

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 17.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1917

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

DRESS GOODS and SILKS

All Wool Serges, all shades, at prices that cannot be duplicated after present stock is exhausted. If you have a dress to buy this winter, "do it now," you will save money.

Silk and Wool-Poplins, "Gilt Edge Cloths" None better. All Shades.

36-inch Dress Silks—a complete line of Colorings.

We are Sellers of Corticelli Dress Silks, Nationally Advertised. Read about them in your current magazines.

Men's and Women's Outing Gowns, Lowell made. The kind that contain as much material as you would put in if you were making them yourself.

Cretones and Fancy Art Goods, for bags. Corticelli Yarn for soldier's wear

Frequent arrivals of Silk Waists keeps something new continually on our racks. If you saw our Waists last week, you are not familiar with our line to-day.

Nemo Corsets.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

Rubber Goods Week

Commencing Friday, November 16, and continuing for one week, we will make special prices on all our rubber goods. If you purchase during this week you will save real money and plenty of it. Our corner window will be filled with the goods. The Largest Stock we have held in the history of our business. Look them over.

Hot Water Bottles, Ice Bags,
Fountain Syringes,
Combination Bottles & Syringes,
Syringe Attachment for Hot Water
Bottles, Etc.

Buy them now for use later and save money.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE

ON THE CORNER.

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

GOODRICH HI-PRESS RUBBERS

Owing to a Shortage in the Rubber market, we are able to secure only a limited supply of these Famous Rubbers, and after these are sold we may not be able to procure another supply. Better buy now while the present stock lasts. Prices are sure to advance.

CARRINGTON & SON

SHOES AND RUBBERS. NORTHVILLE

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

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

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

Ambler, Roy—Somewhere in France.
Barber, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E 16th
Eng., Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
Barber, Jack—Motor Dept.
Couch, John—Marines, France.
Carrington, Thos.—Officers' Reserve,
Ft. Sheridan.
Cram, Chester—Infantry, Camp Custer
Dubuar, Jamie—10th American Ex-
peditionary Forces.
Desautels, Raymond—Sergt. Aviation
Corps, San Antonio, Texas.
Ely, Tracy—Infantry, Camp Meade,
Maryland.
Fox, Walter—Waco, Texas.
Green, Lloyd—Co. E, 120 U. S. M. G.,
Battalion, Waco, Texas.
Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn,
via N. Y.
Garfield, Truman—Signal Corps, Col-
umbus, Ohio.
Henry, Thomas E.—Capt. Hospital
Unit, Camp Custer.
Hayner, Charles—Motor Department.
Hinchman, Harvey.
Jackson, Elmer—Sergeant, Motor Dept.
Jordan, Clayton—Inf. Camp Custer.
Johnson, Jesse—Ft. Waco, Texas.
Jones, William—Camp Custer.
Johnson, Edward—Signal Corps, Col-
umbus, O.
Lanning, Chas. D.—Navy, Battleship
Michigan, N. Y.
Murphy, C. F.—Officers' Reserve, Ft.
Sheridan, Battery No. 4, 2nd F. F. R.
Montgomery, Earl—Eng. Camp Custer.
Morgan, Guy—Eng. Camp Custer.
Miles, Elbridge—Aviation Corps, Camp
Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J.
Perkins, Peter L.—Eng. Columbus, O.
Raymond, Fred—Marines.
Ryder, Ralph—Inf. Ft. Waco, Texas.
Roche, Barney—Co. E 16th Eng. Am.
Exped. Forces, via N. Y.
Roche, James—Co. E 16th Eng. Am.
Exped. Forces, via N. Y.
Rutherford, Theodore, Inf., Ft. Waco,
Texas.
Simmons, George—Inf. Camp Custer.
Sallow, Ed—Inf. Camp Custer.
Schultz, Chas—Inf. Camp Custer.
Stage, L. D.—Co. F 310 Eng. Camp
Custer.
Simpson, Fay—Eng. Columbus, O.
Stewart, Russell—Eng. Camp Meade,
Maryland.
Williams, Paul—Rainbow Division.
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, 119th
Field Artillery Waco, Texas.

The name of Lloyd Green, one of the first Northville boys to offer his services to his country, has been called to the attention of the Record and duly added to the honor roll

A letter received from Jamie Dubuar of the Tenth Engineers, A. E. F., from an indefinite location, abroad, states that he is well and recovering from the nervous strain of the voyage across the ocean, during which all sorts of rumors were encountered (and probably other things not permitted to be told). It was even rumored that "the 10th Engineers were lost" but the latter story did not cause much uneasiness, obviously

Jasper R. Elliott, a former Northville boy, is now serving his country on the U. S. Battleship Oklahoma, having re-enlisted after a term of service in the marines. He is a grandson of a civil war veteran, the late Jasper N. Elliott, of this place, and was born in Northville.

IN BUSINESS HERE TWENTY-FOUR YEARS

J. H. STEERS SELLS HARDWARE STOCK AFTER ABOUT A QUARTER-CENTURY IN THAT BUSINESS HERE.

Still another business "revolution" is taking place in Northville, and one more of our long-time dealers vacates his accustomed place in the business world of our little community, J. H. Steers having sold his hardware stock to the New York Auction Co., which will immediately dispose of the big assortment of hardware supplies carried by Mr. Steers. It has long been an axiom in the village that any article that could not be found anywhere else could always be discovered at the Steers store, if possible to be classed, even by a very liberal construction, in his line of supplies. Mr. Steers, in his business life of approximately a quarter of a century in Northville, has won an enviable place in the estimation of the public for integrity and fair dealing, and withdraws from the cares of his large business with the respect of a wide acquaintance-ship.

We are informed that Fred W. Lyke is to move from his present somewhat restricted quarters to the store which Mr. Steers vacates.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The O. C. Lumber Co.
Wm. E. Abrams.
Mrs. Frank D. Nicol, (2).

RED CROSS.

An appeal is sent out for more sewing machines at the school building headquarters. If any lady can loan one, it will be greatly appreciated.

All knitters of socks are requested to meet Mrs. Kittle Harmon at the school building next Tuesday afternoon, November 20. Some slight changes in the directions are needed, which will be explained at that time.

CHORUS TO BE ORGANIZED.

A community Chorus will be organized at the High School building Monday evening, Nov. 19 at 7:30. We believe that everyone likes to sing, and hope that many will join with us. This chorus is open to everyone. There is no charge. If is not necessary to understand music nor to be a good singer.

A NEW RULING.

Postmaster Tinham requests the Record to state that under a new ruling all persons shipping packages to soldiers or other friends across the ocean must submit the contents for inspection at the post-office before mailing. Also every parcel sent must be enclosed in either a tin or a wooden box.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT.

See "Ben Blair" at the Alseum theatre next Monday evening, Nov. 19 for the benefit of the "Farther Lights" class of the Baptist church. Admission, 15c.

AUCTION SALE.

This coming Saturday, Nov. 17, beginning at one o'clock sharp, Samuel Treat will have a sale of household goods of all kinds, including rugs, stoves, canned fruit, empty cans, dishes, etc., at the Cray house on South Center St. Auctioneer, George Rattenbury.

AUCTION SALE.

On Thursday, Nov. 22, Jay Clark is to have, on the C. A. Sessions farm on the Novi road between Northville and Novi, a sale of dairy cattle, horses, poultry, farm tools, hay, grain, and household goods. Sale will commence at 1:30 o'clock. Usual terms. Auctioneer, George Rattenbury.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—I have taken the agency for the Franco-American Toilet Goods. I will be pleased to take orders by phone and will call. Mrs. Lena Daggett, Phone 375-J. 16w2p

WANTED—To rent a low wheel chair. Apply Mrs. J. A. Dubuar, Randolph St. 16w2p

WANTED—Work. Am a mason and plasterer. Would take pay in potatoes or beans. D. S. McCoy, Horton Ave., 2nd House. 17w2p

WANTED, to Buy or Rent—A 14-in. or 16-in wood or coal heater. Phone 121. 17w1p

WANTED—Two second hand pony coats for repair work. W. B. Mosher, Phone 265-J. 15w1p.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Geese. Phone 331 R-3. 17w2c.

