

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 10.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NORTHVILLE'S FAIR ALL-ROUND SUCCESS

EXHIBITS, ATTENDANCE, WEATHER ALL CONTRIBUTE TOWARD BIG RESULTS.

VISITORS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS PRONOUNCE SHOW ONE OF BEST EVER. PROMOTERS JUBILANT.

The Northville Wayne County Fair opened on schedule time Tuesday, a large number of the exhibits already in place and more arriving by the minute. The weather was perfect and the enthusiasm of the local workers unabated, in spite of the strenuous labors of the preceding day, when a multitude of incompleteness faced the inexperienced committees on every hand. The managers of the various departments proved their mettle, however, and by Tuesday afternoon Northville's first fair had taken on the sure enough aspect, and had begun to justify the hopes, expectations and herculean efforts of its promoters and supporters. From the first hour, the truth of the slogan "it pays to advertise," was demonstrated over and over. The unremitting labors of the Publicity and other committees extending over a period of two months or more and a territory embracing a large section of Southeastern Michigan have borne abundant fruit. They may well be proud of the results of their work.

As to her local industries and business firms, Northville is fully justified in feeling elated at the showing. By Tuesday afternoon manufacturing displays noticeable for completeness and quality were those of the Stimpson Scale & Mfg. Co., American Bell & Foundry Co., Superior Churn & Mfg. Co., F. B. Shafer, Sanitary closets, etc.

Shrader Bros. showed a very handsome arrangement of furniture, and J. A. Huff a specially fine and complete line of stoves, ranges and other hardware supplies.

W. D. Mosher's booth of fur goods attracted much attention and favorable comment, and the Deep Springs Water Co. was also in line with an exhibit.

As for the fancy work and the fruit, grain and vegetable sections, words fail to do them justice. More than 1,800 entries were made in the former class and the value of the goods displayed would, at a conservative estimate, reach more than \$2,000. In extent, beauty and workmanship it is declared by those who attended the state fair to be superior even to the latter's showing.

The fruit and vegetable tent was already thronged with admiring visitors before the display was nearly arranged, and exclamations of admiration and wonder were heard on every side. Even a world's fair could not possibly excel most of the specimens submitted, for they are unexcelled. The canned fruits and baked goods are nothing less than works of art, and they certainly must have been from the very first a big factor in the receipts at the refreshment booths, because it would make any normal person hungry just to look at the de-

licious things in those cans and show-cases.

The King's Daughters' booth deserves special mention, as one of the prettiest as well as most useful features of the tent city. The structure was all in the colors of the order, purple and white, even to the big bouquets of astors which put the finishing touch to the color effect. The silver cross of the society, in magnified form, decorated the front of the booth.

The Roultry tent has been one of the prime attractions every day, and Supt. Fuller has received compliments enough on the arrangement and quality of the showing made through his efforts, to make him dizzy. If his head were not particularly level, it has been repeatedly stated on the highest authority that the exhibit is superior in many respects to that at the recent state fair. The Edison Co's section was very attractive, and the many beautiful and useful household appliances drew a continual crowd of housekeepers.

The musical instruments were shown by W. D. Stark, who had a fine line of victrolas on view, and by Mrs. Wolfe of Farmington, who had an attractive display of pianos and piano players.

In the stock department, the entries were of a quality that contributed immensely to the success of the fair. The standing of the exhibitors was such as to insure a showing of some of the best dairy cattle in the state, and here, again, the Northville fair was declared to rival the state exposition.

The horses shown were also the source of much favorable comment, and although the number of sheep and swine was not large, the quality was high-class in every respect.

So many other exhibits and features of Northville's first fair, besides those already mentioned must be noted that the Record will be obliged to continue in next week's issue.

The elegant display of automobiles, the farm implements and various other interesting things, including the races and the awards will be mentioned next week.

The complimentary comments alone, made by visitors, would fill a column of space. Northville has unmistakably demonstrated her ability to stage an eminently successful fair, "putting herself on the map" in indelible colors.

NEW ORGANIZATION FOR NORTHVILLE

The Superior Churn & Manufacturing Co. has just been organized, with a capital stock of \$10,000, with the following officers, who also constitute the board of directors:

R. C. Yerkes, president; F. E. VanAtta, vice-president and secretary; F. S. Harmon, treasurer.

This factory has been in successful operation here for some years as a firm, and with the increased capital and additional help in the management a large increase in business may be expected. Mr. VanAtta, who has had a large experience in the business, will continue as active manager.

RECORD LINERS PAY-TRY ONE.

MORE HONORS FOR NORTHVILLE

GEN. GOETHALS LISTED WITH "ROAD-OPENING" SPEAKERS HERE.

OCTOBER 11, DATE CHOSEN FOR BIG CELEBRATION. GOVERNOR SLEEPER AND OTHERS ON PROGRAM.

Northville is slated for another big gathering on Oct. 11 next, when through arrangements made by the County Road commission, President W. E. Metzger, Capt. W. S. Gilbreath and others of the Detroit Automobile club, the dedication of the newly paved Seven Mile road from Woodward avenue to Northville, said to be one of the finest stretches of cement paving in the United States, will take place, the celebration to be known as "Good Roads Day."

Gen. Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, is scheduled to be one of the speakers at the exercises that will be attended by leading road-builders and automobile men from all over the country. The dedication proper will take place at the end of the Seven Mile road in Northville, the speech-making at the fair grounds.

Arrangements are being made for the arrival of more than 1,000 automobiles. And the reception of 7,000 autoists.

Wayne county, for years noted as the first to take up the building of concrete highways on a large scale, is the last to honor in a fitting manner the county road commissioners who made its comprehensive system of permanent roads possible.

The outer belt-drive, which parallels on all sides the county boundary line, will be open for travel on the day of the dedication. Hundreds of officials from the state and city and good roads boosters from Michigan and nearby states will assemble in Detroit to take part in the dedication exercises.

The celebration will be the most important event of its kind ever undertaken in Wayne county.

Cadillac square has been chosen as the starting point. Here the guests from out of the city will assemble, to take their places in the several hundred cars to be furnished for them. Led by a platoon of motorcycle police and a big band they will move north on Woodward avenue. Detroiters who participate will meet on Grand boulevard, parking for several blocks on either side of Woodward. As the cars from downtown pass the boulevard the others will draw into line and follow out Woodward to the Seven Mile road.

More than 1,000 automobiles, a line several miles in length, are expected to be in the parade. The entire procession will turn west from Woodward on the Seven Mile road and proceed over this 18-foot concrete highway in the direction of Northville. Not another county in any state has paved roads within its boundaries as long as this highway in Wayne county. The distance over the entire route is close to 120 miles, all of which is concrete except the paving within the limits of Detroit, and the surrounding towns. This gives the motor car owners of the community a route long enough for a one-day trip over a permanently improved road.

This highway is the second part of the planned system of roads to be completed for Wayne county. The Huron River drive, more than 60 miles long, was the first. A portion of this drive is included in the outer belt.

The outer belt drive leads out East Jefferson to Grosse Pointe. There it turns north on Moross road, which connects with the Seven Mile road, going west over this route to Northville. From the latter town it turns south through Plymouth to Canton Center, on Michigan avenue, and South on the Belleville road to Belleville. Going east from this town it strikes the Huron River drive near Romulus and continues down to the Detroit river and back to the city.

Northville citizens are to be invited to turn out to take part in the dedication exercises. The boosters will then be taken into Northville, where luncheon will be served.

The residents of all the towns between Northville and Dearborn are to be invited to make the day a gala one, turning out to greet the big motor party as it passes through.

In connection with the dedication several features in which Governor Albert E. Sleeper and Mayor Oscar

B. Marx are to take part are being planned. Besides these two executives there will be many Michigan city and county officials and state officers, from Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin.

DEATH OF WARD HOTALING.

Deepest sympathy is felt and expressed by the entire community for Mr. and Mrs. George Hotaling in the sudden and sad bereavement that has come to them in the loss of their son, Ward, who passed away last Saturday morning after an illness of but a few days, at the age of 14 years. He was a member of the Presbyterian Sunday school, where special prayer was offered for the family during last Sunday's session and announcement made that flowers had been sent to the afflicted home from the Sunday school. The interment, which was private, took place in Rural Hill Sunday morning.

A LETTER FROM SERGEANT JACKSON

Ft. Crook, Neb., Sept. 21.
Northville Record: Dear Friends: Life in the U. S. army is great. There is all kinds of a chance for a young fellow to make good if he cares to. I have had the good luck to become a Sergeant Chauffeur in the Motor department. If you care to help boost, show the boys what they can get by not waiting to be drafted. There is a lot of good men in Northville who can help this department out. They have lots of mechanics. That is what I am in just now—Sergeant-Chauffeur Mechanic at pay of \$51.23 a month. See if some of those good drivers won't come down and join this happy bunch. We leave for the East Monday or Tuesday, had orders to turn in our bed-sheets and mattress covers Saturday. We have a farewell dance in the mess hall Saturday night.

My enlistment papers are at the post office. If you want a copy of them in the Record it might help ELMER JACKSON, Motor Truck Co. 116.

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

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—Michigan Peaches! Get your canning peaches now. Expect car in Saturday. A No. 1 peaches and price is right. Inquire Hills barber shop. 10w1p.

NOTICE—W. A. Parmenter will have peaches for sale Monday. Phone 176-J. 10w1p.

WANTED—Men to room and board by week or day. Phone 226-W. Mrs. Roy VanSickle, South Wing street. 10w2c.

LOST—Pair double lens glasses (in case) Tuesday evening. Finder please return to W. E. Ambler. Reward. 10w1p.

FOR SALE—Sweet corn for canning. Phone 371 R-2. 10w1p.

FOR SALE—Spring chickens, alive. Mrs. Hattie Clark, Northville, 10c.

FOR SALE—Eight year old mare. Weight about 1400 lbs. Apply S. W. Curtiss. 10w1c.

FOR SALE—Or rent—on shares, wood on about 15 acres from which saw timber has been removed. Same is 5 miles west of Northville. Address Mrs. James Moore, Milford, Mich. 10w2p.

FOR RENT—Six-room house on Lake View farm. Apply S. W. Curtiss. 10w1c.

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

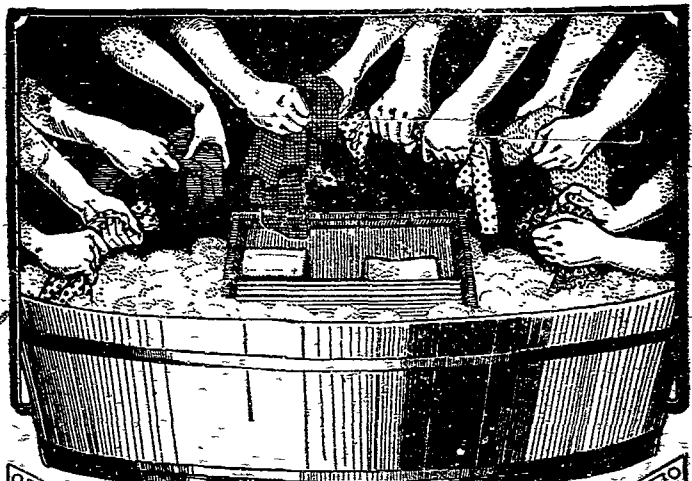
WANTED—To buy new oats, loose hay, loose or baled straw, and wheat screenings. Thomas B. Couch, Exchange hotel. 9w2p.

LOST—Monday morning on Main St. between Rogers and car line, a gold pin set with small diamond. Finder please call 56-M. 9w2c.

FOR SALE—Large baseburner, in good condition. R. Witt, Yerkes Street, Northville. 9w2p.

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

FOR SALE—Cheap Bay mare, suitable for farm work. Or in exchange for young cattle. Phone 182-R-5. Sam Pickard. 2wtf.



Does the Work of Six Pairs of Hands

Why do your washing in the old fashioned way—slaving for hours over a tub of hot water—ruining your youth, vigor and health, when one machine can do the work in one-sixth the time? The

MOTOR HIGH SPEED WASHER

possesses these distinctive features: Spiral Cut Gears, 4-winged Wooden Dolly, Ball Bearings, Metal Faucet, Automatic Cover-Lift, and high art finish. Absolutely safe—a child can operate it. Protected by a five-year guarantee. Your money refunded in 30 days if you are not satisfied.

It Runs Easier Loaded Than Others Do Empty! Come Today and Let Us Explain Its Features.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware Northville, Mich.

EXPERIENCE

WHEN YOU HUNT FOR EFFICIENCY IN A WORKMAN YOU CHOOSE ONE WHO HAS HAD EXPERIENCE

YOU SHOULD USE THE SAME CARE IN CHOOSING A DEPOSITORY FOR YOUR SAVINGS.

THE SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY THIS BANK IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF ITS EXPERIENCE IN THE BANKING BUSINESS.

WE HAVE LEARNED NOT ONLY HOW TO HANDLE MONEY TO EARN AN INCOME, BUT MORE IMPORTANT, HOW TO SAFEGUARD THE FUNDS OF OUR CUSTOMERS.

YOUR MONEY DEPOSITED IN THIS BANK NOT ONLY WORKS FOR YOU DAY AND NIGHT, BUT OWING TO OUR EXPERIENCE, IT IS SAFE.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS ON OUR MERITS. WE INVITE INVESTIGATION.

Northville State Savings Bank
Northville, Michigan

NOTICE

To the People of Northville and Vicinity:

The C. E. Ryder Store will be closed beginning Tuesday, October 2d until Friday night, October 5th, and will re-open for business Saturday morning, October 6th, when we will be prepared to serve all who are in need of Groceries and Provisions.

THE HILLS GROCERY.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

6 bars Babbitt's Soap	25c
6 bars Clean Easy Soap	25c
6 bars Swift's White Soap	25c
3 bars Trilby Soap	25c
Snyder's Catsup, large bottle	22c
6 boxes Searchlight Matches	28c
Large Package Snow Boy	15c
3 cans Peas	33c
3 cans Corn	33c
2 cans Red Kidney Beans	25c
3 cans VanCamp's Beans	25c
3 cans Best Tomatoes	50c

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
CASH STORE.

Why That Lame Back?

Morale laxness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 75% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case.

William Hough, 46, Fitch PL, Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble after I left the army and I kept getting worse. The kidney secretions were painful and too frequent in passage and I had lumbago and rheumatic pains. My limbs were so stiff, I had to be helped around. Medicine failed and I had almost given up hope when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

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

Decorating a Savage.

Florence Partello Stuart, in one of her delightful tales of the Moro, charming, Piang, tells of an embarrassing situation. Piang had saved the governor's life at the risk of his own.

"Piang, I am about to decorate you with the emblem of our government; these infantry cross-guns I shall pin on your breast—the dignified governor reached forward to make good his words, but pangs of embarrassment, the speech dying on his lips. He gazed in dismay at the scantily dressed savage, standing straight and expectant before him.

"I shall place this emblem," began the worthy official. There was a little among the spectators.

