must think you are dealing with a foremast hand. It takes something besides threats to ruin me, Mr. Robert Hollis."

He half arose to his feet, but I forced him back onto the thwart none too gently. His face was red with passion, his eyes malevolent.

"D— you! take your hands off me!" he snarled. "No blustering sea-bully is going to make me jump at the crook of his finger. You touch me again, and I'll show you who I am, you big brute. Me take orders from you? Why, pooh; I've got more money in New York than you ever saw."

"If you owned the Bank of England it would mean nothing to me. You will do what I say, or I'll make you."

"You will? How?"

"No matter how; I've trained more men than you to obedience in my time, and always found a way."

"Huh! the buckmate business, hey?" he sneered. "Well, just try that on me, if you think it safe. I'll show you—"

His hand darted back toward his hip pocket, but I was looking for the movement, and ready. His fingers had barely gripped the butt of his weapon when my clinched fist crashed into his face. I have struck harder blows, for I was not poised to put my whole weight behind it, yet the man went over as though felled by an ax, and lay huddled in the bows quivering like a jelly fish. I jerked the revolver from the grip of his hand, dropped it into my pocket, wrenched the open knife from the wood in which it stuck, and closed the blade.

"Get up now, you fool," I ordered sharply. "Oh, yes, you will," and I gripped him by the collar and lifted him roughly to his knees. "That is likely to be the last time you will ever attempt to pull a gun on me. Make another movement, McCann, and I'll throw you overboard. You take your

orders from me, and you must jump when I speak, or I shall take pleasure in breaking every bone in your body. Do you understand that?"

I doubt if he could see out of one eye, but the other exhibited a terror almost pitiable.

"Yes—yes."

"Say sir, when you speak to me."

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You'll keep to this end of the boat hereafter; whether I am asleep or awake, you stay forward of the jury mast."

"Say Sir, When You Speak to Me."

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cause of the sail," she said. "You disarmed the man?"

"Yes, I have his revolver in my pocket, and the knife also. He will make no more trouble. Come, we will divide a biscuit between us, and then it will be your turn to lie down."

"But doesn't McCann have any?"

"He has had more than his share already. I'll offer him a swallow of water—that's all. I imagine the way his head feels, he has forgotten all about being hungry."

"You had to strike him?"

"Slightly, a mere tap of sea discipline," and I glanced at my knuckles. "He was armed, you know, and I could take no chances. There is no harm done. Come; are you not tired enough to rest?"

She glanced up into my face. "You will call me at midnight, if I fall asleep?"

"If I feel worn out then, and the sea keeps as it is, or no worse. There, take my coat for a pillow. No, really, I shall not need it; this is an ideal summer night, but we are out of the track of ships."

"But do you still believe we will find one?"

"I have every faith in the world," I answered heartily, determined to conceal my doubts. "If the weather holds pleasant, we should be far enough south by morning to be in the north Atlantic lane between New York and Liverpool. Lie down and rest, Miss Vera; there is no sign of any storm brewing, and tomorrow you'll probably have the deck of a liner under your feet."

I know not how much she may have believed of what I said, but she smiled me a cheerful good-night, and lay down in the bottom of the boat, my coat folded under her head. She rested there motionless, her face shadowed by one arm, and very soon her regular breathing convinced me she slept like a tired child. I looked at her shadowy figure, then forward to where McCann hung silent in the bows.

What if we should not overhaul a ship? What if some evil fate would permit of our floating on unseen? And there were few eatable biscuits left, and barely a cupful of tepid water. The thought of what the end might be nearly crazed me, as I sat there alone in the silence and gloom—I could picture those final hours of despair, as we lay starved and helpless in the unguarded boat, the girl mercifully unconscious, perhaps, and McCann a gibbering idiot. My God! I must stop thinking!

I must be a man for her sake; yes, and regain my self-control, so as to do a man's work to the end.

At midnight the wind was at its height, and I did not call the girl, as I dared not trust her to steer the craft through such rough water. She slept undisturbed, not even changing her position, a mere dim outline at my feet. Forward McCann had srowed himself away beyond the bow thwart, and I could see nothing of him under the light of the sail. I was the only one awake in the leaping boat, fighting its desperate way through black waters under the dull gleam of the stars.

The sun had begun to show above the horizon before the girl finally awoke, and sat up in the bottom of the boat, staring about her with wide-open eyes, as though startled by the change in the aspect of the sea. Finally she lifted herself to the nearest thwart, and greeted me reproachfully.

"You have let me sleep all night, and lying on your coat. You must be tired nearly to death."

"Far from it; and we are to be blessed with another day of sunshine. Perhaps by afternoon the sea will have gone down, and I can get a nap. Are you ready for breakfast?"

My explanation did not satisfy her; I could read that in the expression of her face, but she made no further protest.

She drew out the biscuits from the locker, broke one in two, and handed the half to me. Still clinging to the bag, her glance fell upon the slouching figure of McCann in the bow and then her eyes sought my face questioningly.

"You are not going to offer him any?"

"He deserves none; he has already had more than both of us together. How can I?"

"Seven fit to eat. But—" she hesitated, yet went on bravely enough, "please, he is not accustomed to being deprived of food, and is really suffering. Let him have my share, for I am not at all hungry—truly I am not."

"I shall insist on your eating," I said, almost sternly. "Your share is little enough to sustain life. If it comes to a choice between saving you, and that miserable thing yonder, my course is taken. However, I grant your request now, although I doubt if he shows even gratitude. McCann!"

He lifted his head, and stared aft, but without changing attitude.