FOR SALE—Picked apples. Philip Wedemair, Salem, Phone 305 R-2. 17w2p.

FOR SALE—Cow and 2 heifers, 20 and 10 months old. L. B. Charter, Northville. 17w1p

FOR SALE—Hot-point vacuum sweeper, nearly new. Phone 329 R-3. 17w1p.

FOR SALE—House, barn and large lot. F. W. Wheaton. Phone 228-R. 17w1p.

FOR SALE—Top buggy and single harness. Used but short time. Mrs. J. M. Simmons. 17w2p.

FOR SALE—House and one extra lot on Walnut Ave near Center street. Electric lights, gas, soft and hard water. Harmon Shultz. 162p

TO RENT—Four furnished house-keeping rooms, on Rogers Street. Ground floor. Lights, gas, water, furnace. \$3.50 per week. Inquire at studio. C. O. Wisdom. 17tf. c.

FOR RENT—Five room house on Cady St. Electric lights and gas. Hugh Clawson. 17w1p.

FOR RENT—House on Wieg Street. Write W. J. Hally, Pontiac, Mich., Phone 1311-J. 17w2p.

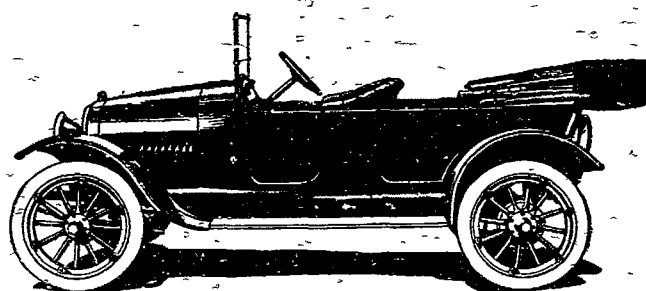
FOR RENT—The James Smith boarding house on Main street. Mostly furnished. Very easy terms. Phone 105-J. 17w1p.

FOR RENT—House. Inquire of Mrs. O. M. Lewis, Randolph St. 16w1c.

FOR RENT—Light house keeping rooms on Main street. References required. P. O. Box 276. 16w2p.

FOR RENT—7 room house. Inquire of Wm. Phillips, Northville. 16tf.

Automobile Accessories



YOU NEED THESE.

Stroock Plush Auto Robes,	\$5.50
Stroock Plush Auto Robe, (Rubber Lined,	\$6.00
Wool, full size Auto Robe,	\$5.00
Wool, full size, Fringed, Auto Robe,	\$6.00
1916 Ford Hood-Covers,	\$2.50 and \$4.00
Non-Breakable Hydrometer	\$1.25
Radiator Anti-Freeze-Solut for, gal.,	\$1.50
Denatured Alcohol, qt., 35c; gal.,	\$1.25

SEE OUR STOCK WHEN IN NEED OF SUPPLIES

For that Cold Room at home use our Perfection Oil Heater.

Black Enameled Heater,	\$4.50
Black Nickel Trimmed Heater,	\$5.50
Blue Porcelain Enameled Heater,	\$6.50

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

What will your old age be? It is up to YOU

RICH OR POOR?

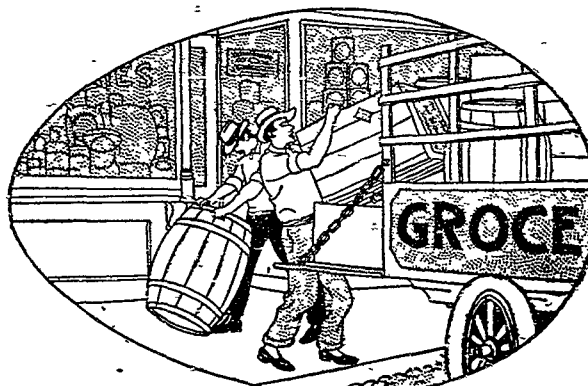
Don't get tangled in the web of debt or extravagance Bank your money!

Every old man is the ripened fruit of his younger days. A man does not grow old over-night. Age creeps upon us, and if extravagance is stealing away our money, age is stealing away our capacity for work and preparing us for a desolate old age. If you wish to be comfortable, you must begin putting away your money now, then when old age comes you can fall back upon the money you BANKED when you were younger.

Northville State Savings Bank

Northville, Michigan

At Your Service For Groceries



WHEN ordering groceries at this store you can depend on prompt and courteous service, quick deliveries, honest weight, dependable goods. Our experience in the business makes it easy for us to please you. Eggs, butter, flour, sugar, starch, canned fruits and vegetables, etc., of real class. This is the Household Headquarters.

HILLS' GROCERY, Northville.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery

Their Care and Cultivation



If You Could Achieve This Result Wouldn't a Lily Bed Be Worth Planting?

EVER TRY A LILY BED?

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

As the cold winds of winter are making doubly cheery the window garden in the sitting room, the prospects for a season of beauty in the garden next year occupies a great deal of thought and attention. If the whole garden outlook is to be changed or if only a few improvements are to be made in its outlines the winter nights are the time to develop the changes that you are going to make in your home grounds.

No really effective change has ever been made by experimenting without some planning. If you plan to make a lily bed choose a well-drained spot for them, and if possible where the flower will have a background of evergreens, shrubs or screen of living green to set off their pale beauty. A background of climbing plants is also good.

Dig the bed two feet deep and throw into the excavation rubbish tin cans, old shoes, rocks, brick bats and the like, insuring drainage, as the lily cannot stand cold, wet feet.

Enrich the soil with manure from the cow stable, worked well into the soil with sand or sifted ashes. Plant the bulbs eight to twelve inches deep, according to their size, in a pocket of sand.

Just before the cold weather sets in cover the bed with a litter of old leaves, being sure that the storms of winter will not uncover the bed. Lilies want shade during the hottest part of the day.

Lilies are easy to force if the following instructions are carried out. Select large, solid, heavy bulbs of the Bermuda lily.

Prepare soil that is light, fine and very rich, with well-rotted manure—cow manure is best. Fill a large pot half full, then press in three bulbs, allowing them to touch one another, with three inches of soil between them and the pot.

The size of the pot depends upon the size of the bulbs. The bulbs should be set in a nest of sand and surrounded with it. Then cover the bulbs with about two inches of soil and place the pots in a cool corner of the cellar, allowing the bulbs to make plenty of root growth.

In about six weeks the roots should appear plentifully outside of the ball of earth, and when this happens the pots are ready to be taken into light and warmth.

As the stalks shoot up, fill the pots with earth to within an inch of the rim of the pot.

Do not put the pots in a hot, dry

atmosphere at any time, but at first they should be kept just above freezing.

Little by little accustom them to the air of the living room.

LATE FALL AND WINTER HINTS

By BETTY PAKE.

Now is the time to pot bulbs of the "black" calla. Plant one bulb in a seven inch pot, using good rich soil. It requires water regularly.

When the ground is frozen hard enough to bear a team, haul mulch to the strawberry bed, the newly planter trees and shrubs, the borders and beds of roses, hardy perennials, etc.

If you have a bed of horse radish or other perennial you wish to get rid of, dump a load of fresh manure upon it and leave it there until later in the spring. This is a good way to destroy clumps of poison ivy.

The aspidistra is a plant that will thrive in almost semi-darkness is insect proof, does not require rich soil, and gets along if almost no attention is paid to it.

Early in December dig up a compact lilac, syringa or day lily, in fact almost any of the hardy shrubs or perennials, pot or box them, and put in a cool cellar. A month before they are wanted to bloom bring into a warm room, and give attention as regards, sunlight, water, air and ventilation. They develop fast, and give quick and ample returns for the trouble taken with them.