"Piang, eagerly eyeing the treasure wondered why the governor delayed. Suddenly a gleam of understanding broke over Piang, and he grinned broadly. With the tip of his finger he touched the shining cross-guns, then his notice of the scowling teeth. The situation was saved."—St. Nicholas.

PAINT? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No thumb! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers. Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezezone or afterwards. This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn-between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.

When a wise man falls in love he gives his brain a vacation.

There are still some vacant lots on Easy street.

Renew the Joy of Living

Don't let ill health any longer rob you of life's pleasures. Get back your appetite, strengthen your digestion, stimulate your liver, regulate your bowels and improve your blood by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their action is prompt and thorough, and you soon feel their benefits. You will eat more, work better, sleep sounder, and feel new strength after a short course of these dependable pills. They restore healthy conditions, and soon

Bring Health and Energy

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

NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR FIRST BASEMAN



What is believed to be a new world's record for chances accepted in a single game of ball was established the other day by Daubert, the Brooklyn first baseman, when he had 27 putouts and four assists in the 20-inning battle with the Pirates. At least this is the day's record.

Jack himself, however, or as many as are required to complete a nine-inning contest and even so he did not kill off a third of the men retired in this one. He was the only Brooklynite to handle more than ten putouts, except Otto Miller, who caught the whole game and slew 13 opponents.

Other Records. In the famous 24-inning tilt between the Athletics and Red Sox at Boston, September 1, 1906, the longest game in major league history, none of the first basemen even approached Daubert's record. Grimshaw of Boston had 20 putouts and two assists. Davis and Schreck divided up the

initial bag labor for the Mackmen. Harry had 12 putouts and an assist and Ossie 16 putouts. The two together thus were two short of Daubert's record.

DEMAREE DOES OWN TRADING

Former Cub Pitcher Negotiated Trade Sending Him From One Team to Another.

Pitcher Al Demaree does his own trading. At least he negotiated the trade that sent him from the Phillies to the Cubs, and when he heard that Manager Mitchell had taken a shine to Pete Kilduff and that McGraw would like to have an extra pitcher,



Al Demaree.

he got busy again and succeeded in engineering the swap that sends him back to the Giants and probably into more world's series money. Kilduff loses out on the world's series, but is said to be satisfied, because he thinks he will have a chance to play regularly with the Cubs. Marvel: A player who would be in the game regularly in preference to sitting on the bench and sharing in world's series purse. This Kilduff must really like to play ball.

USE BASEBALL AS CIVILIZER

Japanese Government Plans Sending Teams to Manchuria to Get Natives Interested.

Here's a further tribute to baseball as a civilizer: The Japanese government, it is reported, plans to send two college teams in a tour of its territory in Manchuria, partly to make the Japanese colonists there feel in touch with the home land, and further to get the natives interested, so that they will have less time to grumble about Japanese governmental policies.

Pitcher Makes New Record

It is probable that Pitcher of the Pirates also, long up a new mark for second-sackers when he took care of 15 putouts and four assists, a total of 19 chances without error. Only Daubert of the players in this game exceeded him.

One of the remarkable features of this battle was the good control shown by several of the pitchers. Jacobs walked only three men in 17 innings, and Cheney but one in 13. Pittsburgh had 22 men left on the bases, which comes close to being a record, and Brooklyn was not far behind with 18. Bigbee of Pittsburgh was at bat 11 times and made six hits while Myers of Brooklyn was up ten times and got five safeties.

BASEBALL STORIES

Lajoie, unlike the other No. 1s, has shown that he is able to come back more than once.

A big league catcher escaped the draft because of an injured thumb, with nothing said about his cold feet.

Rumors that Ward and Frazee have tired of their venture in baseball persist and are believed to have some foundation.

Joe Tinker, president and manager of the Columbus American association club, continues to fight and wrangle with the umpires.

"Casey" Stengel is called "Casey" because his name is Charles. Just as "Jeff" Tesreau is called "Jeff" because his name is Charles.

Pitcher Shm Love of the Yankees was turned down by the army examiners because he was too light in weight for his height.

Kauff and Zim are doing all the Giant slugging these days. That is, with bats. Fletcher and Herzog take care of the other kind of hitting.

An eastern ball player wants to be exempted on the ground that if he is sent to war his team may lose the pennant. A modest little chap, isn't he?

Jack Warhop, for years a pitcher for the Yankees, has turned his attention to shortstop and he has done good work in several games for Lajoie's Toronto club.

Zach Wheat thought his trouble was a sprained ankle, but examination showed that he has a fallen arch that may develop into a permanent handicap to playing ball.

Pitcher C. L. Torkelson and Third Baseman Fred Eunick, late of the Marshalltown team of the disbanded Central association, will be given trials by the Cleveland Indians.

Jack Hendricks' Indianapolis club of the American association is out in front by several games and there appears to be little chance of any other team beating out the Indians.

Jim Shaw has proved the most effective of Clark Griffith's boxmen this season. George Dumont started out as a star, but he has been having his troubles lately trying to win a game.

Harry Pfister, the schoolboy pitcher recently signed up by the Cleveland Indians, is a real cute little thing. Harry is a little bit of a shaver, only six feet seven inches tall, and tips the beam, when he doesn't bust it, at 220 pounds.

The Pittsburgh club is still grabbing youngsters here and there. One of the latest signings is Fred Bowman, a pitcher who was with Mason City of the Central association until that circuit disbanded. He is a right-hander.

CLEVER WALTER PIPP

Yankees' First Baseman Is Most Remarkable Player.

Earned Title of Home-Run Clouter of His Circuit While, but Twenty-Three Years of Age—in Clean-Up Position.

Walter Pipp, first baseman of the Yankees, is one of the most remarkable players developed in the last decade by the American league. Last season, while only twenty-three years old, this clever performer earned the home-run title of his circuit and also batted in more runners during the season than any other ball player of the Johnson organization. His hitting was more effective than that of Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Joe Jackson, Eddie Collins and several others who topped him in the official averages.

Pipp bats fourth in Bill-Donovan's order. Fourth place is considered the "clean-up" position. There is a fine distinction when it is remembered that J. Franklin Baker, the home-run king of Connie Mack's famous world champion pennant trust, is now a team-mate of the Michigan marvel.

In Pipp and Baker the Yankees possess an ideal offensive pair such as has carried more than one team to success. Walter and Frank are to New York just what Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford were to the Tigers many years before Wahoo began to slow up. Pipp is not as fast as Cobb, of course, but still he



Walter Pipp.

is a good base runner, one capable of getting the utmost inch on both his own and Baker's blows.

Pipp stands today as an example of the sound baseball sense of Manager Donovan. When Wild Bill was brought over from Providence pennant fame to assume charge of the Yankees by Messrs. Ruppert and Huston, the new owners, he found that the Detroit club had given New York options on Pipp and Hughie High.

Both Pipp and High made good, and formed a nucleus around which it was possible to build the present strong structure. Like most of the prominent American league sluggers, Walter Pipp is a left-handed batsman. He throws with his right hand, a qualification regarded as a great advantage for first-base play. Pipp is a grand fielder, active, agile and certain with his hands. He is possessed of a wonderful reach—he stands six feet two inches in height, and weighs 180 pounds.

THREE SWATS WERE ENOUGH

Gawky Michigan Pitcher Who Could Fool Ty Cobb Is Given Chance to Show Jennings.

Hughie Jennings, manager of the Tigers, recently had a letter from a Michigan pitcher who stated that he could strike out Ty Cobb three times out of four trips to the plate. It only cost \$1.80 to get a peep at this pitcher and, working on the old motto that you never can tell, Jennings forwarded the one buck and eight dimes.

The pitcher came, a six-foot four-inch man. He was gawky and he was all joints and bone.

Cobb was called and he faced the new marvel. The first pitch Cobb whacked against the right-field wall. The next was good for four bags when Ty patted it, and the third flew to deep center and was a four-ply shot. "Well, what have you got to say?" asked Jennings.

"I don't think that's Cobb," said the pitcher.

Needless to say, that ended the pitcher's career.

MANY PLAY BALL IN FRANCE

Not Counting Canadians, Americans Find Lot of Nifty Players Among Australians.

The American boys in France are finding out that they are not the only men who can play ball. Not counting the Canadians, or "Americans," there are in the Australian part of the British empire's army a lot of very nifty baseballers. A special campaign was made in Australia among the various baseball leagues for recruits early in the war, and as a result hundreds of the players enlisted and a large percentage of them finally found their way to France, though the bones of many now lie bleaching in Gallipoli and in the sands of Asia.

LOOKING FOR JAN

By L. HOLLAND.

There walked down the gangplank bridging the little strip of water which bubbled between the great ship and pier a blue-eyed, golden-haired little Norwegian girl. No one noticed her; no one spoke to her. She had come to the strange country to look for Jan. For a long time she had had no word from him. The dear father and mother had died, so Gudrun sold the little moss-roofed home—which nestled among the snow-capped hills of her beloved Norway and had come across the sea to find the dear lover. It all seemed so simple and easy that she almost felt she might see him standing on the pier watching for her. Surely everyone would know him; he was so big and handsome, so good and so kind and so wise. Oh, no one knew so much as Jan. And from her full heart there rose a little Norwegian song, so wild and free, so weird and sweet—a song of Jan's, one he had taught her; for Jan could write songs, and no greater joy had Gudrun than in singing them.

Jan was not on the pier waiting for her, and when she asked for him, no one heeded her questioning. Oh, how strange and cold this new country was—no one knew anyone else, everyone was so much a stranger, seemed so busy—did anyone ever say? How many were lonely, peaceful homes on the sea?

Indifference held sway among the nurses of the big emergency hospital, for Miss Elton, the superintendent, had committed a crime without precedent. She had received as a probationer Gudrun, the little dining-room maid.

"And if she gets through her probation and is accepted, I shall go," declared the head nurse.

"And I shall stay," retorted the surgery nurse, for between them was a fierce rivalry. It was a point never to agree with one another in any way.

"I suppose you think we couldn't run the place without you," sneered the first speaker.

"Not quite so bad as that, dear," returned the other, "but I will say, there are nurses in this hospital whose resignation would be much more readily accepted than mine." This thrust silenced her rival, who made up her mind, however, that whatever the outcome of Gudrun's probation, she, the head nurse, would remain if for no other reason than to spite "that conceited thing" in the surgery.

The outcome was in Gudrun's favor. Quiet, gentle and thoughtful, she proved herself in every way worthy of the profession and ere long not one among that blue-and-white gowned band of women who flitted about from ward to ward and from bed to bed carrying relief and comfort to suffering humanity, but were glad to have Gudrun their friend.

Among the patients there was not one whose eye did not brighten as it rested on the prettily rounded figure, the crown of golden hair, the deep blue eyes, so gentle and loving, and yet so sad. At night, in the dimly lighted halls in whose shadowy depths is needed no abnormally imaginative mind to conjure up many a gruesome sight; in the cold, white surgery, where in the wee, small hours of the proceedings of the preceding day were all too vividly pictured on the unusually acute sense; in the long wards with the narrow, white beds ranged in rows against the walls, with the dull yellow light casting an almost death pallor on the sleeping faces, quiet and sad little Gudrun strangely harmonized, as she glided silently along the dim halls, in and out of the gloomy wards, freshening a rumpled pillow, moistening fever-parched lips, soothing to rest with soft, caressing hand an overwrought brain and pausing to each bedside to assure herself of the comfort of each sufferer in her care.

"Be watchful of the man in number forty," warned the doctor as he said good night. "He's threatened with a high fever and I want to check it if I can."

When Gudrun finished her rounds she stole into the sickroom. On the bed lay a tall, blond man, his flushed, heavily bearded face but half discernible in the soft light. She straightened the disordered bed, cooled the hot pillow, bathed the flushed face and burning hands, and then, seating herself in a little, low chair at the bedside, stroked with soft and cooling hand the throbbing brow. But in vain. It seemed as if sleep would never again close those burning eyes. Finally she bethought herself of the little Norwegian song—Jan's song—she used to sing in the dear land she feared she would never see again. Sweetly, yet softly, her voice rose and fell, and as she sang her thoughts were over the sea.

Unheeded lay the sufferer at her side, unheeded the shadowy halls, the dim wards, the great, strange city itself. She wandered again in the green fields of her dear Norway, her Jan at her side, gazing down at her with eyes full of love and tenderness. "Gudrun, Gudrun!" She turned. Her heart stood still. The song froze on her lips. Leaning toward her with outstretched arms, his eyes filled with a strange, sweet eagerness, was Jan. Fainting, trembling, she fell on her knees at the bedside. "Jan, my Jan," she cried, and, clasped in his arms, his lips pressed to hers, he melted into his dream. (Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

No Harm Done. "Mrs. Dubwaite recently discover a package of love letters Mr. Dubwaite wrote some years ago to a blonde." "As Mrs. Dubwaite is a pronounced brunette, I presume there was the Dickens of a row." "No. The letters were all addressed to Mrs. Dubwaite." "But—" "At that time she was a pronounced blonde."

The Optician's Little Joke. "What caused the sudden coolness between you and Mr. Gusterly?" asked the optician's wife. "Why, he was telling me that in his dear wife he saw the most accomplished, the most beautiful woman in the world, and I merely asked him to come over and I'd fit him up with a pair of glasses."

Disasters. Bill (home from college)—An Ike hadn't been with us ten minutes till he spilled the beans. Aunt Jinsey—Goodness me! At the price they are?

Good Grounds. Bait—On what grounds did Blakley get his divorce? Nibble—Claimed his wife made such poor coffee he couldn't drink it. Bait—Coffee grounds, eh?

Not Much of a Show. Did you enjoy the play? Of course, the leading lady only changed her gown three times.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 39-1917.

Neighboring Society. "Oh, mother," cried Mabel, who had never visited in this country. "I have just had a letter from my schoolmate inviting me to spend two weeks on her father's farm."

Mabel's mother looked up languidly. "Yes, dear," she remarked, "and what does she say about the society in the neighborhood? Does she mention anyone?"

"No," answered Mabel thoughtfully, "but I've heard her mention the Holsten and Gaerueys."

"Oh, well," said her mother. "I presume they are pleasant people."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald

A WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS

A wrinkled, careworn face can easily make a difference of twenty years in a woman's appearance. A wonderful preparation, recently introduced into this country from Egypt, where it has been used for centuries, consists of a combination of nut-oils, which rubbed into the skin every night before retiring, soon drives away wrinkles and makes the skin soft and velvety. Usit is the name given to this preparation and a handsome opal bottle of Usit, delicately perfumed, will be sent to any address. For further distribution a bargain. Once only. Try Usit Face Powder de Luxe, which is no ordinary face powder, but a preparation appealing to the people of discriminating and refined taste. Four flasks—flesh, white, pink and brunette. Delicately perfumed. 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.

Perseverance. Sheriff Wheeler of Bishane, the Arizona patriot who deported 1,200 anti-war agitators, said at a banquet in Phoenix:

"I got the best of these rascals by the employment of perseverance. In the police world you've got to have all the perseverance of a Boozier."