"Here is your ration. You do not deserve a bite, nor would you receive any through me. You owe this to the lady—catch it now."

He picked the half biscuit up from the bottom of the boat, where it fell at his feet, and began nibbling at it, like a famished dog. There was no sign of

thankfulness in his action, and he continued to glare at us with one eye open in sullen intolerance.

The sun blazed down upon us out of a clear sky, glistening along the foam of racing waves, but, as noon approached, the southern sky became misty, the clouds increasing in density until we could see only a few hundred yards beyond our bow. It was not a storm cloud, and brought with it no fear of disaster, but completely blotted out the horizon, and gave a dark, sullen gloom to the surrounding waters.

It must have been three o'clock when McCann, suddenly, gave vent to a startled roar, straightening to his knees, and pointing straight ahead into the smother. I stared, but saw nothing of the grotesque forms assumed by the whirling mist, but Vera leaped out over the side, shading her eyes.

"What is it?" I asked sharply. "Make a report, man!"

"A ship yonder!" he shouted, but without turning his head. "I saw it plainly enough, but it has gone now."

"I see it, Mr. Hollis!" the girl cried excitedly. "Right out there through that lane of mist—it's a big steamer!"

"Straight ahead?"

"Just a little this way—there! you can see her now."

I did, a mere glimpse, instantly obscured, but visible again a moment later. McCann was on his feet, gesticulating wildly.

"Now, d— you!" he shouted, "put us on board there and I'll show you who I am. You brute, I dare you to put us on board."

"Sit down!" I ordered. "Now, keep still, and stand by with that rope. I'll put you aboard all right, but until I do, you will obey what I say, or go into the water."

I took my eyes off him, and stared at the vessel, conscious instantly that something was wrong. She was, apparently, a big steel freighter, four thousand tons I guessed, her water line showing a heavy cargo, and her bow red with rust where the black paint had disappeared. The foremast, as broken off at the top, remaining a great splinter, and where the bridge and wheelhouse ought to be there was piled a mass of wreckage, showing black above the bulwarks. A wheel had been rigged aft on the poopdeck, and there alone I saw evidence of human beings on board. One fellow stood gripping the spokes, while another leaned motionless against the rail facing forward. Neither one saw us; although I swung my hat, and sent a hail across the intervening water. The girl glanced back into my face.

"What is the matter with them, Mr. Hollis?" she asked. "Is something wrong?"

"I am afraid so; their foretop mast is down, and it looks as though it had smashed the bridge and wheelhouse when it fell. They have rigged up an emergency wheel aft. Can you make out her name?"

"The Indian Chief of Philadelphia."

"No regular liner—probably a tramp. I never saw funnels painted like that before, and she shows no flag. However, any port in a storm."

I stood up, following my hands. "Aho! there! Indian Chief, a-hoy!"

The man leaning on the after rail turned, and gazed down at us, shading his eyes, and the heads of a half dozen others bobbed up above the forward bulwarks. I could see the fellow aft plainly now, a broad, stockily built man, with extremely red face, wearing overalls, and a woolen shirt, open at the throat. In appearance there was nothing of the officer about him, yet it was his voice which finally answered my hail, sending a deep, roaring note across the waters.

"Hallo, there. Who are yer? From some ship, rise."

"We are passengers from the American yacht Esmeralda, sunk in collision two nights ago, and have been afloat ever since. Can you take us aboard?"

"Passengers, you say? All of yer passengers?"

"Yes."

He turned, and spoke to the man grasping the wheel, a tall, loose-jointed fellow in straw hat and pink shirt. There was a moment's argument before he returned to his position at the rail.

"I dunno as yer would be much better off along with us than yer are at in the dinghy," he called indifferently. "For, in a manner o' speakin', we're no more than a wreck. I reckon thar ain't no one among yer who knows how to navigate?"

I stood up, following my hands to make my voice carry more clearly.

"That is not a very sailorlike speech, my friend," I shouted, yet striving to conceal anger. "But as you put humanity on those terms, I'll answer you. I have been in the merchant service, and commanded ships."

"Well? Is that so? Sail, or steam?"

"Steam—the old Atlas line. Do you take us aboard?"

He did not answer directly, but had lost his air of indifference, striding forward to the end of the poop, and giving orders to the men forward. The black heads adorning the fore-castle

rail disappeared, and a moment later the round, red face again appeared.

"Aye, we'll take yer, sir," he called down, a touch of deference in his hoarse voice. "Yer'll understand the trouble once yer come aboard. Yer all able to climb, I reckon?"

"We have a woman with us."

"It'll be quite a job to rig up a swing, sir."

I turned and looked at her; then up the straight steel sides looming before us, but before I could speak, she had made decision.

"I can go up the ladder, Mr. Hollis," she said firmly. "I am not afraid."

"All right," I called. "Lower away, and send a man down to steady it below."

The little dinghy swept in easily, and, under my directions, McCann awkwardly leaped it off from scraping against the steel sides. As the rope

ladder straightened, I caught the lower coil, and held it firmly. Down the ratlines, hand over hand, until he dropped sprawling into the boat, came one of the crew—a coal black negro. The fellow above, now standing on the rail and clinging to a backstay, roared down at him.

"Haul her in, Simms; haul her in. That's more like it. Now hold all tight. Send up the lady first, captain; there'll be a hand to help her in the chains."

She did not hesitate, grasping the rope firmly in her hands as the negro and I lifted her high enough to get foothold.

"You are all right, Miss Vera?"

"Yes," she called down. "Then go up, but hold tight; the vessel may roll."