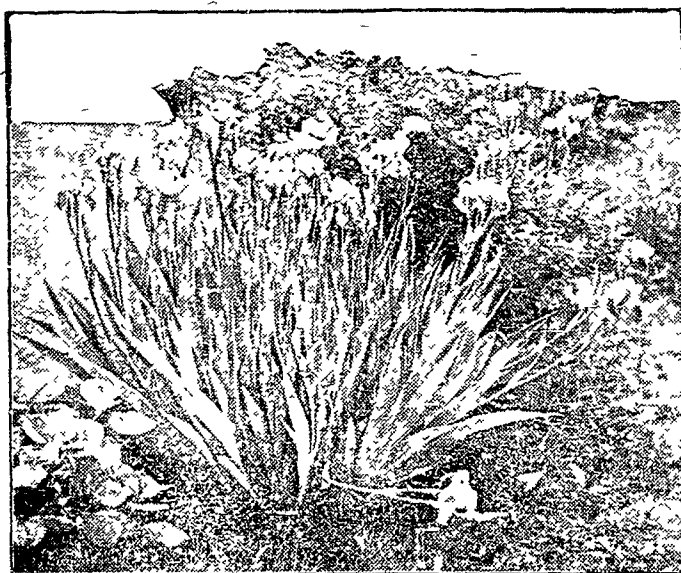
IRIS GROWS IN NORTHERN GARDENS

It is a good Northern plant. It is hardy, it blooms with wonderful profusion early in the season, and no flower of which I have any knowledge excels it in richness and range of color.

It runs through pearly white, through many shades of blue, yellow and violet, and to dark purple and maroon and in many varieties several of these colors are seen in the same flower.

The iris is the orchid of the garden. With all its richness of color it has not the least suggestion of coarseness. We have no better border plant. It is most effective when planted in large masses.

While unsurpassed for garden decoration, it is equally valuable for cutting on account of its long stalks and its habit of developing the buds after cutting.



The Iris is the Orchid of the Garden.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this page.—Adv.

Hoarding New Bread.
Old Fatwaste was a food hog. He went from shop to shop buying pounds of this and packets of that, and stored these ill gotten gains in his larder. "For a rainy day." It was a Saturday night, and a neighbor met Fatwaste emerging from a baker's shop loaded with bread to the eyebrows.

The neighbor wanted to know what the mountain of bread was for.
"Oh," said Fatwaste in a whisper, "haven't you heard that new bread mustn't be sold after today? I am just getting a stock of it in."

HEAL BABY RASHES

That Itch, Burn and Torture With Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot Cuticura Soap bath is soothing to irritated skins when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Use Cuticura for every-day toilet preparations to prevent such troubles. After this treatment baby sleeps mother rests and household follows.

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

Knew His Habits.

"Mr. Wright took me for such a nice walk yesterday evening," said a young lady to a dear friend, "I enjoyed it so much."

"Yes, I understand," remarked the other. "You went through Shortacre Wood and back through Spinney Lane?"

"We did; but how did you know that?"

"And when you rested at the stile Mr. Wright kissed you?" continued the second girl.

"Oh, that's too bad of you! You must have been watching us."

"No. The fact is that I've been for a walk with Mr. Wright myself, and so has my sister."—London Tit-Bits.

Envy.

"Gosh," said the traveling man, "but I surely envy you, those fine home-cooked meals you get every day."

"Gosh," replied the stay-at-home, "but I certainly envy you traveling men who can eat whatever you like in a hotel, while I must go up against the skinny meals that my wife thinks necessary under her food pledge."

Terse Biography.

"What's that husband of yours doing now, Mrs. Snuggs?"
"Time, mum!"

True greatness is to fulfill faithfully the duties of your station.—F. B. Meyer

Where Russia Leads.

The co-operative movement in Russia celebrated its jubilee in 1915, the first co-operative society having been sanctioned in 1865 during the great reforms when the serfs were freed and when the zemstvos—local self-government—were introduced. The movement, with a membership of 11,299,404, has reached a position which is claimed to be far ahead of that of all the countries of western Europe. Taking an average of four or five persons in a family, a member of which is also a member of a co-operative society, the number of people in Russia directly touched by the movement must be between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000.

Feminists Relieved.

Rebecca West, an Englishwoman working for the British government, writes in the New Republic: "The woman munition maker has lifted a load from the minds of feminists. For although we talked about the economic

independence of women and the injustice of paying women lower wages than men for equal work, we did not really know whether women were capable of equal work. We hoped that the inferior position occupied by women in practically every part of the industrial world except the textile trades could be explained by their lack of technical training and by the physical depression caused by underpayment and the consequent underfeeding; but we could not be certain. We are sure now. Women are good timekeepers; they can endure long hours; they can do work that requires delicacy of eye and hand; they are careless of danger; they are in every respect save that of muscular strength as useful as men."

The Greatest Proof.

She—You don't love me any more. You never buy me any candy.
He—Great heavens! Didn't I bring home a steak and give you money for a pair of shoes today? What greater proof of my love do you expect?

More than 3,000 domesticated elephants are maintained in Siam.

EXPECT EXEMPTION OF MANY

Reason Why Authorities Have Called—So Many to the Colors Is Fully Explained.

Washington, July 21.—The drawing of lots is the climax of the nation's effort to build up a great military force on the principle of universal service. After the muster role is made, only the simpler tasks of examination and exemption, mobilization and training will remain. For this work

long established rules can be followed, but in the steps taken heretofore the government has been forced to make a way of its own.

Already President Wilson formally has ordered to the colors 687,000 of the men for whom lots have been drawn and most of them will be in training by mid-September at 16 cantonments under construction throughout the country. To provide that many physically fit and without any income, exemption calling for exemption the war department will summon for examina-

Even Satan, in Medieval Paintings, Wears a Halo

Saints, in pictures, are usually represented with halos. Angels likewise. Why? Ask the next man you meet, and you will find him guessing at the reason.

Most people supposed that halos were not worn until within the 1900 year or so. But that isn't true.

Roman emperors and even consuls were pictured with halos long before the birth of Christ. And if history tells of them truly, they were neither saints nor angels.

The halo was originally a pagan symbol of power. Thus it is not very surprising to find Satan represented, in medieval paintings, with a halo.

In that period it was customary to depict living personages of great authority with square halos.

Unpleasant Reminder.

Ethel—Jack proposed to me so beautifully.
Maud—But look how long he's been at it.

FATE PURSUED THIS TOMMY

Nearly Spent Bullet Goes Through Hole Made in His Helmet by German Sniper.

James Dickinson, a convalescent Canadian soldier, in a letter to a friend, tells this story of the great war:

During a lull in the battle of the Marne one of the Canadian troops took off his steel helmet, and, placing it on the end of his rifle, held it so that about half of it protruded above the top of the trench. A German sniper, observing it, at once shot at it, and the ball, striking it squarely, pierced the steel, going out the other side. The "Tommy" laughingly showed it to his comrades and placed it back on his head.

Fifteen minutes later the order came to "go over the top," and this same "Tommy" was among the first. He was also among the first to fall, mortally wounded.

It was discovered at the dressing station that he had been struck by a nearly spent bullet that had gone through one of the holes that he had so recently shown his fellow soldiers in laughter.

All There.

"Good heavens! The star has forgotten his haes."

"Oh, well, the leading lady hasn't forgotten her lines. That gown she's wearing sets off her figure to perfection."

Unsubstantial Returns.

"Did you raise anything on your promise to pay?"
"Oh, yes; I raised a smile."

No fight is ever over until one side is to quit.

HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Pigskin is Wanted.

Pigskin's value for a number of purposes is well recognized. And it is employed to a limited extent, but not as a staple leather. Shoe manufacturers, however, are said to be seeking ways to utilize it in their business, and doubtless they would employ great quantities of it in place of cowhide and calfskin, but for its scarcity.

That swine could be made a potential supply of leather is indicated by the United States department of agriculture's estimate that there are upwards of 70,000,000 of these animals on American farms today. Yet the output of pigskin leather is negligible. Federal statistics show that at only seven of the principal stock yards of the country last year more than 22,000,000 hogs were marketed. Yet all of that pigskin was wasted.