"Boozier, you know, was crossing the continent on the limited, and one night, after too many high balls, he tackled me in the smoker, and told me a long, long story about his domestic troubles. The next morning, headachy and sober, he came to me again and said how much he regretted his confession of the evening before, and he hoped the facts he'd revealed would go no farther."

"Oh, that's all right," said I, "I never listened to you, old man, and I haven't the least idea of what you said."

"Well, that night the chump turned up in the smoker again, drunker than before, and he sat down beside me, and laid a heavy hand on my knee and said:

"Now, then, turn you. You said you didn't listen to me last night, so I'm going to tell you the whole story of my miserable life—marriage over again."

But Little Hadn't One. Flossie (alluding to her new ring)—It isn't always what a present costs that makes it appreciated. Lottie (who doesn't think much of it)—No, dear. Very often it is what other people think it costs.

It takes a lot of courage to enable a woman to admit that she is homely. Good Christians pray for the ice-man.

I'm helping to save white bread by eating more Post Toasties

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Bobby

HUDSONAUTOMAN GLAD TO TESTIFY

Thought Trouble Would Keep Him From Working Any more, He Says.

HIS HEALTH RESTORED

"I'm Glad to Tell Anybody About a Thing That Did as Much For Me as Tanlac Has," Says Detroit Man.

"Yes sir, I am glad to tell anybody about a thing that did as much for me as Tanlac has," said Elmer Noonan, who is employed by the Hudson Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., as an auto mechanic. "I think it's only right," he continued, "to pass the good word along, for it was what I read in the papers about Tanlac that caused me to take it and get rid of this trouble that looked like it was going to keep me from working any more."

"For a long time I have had rheumatism in my limbs. The trouble was principally in my hands and wrist; in fact, the pains extended all the way down to my finger tips and my wrist would swell up and caused me to suffer something terrible. I just can't tell you how much I did suffer. I couldn't get any rest at nights on account of the pain and would get out of bed in the mornings so tired and worn-out it was all I could do to drag myself back to work. I finally got so bad I was losing a great deal of time for my work and the use of my fingers and I simply couldn't keep up in my condition."

"After trying nearly everything and getting no better I was just about ready to give up trying any more. That is just the shape I had gotten into when I read about this Tanlac. I have now used three bottles and I sleep fine at nights, have a splendid appetite and am relieved of the troubles from which I suffered so long after other medicines failed to do me any good and if my statement will help anybody else to get relief from troubles like I had I'm glad to give it."

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

BIG QUESTIONS WAR RAISES

Tremendous Variety of Problems Must Be Solved by Those Directing the World Conflict.

Somewhere in the Australian hinterland railway trackage is being pulled up in order to be laid down again in the desert of Sinai or along the Tigris or in Albania or near the White sea or in the sector of Arcas, says a thoughtful writer in a New York Journal.

Given a shipload of iron ore, it is for someone to decide whether that iron is to be shell, or barbed wire, or steel helmet, or airplane engine, or traveling crane, or farm tractor for the raising of potatoes to feed the crew of the ship that brings Chinese coolies from Canton to Marseilles to handle other masses of iron ore at the Creusot armament factories.

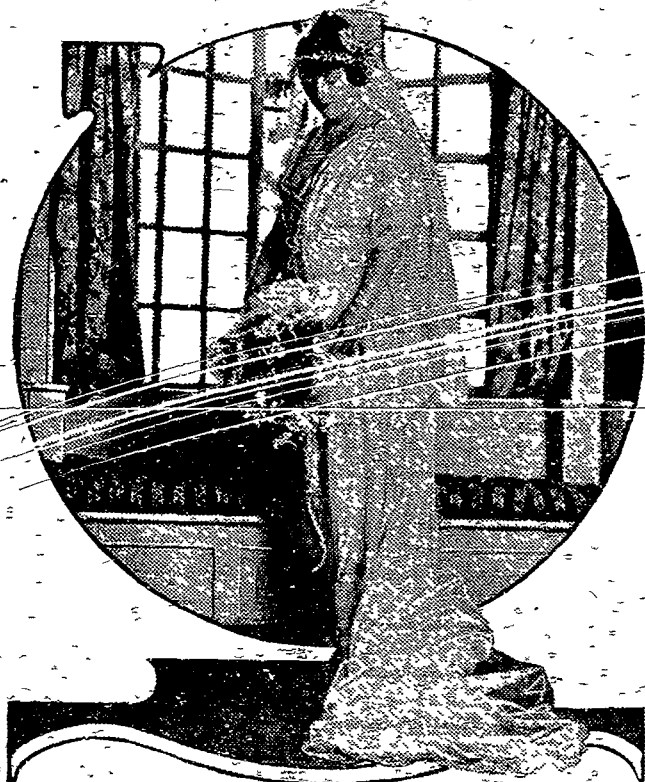
And when you multiply the task by the number of departments, war, admiralty, agriculture and subsistence, when the problem develops into one of determining whether a man can be best used for throwing hand grenades at Bullecourt or plowing in Sussex or unloading wheat at Liverpool or manufacturing boots for the Russian armies in Roumania, it becomes plain how inadequate is the ordinary pencil stub and newspaper margin for winning the war out of hand.

How Did She Know?
"Do you shave up or down?"
"Down."
"It feels like down,"—Lampoon.

Telephone service between England and Switzerland is maintained by two wires.

If
you never
tasted
Grape-Nuts
FOOD
you have
missed
one of the
good things
in life

October's Brides



If October's brides take advantage of the great liberty in the choice of styles, for their wedding gowns this year, they will be wonderfully garbed. It appears that they may be quite independent of the current modes and make excursions into the past in order to garb themselves and their attendants in the styles of other days and other lands. All that is required of the wedding procession is that it shall be picturesque and dignified. There is no getting away from that last condition; no frivolous and light-minded suggestion must appear in the bride's apparel.

If she chooses the modes of the hour she is fortunate, also, for she finds them beautifully adapted to the wedding gown. There are the straight-line dresses and those that show a little definition of the waistline; all simple and dignified. And the vogue for full draperies in soft, rich satins plays in the hands of the designer of wedding gowns. Just how well this style can be managed is shown in the gown pictured.

This model has the regulation long sleeve, partly of satin and partly of crepe georgette, but it has not the regulation high neck. A little chemisette of crepe with a V opening at the front, makes pretty amends for the absence of a higher collar. It is hardly discernible in the picture. The train is long and straight and the veil is longer, falling in two lengths from the puffs across the back of the head. The ends of the veil are bordered with fine val lace and the shorter length is something over half the length of the figure. A very narrow girdle and a double strand of pearl beads dispose of the finish at the waistline, and a long strand of pearls is worn about the neck.

Orange flower buds make a band about the forehead, with clusters of buds and blossoms arranged in the veil at the back. Altogether this is a costume that will never look less beautiful in years to come than it does today—and the bride will always be able to point with pride to her picture.

For Her Hours of Ease



The comfortable and reliable kimono, undisturbed by brilliant rivals in lounging robes and negligees, appears in greater force than ever, secure of a place in every wardrobe. Japan is sending a lot of them in pretty colorings and with attractive embroideries, and selling at very moderate prices. Some of these are made of thin silks, interlined, but most of them are of cotton crepes. The printed silks are very interesting.

Among the American cottons flannellette is the most popular choice for kimono and house jackets made for real comfort. The newest arrivals among them are finished with ruffles of narrow ribbon, and proclaim their allegiance to the cause of pockets by adopting one or two. Most of them also bear the signs of the times in a narrow belt made of the same material as the kimono. But this is one of the garments that has no good reason for changing and therefore the kimono of today are much like those of many yesterdays.

In the picture a cheery and good looking example of the Japanese silk kimono has set-in sleeves and a wide collar edged with a frill of satin ribbon. Three points of lace at the front of the collar are set on at each side. The sleeves are three-quarter length with turned-back cuffs edged with ribbon frills, and the pockets are finished in the same way. A narrow sash,

made of the silk, tells the rest of the story of this unpretentious garment that contrives to be fascinating because of its simplicity and the real beauty of the silk. It would make a lovely gift for the girl going away to school—or anyone else inclined kimono-ward in her hours of ease.

Julia Bottonaly

Breakfast Cheer.

A breakfast daintily served is the surest index of a perfect day. One woman, who determined to give her hubby a cheerful sendoff every morning, bought blue willowware for the breakfast china. Then she used blue and white as her color scheme for the dining room. She made napkins of white linen, rolled their hems and blanket-stitched them in blue. They were related at once to the china. Then she bought two blue and white runners and spread these over the breakfast table. A blue bowl, which held a place in the center of the table, always contained white flowers of some sort. This was one woman's way to make a husband happy.

A novel window seat, which contains a storage space for clothing, can be extended to form a single bed.

HOME TOWN HELPS

GOOD SCREENS CHEAPEST

Expert Says: Copper, Wire, Although More Costly, Will Outlast Iron Many Times.

It does not pay to use cheap iron screens on any building more valuable than a chicken house, is the opinion of Dr. J. D. Walters, professor of architecture and drawing in the Kansas State Agricultural college. Persons erecting new dwellings should equip them with screens that will last many years, he says.

"An average two-story house contains upwards of two dozen openings that should be screened," said Doctor Walters. The best screens are made of a strong white pine sash and a copper wire screening. Another grade is made of fir lumber and a screen material made of a composition called white metal. The cheaper grades are made of yellow Southern pine and covered with common iron wire screening.

"The first screen named is rather expensive on account of the high price of copper, but it does not need to be painted, and should last 12 years. The iron wire screen, on the other hand, will rust out the first season and rarely lasts more than two or three years."

"A screen door should be made with a hardwood sash and should be provided with the best kind of spring hinges and a knob lock. There should be sufficient cross rails and cross braces in it to prevent sagging. The window screens are usually fastened at the top by cheap black-finished butts and are hooked at the bottom with a cheap brass staple."

WILL TRAIN CITY MANAGERS

Kansas State University Establishes Course Which Is First of the Kind in This Country.

Kansas is preparing to establish in its state university a four-year course in city management, the first of its kind to be established in the country. When a man, or a woman either, is graduated from this course he will have had thorough training in every department of city affairs except politics, and will go out to help run cities as a trained man goes into a factory or business. Prof. F. W. Blackmar, who is head of the economics department and has been instructed to prepare the details of the course, had this to say concerning the need for such a school:

"No man can manage a business unless he has a thorough understanding of its nature. The man who manages a city ought to be as experienced as an engineer, or a teacher. Why cannot universities train men for managing cities as well as it can for other professions? That is what we propose to do. The course of study for training city managers should be about one-half the ordinary classroom and lecture work and the rest laboratory investigation into the actual needs of municipal operation."

Pretty Exterior Finish Effects.
Beveled siding, shingles and brick are used to finish the exterior of many houses now. The combination of these materials does not produce a patch finish, but they harmonize beautifully. The brick are used in the foundation walls from grade to the sills, and in the porch railing wall.

The sides of the house are finished with beveled siding up to the second floor, and with shingles the rest of the way to the roof. If the shingles are stained some fairly dark tint and the beveled siding is painted some light color or white, with the window sash dark, the effect produced is very pleasing.

Trade Development Profitable.

The competition of cities to secure trade for their manufacturers, wholesalers and jobbers is particularly keen. The development of package car service, the expediting of merchandise, the extension of trade territory through co-operative effort in shipments and the covering of districts, the quick adjustment of claims, the generating of enthusiasm for certain communities as trade centers—this work is vigorously and persistently carried on by chambers of commerce, with field secretaries, trade magazines and trade trips, and the money spent in this work returns a hundred fold in new accounts and increased orders.

Retail Interests Benefited.

Through chamber of commerce work the retail interests in a community are brought together to work together for improvement in local methods of merchandising, for investigation and elimination of "fly-by-night" concerns and fraudulent advertisers. Credit bureaus are often maintained, and truthful advertising is a thing insisted upon. Universal trading conditions locally are considered and worked out, not only for the protection of the retail stores, but for the protection of the customer.

House Numbers on Curbs.

The house numbers at Pasadena, Cal., are placed on the curb in front of each residence, conspicuous numbers being placed on a white rectangle. At the street crossing the names of the streets are painted on the curbs.

Her Choice.

Hazel was at a loss to make a choice between two young sprouts in her garden of love. She desired a hardy plant, one that would thrive in any soil and under any conditions. No shadow must prevent the sprout selected from growing.

Every day could not have its full allotment of sunshine. Which would she choose? Either was pleasing to the eye. Then came a day when a wind blew hard—a draft—one end of the country to the other.

One of the sprouts withered from the blast. The other thrived and grew as though it had been blessed with continual sunshine. Now Hazel is happy. Her choice has been made.—Indianapolis News.

Terrible Mistake.

"Oh, Cecil, the cook has given notice," she says you swore at her or the phone."

"Good heavens! I thought it was you, pet."

Our idea of a sensible woman is one who doesn't care how large her shoes are so long as they are comfortable.

THIS DRUGGIST KNOWS BEST KIDNEY MEDICINE

Sixteen years ago I began to call Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and say I had it. It is one of the best medicines on the market, and my patients are very much pleased with the results obtained from its use. I am a very favorable regarding it. Swamp-Root has been very successful in the treatment of kidney, liver and bladder troubles according to the reports received and I have no hesitancy in recommending it for I have great faith in its merits.

Very truly yours,
OWE DRUG STORE,
By R. M. Boies,
Bedford, Missouri.

Oct. 3, 1916.
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, falling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

This world is willing to tolerate a lazy man who has money.

What is Castoria

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

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of J. C. Ayer, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *J. C. Ayer*.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are **CONSTIPATED**. This old remedy will set you right over night.

W. D. Wood

PALLID PEOPLE Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try **CARTER'S IRON PILLS**

His Turn.
Mrs. Wattles was clearly out of sorts at breakfast yesterday. Urged to give a reason, she said: "Well, I dreamed you tried to marry another woman last night."
"Well, it was my turn," replied Cecy. "You ran away and joined a dramatic troupe the night before."—Kansas City Star.

Willing to Listen.
He—You would never know how much I love you.
She—What is your objection to telling me?

Legally Tied.
"There is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress. "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."
"What tide was that?"
"It was an eventide and we were sitting in the garden."

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to **M. V. MacINNIS**, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., Canadian Government Agent.

Advertising the Enemy.
"The editor of the Plaindealer has a good deal more enthusiasm than judgment," commented Farmer Hornbeak, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "Here he's got a long editorial fiercely attacking the Kaiser, when if he'd just let the scamp severely alone people would soon forget all about him."—Kansas City Star.

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA
And Rashes That Itch and Burn—Trial Free to Anyone Anywhere.

In the treatment of skin and scalp troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply Cuticura Ointment. If there is a natural tendency to rashes, pimples, etc., prevent their recurrence by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Send everywhere.—Adv.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids.
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your eyes and in Baby's eyes. **YOUR EYES** No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. **Murine Eye Remedy** At Your Druggist's or by Mail, 25c per bottle. MURINE Eye Salve, Tubes Etc., For Sale at 25c. Ask **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**.