McCann followed, too glad to thus escape me to refuse, yet plainly enough half dead with fear. As soon as I saw his legs dangling, while the seamen above dragged him inboard, I drew myself up to the lower ratline, leaving the negro alone to hold the line.

"Hey, above there," I shouted. "What shall we do with the boat?"

"Let her go; there is no room to stow it on deck. Come aboard, Simms."

We went up together, the ladder swinging dizzily to our movements. The voice of the man who seemed to be in command growled down from the poop:

"Haul in the ladder, and stow it; then go forward and get some o' that rifle overboard afore dark. This way, captain; I'd like a private word with yer afore yer go below."

There were perhaps a dozen men in view, a typical freighter's crew, I judged, mostly foreign faces, two of them negroes. They worked silently, and then shuffled forward, without exhibiting the slightest interest in my presence, or giving a glance aft. Evidently something unusual had occurred, but just what was the nature of the accident to the Indian Chief I was unable to decide. I climbed the few steps, and joined the red-faced man waiting me on the poop.

"I am very glad to welcome you on board the Indian Chief, captain—Captain—"

"Hollis," I answered shortly. "And your name?"

"Masters—Gideon Masters."

"In command?"

"Well, yes, in a way. I reckoned you'd want the whole story, an' thet things hed better be explained afore yer went below."

"Of course; but first a question or two, Mr. Masters. What has become of my companions?"

Hollis and Vera find their courage severely tested. The final decision is made by the girl in a manner that wins full admiration from her protectors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Kitchen Cabinet

Men and women show their character in nothing more clearly than in what they think laughable.

The things that are really for the, gravitate to thee.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A general formula for preparing ices or frozen dishes for a company may be found useful. The following will prepare five gallons:

Three gallons of water, ten pounds of sugar, a pint of lemon juice, three ounces of gelatin and three beaten egg whites.

For cherry sherbet add three pints of pitted cherries to the general formula.

Lemon or orange sherbet: Substitute for the pint of lemon juice a quart, or reverse the proportion if orange sherbet is desired.

Milk sherbets are made by substituting whole or skim milk for the water called for in the general formula.

Grate the rind from a few of the lemons and oranges and mix with the sugar for flavor. Strain the juice to remove all pulp.

Bermuda Pudding.—Beat a third of a cupful of butter with a half cupful of sugar, then add two eggs, well beaten, a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt and a tablespoonful of orange marmalade or raspberry jam. Pour into a buttered mold; cover with buttered paper and steam gently for two hours. Serve hot with a sweet sauce.

German Apple Pudding.—Beat an egg until light, add a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter, stir well and pour into a well-buttered pan. Press quartered apples in rows into the mixture, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of cinnamon mixed with half a cupful of brown sugar and bake until the apples are done. Serve hot with cream or cold with coffee or tea.

Cauliflower Soup.—Wash and trim one cauliflower and cook with one onion in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and save the water. Rub the cauliflower through a sieve, add two tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca and a tablespoonful of flour. Simmer half an hour. Add three cupfuls of hot milk, butter, salt and pepper to taste. Add a half cupful of hot cream and serve. One beaten egg may take the place of the cream.

Raspberry jam topped with whipped cream makes a most attractive and tasty tart.

Cherish your visions, cherish your ideals, the beauty that forms in your mind, the loveliness that drapes your purest thoughts, for out of them will grow all delightful conditions, all heavenly environment—Allen.

### SOME BEST RECIPES.

The following is a good punch to serve to a small company:

Rose Punch.—Boil together a quart of water and two cupfuls of sugar for eight minutes, then add a cupful of strained honey, a quart each of lemon and orange juice. Pour over shaved ice and add a teaspoonful of rose extract and serve with a few rose petals in each glass. The candied petals or fresh may be used.

Dainty Pudding.—Line a pudding dish with lady fingers or small sponge cakes cut in pieces, put a few spoonfuls of marmalade, or stewed fruit of any kind over it. Mix a cupful of sugar with a tablespoonful of flour, add the yolks of four eggs, beaten, with two cupfuls of milk, bring to the boiling point and remove from the fire, add a half teaspoonful of vanilla and pour over the cake. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs, sprinkle sugar and almonds over the top and brown lightly.

Stuffed Liver.—Slice the liver and parboil it in boiling water. Soak six slices of bread in hot water twenty minutes then squeeze dry. Mix the soaked bread with a half teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of powdered sage, two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat and a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Place a spoonful of the stuffing on each slice and fasten with a small wooden tooth pick or a skewer. Place the rolls in a buttered baking dish, add one cupful of hot water and a spoonful of bacon fat and bake, basting occasionally, forty-five minutes.

Angel Frappe.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatin in a half cupful of cold water. Boil a half cupful of sugar with three tablespoonfuls of water until it threads then pour gradually upon the whites of two stiff beaten eggs, add the gelatin and three tablespoonfuls of fruit sirup, then cool and fold in one and one-half cupfuls of whipped cream and a half cupful of chopped fruit. Chill and serve.

Fish is difficult to keep unless packed in ice during hot weather, and one must be sure that it is natural ice, as ammonia will ruin the flavor. Fowl may be kept by putting a piece of charcoal in the cavity of the chicken. It should not be left in water or directly on the ice. Carefully cleansed and wiped dry after washing and placed on a plate in the ice chest is its best treatment.

Nellie Maxwell



# THE HILLMAN

## An Unusual Love Story

### By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

#### CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"You silly child!" Louise exclaimed. "No one told me you were here. Have you had any lunch?"