Horried.

A man who is given to doing "odd jobs" about his house was very proud of a bit of painting he had accomplished.

About midnight following the completion of the outside of the house he was awakened by a noise. Creeping to the window, he looked out, and, to his horror, saw a burglar climbing up a ladder to the second-story window.

"Look out there!" yelled the householder to the burglar. "Look out for the paint!"

Lincoln, Neb., university has 4,000 enrolled students.

Many Bibles Used.

Two million copies of the Scriptures have been placed in the hands of Chinese during the year, according to the report of the National Bible Society of Scotland. The report states that in Japan, also, the circulation had been increased, and consignments of the Scriptures had been sent to France for the use of the labor battalions with the British troops. It was reported that the revised Japanese Bible had been completed and was in course of printing, and it was hoped that it would be in circulation by the end of the year. The revised Mandarin Bible, on which United States and British scholars and Chinese literary men had been working, would be completed by the end of the year. The field for its circulation was a very wide one, as it was estimated there were 300,000,000 people who spoke the Mandarin dialect.

Insurance in Australia.

State insurance in Australia shows gratifying results. It has been found possible to pay a bonus of 10 per cent on ordinary policies, and to make other concessions. Reserves are being built up and expenses met. This remarkable success is attributed to the very low expense ratio of the office, which is about 12 per cent of the net premium income.

Most amateur photographers prove conclusively that truth is stranger than fiction.

Drink as many Cups as you like!

If you're fond of coffee's flavor, but find that you must stop its use because of sleeplessness or some other inconvenience, suppose you try

Instant Postum

Many of your friends and neighbors are using this delicious cereal beverage, for it answers every purpose as a table drink perfectly.

There's no harm in Postum—just the healthful richness of the field grains.

Best of all, everyone can drink it—children and grown-ups—as many cups as they like.

Made in America. Sold by Grocers—No increase in price.

50-cup Tin 30c.

100-cup Tin 50c.

"There's a Reason"



EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

Very Bad Taste, We Say.

Make Your Furs Bring MORE MONEY

by shipping to
Lewis Baer & Co.
Baltimore, Md.
Write for our Price Lists

We have always thought him witty, but now we have discovered that he is merely offensive.

The other day we told him that we were intending to bring out our poems in book form.

"All of 'em?" he asked.

"Well, practically all of them."

"Good!" he grunted. "That's putting 'em where they won't bother anybody."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOSCHÉE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Didn't Give Her a Chance.

"You'll have to pay fare for that child, madam," said the conductor.

"But he's only eight years old."

"We collect for all children over seven."

"Well, why don't you have your silly old rules put up where people can see them?"

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up colds in 24 hours, relieve feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Peething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 30 years. All druggists, 25c Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

How True.

She—Why isn't distance on the water measured in miles?

He—Because it's knot.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

A uniform for farm hands might help some.

ALMOST HELPLESS

Mr. Reuter Went Through a Terrible Siege of Kidney Trouble. Doan's Brought Back His Health.

"After an injury I was in terrible shape from kidney trouble," says D. Reuter, North St., West Chicago, Ill. "I couldn't stoop because of the awful pains in my back and the steady, dull misery almost drove me frantic. I had to be helped out of bed mornings, the pains across my kidneys were so bad and no body knows the agony I went through. I couldn't do anything and was almost helpless; it seemed I would never get well."

"The urine passed far too often and burned like scalding water. The passages were scanty and I had no control over them. At times everything in front of me grew dark and I couldn't see for several minutes. I perspired profusely and I was thirsty all the time. For two years I suffered, trying medicine after medicine without relief. I was just about discouraged, and didn't think I would ever be able to work again."

"Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and four boxes cured me. My kidneys became normal, my back got well and strong and all the other troubles disappeared."

Sworn to before me,
JAS. W. GARR, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Headaches

come mostly from disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate these organs and keep free from headaches by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and four boxes cured me. You can get such a remedy by asking for

PISO'S

YOST PLAYERS DELIGHT IN SOAKING BILL



COACH YOST CHANGES NAME OF TACKLING DUMMY.

The tackling dummy on the University of Michigan football practice field has been rechristened and is now a male instead of a female personage.

Coach Yost, grinning broadly, is ready to admit that there is an ocean of effectiveness "in a name."

Until this season the dummy has been known as "Gertrude." On numerous occasions Yost, Trainer Tuttle and other chiefs of the training squad have informed ambitious young football candidates that they never would get to the front unless they showed considerably less consideration for "Gertrude's" feelings.

This season, with many gridiron stars absent from college and many green men to teach, Yost faced a problem.

But he solved it.

He had the tackling dummy rechristened.

Its new name is "Kaiser Bill."

And that's the reason why Yost is still grinning.

CARPENTIER IS NOT COMING

Heavyweight Champion of Europe Denies He Is Being Sent on Trip to United States.

Information has been received in London by the "News of the World" that Georges Carpentier, heavyweight



Georges Carpentier.

champion of Europe, who has done splendid work with the French aviation corps, denies the report that he is being sent to America.

It has been rumored many times that Carpentier was going to the States with Jean Navarre, another aviator, to give the American flying men the benefit of their great experiences in the air and for Georges to engage in some exhibition bouts for the benefit of the French Red Cross society.

CRACK ATHLETES IN FRANCE

Ball Players, Football Stars, Boxers, Tennis Players and Others on Firing Line.

By the time January 1 rolls around and the new year is born many of the leading stars in all branches of sports will be with Uncle Samuel's armies somewhere in France. Ball players, boxers, tennis and golf players, football stars and the leading lights of track and field will all be represented on the firing line.

And with so many stars of the sport world abroad the public will take new interest in them. For instead of battling on track and field, the diamond, the tennis court or the golf links, the stalwart sons of the U. S. A. will be battling on foreign fields in the great game of the age—the game of war.

COBB PULLS "BONER"

One of the Sox, listening to Faber's alibi for his famous steal of third base, recalled an instance at Boston last year when Ty Cobb swiped third base with Crawford already on said sack.

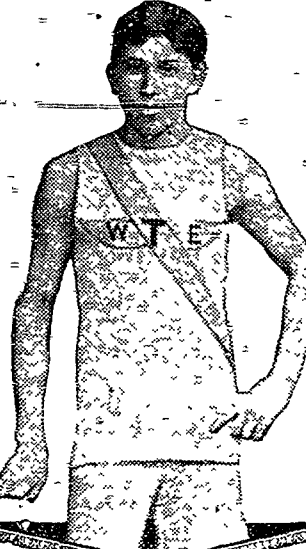
Cobb made a magnificent slide, started to brush off the dirt and suddenly noted Crawford. "Hey! Get away from here!" yelled Tyrus. "You haven't any business here!"

On another occasion Veach of the Tigers got in some such a situation. At the end of the rundown he explained it by saying there were too many men on the bases, anyway, and there seemed no place where he could go.

LONGBOAT KILLED IN ACTION

Famous Indian Marathon Runner Died "Somewhere in France," According to Recent Report.

Tom Longboat, the famous Indian Marathon runner, has been killed in action in France, according to a letter received by Mrs. Michael Daly of Toronto from her son, Thomas Daly.



Tom Longboat.

former trainer of the Toronto International league baseball team. No particulars were given in the letter, which was dated September 23.

Longboat went overseas with the Canadian Sportsmen's battalion.

Fans Won't Exempt Outshaw.

The claim of Second Baseman George Outshaw of the Brooklyn Dodgers for exemption from the army draft because of a wife and child was granted, but he won't be exempted from the usual panning at the hands of Brooklyn fans if he returns to the Dodgers next year. They have been on Outshaw for a year in spite of good work.

SCHUPP WARMS BENCH

Until Last Season He Watched Other Pitchers Work.