Write for New List of Real Farm Bargains with the soil and location; see crops growing. **J. B. ODLER, BIG RAPIDS, MICHIGAN**

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High class references. Best results.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEP. 28, 1917.

FAIR NOTES.

The Detroit Business University had an attractive display in the main tent.

The exhibit entered by our "Jim-mie" Huff would have done credit to any state fair in the country.

D. L. Dey was on hand with an exhibit of Delaval cream separators, which were very favorably commented on.

One result of the thoroughness with which the advertising was done was an inquiry from Cuba concerning some of the exhibits.

The baby-bear tied in front of one of the tents on the midway was the center of attraction for ever-changing groups of older people as well as children.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that a whole big building should be available next year for the Woman's department, and another for the fruit and vegetable displays.

Mr. Wise of Lansing who judged the poultry, gave A. E. Fuller the compliment of having one of the best arranged exhibits in that line he had ever been called upon to examine.

A whole lot of people, leained of at least one Northville industry of which they had heretofore been ignorant when they came to the booth occupied by W. B. Mosher with his fur supplies.

Local manager Porter for the Deep Springs Water Co. did a much appreciated "stunt" by supplying drinking water for the various departments. It was pronounced one of the best things done for the fair.

One of the most popular features on the grounds was the "ladies' rest" tent provided by Schrader Bros. Easy chairs, couches, mirror and other conveniences made comfort for many tired women and children, and brought hosts of compliments for the enterprise and thoughtfulness that suggested such a feature.

A visitor at the fair on Tuesday was a lady who brought her four weeks' old baby, expecting that there was to be a baby show. The little one would have been in a class all by himself had there been such a department. He was not only the 8th son born to his parents, but at birth was equipped with two fully developed teeth. He ought to have had a special prize, anyway. The Record reporter was not able to learn the name or residence of the family.

A mix-up occurred on the race-track Wednesday afternoon that might well be described by the often-used phrase "a fortunate accident." By reason on one of the horses stumbling during a race four racing outfits were piled up in a heap in far less time than is necessary to tell of it. By a miracle, not a horse was injured and but one of the drivers—the bottom one—who came out with only a couple of ribs broken instead of being killed as the spectators expected.

The attendance Thursday was estimated at between seven and eight thousand people. Five thousand single admission tickets were sold at the gates.

The races and ball game had to be called off because of the rain Thursday afternoon.

As a result of their exhibit at the fair, Schrader Bros. of Ypsilanti, sold 5 cars the first day.

The weather department gave us a rather bad jolt Thursday afternoon, after the fine weather of the preceding days.

Wouldn't Hurt Cow.

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

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.

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

TRY A LINE IN THE RECORD.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Alex Keith spent Saturday in Detroit.

Leon Clutz of Detroit called on his parents Sunday.

Mrs. James Gilchrist spent the week-end in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clutz were Detroit callers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert E. Stange of Salem spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Charles Barrs entertained the Embroidery club Wednesday.

Miss Schroeder of Detroit spent the week-end with Mrs. Georgia B. Champe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hawley of Detroit, spent the week at the J. A. Deveraux home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnett have gone to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. John VanGorden.

Mrs. Long has returned to her home in Commerce, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Welfare.

James, Mairs of Brockton, Mass., has recently been the guest of his mother, Mrs. Keith and other relatives here.

Mrs. Carey Hosmer of Pontiac spent 1 day here recently making arrangements to move her household goods to Pontiac.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Chapman and Mrs. C. C. Parmalee and two children visited Mr. and Mrs. Leon Carey in Flint recently.

Wixom Whisperings.

Rev. F. A. Brass was a Detroit visitor Wednesday.

Henry Perry was an over-Sunday visitor at Pontiac.

Ellen Stevens was a Pontiac visitor from Friday evening until Monday.

Charles Steers and family of Detroit visited at J. B. Chambers' last Tuesday.

Wm. Baum and wife attended the funeral of their brother-in-law, Chas. Mosher, at Pontiac, Wednesday.

Sunday, September 30, will be Rally Day at the church here. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

S. Green of Birmingham and Mrs. Flora Wagner of St. Louis, Mo., visited their niece, Mrs. Elva Bryant last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Johnson of Kalamazoo were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Martin, from last week Tuesday until Sunday of this week.

David Mattonie of Detroit, Ezra Stevens and Mrs. Jane Hetchler of Linden, and Clarence Hetchler and family of Flint, visited at L. R. Stevens' Sunday.

The "Who Do" S. S. class entertained Monday evening at Richard Banfield's in honor of Albert Clark and Jay Curtan. The former left Tuesday for a visit to his parents in Arkansas before reporting at Camp Custer.

A meeting was held this week for the organization of the Senior class of the Wixom Public school. The following officers were elected: President, Gladys Harmon; vice-president, Frances Proud; secretary, Lucile Baum; treasurer, Axie Schermer. The class adopted for their motto, "Out of School-Life into Life's School." Flower, the red rose. Colors, red, white and blue.

WIXOM BAPTIST NOTES.

Next Sunday will be observed as annual Church and Sunday School Rally Day. A splendid program is being prepared, which will take the place of the morning sermon. We extend a cordial welcome to all to enjoy this day with us.

The C. E. will met at 7 as usual. Richard Banfield will have charge of this service.

At 8 o'clock the pastor will preach a short sermon.

Don't forget this is the day that everybody in its vicinity will be at Sunday school.

Farmington News.

Mrs. Carl Parker was in Detroit Monday.

Mrs. Leon Green was in Detroit Tuesday.

Mrs. Gilbert of Ovid is visiting at Fred Biery's this week.

George Ryder and son, Edward, were in Northville Sunday.

Edward Brown and wife have gone to Lhaden for a week's visit.

Mrs. Metta Ambler of Detroit visited relatives in town Thursday.

Interest in Red Cross work is increasing among our Farmington circles.

Harry Haystead of Detroit visited his uncle, Clare Conroy, Tuesday evening.

Ray Murray, wife and son are on a 16 days' visit with her people at Houghton.

New club met with Mrs. Wm. Goers Wednesday. Mrs. Charles Barnhart as hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ross attended the funeral of his brother James, in Buxton, Canada, Friday.

Mark Bachelor is ill at this writing and his mother, Mrs. Florence Bachelor is there for the week.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

There is a week of hearty laughter and fascinating songs and dances in store for the patrons of the Garrick Theatre beginning next Monday evening, when "Very Good Eddie," the brightest and smartest of all recent musical comedy hits, will occupy the boards. "Very Good Eddie" is no stranger in Detroit. It was here, and at this theatre, that it received its initial production, and everyone who saw it predicted its great success.

The fun, music and novel features of "Very Good Eddie" are well known here. Those who recall its screamingly funny book, by Phillip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton, are laughing yet, while its many tuneful melodies, composed by Jerome Kern, have been dance favorites here for many months.

RED CROSS NOTES.

A meeting of the local Red Cross was held last week and by vote of the members present it was decided to use the money that has been donated to the fund here for purchasing supplies to make a complete comfort outfit for each Northville boy who is in the U. S. service. These outfits will consist of a sleeveless sweater, a muffler, two pairs of socks, a pair of wristlets and "a comfort bag." These articles will be shipped to all soldiers who are not already supplied with them by the time the work can be accomplished here. It will be commenced as soon as the materials can be obtained.

It is desired that all members of the Red Cross shall attend each meeting that is called even if not personally notified, provided, of course they know of it. It was not possible to give general notice of the meeting last week, as it was so hurriedly called.

The Naomi Circle of the Westminster Guild voted at a recent meeting to turn its fund of \$10 over to the Red Cross here. This circle was the first organization in Northville to take up this work, but the girls wisely decided that their money would be made more effective if used in connection with the larger organization.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, at the close of business Sept. 15, 1917, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial Dept.,	\$150,182.84
Savings Dept.,	23,332.50
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial Dept.,	7,500.00
Savings Dept.,	164,387.69
Overdrafts,	1,126.77
Banking House,	7,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	3,400.00
Items in Transit,	6,454.26
U. S. Bonds (Liberty Bonds),	2,050.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	
Commercial Dept.,	36,106.56
Savings Dept.,	31,574.81
U. S. and National Bank Currency,	
Gold Coin, Commercial,	10,731.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	2,600.00
Gold Certificates, Commercial	11,000.00
Department,	
Silver Coin, Commercial,	2,000.00
Nickels and Cents, Commercial Dept.,	295.00
Checks and other Cash Items,	378.96
	294.52
Total,	\$459,814.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	12,500.00
Undivided Profits, net,	10,045.60
Dividends Unpaid,	12.00
Commercial Deposits subject to Check,	88,383.07
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	92,099.93
Savings Deposits, (book accounts),	231,774.31
Total,	\$459,814.91

STATE OF MICHIGAN

County of Wayne.

I, L. A. Babbitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

L. A. BABBITT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1917.

HARRY E. TAFT, Notary Public.

My Commission expires Nov. 4th, 1917.

Correct—Attest:

C. H. COLDREN,
R. C. YERKES,
T. G. RICHARDSON,
Directors.

Bank No. 145. Organized Dec. 4, 1892.

NOT ONE SLACKER

Part Played by One Yankee Woman in Revolution.

Margaret Corbin Took Her Husband's Place at the Guns in Battle of Fort Washington and Fell Wounded.

Margaret Corbin, who was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1751, was the only daughter of Robert Cockran, who was killed by the Indians in 1756. Margaret's mother, for whom the daughter was named, was taken into captivity at the same time. Margaret was now five years old and escaped her parents' fate because she and her brother were visiting an uncle, who raised Margaret.

In 1772 Margaret married John Corbin of Virginia. Corbin enlisted in the First company, Pennsylvania artillery, and his wife, having no children, followed her husband to war, serving as a nurse and aid in camp life.

When John Corbin was killed at the battle of Fort Mifflin, November 16, 1776, Margaret took his place at the gun, until struck down with three grapeshot, which severed an arm and tore away part of her breast.

Mary Pitcher's husband, Hays, was a gunner in the same regiment, and it is safe to assume that Margaret Corbin's heroism at Fort Mifflin inspired Molly Pitcher's act at Monmouth.

At the surrender, Margaret was enrolled as a member of the "Invalid Regiment." Her wounds at Fort Washington were such that they were ultimately the cause of her death in 1800.

On account of her wounds the supreme council of Philadelphia on June 29, 1779, granted her \$30 and recommended her to the board of war for a regular pension. The resolution of congress, July 6, 1779, is on record in which honorable mention is made of the services of Margaret Corbin.

"Resolved, That Margaret Corbin, wounded and disabled at the attack of Fort Mifflin, while she heroically filled the post of her husband who was killed by her side, serving a piece of artillery, do receive during her natural life of continuance of said disability, one-half the monthly pay drawn by a soldier in service of these States; and that she now receive out of the public stores one suit of clothes or the value thereof in money."

Margaret Corbin was the first woman pensioned by our government for heroic deeds.

Wanted to Clinch His Job. "I should like a day's shore leave to attend to some personal business, if you please, sir," said a junior lieutenant, saluting to Capt. James G. Ballinger of the Naval Const Defense reserve recently.

"Your private worries are of minor importance now, as you are in the navy—however, fill out an application," replied the captain.

"I worked 17 years to get the job I now hold," said the lieutenant. "It means a good deal to me, as I want to get things straightened out before going to sea. I would like to have the job again in case I come back after the war, as it is a fair one. If you say so, sir, I will withdraw the request." He was turning away when Captain Ballinger asked:

"What's your name and job?"

"William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., vice president of the New York Central railroad."

In due course of time his one day's shore leave was granted. Lieutenant Vanderbilt having filled out the application.

Some Queer Monies.

Iron money has been put into circulation recently in Germany. In Mexico cardboard money is in use, owing to the disappearance of metal currency due to the unsettled state of the country.

Porcelain money is used in Burma and Siam, and feather money, manufactured from the short red feathers from beneath the wings of a species of parrot, is the ordinary currency of the Santa Cruz islanders. The Loyalty Islands, which lie in the Pacific to the east of Australia, are famous for their fur money. The fur, which is taken from behind the ears of the so-called "flying fox," in reality a large, fruit-eating bat, is woven into cords of various lengths, and these constitute the ordinary currency of the islanders.

As to Proper Behavior.

"Streets and sidewalks are public property. Citizens have the right to walk on them, whether they wear skirts, pantaloons or bathing suits, as long as their behavior is proper. There is no ordinance specifying the amount of clothing a person shall wear in the street," is the wisdom quoted from the lips of Judge Howard Hayes when passing upon the arrest of a young woman who promenaded in her bathing suit. We agree with the judge. The question is one of behavior. But it is fair to ask whether promenading the streets without any clothing would be proper behavior.—Chicago Post.

The Ump Gets His.

The French have discovered that American baseball fits men for throwing hand grenades with precision and efficiency. It also affords a fine and perfectly legitimate chance to kill the umpire favoring the other side.



WHEN YOU BUY A FORD CAR YOU BUY AN ESTABLISHED QUANTITY, A PROVEN QUALITY—A MOTOR CAR THAT IS GIVING SATISFACTION IN PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF SERVICE UNDER EVERY CONDITION WHERE AN AUTOMOBILE CAN BE USED. A CAR THAT MAY BE DEPENDENT ON IN EVERY CIRCUMSTANCE. NO ONE WILL DISPUTE THIS FACT. THEN WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR A FORD AT ONCE? RUNABOUT, \$345; TOURING CAR, \$360; COUPELET, \$505; TOWN CAR, \$595; SEDAN, \$645; ONE-TON TRUCK CHASSIS, \$600. THESE PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT. YOUR ORDER WILL HAVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS
Northville, Mich.

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.

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.

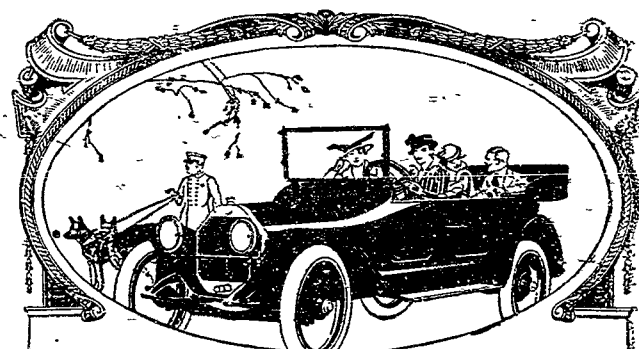
THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

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



Eight-Cylinder Superiority

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

Oldsmobile
Light Eight
(F. O. B. Lansing)

FRANK S. NEAL, AGENCY,
Northville, Michigan.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 5:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

SATURDAY

OCT. 6

will be

CANDY DAY

It will pay you to watch
our Window, as we will
have on Display some of
the Finest Candies ever
offered For Sale in North-
ville.

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.

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.

RECORD LINERS PAY—ARY ONE.

DETROIT
UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington
and Detroit at 6:20 a. m., and
every hour thereafter until 3:20 p. m.,
5:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard
Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.;
for Farmington Junction only 12:35
a. m.