"Long ago," Sophie replied. "I have been finishing your accounts." Louise made a little grimace.

"Tell me the worst," she begged. "You are overdrawn at your bank, your bills are heavier than ever this month, and there are five or six special accounts—one for some electric fittings, another for the hire of a motor-car—which ought to be paid."

Louise was looking up at the ceiling. She sighed.

"It would be nice," she said, "to have someone to pay one's bills and look after one, and see that one wasn't too extravagant."

"Well, you need someone badly," Sophie asserted. "I suppose you mean to make up your mind to it some day."

"I wonder!" Louise murmured. "Did you know that that terrible man from the hills—John Strangewey's brother—has been here this morning? He frightened me to death."

"What did he want?" Sophie asked curiously.

"He was a trifle vague," Louise remarked. "I gathered that if I don't send John back to Cumberland, he's going to strangle me."

Sophie leaned across the table.

"Are you going to send him back?" she asked.

"I am in an uncertain frame of mind," Louise confessed. "I really can't decide about anything."

"I want to tell you this, Louise," Sophie said firmly. "John is getting to know a great many people, and you know how men talk at the clubs. Aren't you sometimes afraid that he will hear things and misunderstand?"

"I am expecting it every day," Louise admitted.

"Then why don't you end it?" Sophie asked.

"Which way?"

There was a silence between the two women. The muffled street noises from outside became the background to a stillness which grew every moment more oppressive. Louise returned to her former attitude. She looked steadfastly before her, her face supported by her hands.

Sophie grew paler and paler as the minutes passed. There was something strange and almost beautiful in Louise's face, something which had come to her lately, and which shone from her eyes only at rare intervals.

"You care for him, I believe!" Sophie cried at last. "You care for him!"

Louise did not move.

"Why not?" she whispered.

"I came back to have a word with you, prince."

The prince laid down the review, keeping his finger in the place.

"Delighted!"

"Not long ago," John went on, "in this room, someone—I think it was Major Charters—asked you what you were doing this afternoon. You replied that you were engaged. There were several others present, and they began to chaff you. Perhaps I joined in—I don't remember. I think that it was Major Charters who asked you, to use his own words, whether your appointment was with a lady. You replied in the affirmative. There was a loud volley of chaff. You listened without contradiction to many references concerning the lady and the afternoon's engagement."

The prince nodded slightly. His face remained quite expressionless.

"As a matter of fact," John concluded, "I have discovered by the purest accident that Miss Maurel is to be your guest this afternoon at Seyre House."

The prince inclined his head gently. He remained monosyllabic.

"Well?"

John frowned heavily.

"Can't you see," he went on bluntly, "that if any one of those men who were present and heard what was said about your guest, found out afterward that it was Miss Maurel who came to see you—well, I need not go on, need I? I am sure you understand. The things which were hinted at could not possibly apply to her. Would you

mind sending a note to Miss Maurel and asking her to have tea with you some other afternoon?"

"And why the deuce should I do that?" the prince asked, a trifle paler, but entirely self-possessed.

"To oblige me," John replied.

The prince wiped his eyeglass carefully upon his handkerchief.

"Mr. Strangewey, you are a very amiable young man," he said equably, "to whom I have tried to show some kindness for Miss Maurel's sake. I really do not see, however—pardon my putting it plainly—what business this is of yours."

"It is my business," John declared, "because I have asked Miss Maurel to be my wife, and because I am hoping that some day, before very long, she will consent."

The prince sat quite still in his chair, his eyes fixed upon a certain spot in the carpet. He had not even the appearance of being engaged in thought. He seemed only steeped in a sort of passivity. Finally, with a sigh, he rose to his feet.

"My young friend," he decided, "your statement alters the situation. I did not credit you with matrimonial intentions. I must see what can be done."

His lips relaxed ever so slightly—so slightly that they showed only a glimpse of his teeth in one straight, hard line. He looked at John mildly, and his words seemed destitute of all offense; yet John felt the lightning bolts were playing around them.

"I shall write a note to Miss Maurel," the prince promised, as he made his way toward the writing table, "and ask her to visit me upon some other afternoon."

Back again to his rooms, and, later on, once more to Louise's little house in Kensington; a few minutes' masterful pleading, and then success. Louise wrapped herself up and descended to the street by his side.

For an hour or more John drove steadily westward, scarcely speaking more than a chance word. It was twilight when he brought the car to a standstill. Louise raised her veil and looked up.

"Well?" she asked inquiringly.

He pushed back the throttle on his steering wheel and stopped the engine. Then he turned toward her.

"I have something to say to you," he

said. "I have brought you here that I may say it in my own way and in my own atmosphere."

"This is like you!" Louise murmured. "You had to bring me out to a hilltop, on the dreariest hour, at a wet March afternoon, to tell me—what?"

"First of all," John began, "I will answer a question which you have asked me three times since we started out this afternoon. You wanted to know how I found out that you were not going to tea with the prince. Well, here is the truth: I asked the prince to change the day of your visit to him."

Her fine, silky eyebrows came a little closer together.

"You asked him that?" she repeated, John nodded.

"And he consented?"

"I will explain," John continued. "It was a most unfortunate circumstance, but in the club, after lunch, the subject of spending the afternoon came up. The prince spoke of an engagement. He was tied at home, he said, from four to six. Some of the men began to chaff him, and suggested that he was entertaining some lady friend, his latest favorite—well, I dare say you can imagine the rest." John broke off.

Her fingers played nervously for a moment with the edge of the rug. She drew it higher up.