Was Looked Over by Cincinnati Reds in 1912 and Let Go to Decatur of Three-I League—He Bats Right-Handed.

Ferdinand M. Schupp, the Giants' star southpaw, who came back in such grand style in New York after being driven from the box in Chicago in the second world's series game, is the youth of the regular New York pitching staff.

Schupp, who is a Kentuckian, Louisville being his native heath, where he was born in 1892, joined the Giants in 1913. He wore the seat of his trousers smooth watching older and more experienced twirlers do the bulk of the work, and did not really shine until the latter part of last season.

Schupp began his professional career in 1912, and after being looked over by the Cincinnati Reds was let go to Decatur, of the Three-I league. He proved himself to be a horse for work that year, taking part in 51 games for 22 victories and 20 defeats, and at the close of the season was grabbed by the Giants.

In 1913 and 1914 and most of 1915 Schupp was learning the big league



Ferdie Schupp.

pitching act from observation. In 1915 he pitched and won but one full game, but last season he took part in 30 contests, winning nine and losing three.

Six of his nine victories were won while the Giants were piling up their famous run of 26 triumphs, and he finished the season with the lowest average of runs per game allowed in the majors, yielding only .90 tallies per nine innings.

Although Schupp pitched from the portside and relays his grub in the same way, he bats right-handed.

HARNESS RACING IS QUESTION

Grand Circuit Meetings in Detroit and Kalamazoo Were Not Successful—May End Sport.

The future of harness racing in Michigan is a topic of considerable discussion among followers of the sport. This year's Grand Circuit meetings in Detroit and Kalamazoo admittedly were not successful, and at their conclusion the opinion was freely expressed that Michigan next year might not see the trotters and pacers of the big line. Poor attendance characterized the races at Kalamazoo. Lack of interest following the abolition of betting caused the abrupt termination of the Detroit meeting. Whether Detroit will again seek a place on the Grand circuit will be decided at a meeting of the Detroit Driving club in the near future.

CINCINNATI REDS GET TITLE

Unusual Distinction of Having Two Different Players Win Batting Championship.

Eddie Roush, by winning the individual batting championship of the National league this season, has given the Cincinnati Reds the unusual distinction of having two different players win the swat title in consecutive years. Hal Chase was first in the parent organization in 1913, and now Roush wears the diadem.

PIRATES REJECT DON FLYNN

Outfielder Secured From Shreveport Club Has Been Turned Back—Caught in Draft.

The Pittsburgh club has notified the Shreveport club that Outfielder Don Flynn will not be retained. His work in the few games he played late in the season failed to impress the Pittsburgh management. Shreveport probably will not be able to use him next year, either, for it is understood he was caught in the army draft.

Indian Hurlers Hard Picking.

Nap Lajoie, who batted .380 in the International league last season, found the Indianapolis pitchers hard picking in the recent inter-league season, and batted .211 against them. Jay Kirke, who played first for Indianapolis in the games against Toronto, was the leading hitter of the series, with an average of .450.

The Silver Lining.

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

Mrs. Newmald rushed out of the dining room and saw Sarah Ann sitting among the ruins of her best china. For an instant she was speechless with horror and anger. Then she cried:

"Sarah Ann, what on earth have you done?"

Sarah Ann retrieved her cap from a sea of gravy, and grunted:

"It's the dinner things, mum! And oh, mum, what a good thing I hadn't washed 'em up!"

When a man first makes a fool of himself, he gets an awful jolt—but he soon gets over it.

The better we are the shorter the war.

ACID POISONING!

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of gout and rheumatism; that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called Anuric, which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, palmaris or other, you can obtain Anuric, double strength, at any drug store and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid, or send Dr. Pierce for trial pack. Anuric which you will find many times more potent than lithia and eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you. Send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce and it will be tested free of charge.

Anuric is a regular insurance and lifesaver for all big meat eaters and those who deposit lime salts in their joints.

First Dreadnaught.

It is hard to realize that the original dreadnaught is now ten years old, and that big as it is, close upon 18,000 tons. It has been far surpassed in tonnage and armament, observes an exchange. It gave a new word to the world, for the name of the ship, one of the traditional names of the British navy, is now applied to all ships of its class in every country. The word has taken the place of man of war, line of battle ship, and ironclad. "Even now we have been obliged to go one better and the word superdreadnaught has arisen." It is interesting to hark back to the most famous of Nelson's ships, probably the most famous vessel which ever sailed the sea, the Victory, and to compare it with even the first dreadnaught. The latter took 14 months to complete and cost \$9,000,000, while the Trafalgar flagship, a little over 2,000 tons, required many years to build and cost only \$445,000—a sum at that time considered colossal.

Teamster's Life Saved.

WRITES LETTER THAT IS WORTH READING VERY CAREFULLY.

Peterson Bros.: I was afflicted with a very severe sore on my leg for years. I am a teamster. I tried all medicines and salves, but without success. I tried doctors, but they failed to cure me. I couldn't sleep for many nights from pain. Doctors said I could not live for more than two years. Finally Peterson's Ointment was recommended to me and by its use the sore was entirely healed. Thankfuly yours, William Haase, West Park, Ohio, Mar. 22, 1915, care P. G. Reitz, Box 199.

Peterson says "I am proud of the above letter and have hundreds of others that tell of wonderful cures of Eczema, Piles and Skin Diseases."

Peterson's Ointment is 25 cents at all druggists, and there isn't a broad minded druggist in America that won't praise it. After December 1st, Peterson's Ointment 50c.—Adv.

It Has a Horn.

A lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is dangerous to go near to and has a horn."

"I know, teacher—I know!" called a small boy.

"Well, what is it?"

"A motorcar!" replied the boy.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Wealth of Australia.

The recently completed census of wealth in Australia shows that the country's net assets are equal to \$1,675 per head of the population. The migration returns show a loss of 273,000 males since the war began and white women now outnumber the men by \$5,000.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Sure Way.

"I wish I knew how to kill time."

"Why don't you join an amateur musical society?"

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

37% More For Your Money

Get the Genuine

CASCARA QUININE

No adverse effect on this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some sold tablets now 30c for 24 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 9% when you buy 24 tablets for 25c—At any Drug Store

CLEVELAND NEWS

Cleveland, Ohio.—"Anuric has certainly been of wonderful help in relieving my limbs and joints of rheumatic pains. At the time I commenced to take Anuric I had sharp pains in my shoulders; my knee joints were so bad that they made a cracking noise as I walked, and my right limb became so rheumatic that I could not depend upon it at all in going up or downstairs. Water was of a milky consistency and at time showed a brick-like sediment. Anuric has cured me of all these symptoms of kidney trouble and has restored me to a healthy physical condition once more. I would advise every man and woman who suffers with any kidney ailment to give Anuric a fair trial. It will surely repay them."—MRS. ANNA MAYER, 6419 Woodland Ave.—Adv.

Inciting an Exhortation.

"What was the idea of you men getting out with firearms and using harsh language last night?"

"Well," replied Bronco Bob, "since they put hard liquor out of business Crimson Gulch has been mighty quiet. Nobody seems to take any interest in us. We thought maybe we could get back enough reputation for wickedness to induce some evangelist to jump in and give us a red-hot talk."—Washington Star.

There's one thing about politeness—if never has to be apologized for afterwards.

Spending everything you make is a sure way of getting to the poorhouse.

Perhaps if your head were as clear as a whistle, it would not ache.

Try Kondon's for your headache

(at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 29-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore nose, coughs, colds, sneezing, nose bleed, etc. Write for complimentary card, or buy tube at drugist's. It will benefit you four times more than it costs, or we pay money back. For trial can free write to KONDON MFG. CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills

will set you right over night.

Purely Vegetable

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for 15c, 25c, 50c and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A hair preparator of great merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. Brings out the color of the hair. 50c and 75c at Druggists.

FLORIDA—Special Offer on Splendid Hair and Skin Care. Specially adapted to tourists. Fruit and perfume. Colorful. Write Jacksonville Heights 123 to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., NOV. 16, 1917.