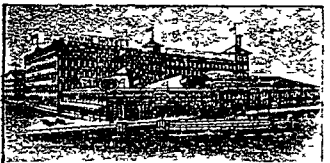
Limited to Detroit at 6:43 a. m. daily
except Sunday.

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

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

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

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

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

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection. Delightfully located on river
front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co's Wharves.
Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00
per day and up.

R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and Best Known Brand
of Cathartic Pills in the World.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Record of the Past

No Stronger Evidence Can Be Had in Northville.

Look well to their records. What
they have done many times in years
gone by is the best guarantee of fu-
ture results. Anyone with a bad back;
any reader suffering from urinary
troubles, from kidney ills, should find
comforting words in the following
statement.

Mrs. Sarah Rorabacher, Beal Ave.,
Northville, says: "Lifting was what
started my kidneys—bothering me.
The kidney secretions were unnatural
too. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills,
so I used them. They gave me en-
tire relief, quickly restoring my kid-
neys to a normal condition." (State-
ment given February 17, 1913). On
September 19, 1916, Mrs. Rorabacher
said: "I have never had reason to
change my high estimation of Doan's
Kidney Pills since I last recommended
them. I use this medicine occasion-
ally and it never fails to give me quick
relief."

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
Mrs. Rorabacher has twice recom-
mended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props.,
Buffalo, N. Y. Advt. 46.

Northville Newslets.

Wm. Matheson, who was taken sud-
denly ill on the street Sunday even-
ing, is somewhat better.

Ann Arbor has officially decided to
change back from eastern standard to
central standard time, beginning Oct. 1.

The King's Daughters will hold
their regular afternoon meeting with
Mrs. F. S. Neal Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 3
o'clock.

Dell Herrick has attracted consid-
erable interest lately with a placard
on his Ford reading "Operating on
Kerosene."

L. W. Simmons, who passed his
88th milestone of life a few days ago,
"celebrated" by attending the fair
every day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis (nee Min-
nie Ashley of Northville) are the
parents of a 10 1-2 lb. boy, since
September 18.

Seven officers of Highland Park
Commandery No. 53, Knights Templar,
were guests of Northville Commandery
Tuesday evening.

Mrs. T. B. Henry and children have
been moving to their newly remodeled
home at the corner of Dunlap and
Horton streets this week.

C. W. Hills has bought out the
grocery business of C. E. Ryder and
will open the store to the public the
latter part of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Dean of Pontiac
have an 8-lb son, born Sept. 15. Mrs.
Dean was Madge Hutchins of this
place before her marriage.

Among the recently drafted men at
Pontiac were two Chinamen. They
did not claim exemption, but were
anxious to go and fight for the country
of their adoption.

Rev. J. S. Priestly (pretty appro-
priate name for a preacher) was
returned by the recent conference to
the M. E. church at Farmington.

A request was made early in the
week that all business places display
the Stars and Stripes outside, with
the result that the business section
has been bright with the colors each
day.

South Lyon has enjoyed a very
substantial growth this summer.
Five new houses have been built
none of them costing less than
\$2,000. Two are not yet quite com-
plete.—South Lyon Herald.

The Northville Band furnished first-
class fair music and lots of it. The
band also gave concerts on Main street
Wednesday and Thursday evening
which were much appreciated.—Mil-
ford Times.

A first aid call was answered Wed-
nesday morning by one of our Boy
Scouts, who fixed up in excellent
shape an injured knee for a young
man who slipped and fell while
boarding a moving automobile.

A shameful waste of good fuel is
the burning of discarded ties by both
steam and trolley roads. They might
better be turned over to the town
officials to supply heat for the worthy
poor.—Birmingham Eclectic.

We second the motion, emphatically.

The Presbyterian "prayer meeting
folks" raised a fund for the purpose
of presenting a regulation pocket
testament to each young man con-
nected by membership or family with
that church, who is in the service of
his country.

The members of Plymouth Rebekah
lodge surprised Mrs. Wm. D.
McCullough last Friday night by giv-
ing her a miscellaneous shower at
the I. O. O. F. hall. Mrs. McCullough
received many beautiful and useful
gifts.—Plymouth Mail.

Don't fail to hear the Peerless

Jubilee Concert Co., October 8.

The Peerless Jubilee Singers will
give a concert October 8. Watch for
the bulletins.

Two thousand single admission
tickets sold Wednesday. Other days'
receipts yet to be heard from.

Letters received from Donald Saf-
ford of Camp Custer bring the gratify-
ing information that he has been given
the position of clerk to the Captain
of his company.

Speaking of "putting Northville on
the map," Marvin Sloan's beautiful
"Juanita S." has been doing it pretty
thoroughly ever since the present
racing season began, by winning race
after race in the fastest events of the
circuit. Juanita has taken first
money in every race in which she has
started.

The "heart tag day" last Saturday
for the benefit of the Michigan Hospi-
tals was very successful the contri-
butions amounting to \$56.97. Mrs.
Simmons, district worker for the
League, feels very grateful to the
local committee and the young ladies
for their co-operation in making the
day so great a success.

Another Northville soldier boy who
has received promotion is Raymond
DesAutels, who would be more than
glad to hear from any of his friends
in Northville and vicinity. A letter
always looks good to our boys who
are away from home, and Raymond
is no exception in that respect. He
sends his address as follows: "Ser-
geant R. C. DesAutels, 5th Aero
Squadron S. C., Kelly Field, San
Antonio, Texas."

FROMAN—ELY.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ely announce
the marriage of their daughter, Laura
Marguerite, to Mr. Joseph Dubac
Vroman of Saginaw, in Holy Charity
church house, Detroit, Sept. 26.

ALSEIUM THEATRE.

For Saturday night a D. S. L. & E.
Blue Ribbon feature is announced—
"The District Attorney."

Next Thursday evening's program
presents Vivian Martin in "The
Stronger Love."

DARLING—BIRCH.

Miss Mabel R. Birch of this place
and Charles W. Darling of Noxen, Pa.,
were united in marriage Wednesday,
Sept. 19, at the Continental M. E.
church, Detroit, by Rev. George Durr.
A six o'clock dinner was served at
the home of the bride's sister, Mrs.
Margaret Thomas. Mr. and Mrs.
Darling will make Northville their
home for the present.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Second grade pupils are study-
ing caterpillars.

Harold French of the Second grade
is ill with diphtheria.

Paul Paddock and Abbie Dmgman
are new pupils in the Fourth grade.

The girls' drawing department has
an art exhibit at the fair this week.

A piano solo by Stuart Coif, a read-
ing by George Wilcox and a song by
the Fifth grade girls afforded a very
pleasing program for the High
school Monday morning.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Strong contrasts in types are pre-
sented in "The Disciple," the William
S. Hart offering at the Majestic next
week, commencing Sunday afternoon.

The popular impersonator of western
characters depicts a courageous,
exalted enthusiast, whose wife is
merely pretty, utterly lacking in depth.
The final scene offers a splendid
climax with a convincing bit of
comedy bit. Other films are a
characteristic Hart gunplay. The
Majestic Thio will offer new song
numbers next week, and "Laundry
Business" will be the Mutt and Jeff
ment of the Rex Beach travel pictures
with a lecture by F. A. Puddefoot and
others. Preceding each afternoon's
regular performance, there will be
symphony concerts by the orchestra.

NEW THOUGHT.

By New Thought is meant that most
interesting philosophy which is at-
tracting so many persons all over the
world, and which may be briefly stated
as the belief in an infinite presence
power from which all things proceed,
and which is present in the soul of
man and spirit. New Thought holds
that by the recognition, realization,
and manifestation of this power of
the spirit—this something within—we
may be able to live full, successful,
healthy and efficient lives.—Exchange.

Don't forget the Forester dance to-
night in Cattermole hall.

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.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Second and Fourth Tuesday

meeting nights.

F. B. SHAFER, K. of R. & S.

S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:

October 12 and 26.

A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACHER

Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. & A. M.

Spcl Oct. 1 Work 2nd.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.

Reg. October 19.

NORTHVILLE

COMMENDERY NO. 33 E. E.

Reg. October 2.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.

Reguar Oct. 19.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Morning worship at 10 o'clock with
sermon by the pastor: "The Necessi-
ty of Christ's Sacrifice."

Prayer meeting on Thursday even-
ing at 7 o'clock. This will be the
service preparatory to the Communion
service October 7.

Sunday school at 11:30. It's worth
while for all the members of the
school to be present at 10 for the
preaching service. It's worth while
for all the members of the church con-
gregation to remain for Sunday school.

Christam Endeavor at 6 p. m. A
special Missionary program will be
presented, and all are invited—both old
and young. The Plymouth Endeav-
ers have been invited to this service
and it is hoped they will come. Let's
all arrange to be present to welcome
them—also to make a good showing
for our own church society.

Evening worship at 7. Subject: "A
Prayer from Hell." How many pray-
ers are uttered in the regions of dark-
ness, we cannot know. One has
drifted thru the veil. Can such a
prayer be answered? This and other
questions relating to prayer will be
discussed.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet
with Mrs. Belles at the manse on
Wednesday, October 3, at 2.30.

The Martha Chapter will meet with
Miss Gertrude Reynolds Wednesday
evening, Oct. 3, at 7.15 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The new pastor, Rev. W. C. Francis,
who comes to us from Crosswell, Mich.,
will be here to conduct both the
morning and evening services, at the
accustomed hours.

Sunday school at the usual hour.

Young people's meeting at six
o'clock p. m.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

No services next Sunday, owing to
a general and joint celebration in
Detroit.

A week from Sunday we shall cele-
brate our annual Missionary festival
in Northville. German service, 10
a. m. English service, 2:30 p. m.
Holy Communion will be adminis-
tered in the morning service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

Chance for Americans.

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

First Lithograph.

The first successful example of the
lithographic art was produced 120
years ago by Aloys Senefelder, a Ba-
varian, who produced a piece of music
printed by this process.

The Northville Market corrected
up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.98, Red, \$2.10.
Eggs—39c Butter—48c.
Hogs, Alive—\$17.
Veal Calves—\$15.90.
Oats—New, 55c.
Seed Oats—75c.
Chickens—22c.
Beef—5c. Beef Hides—10c.

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business Sept. 11, 1917.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$185,328.86
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	234,774.32
Overdrafts	25.31
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,700.00
Items in Transit	2,209.11
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	45,286.65
U. S. Bonds	10,000.00
Cash and Cash Items	27,262.45
Total	\$520,036.60

LIABILITIES.

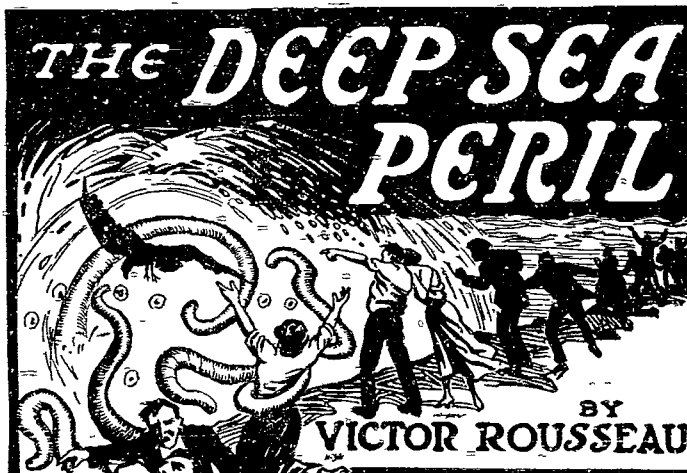
Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	7,000.00
Undivided Profits	5,173.24
Reserved for Taxes and Interest	111.26
Deposits—Commercial, \$193,870.45	
Savings, 273,881.65	\$467,752.10
Bills Payable	15,000.00
Total	\$520,036.60

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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

OFFICERS.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time



BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A weird, fantas-
tic tale of a horde
of deep-sea mon-
sters, half fish,
half human, which
threaten to over-
run the earth.

A Story
That Out-Vernes
Jules Verne

THE ancients peopled
the sea with mermen and
mermaids, but it has remained
for Victor Rousseau to make
them REAL. In this story he
tells of a tribe of cannibalistic
under-sea folk that could not be
seen until they were dead. And
when the Sea demons came out
of their salty home to eat their
way across the earth—

But, read it yourself!

Our New Serial!

Watch for the Opening Installment!

"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

A War Sea Story Abounding in Adventure and High Romance

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

HOLLIS CONSENTS TO TAKE CHARGE OF SHIP AND CONTINUE VOYAGE—BASCOM AND McCANN ARE DEADLY ENEMIES—DISSATISFACTION DEVELOPS.

Synopsis.—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, *Esmeralda*. It is supposed to be a "stags" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown aboard. 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. The castaways are sighted by a ship, the *Indian Chief*, which takes them aboard. The vessel is badly storm damaged. All officers are dead. Bascom, the owner, says he is taking a cargo of ammunition to Germany.

CHAPTER X.

We Accept Adventure.

As I emerged from behind the butt of the mizzenmast, the only person visible was a long-legged cabin boy in dust-colored uniform, who was busily engaged in scrubbing the deck. He was not aware of my presence until I spoke, when he glanced up at me across his shoulder, with a look of intelligence in his dull eyes.

"Do you know which of these state-rooms the lady was given?"

"Oh, yes, sir; over there; I just took her in a needle and some thread."

"All right—what is your name?"

"Joe—Joe Moon, sir."

I crossed over and rapped at the stateroom door, which had a figure "5" stenciled on the upper panel.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"This is Hollis; could you spare me a few moments?"

"Certainly; I will come out directly," she laughed, "I have been doing some emergency mending."

I picked out a chair and sat down. A moment later the door of No. 5 opened, and the girl greeted me pleasantly, crossing the cabin swiftly, and extending her hand, as I arose to my feet.

"I feel actually born anew, Mr. Hollis," she exclaimed. "I am almost afraid I was losing my nerve in that little boat. Where is this steamer bound?"

"That is what I called upon you to discuss. Sit down here, and I will give you the whole story. The captain and both mates are dead; the fellow on deck in charge when we came on board was the chief engineer. The owner of boat and cargo, however, is here; I have just been talking with him in the cabin yonder. He is in poor health and crippled in one limb."

"What is his name?"

"Foolishly I forgot to ask, and Masters—that is the name of the engineer—neglected to mention it when he introduced us. However, that makes no difference in the facts. I'll tell you the story, as briefly as I can."

She listened intently, leaning forward in her chair, her ringless hands clasped, her eyes on my face. The

"I cannot answer that," I answered honestly enough, "for I do not fully understand the conditions. To be perfectly frank, however, my sympathies are with England and France. In this case I am not considering either side, but the poor devil who owns this ship and cargo. What we carry on board here will not be a drop in the bucket, but its loss will spell ruin to him, and that is the thought which influences me."

"And I could not even dispatch a message—wireless?"

"The Indian Chief has no equipment. No, Miss Vera, we shall be absolutely lost to the world until we are either captured, or safe in some German port. I would not deceive you—the project is both a desperate and a dangerous one."