"Well, when I left your house the first time this afternoon, I went straight back to the prince. I pointed out to him that after what had been said, as it might become known that you were his guest of today, it would be better for him to postpone your visit. He agreed to do so."

"Was that all that passed between you?"

"Not quite," John replied. "He asked me what concern it was of mine, and I told him I hoped that some day you would be my wife."

She sat quite still, looking down upon the flaring lights. She was filled with a restless desire to escape, to start the motor herself, and rush through the wet air into London and safety. And side by side with that desire she knew that there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to stay just where she was, and to hear just the words she was going to hear.

"So much for that!" John proceeded. "And now please listen. I have brought you out here because under these conditions I feel more master of myself and my thoughts, and of things I want to say to you. Something takes me by the throat in your little drawing-room, with its shaded lights, its perfume of flowers, and its atmosphere of perfection. You sit enthroned there like the queen of a world I know nothing of, and all the time letters and flowers and flattering invitations are showered upon you from the greatest men in London. The atmosphere there stifles me, Louise. Out here you are a woman and I a man, and those other things fall away. I have tried my best to come a little way into sympathy with your life. I want you now to make up your mind to come down a little way into mine."

She felt the sudden snapping of every nerve in her body, the passing away of all sense of will or resistance. She was conscious only of the little movement toward him, the involuntary yielding of herself. She lay back in his arms, and the kisses which closed her eyes and lips seemed to be working some strange miracle.

She was in some great empty space, breathing wonderful things. She was on the hilltops, and from the heights she looked down at herself as she had been—a poor little white-faced puppet, strutting about on an overheated stage, in a fetid atmosphere of adulation, with a brain artificially stimulated, and a heart growing cold with selfishness. She pitied herself as she had been. Then she opened her eyes with a start of joy.

"How wonderful it all is!" she murmured. "You brought me here to tell me this?"

"And to hear something!" he insisted.

"I have tried not to, John," she confessed, amazed at the tremble of her sweet, low voice. Her words seemed like the confession of a weeping child. "I cannot help it. I do love you! I have tried not to so hard, but now—now I shall not try any more!"

They drove quietly down the long hill and through the dripping streets. Not another word passed between them till they drew up outside her door. She felt a new timidity as he handed her out, an immense gratitude for his firm tone and intuitive tact.

"No, I won't come in, thanks," he declared. "You have so little time to rest and get ready for the theater."

"You will be there tonight?" she asked.

He laughed as if there were humor in the suggestion of his absence.

"Of course!"

He slipped in his clutch and drove off through the rain-gleaming streets with the smile and air of a conqueror. Louise passed into her little house to find a visitor waiting for her there.

Eugene, prince of Seyre, had spent

the early part of that afternoon in a manner wholly strange to him. In pursuance of an order given to his majordomo immediately on his return from his club after lunch, the great reception rooms of Seyre House, the picture gallery and the ballroom were prepared as if for a reception. Dust-sheets were swept aside, masterpieces of painting and sculpture were uncovered, the soft brilliance of concealed electric lights lit up many dark corners.

He was forty-one years old that day, and the few words which John had spoken to him barely an hour ago had made him realize that there was only one thing in life that he desired. The sight of his treasures merely soothed his vanity. It left empty and unsatisfied his fuller and deeper desire of living. He told himself that his time had come. Others of his race had paid a great price for the things they had coveted in life. He, too, must follow their example.

He was in Louise's drawing-room when she returned—Louise, with hair and cheeks a little damp, but with a wonderful light in her eyes and with footsteps that seemed to fall upon air.

"Some tea and a bath—this moment, Aline!" she called out, as she ran lightly up the stairs. "Never mind about dinner. I am so late. I will have some toast. Be quick!"

"Madame!" Aline began.

"Don't bother me about anything now," Louise interrupted. "I will throw my things off while you get the bath ready."

She stepped into her little room, throwing off her cloak as she entered. Then she stopped short, almost upon the threshold. The prince had risen to his feet.

"Eugene!"

He came toward her. Even as he stooped to kiss her fingers, his eyes seemed to take in her disheveled condition, the little patches of color in her cheeks, the radiant happiness which shone in her eyes.

"I am not an unwelcome intruder, I hope," he said. "But how wet you are!"

The fingers which he released fell nerylessly to her side. She stood looking at him as if confronted with a sudden nightmare. It was as if this new-found life were being slowly drained from her veins.

"You are overtired," he murmured, leading her with solicitude toward an easy chair. "One would imagine, from your appearance, that I was the bearer of some terrible tidings. Let me assure you that it is not so."

He spoke with his usual deliberation, but she seemed powerless to recover herself. She was still dazed and looked at him.

"Nothing, I trust," he went on, "has happened to disturb you?"

"Nothing at all," she declared hastily. "I am tired. I ran upstairs perhaps a little too quickly. Aline had not told me that there was anyone here."

"I had a fancy to see you this afternoon," the prince explained, "and, finding you out, I took the liberty of waiting. If you would rather I went away and came for you later, please do not hesitate to say so."

"Of course not!" she exclaimed. "I do not know why I should have been so silly. Aline, take my coat and veil." She directed, turning to the maid, who was lingering at the other end of the room. "I am not wet. Serve some tea in here. I will have my bath later, when I change to go to the theater."

She spoke bravely, but fear was in her heart. She tried to tell herself

"I Beg You to Do Me the Honor of Becoming My Wife."

that this visit was a coincidence, that it meant nothing, but all the time she knew otherwise.

The door closed behind Aline, and they were alone. The prince, as if anxious to give her time to recover herself, walked to the window and stood for some moments looking out.