NORTHVILLE'S "BIT" WELL DONE.

When it comes to present day patriotic service, Northville has no more reason to be ashamed of her record than when, in older days, so many of her sons went out to help save the Union and in so doing to make a united country powerful enough for such a trial of strength as has now to be faced.

More than forty boys from Northville families are now in the service of their country, over two-score of these as volunteers. Of the selected men making up the remainder of the list, two were married men, and but one of these, who had a young wife and little child, filed exemption papers, which, apparently through a misunderstanding of the rules, was refused.

The registration for the fourth district was 2451, the quota, 207, or a little less than 9%. Northville's registration was 107, which on the above average would have required about 15 men, a considerably less number for the draft than have volunteered, so that really the local quota was greatly over-filled had not a man been drafted, if things had been arranged on that basis.

Our first Liberty bond Quota was \$50,000. Sixty-two thousand dollars worth of bonds were taken. The second quota of \$80,000 brought a response of 107,000.

The local Red Cross society has finished and forwarded, to date, 1126 bandages, 123 shoulder capes, 133 slings, 12 hospital gowns, 1 sewing kit, 5 rolls, 20 comfort bags, (these were filled by The King's Daughters) over 100 pairs of socks, 26 sweaters, 18 mufflers, 191 wash cloths, 2 helmets and a number of pairs of wristlets. Besides this, a large number of garments are in process of making, but not yet finished.

Another home branch of the U S army—the food conservation "soldiers"—includes all but a very few families in the village, over 500 of our housewives having enrolled in this vitally important section.

The result of the present campaign for funds for the army Y. M. C. A. work is not yet fully ascertained—but no doubt it will measure up with the rest. The Record does not detail this work in a "bragging" spirit, but calls attention to it as a matter of congratulation to our community on the prevailing spirit of patriotism at this time of all times when every pledge of loyalty and devotion to our country is a needed help for the great cause.

The German army is still having great success in killing off women and children, and also wounded men, by bombing residence districts and hospitals.

Novi News.

Ed. Holmes is driving a new Ford runabout these days.

This town is beginning to feel the effects of the war, with a coal and sugar famine.

Mr. Kidd's daughter, Mrs. Connor and her four children have moved into the McKnight house. Her husband is a Lieutenant in the army.

We wonder there isn't some law to stop this endless "letter chain." It certainly is a nuisance. The money would be more help to the soldiers if given to the Red Cross.

A "Rainbow banquet" will be given in the dining room of the Baptist church next Friday evening, November 23, from 6:30, standard time, until all are served. Everybody cordially welcome.

Twenty-four ladies attended the Red Cross meeting on Tuesday, the most workers and least work of any time yet. (The Record's correspondence editor hopes (the above is not a "slam" on the workers, but only means, instead, a lack of material).

SELLING OUT

Tremendous Slaughter

New York Auction Company purchased the entire Hardware stock of J. H. STEERS, MAIN ST., NORTHVILLE

and will offer it to the public regardless of cost—Hardware, Paints, Varnishes, Farming implements, Tools, Hammers, Shovels, Spades, Rakes, Pumps, Pitch Forks, Oil Stoves, Oil Cans, Linoleums, Wall Paper, Sporting Goods, Cutlery, all kinds of Wooden Ware, House Furnishings, Cooking Utensils, Blankets, Harness, Steam Fitters and Plumbers' supplies, Window Glass, Bolts of all description, plow parts, and many articles too numerous to mention.

These are Just a Few of the Prices

Alabastine and Muresco

39cFinest Quality Varnishes
Chinamel, per gal**\$3**Forest City Paints and
other fine makes. Gal.**2.50**

White Lead, lb.

8c

Our \$1.50 Shovels at

90cHammers and Hatchets
up to 75c for**39c**Enamel Kitchen Utensils
at 10c, 15c, 19c, 29c, 39c
and 49c Worth doubleCoal Hods **19c**

Nails, pound

5c

Wall Paper, roll

5cHeavy Quality Linoleum at 45 & 55c
per square yardSewing Machines that were \$50
for \$25

Mr. Steers has been in business here for 27 years and has the reputation of always selling first class goods. Don't miss this opportunity to supply your wants.
Silent Salesmen Show Cases, Cash Register and Roll Top Desk for sale.

SALE BEGINS

Saturday Morning, Nov. 17th

DON'T FORGET J. H. STEERS, NORTHVILLE

Walled Lake Warbles.

Miss Lute E. Hoyt spent Friday in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Welch spent the week-end in Detroit.

The M. E. ladies have purchased a new carpet for the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin are spending the week in Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Devereaux spent Wednesday with friends near Northville.

The Red Cross society will meet with Mrs. E. Hoyt this Friday, afternoon.

Mrs. Lewis Haab of near South Lyon visited her parents here recently.

Mrs. L. V. Johnson entertained the

Baptist Ladies' aid at her home last Thursday.

E. J. Cornell has purchased a home in Pontiac and will move his family there soon.

Mrs. Carrie Moyer recently received a telegram announcing the death of a sister-in-law in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Carnes, Mrs. E. Beckman and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harmon spent Friday in Detroit.

Rev. and Mrs. F. R. Walker and children of Ortonville were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux.

Longfellow Read Law.
The poet Longfellow read law in his father's office, but never practiced. He was only twenty-eight years old when he became professor at Harvard university, and he had previously been professor at Bowdoin college.

\$100.00 REWARD.

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

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

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of JOSEPH LEADBEATER, 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 Andrew Leadbeater, in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 17th day of December A. D. 1917, and on Wednesday, the 20th day of February A. D. 1918, at two o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 20th day of October A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated, October 20, 1917.
DEAN F. GRISWOLD,
FRANCIS G. TERRILL,
Commissioners.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

PENSLAR

Red Rose Talcum

affords a delightful fragrance and a fineness that is exceptional.
No wonder Penslar Red Rose talcum is a favorite. Its fragrance is more alluring and its dainty freshness more appealing and even the container in which it comes is more handsome than any other we can offer you.
Penslar Red Rose Talcum will be a delight to all who use it. If you haven't yet tried it, do so by all means. A generous box costs 25 Cents.

DON'T FORGET OUR CANDIES

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything is 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 standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

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



FLOWERS

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

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

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 8:20 p. m. 9:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:35 a. m.

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m. 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43 a. m. and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

RECORD LIXERS PAY-ARY ONE.

Geo. Rattenbury

AUCTIONEER

Terms Reasonable; Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Phone. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Complete Mental Mastery

of
Piano Key-Board

IN TEN MINUTES

Sight reading instantly acquired
No musical knowledge necessary

WE WILL SEND
First Lesson Free

Upon receipt of your name and address
PICTORIAL SYSTEM
18 East Atwater St., Detroit.

Northville Newslets.

Lee Thompson and family have moved to Pontiac.

Regular O. E. S. meeting this (Friday) evening at the usual hour. Members please make it a point to be present.

Pontiac is justly proud of the fact that the average daily wages paid industrial workers in that city is the highest in the state.

Oakland county circuit jurors, for November have been notified not to appear for that service until Nov. 19, instead of Nov. 12, the first date set.

We notice that the P. M. Ry. is putting in "Safety-First" devices at Northville. It would be well if they fixed up their crossings in this village.—South Lyon Herald.

Pollyanna note: when you feel inclined to grumble about the weather, just recall the eight glorious days we had right in succession from November 4 to November 11, inclusive.

Thomas Gleason was badly hurt last week when the Meadowbrook team, which he was driving ran away, throwing him from the wagon, the back of his head striking the ground.

Fred Van Atta and family have moved from the Woodworth house on Dunlap street, which was recently sold to the bungalow on Rogers street formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Raft.

Mrs. Mary Predmore had the misfortune to break her arm last week by a fall down the stairs at the home of her daughter in Detroit. She was also badly bruised otherwise, but is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Griffin have moved to Detroit for the winter, accompanied by Mrs. Griffin's parents. The Farmington Library association is opening the library to the public for a less number of hours, by way of fuel saving.