The girl remained silent, her eyes lowered to the deck. I had said all possible, determined as I was not to influence her decision. As she did not speak, or change her attitude, I arose and walked across the cabin to where I could look out forward.

"Mr. Hollis."

"Yes," I turned.

"I must decide this? You mean to leave it all to me?"

"There is no other way."

"But I do not know what to say. I thought at first I could answer yes, gladly. I am not afraid, not the least bit afraid; and if I could only get some word back to my people in New York that I am safe, I would almost welcome the adventure. I am only a girl, you know, and I—I like such things. But they will worry horribly, for they have no knowledge of where I am. No one knows. I—I have simply disappeared, and papa will have detectives hunting for me, and will have to tell mother. They will imagine all sorts of horrid things. And you say it may be weeks, or even months, before I could get a message to America?"

"I am afraid so, Miss Vera; I wished you to understand the exact truth."

"Oh! I do not think that would be right—do you?"

"I thought you might feel that way, and so made no pledge before telling you the story. Of course, I knew nothing of how you were situated; or under what circumstances you had left home."

"I stole away unknown to anyone; it was just a lark, a foolish joke. No one knows where I am. If I could only send them word!"

I touched the bent head gently with my hand.

"Do not worry," I said kindly. "We will give the scheme up entirely, and head toward the nearest American port. Perhaps luck may favor us, and if we meet an American ship, we can transship you, and then take a chance,

knowing that you are safely homeward bound."

"But I understood you to say that that would only increase your peril."

"It might, and it might not. At least I will not consent to have you implicated in the affair any further than you are now. I will not sacrifice you to help our friend yonder save his fortune. I'll give him my answer now."

I took a step aft, but paused suddenly, for the door of the owner's cabin opened, and he came limping forth, resting heavily on a cane, his white face clearly revealed in the glare of the skylight. I stepped back beside the girl, who, aroused by my sudden movement, glanced up and saw him. Almost instantly she was upon her feet, hesitating an instant as though perplexed at the man's appearance; then advanced and met him.

"Mr. Bascom," she exclaimed, "can this indeed be you?"

"You speak my name, certainly," he replied, but gazing into her face seemingly without recognition. "Yet I do not recall—"

"Oh, yes, you do; surely you must," she interrupted. "Why, you have changed more than I. Do you not remember the moonlight nights at Palm Beach? The fishing parties along the coast?"

"Vera," he cried, a note of delight in his voice. "Of course I remember; but you have become a woman, the very last person in the world I expected to see. And so you are the lady we were fortunate enough to rescue. Mr. Hollis never even mentioned your name."

"There was no reason why I should," I said, "having no thought of your previous acquaintance. The young lady and I have just been discussing the situation."

"Wait just a moment, Mr. Hollis," she interrupted, her eyes still on Bascom's face. "This discovery changes everything. Mr. Bascom is an old friend."

"So I judge; but I do not intend to let that influence your decision."

"But it will, and does!" a certain impetuous appeal in her voice. "I do not understand before, as I do now. You are the owner, Mr. Bascom? This is your boat and cargo?"

"Yes, Vera; things have not gone well with me of late, and my entire fortune is here," he answered rather bitterly.

"I am sorry; I had not heard. You have been terribly ill, from your looks, and are lame. It—it was that affair in New York, from which you never recovered?"

"I was in the hospital for months, and scarcely hoped to live. That was when my business went to smash."

"Father never told me; and your mother?"

"Is living in Philadelphia, but in rather straitened circumstances, and all; my younger brother has been compelled to leave school and seek employment."

"He smiled weakly. 'I had hoped this voyage would set us all on our feet again.'"

She released her hand from his grasp, and sank down once more into the chair, her glance leaving his face, and seeking mine.

"Mr. Hollis," she said, almost defiantly. "It is my wish that the Indian Chief continue its voyage."

"But I cannot consent."

"You left this decision to me. Well, I make that decision. My comfort, even the momentary fear which my family may feel over my strange disappearance, could never justify my refusal. I know this gentleman, and have met his mother; we were good friends. He shall not be ruined through any whim of a girl. I urge you to go ahead, not considering me in the least."

"I cannot quite understand so sudden a change."

"Perhaps you do not understand women," she said, and smiled. "Surely you recall who Mr. Bascom is?"

"Not in the remotest degree."

"But we spoke of him in the boat—Philip Bascom."

My eyes widened, and I caught my breath.

"Good heavens! yes; now I recall the affair. He is the man Fergus McCann shot in the hotel restaurant. That was the accident he speaks of. Why, this is strange enough to be fiction."

Bascom stood, leaning on his cane, looking at us, as though failing to comprehend what it was we were talking about. Possibly he did not catch our words clearly, for his white face appeared puzzled.

"You speak of me?" he asked, "of my difficulty with McCann?"

She looked up at him earnestly.

"Yes; it is very strange. You should know the truth. There were three of us who escaped together when the yacht sank; Mr. Hollis, myself and Fergus McCann."

Bascom straightened, his lips pressed tight.

"He is here now; a guest on board my ship?"

"Yes; I do not know where—sleeping in one of the staterooms, probably. I have not seen him since I came over the side."

Bascom's expression was one of



Her Eyes Were Shining, and Her Hand Reached Forth, Unconsciously, and Rested in Mine.

simple story seemed to thrill her, breathing as it did the mystery and romance of the sea.

"And that, Miss Vera," I said at last, "is the present situation. It is for you to furnish the final solution."

"For me? You tell me all this merely to leave the decision with me?"

"Yes; I shall do nothing against your expressed wish."

"Why—but what would you do, if you were here alone?"

"That would be entirely different. I have no family, no near relatives living; not even any special friends to mourn greatly over my demise. I might willingly risk my life in such an adventure, and think little of it. I know the sea and its perils, and such a game as this is likely to have its attractions."

struggle, as he stared into our faces. It was difficult for him to find words; to even control his mind.

"This—is this a misfortune," he said finally. "I do not know how it will end. I have sought to avoid the man. Miss Vera, do you know the truth of that affair? not the newspaper story, but the facts?"

She shook her head.

"I only heard that the trouble occurred over Myra Bradley. McCann found you together, and shot you in a fit of jealous rage."

"So far the story was true; but I was not at the restaurant with Miss Bradley, I had never, but once before, even spoken to her. She called me to her table that evening, where she was dining alone, to question me regarding some mutual friends in Philadelphia. Our brief conversation was most commonplace. McCann shot me without warning; I did not even know he was near, until the woman screamed."

"But," I said, as he paused, "was there no trial? That was not the newspaper story."

"I know it," bitterly, "and I have only my word to give you. I could not defend myself, and no one else made any effort to do so. McCann had money and influence; I was lying unconscious in a hospital. The girl was shipped off to Europe; a waiter swore that I drew a revolver, which he afterwards picked up on the floor; the police exonerated McCann on the ground of self-defense, and the case never came to trial."

"I held out my hand."

"I had some experience lately with McCann," I said heartily. "I am perfectly ready to accept your version. His being on board is awkward and unpleasant, but we must put up with it as best we can. Is this your thought, Mr. Bascom?"

He did not answer at once; not until she looked up questioningly.

"There is nothing else possible," he said at last, but as though the admission hurt. "My nature is not revengeful, although I certainly have no feeling of kindness toward this man. However, this is my ship, and he is my guest; as long as he remains on board, I shall treat him as I would any other under like circumstances."

"I knew you would say that," the girl exclaimed. "Now everything is all right, Mr. Hollis."

"As nearly so as we can make it," I answered, assuming an ease I was far from feeling. "Your decision is that we continue the voyage—to Germany?"

"To wherever Mr. Bascom desires to go."

"Very well. And you appoint me captain, delegating to me full authority?"

"I do, with pleasure."

I held out my hand, surprised to note the strong grip of the slender, white fingers responding to my clasp.

"The matter is settled then, let the result prove what it may. It is already growing dusk; I will go on deck and assume command."

CHAPTER XI.

I Select My Officers.

The die was cast. However the strange adventure might eventually end, whatever peril lurked ahead of us, it was now too late for regret. The full responsibility I had assumed almost overwhelmed me as I first emerged upon deck, but there came to me also a spirit of recklessness, which brought a laugh to my lips and a shrug to my shoulders. Why should I care? It was her choice, not mine. A moment I lingered at the port rail, staring out into the smother of the coming dusk, wondering how it would all end, before I climbed the ladder to the poop deck.

The negro was at the wheel, while Masters stood aft gazing astern. He was not aware of my presence until I spoke sharply.

"Mr. Masters."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I have agreed to take command of the vessel for the remainder of the voyage," I said quietly, "and would have a word with the crew."

"The remainder of the voyage, sir?"

"Yes; the vessel has suffered no serious damage, and there are surely seamen on board to serve as watch officers."

"The bosun is a good man, sir."

"What is his name?"

"Leayord."

"Very well; have the men piped aft."

"All hands, sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Masters. They have had rest enough, I imagine, the past few days. Now they are in for a spell of work."

I was not altogether pleased with the engineer's manner, a vague suspicion coming into my mind that he also rather preferred a return to Baltimore, and that the crew might desire the same decision. As I went forward to the rail I noticed that both Vera and Bascom had come up as far as the head of the companion, and now stood there in the shadow, where they could both see and hear. McCann, however, did not appear, and was probably asleep below, or still doctoring his discolored optic. I had just a moment to observe these things before the men began to appear at the mainmast, and form in a straggly line across the deck. They were indeed a rough-looking lot, even for a freighter's crew, plainly showing the effects of prolonged debauches ashore, with several among them still manifestly under the influence of liquor. The re-establishment of sea discipline on board was evidently to be my first task, and my teeth clenched tightly as my eyes swept their faces.

"Come farther aft, men," I ordered sternly. "Bosun, bring them closer in, where they can hear what I say—aye! that's more like it."

I stared down into the upturned

faces, noting, it seemed to me, characteristics of every face on earth, and realizing that here, before me was grouped the scum of the seven seas.

"Men," I began, gripping the rail and speaking swiftly, "my name is Hollis, and I held command in the old *Atlas* line. The owner of this vessel and cargo—Mr. Philip Bascom—has just done me the honor of appointing me as captain for the remainder of the voyage."

The fellows remained silent, except for the restless shuffling of their feet on the deck.

"And what is the vice to be, mister?" suddenly asked a hoarse voice back in the group.

"The same one you signed on for, of course."

"Ter Hamburg?"

"That's where we lay her head."

"But ter perdition wid it: we've a wrecked ship, an' they tell us there's a war on."

"Who tells you that?"

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

"Well, war or no war, this ship cleared before there was any declaration."

"The guy that come aboard along with ye; he told the cook."

The KITCHEN CABINET

Faint heart is forerunner of sadness; Despondency robs us of health. The man who is chock-full of gladness Is the man who makes most of life's wealth.

THE LUSCIOUS MELON.

Watermelon and cantaloupes, when really good, need no dressing up to improve their flavor for that is impossible; but a tasteless melon need not be wasted, making delicious pickles and preserves. Never place ice in a melon to chill it as it destroys the fine flavor, especially of a musk melon. Chill them by placing them near the ice. A most delicious melon may be ruined to the eater by being served unchilled. When serving, an insipid cantaloupe for breakfast, a sprinkling of putreg and a dash of lemon juice will improve it. Tasteless melons may be diced and dressed with a French dressing, then served as a salad, or diced and treated with a thin sirup of lemon or orange juice, they make a good fresh fruit. When using a salad dressing for cantaloupes an addition of red pepper and more salt than is usual will improve the dressing, and lemon juice rather than vinegar should always be used as the sharper acid of the lemon is needed for this fruit.

Cantaloupe Cocktail.—Cut the melon in balls with a potato scoop and fill the serving glasses, add a few seeded white grapes, peeled, a little sliced pineapple, and a slice of two of peaches. Cover the whole within a thin sirup using a little strawberry or cherry juice for flavor and serve with a cherry or strawberry on top.

Melons With Ice Cream.—Scoop out halves of cantaloupe until only the green rind is left, these may be left from the cocktails and well-chilled, refill the melon molds with ice cream. Caramel may be used for color and decorate the cream with chocolate-dipped almonds to resemble seeds or bits of candied ginger may be cut in the form of seeds, making a favorite flavor combination. The sirup from preserved ginger is also a most delicious addition.

Melon Basket.—For a child's party a pretty basket made of a melon and filled with the rich, red, juicy balls looks too pretty to eat. The balls may be shaped in various ways. As only the red heart of the melon can be used for this two melons will be needed for there will be some waste.

SOME GOOD DISHES.

Lima beans, fresh or dried, make most substantial dishes served in various ways.

Lima Beans a la Poulette.—Shell sufficient young lima beans to make a pint, cover with boiling salted water and cook until tender. Pour off all but a half cupful of the water and add one cupful of rich milk. Mix a little cold milk with a tablespoonful of flour and stir into the milk; cook five minutes, add salt and pepper to taste, a few drops of onion sauce, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of butter and the same amount of chopped parsley.

Vegetable Soup.—Cut into half-inch dice sufficient carrot and turnip to measure one-third of a cupful each; cut one-half cupful of celery into pieces, dice one and a half cupfuls of potato, and slice one-half of an onion. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a stewpan, add the vegetables, cover and cook 15 minutes. Add a quart of water and cook for an hour. Season with salt and pepper and serve with a garnish of parsley.

Steamed Brown Bread.—Take two cupfuls of yellow cornmeal, one cupful of rye, one cupful of flour, two cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, mix well and pour into greased baking powder cans to steam for two hours.

Veal Hash.—Chop a piece of cooked veal fine. To a pint of the chopped meat allow a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato catsup. Melt a tablespoonful of drippings in a frying pan, moisten the meat with gravy, add seasonings and spread in the pan. Spread over the top one teaspoonful of the drippings and cook slowly for 15 minutes; it should be moist. Heap the hash on buttered toast and place a poached egg on each.

Peach Trifle.—Boil together for five minutes a cupful of sugar and one cupful of water with the stones from a quart of peaches. Allow the stones to stand in the sirup for ten minutes. Skim them out and lay in the peeled peaches, stewing until tender. Line a dish with cake soaked in any fruit, add the peaches and cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with almond.

To Get Rid of Ants.

Make a sirup, using two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls powdered borax and one quart boiling water. Saturate a sponge with this mixture and lay it where the ants are thickest. When it is filled with ants, plunge into boiling water.

McCann complicates the already serious situation by stirring up mutiny. Things begin to look bad for Hollis and Vera—as told in next installment.



From Now On You Will Mess Aft—The man named separated himself from the others, and slowly climbed the ladder. He was a big, muscular fellow, with red hair, clipped close to his head, and intelligent blue eyes.

"Your name is Leayord?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"This is your first voyage on the Indian Chief?"

"No, sir; my third."

"Very good, Mr. Leayord; from now on you will mess aft, and rank as first mate, serving watch and watch with me. Is there a man forward capable of filling the second mate's berth?"

He ran his eyes over the group below rather doubtfully.

"Olson might, sir," he answered finally. "He is sober, and a good seaman."

"Step forward, Olson."