When he turned around, Louise had at least nerved herself to meet what she felt was imminent.

The prince approached her deliberately. She knew what he was going to say.

"Louise," he began, drawing a chair to her side, "I have found myself thinking a great deal about you during the last few weeks."

She did not interrupt him. She simply waited and watched.

"I have come to a certain determination," he proceeded; "one which, if you will grace it with your approval, will give me great happiness. I ask you to forget certain things which have passed between us. I have come to you today to beg you to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

She turned her head very slowly until she was looking him full in the face. Her lips were a little parted, her eyes a little strained. The prince was leaning toward her in a conventional attitude; his words had been spoken simply and in his usual conversational manner. There was something about him, however, profoundly convincing.

"Your wife!" Louise repeated.

"If you will do me that great honor."

It seemed at first as if her nerves were strained to the breaking-point. The situation was one with which her brain seemed unable to grapple. She set her teeth tightly. Then she had a sudden interlude of wonderful clear-sightedness. She was almost cool.

"You must forgive my surprise, Eugene," she begged. "We have known each other now for some twelve years, have we not?—and I believe that this is the first time you have ever hinted at anything of the sort!"

"One gathers wisdom, perhaps, with the years," he replied. "I am forty-one years old today. I have spent the early hours of this afternoon in reflection, and behold the result!"

"You have spoken to me before," she said slowly, "of different things. You have offered me a great deal in life, but never your name. I do not understand this sudden change!"

"Louise," he declared, "if I do not tell you the truth now, you will probably guess it. Besides, this is the one time in their lives when a man and woman should speak nothing, but the truth. It is for fear of losing you—that is why."

Her self-control suddenly gave way. She threw herself back in her chair. She began to laugh and stopped abruptly, the tears streaming from her eyes. The prince leaned forward. He took her hands in his, but she drew them away.

"You are too late, Eugene," she said. "I almost loved you. I was almost yours to do whatever you liked with. But somehow, somewhere, notwithstanding all your worldly knowledge and mine, we missed it. We do not know the truth about life, you and I—at least you do not, and I did not."

He rose very slowly to his feet. There was no visible change in his face—save a slight whitening of the cheeks.

"And the sequel to this?" he asked.

"I have promised to marry John Strangewey," she told him.

"That," he replied, "is impossible! I have a prior claim."

The light of battle flamed suddenly in her eyes. Her nervousness had gone. She was a strong woman, face to face with him now, taller than he, seeming, indeed, to tower over him in the splendor of her anger. She was like a lioness threatened with the loss of the one dear thing.

"Assert it, then," she cried defiantly. "Do what you will. Go to him this minute, if you have courage enough, if it seems to you well. Claim, indeed! Right! I have the one right every woman in the world possesses—to give herself, body and soul, to the man she loves! That is the only claim and the only right I recognize, and I am giving myself to him, when he wants me, forever!"

She stopped suddenly. Neither of them had heard a discreet knock at the door. Aline had entered with the tea. There was a moment of silence.

"Put it down here by my side, Aline," her mistress ordered, "and show the prince of Seyre out."

Aline held the door open. For a single moment the prince hesitated. Then he picked up his hat and bowed.

"Perhaps," he said, "this may not be the last word!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

John came back to town from his Cumberland home, telling himself that all had gone as well as he had expected. He had done his duty. He had told Stephen his news, and they had parted friends. Yet all the time he was conscious of an undercurrent of disconcerting thoughts.

Louise met him at the station, and he fancied that her expression, too, although she welcomed him gaily enough, was a little anxious.

"Well?" she asked, as she took his arm and led him to where her limousine was waiting. "What did that terrible brother of yours say?"

John made a little grimace.

"It might have been worse," he declared. "Stephen wasn't pleased, of course. He hates women like poison and he always will. That is because he will insist upon dwelling upon certain unhappy incidents of our family history."

"I shall never forget the morning he came to call on me," Louise sighed. "He threatened all sorts of terrible things if I did not give you up."

"Why didn't you tell me about it?" John asked.

"I thought it might worry you," she replied, "and it couldn't do any good."



Her Lips Sought His and Clung to Them.

He believed he was doing his duty. John, you are sure about yourself, aren't you?"

He was a little startled by the earnestness of her words. She seemed pale and fragile, her eyes larger and deeper than usual, and her mouth tremulous. She was like a child with the shadow of some fear hanging over her. He laughed and held her tightly to him.

Her lips sought his and clung to them. A queer little wave of passion seemed to have seized her. Half crying, half laughing, she pressed her face against his. "I do not want to act tonight. I do not want to play, even to the most wonderful audience in the world. I do not want to shake hands with many hundreds of people at that hateful reception. I think I want nothing else in the world but you!"

She lay, for a moment, passive in his arms. He smoothed her hair and kissed her tenderly. Then he led her back to her place upon the couch. Her emotional mood, while it flattered him in a sense, did nothing to quiet the little demons of unrest that pulled, every now and then, at his heart-strings.

"What is this reception?" he asked.

She made a little grimace.

"It is a formal welcome from the English stage to the French company that has come over to play at the new French theater," she told him. "Sir Edward and I are to receive them. You will come, will you not? I am the hostess of the evening."

"Then I am not likely to refuse, am I?" he asked, smiling. "Shall I come to the theater?"

"Come straight to the reception at the Whitehall rooms," she begged. "Sir Edward is calling for me, and Grailot will go down with us. Later, if you care to, you can drive me home."

"Don't you think," he suggested, "that it would be rather a good opportunity to announce our engagement?"