A quantity of cigarettes from Northville friends are now on the way to France for the Roche brothers and "Jack" Barber. W. A. Ely and Wythe Tibbitts were instrumental in securing the gift for the three former Northville boys.

Donald Safford commenced his duties last week as principal of the New Hudson school, in place of J. B. Dexter of Fenton, who had been at the head of the school for the past three years, and who has now been called to military service.

What might be called a "lucky accident" occurred Saturday near Phoenix when Ray Baker's auto, driven by Miss May Woolmansee, accompanied by several other ladies, was upset, without either the car or the occupants receiving any particular injury.

The legal season for the acquisition of the Mephitis mephitis and the Fiber Zibethicus opened yesterday—Nov. 15. Or in other words, it is now lawful to hunt skunks and "mushrats." (Seems "sif" the "hual syllables of those "botanical" names ought to be exchanged.

A church in one of Wayne county's pretty villages is designated through the church notes in the local paper as "The church in the park with the glad hand." Most parks, of course, have limbs, and dimensions expressed by feet, but a "park with a glad hand" is, to put it mildly, rather unique.

At last reports the "steady" was yet searching for a substitute for candy to take to his "food conservation" girl Sunday night—Pontiac Press Gazette.

That's easy. Tell him to take salted peanuts, which contain calories galore.

If you have difficulty burning soft coal this suggestion may help. Throw a handful of sulphur on the fire and the soot in the chimney will disappear. Mrs. Jacobs, who is visiting her brother, John Nichols, says that is a common usage in the soft coal region of Pennsylvania which is her home.—Milford Times.

(Always providing of course, that you can get any soft coal or any other kind.)

The following information, furnished by the state game warden maybe of value to some Record readers:

"It is unlawful to destroy muskrat holes or dens in bank beside rivers and streams, or set a trap for muskrats within six feet of a muskrat house or hole in the bank which is classed as a muskrat house.

It is also unlawful to dig or destroy dens of skunk holes, but the holes or dens must not be destroyed. This statement is plain and must not be misunderstood, and there is no occasion for violating the game law.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper, by lady with two children. Best of references. Box 634, Northville 1771p.

The King's Daughters will meet next Tuesday evening, Nov. 20, with Mrs. Georgia Tinham.

"Butch" Balden left Wednesday night to join the local hunting party in Houghten county.

Wayne's village council, also, is temporarily in the coal business for the relief of its fuel-less citizens.

Mrs. Marinda White, Mrs. George Stanley's mother, is reported seriously ill at their home in Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCully and two daughters, Viola and Ahne, spent Sunday with friends in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper, of the opera house block bakery, are the parents of a new baby, born Tuesday, Nov. 13.

Tax Commissioner Cass R. Benton of this place has been appointed by Gov. Sleeper as delegate to the national tax conference in Atlanta, Ga. the last of November.

Northville friends of Mrs. Susie Woolley will regret to learn that she is very ill and has been taken from her brother's home near Pontiac to the Oakland county hospital.

The president of the United States and the governors of the various states have issued their annual Thanksgiving proclamation. The Y. M. C. A. is doing for the benefit of our soldiers.

Fred F. Bennett, who has for nineteen years past been superintendent of the Daisy Mfg. of Plymouth, has resigned that position to be the secretary and general manager of the Crown Render Co., at Pontiac. The family will remain in Plymouth for the present.

As will be noted in another part of this issue, Northville is to fall in line with many other places, and have a community chorus, if the people respond to the idea as they should. The project is a splendid one for many reasons, and ought to be a thorough success.

The garage of a former well known Northville man, J. Henry Smith, at 519 Helen Ave. Detroit was broken into late Saturday night and his Overland touring car, model 83, bearing licence number 365, was stolen. No trace of the machine has been found at this date.

The 47th annual meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural society is to be held December 4, 5 and 6 in Grand Rapids, with a big display of fruit machinery, etc., noted speakers and many prizes for fruit displays. Full information can be obtained from Robt. A. Smythe, secretary, Benton Harbor.

The mass meeting in the Alscum Wednesday evening was largely attended and enthusiastic, and the prospects are good that Northville will do its share in helping to raise the necessary funds for carrying on the magnificent work the American Y. M. C. A. is carrying on for the benefit of our soldiery.

All signers of the U S food pledge who have neglected to put the cards in their windows should do so at once. This is a much more serious matter than people yet realize. Houses not displaying these cards are the means of calling in question the loyalty of the occupants. It is a matter not merely concerning Northville, but is an affair in charge of the Federal authorities, who are required to keep strict account of all the circumstances.

A benefit play by local talent, for the Northville Red Cross auxiliary is to be given December 12 under supervision of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Tinham. A fine entertainment is assured, and for a worthy cause. The Record hopes that other contemplated "doing" will "keep off the grass" for that particular week; so that nothing may occur to divert patronage. The local Red Cross is anxious to continue outfitting our own Northville soldier boys, and this cannot be done without funds. Be sure to reserve the date.

Northville people returning to town Sunday evening from Detroit via D. U. R. were held up for over half an hour by a big motor truck which had been crowded partially off the highway by a "road hog" the brilliant lights of whose car had blinded the driver of the truck. A short distance along the road, another car lay in the ditch. Several other near accidents of the same day were reported to the D. U. R. passengers who disembarked to watch the work of pulling the truck back to the road by the D. U. R. work car.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

Satisfactory to Creditor.

A newspaper writer talks about "paying debts with money." The creditor will never object to that method.—Buffalo Express.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
Regular Meetings:
November 9th and 23rd
A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACHEY
Secy. C. R.

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

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55
R. A. M.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
Regular Nov. 13.

Features at the New Alscum Theatre.

This coming Saturday night's program will be a laughable comedy in 5 reels, "The Millionaire Kid."

For next week Thursday "The Last" featuring Marie Doro. Also a "Black Diamond" comedy.

Special Comedy every Thursday night.

Farmington Flashes

Lyman Sprague was in town Saturday.

Everyone has enjoyed the beautiful weather of late.

Hallowe'en is o'er and Thanksgiving is next, and Christmas not far away.

Rev. E. Halliwell of Detroit is giving some interesting lectures in the Baptist church here each Sunday night.

Mrs. Mettie Ambler of Detroit visited her brother, G. P. Conroy and family Sunday. Her little granddaughter, Madeline Haystead, accompanied her.

The Farmington Red Cross is making a fine record. They report: Surgical bandages, 3,000; shirts, 31; pajamas, 65; nightgale throws, 18; socks of outing flannel, 6 pairs; towels, 33; pillows, 96; napkins, 219; handkerchiefs, 55; sweaters, 11; mufflers, 6; socks, 9 pairs; wristlets, 5 pairs; pillow cases, 137; sheets, 85; wash cloths, 35. This is reported as done since July 20, last. Keep it up, ladies.

THANKSGIVING

Certainly is as important to the Outer as to the Inner Man. A Good Suit or Overcoat is as essential to the comfort and well-being of the first as a good dinner is to the latter. And while we are willing to leave the turkey and the mince pie to mother or the good wife, when it comes to the Clothes—that's us.

Kirschbaum All-Wool Clothes

\$15.00, \$18.00 AND \$20.00.

THINGS MEN NEED FOR THANKSGIVING.

Sweaters, at	\$1.50 to \$7.50
Mackinaws, from	\$5.00 to \$9.00
Gloves, from	75c to \$2.50
Sheepskin Lined and Slicker Lined Coats	
from	\$3.50 to \$10.00
(The above Overcoats dispense with the use of Coal in keeping warm.)	
Underwear, from	75c to \$4.50
Hosiery, from	15c, 25c up to \$1.00
Silk and Wool Shirts, _____	\$1.00, \$1.25 up to \$5.00
Heavy-Weight Suits, at	\$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 up
Heavy-Weight Overcoats, at	\$12, \$15, \$20 up



WM. GORTON

READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS. NORTHVILLE.