The mass of men parted slightly, and a man was pushed to the front. He possessed a strongly marked Swedish face, smooth shaven and almost boyish.

"How old are you, Olson?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"You know the sea?"

"Twelve years in the fo'castle, sir."

"All right; I'm going to give you a chance to make good as second officer Mr. Olson. Now, lads, that's all for the present. I take it you are sailor men, and know what that sky means. The chances are ten to one we'll have a storm before midnight, and we'll meet it better with clear decks. Get forward, all hands, and clear away that rifle—lively now."

They were a bit slow about it, grumbling among themselves. Olson spoke once or twice, although I could not hear exactly what was said, and the power of sea discipline finally conquered. Within ten minutes they were working cheerfully enough, and Leayord had ceased his gruff ordering, and stood silent beside the lee rail. It pleased me to observe that Olson took hold along with the others, and did his full share of the work. I leaned farther over to gain view of the cabin entrance, but Bascom had disappeared. The girl, however, held her place, and glanced up, her eyes meeting mine.

"Could I come up there, Mr. Hollis?" she questioned.

"Certainly; as a passenger this deck is free for your use. Take the starboard ladder."

I gave her my hand, and helped her to grasp the rail. She glanced about into the mist.

"How gray and somber it is," she said soberly. "The fog is almost like a hand clutching at you."

McCann complicates the already serious situation by stirring up mutiny. Things begin to look bad for Hollis and Vera—as told in next installment.

THE HILLMAN

An Unusual Love Story

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"My own reputation," she murmured, "is absolutely of no consequence, but remember that you live here, and—"

"Don't be silly!" he interrupted. "What does that matter? And besides, according to you and all the rest of you here, these things don't affect a man's reputation—they are expected of him. See, I have rung the bell for breakfast. Now I am going to telephone down for a messenger boy to go for your clothes."

They breakfasted together, a little later, and she made him smoke. He stood before the window, looking down upon the river, with his pipe in his mouth and an unfamiliar look upon his face.

"Do you suppose that Louise knows anything?" he asked at length.

"I should think not," she replied. "It is for you to tell her. I rang up the prince's house while you were in the bathroom. They say that he has a broken rib and some bad cuts, sustained in a motor accident last night, but that he is in no danger. There was nothing about the affair in the newspapers, and the prince's servants have evidently been instructed to give this account to inquirers."

A gleam of interest shone in John's face.

"By the bye," he remarked, "the prince is a Frenchman. He will very likely expect me to fight with him."

"No hope of that, my belligerent friend," Sophy declared, with an attempt at a smile. "The prince knows that he is in England. He would not be guilty of such an anachronism. Besides, he is a person of wonderfully well-balanced mind. When he is himself again, he will realize that what happened to him is exactly what he asked for."

John took up his hat and gloves. He glanced at the clock—it was a little past eleven.

"I am ready," he announced. "Let me drive you home first."

His motor was waiting at the door, and he left Sophy at her rooms. Before she got out, she held his arm for a moment.

"John," she said, "remember that Louise is very high-strung and very sensitive. Be careful!"

"There is only one thing to do on my way," he answered. "There is only one way in which I can do it."

He drove the car down Piccadilly like a man in a dream, steering as carefully as usual through the traffic, and glancing every now and then with unseeing eyes at the streams of people upon the pavements. Finally he came to a standstill before Louise's house and stopped the engine with deliberate care. Then he rang the bell, and was shown into her little drawing-room, which seemed to have become a perfect bower of pink and white lilac.

He sat waiting as if in a dream, unable to decide upon his words, unable even to sift his thoughts. The one purpose with which he had come, the one question he designed to ask, was burning in his brain. The minutes of her absence seemed tragically long.

Then at last the door opened and Louise entered. She came toward him with a little welcoming smile upon her lips. Her manner was gay, almost affectionate.

"Have you come to take me for a ride before lunch?" she asked. "Do you know, I think that I should really like it! We might lunch at Ranelagh on our way home."

The words stuck in his throat. From where she was, she saw the writing on his face. She stopped short.

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"Ever since I knew you," he said slowly, "there have been odd moments when I have lived in torture. During the last fortnight, those moments have become hours. Last night the end came."

"Are you mad, John?" she demanded.

"Perhaps," he replied. "Listen. When I left you last night, I went to the club in Adelphi Terrace. There was a well-known critic there, comparing you and Latrobe. On the whole he favored you, but he gave Latrobe the first place in certain parts. Latrobe, he said, had had more experience in life. She had had a dozen lovers—you, only one!"

She winced. The glad freshness seemed suddenly to fade from her face. Her eyes became strained.

"Well?"

"I found Graillet. I cornered him. I asked him for the truth about you. He put me off with an evasion. I came down here and looked at your window. It was three o'clock in the morning. I dared not come in. A very demon of unrest was in my blood. I stopped at the tight club on my way back. Sophy was there. I asked her plainly to put me out of my agony. She was like Graillet. She fenced with me. And then—the prince came!"

"The prince was there?" she faltered.

"He came up to the table where Sophy and I were sitting. I think I was half mad. I poured him a glass of wine. I told him that you had prom-

ised to become my wife. He raised his glass—I can see him now. He told me, with a smile, that it was the anniversary of the day on which you promised to become his—!"

Louise shrank back.

"He told you that?"

"John was on his feet. The fever was blazing once more."

"He told me that, face to face?"

"And you?"

"If we had been alone," John answered simply, "I should have killed him. I drove the words down his throat. I threw him back to the place he had left, and hurt him rather badly. I'm afraid. Sophy took me home somehow, and now I am here."

She leaned a little forward on the couch. She looked into his face searchingly, anxiously, as if looking for something she could not find. His lips were set in hard, cold lines. The likeness to Stephen had never been more apparent.

"Listen!" she said. "You are a Puritan. While I admire the splendid self-restraint evolved from your creed, it is partly temperamental, isn't it? I was brought up to see things differently, and I do see them differently. Tell me, do you love me?"

"Love you?" he repeated. "You know it! Could I suffer the tortures of the damned if I didn't? Could I come to you with a man's blood upon my hands if I didn't? If the prince lives, it is simply the accident of fate. I tell you that if we had been alone I should have driven the breath out of his body. Love you?"

He rose slowly to her feet. She leaned with her elbow upon the mantelpiece, and her face was hidden for a moment.

"Let me think!" she said. "I don't know what to say to you. I don't know you, John. There isn't anything left of the John I loved. Let me look again!"

She swung around.

"You speak of love," she went on suddenly. "Do you know what it is? Do you know that love reaches to the heavens, and can also touch the nethermost depths of hell? If I throw myself on your knees before you now, if I link my fingers around your neck, if I whisper to you that in the days that were past before you came I had done things I would fain forget, if I told you that from henceforth every second of my life was yours, that my heart beat with yours by day and by night, that I had no other thought, no other dream, than to stay by your side, to see you happy, to give all there was of myself into your keeping, to keep it holy and sacred for you—John, what then?"

Never a line in his face softened. He looked at her a moment as he had looked at the woman in Piccadilly, into whose hand he had dropped gold.

"Are you going to tell me that it is the truth?" he asked hoarsely.

"Think for a single moment of that feeling which you call love, John!" she pleaded. "Listen! I love you. It has come to me at last, after all these

years. It lives in my heart, a greater thing than my ambition, a greater thing than my success, a greater thing than life itself. I love you, John! Can't you feel, don't you know, that nothing else in life can matter?"

Not a line in his face softened. His teeth had come together. He was like a man upon the rack.

"It is true? It is true, then?" he demanded.

She looked at him without any reply. The seconds seemed drawn out to an interminable period. He heard the rolling of the motorbuses in the street. Once more the perfume of the lilac seemed to choke him. Then she leaned back and touched the bell.

"The prince spoke the truth," she said. "I think you had better go!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Before the wide-fung window of her attic bedchamber, Sophy Gerard was crouching with her face turned westward. She had abandoned all effort to sleep. The one thought that was

beating in her brain was too insistent, too clamorous. Somewhere beyond that tangled mass of chimneys and telegraph poles, somewhere on the other side of the gray haze which hung about the myriad roofs, John and Louise were working out their destiny, speaking at last the naked truth to each other.

She started suddenly back into the room. There was a knocking at the door, something quite different from her landlady's summons. She wrapped her dressing-gown around her, pulled the curtains around the little bed on which she had striven to rest, and moved toward the door. She turned the handle softly.

"Who is that?" she asked.

John almost pushed his way past her. She closed the door with nerveless fingers. Her eyes sought his face. Her lips were parted. She clung to the back of the chair.

"You have seen Louise?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"I have seen Louise," he answered. "It is all over!"

She looked a little helplessly around her. Then she selected the one chair in the tiny apartment that was likely to hold him, and led him to it.

"Please sit down," she begged, "and tell me about it. You mustn't despair, like this all at once. I wonder if I could help!"

"No one can help," he told her grimly. "It's all finished and done with. I would rather not talk any more about it. I didn't come here to talk about it. I came to see you. So this is where you live!"

He looked around him, and for a moment he almost forgot the pain which was gnawing at his heart. It was such a simple, plainly furnished little room, so clean, so neat, so pathetically eloquent of poverty. She drew closer to the little chintz-covered bed, and came and sat down by his side.

She clasped her hands tighter around his arm. Her eyes sought his anxiously.

"But you mustn't climb down, John," she insisted. "You are so much nicer where you are, so much too good for the silly, ugly things. You must fight this in your own way, fight it according to your own standards. You are too good to come down—"

"Am I too good for you, Sophy?"

She looked at him, and her whole face seemed to soften. The light in her blue eyes was sweet and wistful. A bewildering little smile curled her lips.

"Don't be stupid!" she begged. "A few minutes ago I was looking out of my window and thinking what a poor little morsel of humanity I am, and what a useless, drifting life I have led. But that's foolish. Come now! What I want to persuade you to do is to go back to Cumberland for a time, and try hard—very hard indeed—to realize what it means to be a woman like Louise, with her temperament, her intense intellectual curiosity, her charm. Nothing could make Louise different from what she is—a dear, sweet woman and a great artist. And, John, I believe she loves you!"

His face remained undisturbed even by the flicker of an eyelid.

"Sophy," he said, "I have decided to go abroad. Will you come with me?"

She sat quite still. Again her face was momentarily transformed. All its pallor and fatigue seemed to have vanished. Her head had fallen a little back. She was looking through the ceiling into heaven. Then the light died away almost as quickly as it had come. Her lips shook tremulously.

"You know you don't mean it, John! You wouldn't take me. And if you did, you'd hate me afterward—you'd want to send me back!"

He suddenly drew her to him, his arm went around her waist. She had lost all power of resistance. For the first time in his life of his own deliberate accord, he kissed her—feverishly, almost roughly.

"Sophy," he declared, "I have been a fool! I have come an awful cropper, but I must help me with what's left. I am going to start afresh. I am going to get rid of some of these ideas of mine which have brought me nothing but misery and disappointment. I don't want to live up to them any longer. I want to just forget them. I want to live as other men live—just the simple, ordinary life. Come with me! I'll take you to the places we've talked about together. I am always happy and contented with you. Let's try it!"

Her arms stole around his neck.

"John," she whispered, hiding her face for a moment. "What can I say? What could any poor, weak little creature like me say? You know I am fond of you—I haven't had the pride, even, to conceal it!"

He stood up, held her face for a moment between his hands, and kissed her forehead.

"Then that's all settled," he declared. "I am going back to my rooms now. I want you to come and dine with me there tonight, at eight o'clock."

Her eyes sought his, pleaded with them, searched them.

"You are sure, John?" she asked, her

voice a little broken. "You want me really? I am to come?"

"I am sure," he answered steadfastly. "I shall expect you at eight o'clock!"

John went back to his rooms fighting all the time against a sense of uneasiness, a sense almost of lost identity. He bought an evening newspaper and read it on the way. He talked to the hall porter, he talked to a neighbor with whom he ascended in the lift—he did everything except think.

In his rooms he telephoned to the restaurant for a waiter, and with the menu in his hand, a few minutes later, he ordered dinner. Then he glanced at his watch—it was barely seven o'clock. He went down to the barber shop, was shaved and had his hair cut, encouraging the barber all the while to talk to him. He gave his hands over to a manicure, and did his best to talk nonsense to her. Then he came upstairs again, changed his clothes with great care, and went into his little sitting room.

It was five minutes to eight, and dinner had been laid at a little round table in the center of the room. There was a bowl of pink roses—Sophy's favorite flower—sent in from the florist's; the table was lighted by a pink-shaded lamp. John went around the room, turning on the other lights, until the apartment was hung with shadows save for the little spot of color in the middle. An unopened bottle of champagne stood in an ice-pail, and two specially prepared cocktails had been placed upon the little side table. There were no more preparations to be made.

He turned impatiently away from the window and glanced at the clock. It was almost eight. He tried to imagine that the bell was ringing, that Sophy was standing there on the threshold in her simple but dainty evening dress, with a little smile parting her lips. The end of it all! He pulled down the blind. No more of the window, no more looking out at the lights, no more living in the clouds! It was time, indeed, that he lived as other men. He lifted one of the glasses to his lips and drained its contents.

Then the bell rang. He moved forward to answer its summons with beating heart. As he opened it, he received a shock. A messenger boy stood outside. He took the note which the boy handed him and tore it open under a lamp. There were only a few lines:

"John, my heart is breaking, but I know you do not mean what you said. I know it was only a moment of madness with you. I know you will love Louise all your life, and will bless me all your life because I am giving up the one thing which could make my life a paradise. I shall be in the train when you read this, on my way to Bath. I have wired my young man, as you call him, to meet me. I am going to ask him to marry me, if he will, next week."

Good-by! I give you no advice. Some day I think that life will right itself with you.

SOPHY.

The letter dropped upon the table. John stood for a moment dazed. Suddenly he began to laugh. Then he remembered the messenger boy, gave him half a crown, and closed the door. He came back into the room and took his place at the table. He looked at the empty chair by his side, looked at the full glass on the sideboard. It seemed to him that he was past all sensations. The waiter came in silently.

"You can serve the dinner," John ordered, shaking out his napkin. "Open the champagne before you go."

"You will be alone, sir?" the man inquired.

"I shall be alone," John answered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a room of silence, save for the hissing of the green logs that burned on the open hearth, and for the slow movements of Jennings as he cleared the table. Straight and grim in his chair, with the newspaper by his side, Stephen Strangeway sat smoking stolidly. Opposite to him, almost as grim, equally silent, sat John.

"Things were quiet at Market Ketto today, then, John?" Stephen asked at last.

"There was nothing doing," was the brief reply.

That, for the space of a quarter of an hour or so, was the sole attempt at conversation between the two brothers. Then Jennings appeared with a decanter of wine and two glasses, which he reverently filled. Stephen held his up to the light and looked at it critically. John's remained by his side, unnoticed.

"A glass for yourself, Jennings," Stephen ordered.

"I thank ye kindly, sir," the old man replied.

He fetched a glass from the sideboard, filled it, and held it respectfully before him.

"It's the old toast," Stephen said grimly. "You know it!"