"Not tonight!" she pleaded. "You know, I cannot seem to believe it myself except when I am with you and we are alone. It seems too wonderful after all these years. Do you know, John, that I am nearly thirty?"

He laughed.

"How pathetic! All the more reason, I should say, why we should let people know about it as soon as possible."

"There is no particular hurry," she said, a little nervously. "Let me get used to it myself. I don't think you will have to wait long. Everything I have been used to doing and thinking seems to be crumbling up around me. Last night I even hated my work, or at least part of it."

His eyes lit up with genuine pleasure.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to hear you say that," he declared. "I don't hate your work—I've got over that. I don't think I am narrow about it. I admire Grailot, and his play is wonderful. But I think, and I always shall think, that the denouement in that third act is abominable!"

She nodded understandingly.

"I am beginning to realize how you must feel," she confessed. "We won't talk about it any more now. Drive me to the theater, will you? I want to be there early tonight, just to get everything ready for changing afterward."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday, September 3, 1917.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling.

On motion council adjourned till Wednesday, September 5, 1917.

T. E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

An adjourned regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Wednesday, September 5, 1917.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling.

Quorum present. Minutes of meetings of August 6, 13 and 23, 1917, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Northville Band,	\$44.00
M. R. Seeley, w. w.,	30.40
W. H. Yerkes, highway,	4.80
Chas. Strautz, highway,	6.00
Chas. Strautz, w. w.,	10.50
Charles Shipley, cemetery,	22.20
Detroit Edison Co. w. w.,	3.15
Jud Allen, highway,	34.75
John Cooper, highway,	2.75
Henry Cooper, highway,	2.50
M. R. Seeley, highway,	21.40
S. Litsenberger, highway,	35.50
Andrew Leadbeater, w. w.,	3.00
Myrtle Gorton, w. w.,	5.40
Archib. Bradner, park,	10.00
Horace Boyden, highway,	1.20
Will Roberts, highway,	4.50
Wendell Miller, highway,	5.00
M. A. Porter, w. w.,	25.10
Merrill Franklin, w. w.,	41.00
Frank Bolton, w. w.,	19.25
Gus Wagner, w. w.,	8.00
Joe Weston, w. w.,	22.50
Merrill Franklin, highway,	2.00
E. E. Perrin, freight, w. w.,	2.85
Erane Co.,	30.61
Am. Bell & Pdry Co.,	1.25
Fire Dept.,	15.75
E. E. Perrin, hauling band,	1.50
wagon,	2.50
Fred Skarriff, w. w.,	2.50
J. A. Huff, w. w.,	16.65
Wm. Tatt, gravel,	4.25
P. S. Palmer, w. w.,	4.00
Neal Ptg. Co., printing,	23.65
Joe Weston,	229.34
C. L. Dubur,	283.57
Detroit Edison Co.,	376.71

Moved by Hotaling and supported by Baldeh that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Hotaling and supported by Stanley that D. U. R. be granted permission to use water for engines at same rates as charged Wayne Co. Road Commissioners.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Stanley that President be authorized to appoint the necessary police officers for Fair week.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Hotaling that 2-inch water pipe be laid on West street, north from Dunlap to H. Pickell's residence.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Baldeh, Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

T. E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A special meeting of the Village Council was held Wednesday evening, September 12, 1917.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Van Valkenburg, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Baldeh, Hotaling.

Quorum present.

Moved by Hotaling and supported by Van Valkenburg that Village Council declare Tuesday, September 18, 1917, as a Civic Holiday for the purpose of joining District No. 4 in a send off day for the soldiers.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Baldeh and Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Hotaling that Village appropriate \$150 for expenses of Send Off Day for the soldiers or so much of that amount as may be required and the President and Clerk be authorized to draw orders for such expense.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Baldeh and Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Tewksbury and supported by Montgomery that Clerk request School Board to close school at noon Tuesday, September 18. Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Hotaling that Messrs. Filkins, Schrader, Neal, Yerkes, Harmon, Babbitt be appointed General Committee of arrangements, with power to act.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Baldeh, and Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Tewksbury: Whereas, the following Northville boys have thus far been accepted for the U. S. army, and more to go:

Geo. R. Simmons, Donald Safford, R. W. Ryder, Earl Montgomery, Guy Martin, Ed Sallow, Clayton Jordan, Chet Cram, Chas. Schoutz, L. D. Stage, Walter Thompson and R. H. Baker.

RESOLVED, That the G. A. R., W. R. C., Spanish War Vets, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, School Children, all other organizations and citizens be requested to join in the honor to be given the soldier boys from this place and the whole district at Plymouth next Tuesday afternoon and to assemble on the Northville public square at 1 o'clock of that day, to go in a body, as far as possible to that village. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Hotaling and supported by Van Valkenburg that Property Committee be authorized to purchase new stove for Village Hall.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Baldeh, and Hotaling. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

T. E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

## Keeps Trousers in Shape.

A New York tailor is the inventor of a device that prevents trousers bagging at the knees by pulling them up slightly as a wearer sits down.

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. T. S. Ball was a Detroit and Flint visitor last week.

A. B. VanAken and wife of Detroit were over-Sunday visitors here.

Mrs. Will Wain visited at her parental home in Wayne the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mosher returned Saturday from their summer's stay at Cooley Lake.

Mrs. Helen Springer of Farmington has been a recent visitor among Northville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lincoln of Salem were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Weston.

Mrs. Mary Prédmore has returned from a few weeks' stay with her daughter in Detroit.