"Aye, Master Stephen!" the servant assented. "We've drunk it together for many a long year. I give it ye now with all my heart—confusion to all women!"

They both glanced at John, who

showed no signs of movement. Then they drank together, the older man and his servant. Still John never moved. Jennings drained his glass, placed the decanter by his master's side, and withdrew.

"So the poison's still there, brother?" Stephen asked.

"And will be so long as I live," John confessed gloomily. "For all that, I'll not drink your toast."

"Why not?"

"There was a little girl—you saw her when you were in London. She is married now, but I think of her sometimes; and when I do, you and old Jennings seem to me like a couple of blithering idiots cursing things too wonderful for you to understand."

Stephen made no protest. For a time he smoked in silence. Curiously enough, as they sat together, some of the grim fierceness seemed to have passed from his expression and settled upon John. More than once, as he looked across at his younger brother, it almost seemed as if there was something of self-reproach in his questioning look.

"You dined at the ordinary in Market Ketto?" Stephen asked at last.

"I did."

"Then you heard the news?"

"Who could help it?" John muttered. "There wasn't much else talked about."

"Balliff Henderson has been over here," Stephen went on. "There's a small army of painters and decorators coming down to the castle next week. You saw the announcement of the wedding in the morning Post, maybe?"

John assented without words. Stephen smoked vigorously for a few moments. Every now and then he glanced across to where John was sitting. Once again the uneasiness was in his eyes, an uneasiness which was almost self-reproach.

John moved a little restlessly in his chair.

"Let's drop it, Stephen," he begged. "We both know the facts. She is going to marry him, and that's the end of it. Fill your glass up again. Here's mine untouched. I'll drink your toast with you, if you'll leave out the little girl who was kind to me. I'll give it to you myself—confusion to all women!"

"Confusion to—" Stephen began. "What on earth is that?"

They both heard it at the same time—the faint beating of a motor engine in the distance. John set down his glass. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"There are more cars passing along the road now than in the old days," he muttered; "but that's a queer sound. It reminds one—good heavens, how it reminds one!"

There was a look of agony in his face for a moment. Then once more he raised his glass to his lips.

"It's passed out of hearing," Stephen said. "It's someone on the way to the castle, maybe."

Still their glasses remained suspended in mid-air. The little garden gate had opened and closed with a cack; there were footsteps upon the flinty walk.

"It's someone coming here!" John cried hoarsely. "Why can't they keep away? It's two years ago this week since I brought her up the drive and you met us at the front door. Two years ago, Stephen! Who can it be?"

They heard the front door open, they heard Jennings' voice raised in unusual and indignant protest. Then their own door was suddenly flung wide, and a miracle happened. John's glass slipped from his fingers, and the wine streamed out across the carpet. He shrank back, gripping at the tablecloth. Stephen turned his head, and sat as if turned to stone.

"John," she faltered, "it isn't the car this time—it is I who have broken down! I cannot go on. I have no pride left. I have come to you. Will you help me?"

He found himself upon his feet. Stephen, too, had arisen. She stood between the two men, and glanced from one to the other. Then she looked more closely into John's face, peering forward with a little start of pain, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"John," she cried, "forgive me! You were so cruel that morning, and you seemed to understand so little. Don't you really understand, even now? Have you ever known the truth, I wonder?"

"The truth!" he echoed hoarsely. "Don't we all know that? Don't we all know that he is to give you your rights, that you are coming?"

"Stop!" she ordered him.

He obeyed, and for a moment there was silence—a tense, strained silence.

"John," she continued at last, "I have no rights to receive from the prince of Seyra. He owes me nothing. Listen! Always we have seen life differently, you and I. To me there is only one great thing, and that is love; and beyond that nothing counts. I tried to love the prince before you came, and I thought I did, and I promised him at last, because I believed that he loved me and that I loved him."

They both glanced at John, who

showed no signs of movement. Then they drank together, the older man and his servant. Still John never moved. Jennings drained his glass, placed the decanter by his master's side, and withdrew.

"So the poison's still there, brother?" Stephen asked.

"And will be so long as I live," John confessed gloomily. "For all that, I'll not drink your toast."

"Why not?"

"There was a little girl—you saw her when you were in London. She is married now, but I think of her sometimes; and when I do, you and old Jennings seem to me like a couple of blithering idiots cursing things too wonderful for you to understand."

Stephen made no protest. For a time he smoked in silence. Curiously enough, as they sat together, some of the grim fierceness seemed to have passed from his expression and settled upon John. More than once, as he looked across at his younger brother, it almost seemed as if there was something of self-reproach in his questioning look.

"You dined at the ordinary in Market Ketto?" Stephen asked at last.

"I did."

"Then you heard the news?"

"Who could help it?" John muttered. "There wasn't much else talked about."

"Balliff Henderson has been over here," Stephen went on. "There's a small army of painters and decorators coming down to the castle next week. You saw the announcement of the wedding in the morning Post, maybe?"

John assented without words. Stephen smoked vigorously for a few moments. Every now and then he glanced across to where John was sitting. Once again the uneasiness was in his eyes, an uneasiness which was almost self-reproach.

John moved a little restlessly in his chair.

"Let's drop it, Stephen," he begged. "We both know the facts. She is going to marry him, and that's the end of it. Fill your glass up again. Here's mine untouched. I'll drink your toast with you, if you'll leave out the little girl who was kind to me. I'll give it to you myself—confusion to all women!"

"Confusion to—" Stephen began. "What on earth is that?"

They both heard it at the same time—the faint beating of a motor engine in the distance. John set down his glass. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"There are more cars passing along the road now than in the old days," he muttered; "but that's a queer sound. It reminds one—good heavens, how it reminds one!"

There was a look of agony in his face for a moment. Then once more he raised his glass to his lips.

"It's passed out of hearing," Stephen said. "It's someone on the way to the castle, maybe."

Still their glasses remained suspended in mid-air. The little garden gate had opened and closed with a cack; there were footsteps upon the flinty walk.

"It's someone coming here!" John cried hoarsely. "Why can't they keep away? It's two years ago this week since I brought her up the drive and you met us at the front door. Two years ago, Stephen! Who can it be?"

They heard the front door open, they heard Jennings' voice raised in unusual and indignant protest. Then their own door was suddenly flung wide, and a miracle happened. John's glass slipped from his fingers, and the wine streamed out across the carpet. He shrank back, gripping at the tablecloth. Stephen turned his head, and sat as if turned to stone.

"John," she faltered, "it isn't the car this time—it is I who have broken down! I cannot go on. I have no pride left. I have come to you. Will you help me?"

He found himself upon his feet. Stephen, too, had arisen. She stood between the two men, and glanced from one to the other. Then she looked more closely into John's face, peering forward with a little start of pain, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"John," she cried, "forgive me! You were so cruel that morning, and you seemed to understand so little. Don't you really understand, even now? Have you ever known the truth, I wonder?"

"The truth!" he echoed hoarsely. "Don't we all know that? Don't we all know that he is to give you your rights, that you are coming?"

"Stop!" she ordered him.

He obeyed, and for a moment there was silence—a tense, strained silence.

"John," she continued at last, "I have no rights to receive from the prince of Seyra. He owes me nothing. Listen! Always we have seen life differently, you and I. To me there is only one great thing, and that is love; and beyond that nothing counts. I tried to love the prince before you came, and I thought I did, and I promised him at last, because I believed that he loved me and that I loved him."

They both glanced at John, who

showed no signs of movement. Then they drank together, the older man and his servant. Still John never moved. Jennings drained his glass, placed the decanter by his master's side, and withdrew.

"So the poison's still there, brother?" Stephen asked.

"And will be so long as I live," John confessed gloomily. "For all that, I'll not drink your toast."

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Emma Burrows was a Northville caller Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Ashley visited relatives in Ann Arbor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dingman of Owosso are visiting friends here.

Mrs. Mary Hunt of Detroit has been a guest of Mrs. Ardella Brooks this week.

Miss Edith Mead returned last week from an extended visit in New York state.

Miss Blanche Clark is home from Detroit to spend the week with her parents.

Geo. W. Albertson of Flint was visiting at the home of Geo. Johnston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power and Mrs. Kingsley of Milford were in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ida McBride returned Saturday from a ten days' visit with her son in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood of Detroit were entertained at the Dr. Hall home for the week-end.

E. K. Starkweather arrived at his home here Sunday from his extended trip through the west.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Barnhart of Grand Rapids have been in town for the past week or two.

Mrs. M. Webber of Detroit was a visitor Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Waid.

G. A. R. veterans and former residents Andrew Houk Morris Nichols, Clare Brigham were out from Detroit

Wednesday to enjoy "Old Soldiers' day" at the Northville fair.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon, with Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Wixom, visited relatives at Birmingham last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franklin and baby son of Detroit have been in town this week to attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Boyden and little daughter were over-Sunday visitors at Mrs. Boyden's parental home.

Jesse Clark and family are among the former Northville people who were here from Detroit to attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen of Orion have been among the former Northville people to attend the fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Earl and family have returned to their home at Hemlock after spending a week with Mrs. Sonnenburg.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Miller and son of Detroit were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Miller's brother, J. W. Perkins and family.

Mrs. Charles Finch and little daughter, Lulu, of Milan spent Sunday with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Charter, Sr.

Bert Clark and Glen Basely of Detroit were week-end visitors at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Clark.

Mrs. Arthur Johns of Walled Lake and Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sprague of Belleville spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Northville friends.

Miss Florence Hussey took a motor trip to Lansing and Dewitt Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Martin and Judd

Furman of Wixom and Elmer Johnson and wife of Kalamazoo.

George Oswald of San Antonio, Texas, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Fred Wilcox and family for a few days.

Fred Fenn was still another ex-Northvillian who was on hand for the Northville Wayne County fair. A lot of his friends here would have considered the occasion incomplete without him.

Mrs. H. B. Shepson and Mrs. Minnie VanCourt who have been visiting friends in Northville and other Michigan points for the past few weeks, left for their home at Interlaken, N. Y. Thursday.

H. A. DesAutels was surprised Tuesday by a visit from his brother, George B. DesAutels and the latter's son, James, who has been called to the colors and is to leave for Camp Custer October 3.

Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Noble were Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Rounds and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rounds of Detroit, Mrs. Sprague of Owosso and Elliott Sprague and wife of Farmington.

E. H. Lapham left Saturday morning for Atlantic City, N. J. to attend the meeting of the American Bankers' association. Mr. Lapham will visit friends at Boston and Fall River, Mass. before returning home.

E. M. Starkweather has returned from a two weeks' business trip to Portland, Oregon, coming back by way of Denver for his father, E. K. Starkweather, who spent the summer in Colorado with his son, Royal.

J. H. Herbenier, of the J. H. Herbenier and son Cotton Products Co. of Atlanta, Ga. was in town last week, calling on old friends. Mr. Herbenier was the popular and brilliant young

WEITZMAN'S

QUALITY STORE

DOWN GO THE PRICES--MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Peerless Flour,	=	\$1.45
Stott's Fancy Flour	\$1.48	
16 oz. Snyder's Tomato Soup,	2 for	25c
Campbell's Assorted Soups,	2 for	25c
1 Qt Olives,	30c value,	= 25c
Cooking Apples,	Qt.	= 5c
Best Can Molasses,	=	13c
Fresh Seeded Raisins, pkg.,	=	11c
40c Value Coffee, pound,	=	27c
50c Ceylon Green Tea, pound,	=	37c
3 cans Salmon for	=	50c
Special, 4 cans Pork and Beans	=	50c
Good Oleomargarine,	28c	
Kerosene Oil, gallon,	12c	
Corn Flakes, package,	8c	
6 rolls Toilet Paper,	25c	
Soaps,	6 bars for	27c
Ginger Snaps,	1 lb.	12c
Spotless Cleanser,	6 for	25c
Blue Tip Matches,	box,	5c

PRICES GOOD FOR ALL NEXT WEEK

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC
tobacco—Blended



"They please the taste great! But also—"

If a cigarette simply pleased the taste, smokers used to let it go at that. But not now.

Because Chesterfields give smokers not only a taste that they like, but also a new kind of smoking-enjoyment—

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

Yet, they're MILD!

The new blend of pure, natural Imported and Domestic tobacco—that tells the story. And the blend can't be copied—don't forget that!

Ask for Chesterfields—next time you buy.

Wrapped in glassine paper—keeps them fresh.

20 for 10¢

"They Satisfy"—and yet they're Mild!

pastor of the Presbyterian Church here 20 years ago, but, withdrew from the ministry soon after leaving Northville, to take up a business career.

Judge Command, Probate Court Clerk C. C. Chadwick and Mr. Henry of Detroit were in town Thursday to attend the fair and were callers at the Record office.

Mrs. Phila Hamilton entertained the following ladies last week at a house party at her farm home northwest of town: Mrs. Lavinia Parmenter of Scottsville, Mrs. Sarah Eastwell of Detroit and Mrs. Cornelia Parmenter of Walled Lake. The combined ages of the hostess and guests was 306 years the youngest being 72 and the oldest 82.

RESOLUTION.

The following resolution was passed by the Village Council at a special meeting September 24, 1917.

WHEREAS Death has entered the home of Mr. Hotaling, our brother-member of the Council of Northville and taken from us in the morning of life, his young and beloved son, Ward, and,

WHEREAS, It is the earnest and heartfelt desire of his fellow-members to show in so far as words can show their sympathy and sorrow for him and his family in this, their great affliction.

RESOLVED, therefore, That we mourn and sorrow with him and his family in their bereavement.

Be it further Resolved, That our love and sympathy is hereby feelingly and sincerely given to him and his family in this their great loss.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family, and also spread upon the records of the Council, and a copy printed in the Northville Record.

CHARLES FILKINS,
CHAS. VAN VALKENBURG,
JOE MONTGOMERY,
A. C. BALDEN,
M. F. STANLEY,
OTIS TEWKSBURY,
T. E. MURDOCK,
Councilmen.

Northville, Sept. 24, 1917.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD W. WOOD, also known as EDDIE WOOD, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the 2nd floor of Penobscot Bldg., Michigan F. & M. Ins. Co., Detroit, Mich., in said county, on Monday, the 19th day of November A. D. 1917, and on Saturday, the 19th day of January A. D. 1918, at 11:30 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 19th day of September A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, Sept. 19, 1917.

HAROLD E. TURNER,
GEO. R. WOLFENDEN,
Commissioners.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

Why, the "sale" stores themselves blithely 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.

Nature's Great Hoodoo Temple.

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

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, Ia., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Simply Solved.

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

Flowers in the Soul.

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

One or the Other.

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

Aome of High Art.

"What were those rare plaques I noticed on your dining-room plate rail?" "My wife's first pies, sir."—American Cookery.

VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

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

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

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

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of William Phillips, Beal avenue, Northville, Mich. in said county, on Tuesday, the 13th day of November A. D. 1917, and on Saturday, the 12th day of January, A. D. 1918, at 9 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 13th day of September A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated September 13, 1917.

WM. MACOMBER,
WM. PHILLIPS,
Commissioners.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.