Mrs. M. Brock is in Toledo this week, purchasing crockery and groceries for the fall trade.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sutton were week-end guests of Rev. F. A. Brass and Mrs. Brass at Wixom.

Luther Clapp of Grand Rapids, a former resident of this place, is visiting in Northville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvern C. Lawrence and daughter, Ruby, are spending the week with Jackson relatives.

Mrs. E. E. Whitmore of Grand Rapids was entertained Sunday at the home of her son, Joe Weston.

John Gardner of Oakland, Calif., a resident of Northville many years ago, visited friends here Monday.

Don Ball returned Sunday from a motor trip to Chicago on which he was accompanied by Conrad Langfield.

H. H. Harmon and daughter, Shirley, were Sunday evening visitors at the home of the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Oldé of Detroit were entertained for the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Morris.

Ray Holcomb and wife of Palisade, Nebraska, are visiting among relatives and friends here and at other points.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson has been enjoying a motor trip with Farmington friends this week, to Durand, Owosso and other points.

Miss Lucia Greenway has returned to her home at Syracuse, N. Y., after an extended visit at the Geo. VanVleet home in Bealtown.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy and Mrs. P. W. Murphy returned to Cleveland Friday night after spending ten days with the Filkins families.

Elmer Jackson, who enlisted some time ago as a driver in the motor department of the U. S. army, has been sent to Ft. Crook, Neb.

David Gage, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sutton and Mrs. Hazel Barrett Morris attended the annual-home-coming at Walled Lake last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Sowles returned Sunday from a trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto with her sisters, the Misses Anna and Mary Stard of Detroit.

Edward Martin, formerly of this place, who recently joined the U. S. aviation service, left the training camp at Columbus, O., a few days ago for Long Island, N. Y., with the 10th company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook have enjoyed a visit this week from Mrs. Cook's brother, Eugene Power of Elk Rapids, whom she had not seen for eight years. Mr. Power formerly lived in Northville.

Rev. F. I. Walker left Tuesday afternoon for Flint to attend the annual conference of the Methodist church. Mrs. Walker will attend over Sunday, and is to preside at the preachers' wives' banquet Saturday evening.

Superintendent Misener and Glenn Charter went to Detroit in the Charter auto Saturday to meet Mrs. Misener and children and Mrs. Misener's sister, Miss Amy St. John, and the family is now occupying the McKahn cottage next to the Methodist church.

The Plymouth Mail issued a very handsome extra last week in honor of the dedication on Sunday of the soldiers' monument presented the village by a former resident, Harry E. Bradner of Lansing. The sheet contained many portraits and the list of civil war soldiers from Plymouth township, which then included Northville.

Blanche and Bert Clark of Detroit

spent Sunday with their parents here.

Mrs. A. M. VanTassell has been ill visited relatives here this week.

Principal B. A. McCloy and Mrs. McCloy are again occupying Mrs. Melvin Carpenter's house on Cady street.

F. D. Murdock left Tuesday for his home in Wisconsin after spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Cobb and daughter, Lucile, who had been guests of the former's brother, E. J. Cobb and wife, left Wednesday for their home at Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and three children of Isabella county were entertained for the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark. Mr. Burgess is a brother of Mrs. Clark.

South Lyon's Chautauqua which closed early last week was a success in every way, leaving a balance of \$35 in the hands of the committee, which sum was turned over to the Red Cross.

Myron Taylor, who suffered a serious shock by lightning during the unusually severe electric storm last week Wednesday night, is able to be around as usual, but has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of the "close call" he received.

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# WEITZMAN'S QUALITY STORE

DOWN GO THE PRICES--MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Potatoes, Peck,	38c
Peerless Flour, -	\$1.48
Large loaf of Pride Bread,	12c
40c Value Coffee, pound,	28c
50c Ceylon Green Tea, pound,	38c
Large size pkg. Rolled Oats,	28c
Package of Corn Flakes, for	8c
3 Cans of 25c Salmon,	50c
Special, 4 Cans Pork and Beans,	50c
2 Cans Sardines, in Oil,	15c
Fresh Seeded Raisins, pkg.,	12c
Baker's Cocoa, 10c size,	9c
Fresh Canned Dinner Peas, 2 for	28c
Large Size Snow Boy Washing Powder,	16c
SOAPS--Clean Easy, Crystal White, Queen	
Anne, Galvanic, Bob White,	6 Bars for 28c
Good Oleomargarine, per pound,	28c
Kerosene Oil, per Gallon,	12c

FRESH PEARS, SWEET POTATOES, VEGETABLES

PRICES ARE GOOD FOR ALL NEXT WEEK

BRING YOUR BASKETS and IT WILL PAY YOU

TO TRADE AT

# WEITZMAN'S STORE

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 memories." Shrewdness has worked off undesirable articles. Span tells that "The saddle and mane make the horse sell." Waste labor is "To carry iron to Azeaya." A man born to good fortune is "the son of a white hen."

Zebra's Stripes.

The zebra's stripes and similar markings on other animals are called "protective colorings." In the theory of natural selection it is assumed that those animals survived who were best fitted to escape from enemies, and animals 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 progeny.

Queer Corpse.

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

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.

Cautious Dependence.

"Do you depend on the wisdom of the plain people?" "I do," replied Senator Sorghum; "if their wisdom is attained through courses of instruction which I supervise."

## Go After Business

In a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at the minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach.

Try It—It Pays

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 13 rods north and south. Terms of sale: Cash deposit of \$1,000 required; balance on delivery of deed.

GEORGE GIBSON, Administrator.

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

## VAUDEVILLE

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Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

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