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

THE F55 IS INVADED BY THE WEIRD MONSTERS-AND PAGET HAS A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE TO SAVE HIMSELF AND IDA-THE OTHERS ARE DEVoured.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget. The recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist. Paget proceeds to sea on his submarine, the F55, and encounters a German cruiser. He sinks the enemy, which had destroyed the Brodia, on which Ida Kennedy, his fiancée, was a passenger. The girl escapes in a small boat. He rescues her, but finds himself unable to take the skiff to the submarine because of invisible forces.

CHAPTER VI.

The Siege of the Submarine.

"I'm positive it's the water, sir," said Davies. "We've tried running submerged, and the electric engines won't drive her any faster than the petrol ones. It's like running a locomotive on greasy rails."

"It's plankton," answered Donald. "Marine organisms, you know."

He was standing beside Davies in the conning tower. Ida had been taken below and placed in Donald's cabin. She had been hardly conscious since her rescue; she was too numbed from exposure to realize what had occurred, and she had fallen asleep immediately.

At Fair Island, which was an unimportant, cavernous rock, Donald expected to find the oil-ship, from which his stores were to be replenished. Then he was to patrol the northern area of the North sea with the aid of the airplane. A stock of supplies in the shape of food was also expected at the island.

But now Donald was wondering whether it was not his duty to return to the mainland to report the destruction of the enemy cruiser. Of course the officers of the flying corps who would be with the airplane could undertake this duty. But then there was Ida. And there was the swarm of devil men that had appeared.

How could he tell the navy department of this without being relieved of his command? But how could he fail to tell them?

Donald looked keenly at Davies. He was a nice little chap, disciplined, clean, alert, the beau-ideal of a naval officer in embryo. What he liked best about the little middy was his resolution; he knew that Davies would never hesitate to take responsibility whenever he thought his duty required a prompt decision.

Donald could have no better confidant. And he needed one as sorely as Masterman had done.

"Davies," he said, "I'm going to tell you something. It's not the engines, but it isn't altogether the water either. The plankton wouldn't stop us. And it's too fine to clog the machinery. Something is trying to push us back, Davies."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I was warned about it before I left New York," continued Donald. "What I'm going to tell you will sound incredible, but it happens to be true. You know, Davies, our ancestors were marine creatures?"

"I thought they were monkeys, sir. At least, a long time ago."

"Long before they were monkeys, Davies. At least, they first lived in the sea. And we became monkeys afterward, and then men."

"Yes, sir. I was going to say that the electric engines show signs of developing."

"One moment, please," Davies. "There's another swarm of deep-sea men coming to overrun the earth. Masterman told me—you've heard of Masterman, the marine explorer? He told me he'd seen them—no, 'felt' them—before he died. I felt them today. They attacked and upset us."

"Excuse me, sir," said Davies. "but wouldn't you like to lie down? I can take the F55 to the island, sir, and we'll call you when we are at anchor."

"Please listen to me, Davies. They are invisible, these monsters, all except the eyes, which look like currents. When they see the albuminous parts of the body harden, producing a milky opacity. They look then something like hairless monsters. And they're trying to stop the submarine from making Fair Island, just as they tried to draw the boat there. They—"

He broke off, nonplussed by the midly's polite, respectful stare. Donald had not imagined that the story would sound so grotesque. He hardly believed now that he could make Davies realize its truth.

"I'm sorry to hear about them, sir," said Davies. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Keep the hatches closed," said Donald. "We are taking a risk not submerging, but we have got to make

Fair Island. If they get aboard, it will be a fight to the death. Happily, it isn't hard to kill them, only we can't see them. They are quite invisible, remember. I killed two of them. Better serve out cutlasses—"

"We won't stand for any nonsense from them, sir," answered the midly. "Excuse me, sir, while I call Clouts to take the lookout." He moved toward the entrance.

In a few moments Sam Clouts came in. He saluted, but instead of taking his post at the observation port, he remained standing in front of Donald. "Wouldn't you like to lie down below, sir?" he asked.

"What's that?" demanded Donald. "What do you mean, Clouts?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I think a rest would do you good," said the sailor. "Get to your post!" said Donald sharply.

"But, really, sir—"

"Is this insubordination, Clouts?"

"No, sir. But it would be best for you to rest, sir," persisted Clouts. Davies reappeared at the door.

"He's quite right, sir," he said. "He's acting under my orders. You need to rest for a while."

Donald suddenly began to understand.

"Davies, do you imagine that I am crazy?" he cried. "Why, that's what they told Masterman!"

"I think, sir, you ought to rest," said Davies. "Meanwhile I am assuming command."

"I'll have you court-martialed, Davies!" cried Donald angrily.

"I'll face that, sir," returned the little midly. "You see, sir, it amounts to this: I have only spoken to Clouts so far. It would be better to lie down quietly than to have the rest of the men know about this. It would be very prejudicial to discipline, sir. And in the morning, when you feel different, I shall resign the command to you again."

Donald began to realize the impossibility of convincing Davies. The midly evidently believed that his exposure in the boat had turned his brain. It was useless to attempt to argue. Of course he ought never to have spoken about the monsters, but they had been so real, so recent in his mind. However—

"Davies, you may take command until morning," said Donald. "Only remember my warning about the hatches."

He turned toward the door. Davies saluted him. Sam Clouts accompanied him to his cabin below.

"We put the lady in here, sir," he said, pausing in front of the door.

"Quite right," answered Donald. "You may sling me a hammock in the officers' messroom."

"I've done it, sir," Clouts answered. A moment later Donald found himself a prisoner on board his own ship. For, on making his exit, Clouts had locked the door. The action was done with dispatch, and the key was turned almost noiselessly, but Donald had heard it.

He got into his hammock and tried to compose his mind, but he discovered that the events of the day had shaken him more than he had imagined. Those awful memories recurred to him against his volition. Worst of all was the knowledge that precious time was passing while he was a prisoner. And he recollected that the monstrous horde, surrounding the submarine, no doubt, had already discovered that men were food. If Davies took off the hatches—perhaps he had already done so.

His mind became obsessed by the threatened danger. He sprang from his hammock, trembling, and tried to open the door. He set his shoulder against it. Outside he heard the reedy notes of a mouth organ, and Sam Clouts suddenly stood before him.

Donald had an impulse to appeal to the man, but at once he saw its futility.

"Tell Mr. Davies that he is on no account to take off the hatches," he said.

Sam Clouts saluted him and calmly locked the door again. Outside the strains of the mouth organ were

heard once more. Evidently Clouts was under instructions to remain at his post.

Donald went back to his hammock. He shrugged his shoulders at the futility of it all, his helplessness. He had done all that he could do. And now a sense of complete fatigue began to overcome him. He could not keep his tired eyelids apart.

Slowly, struggling desperately against the imperative need of sleep, he felt himself floating away.

He did not know how long he slept, but it seemed a few minutes—only when cries pierced through the mists of unconsciousness. In an instant he was upon his feet, groping in intense darkness.

He could not discern from what part of the boat the ominous sounds proceeded. The whole interior of the F55 was like a sounding board. The cries appeared to proceed from every part of her. Donald had never heard such cries—saw once, and then they came from animal throats. That was when his revenue cutter had surprised a band of pirates at their bloody work on the seal islands.

He heard Ida cry out in his cabin. He cried to her in answer, and, leaping back, he plunged with all his might against the panel, and again, and yet again, until the woodwork splintered.

The cry burst forth again, drowning the sounds of the oaths and scuffling. It was a cry of a woman in mortal fear. Donald drove the splintered timbers before him through the hole in the wall. He found the girl where she lay beside his berth. He raised her in his arms, and felt one of the blubbery dippers on his hand.

That fight in the little room was always a nightmare remembrance. The yielding body offered Donald no purchase. And the monster fought in silence, apparently incapable of articulation, and the stinging dippers sucked the blood from his face and hands; and, as he grieved them away, the flesh rose into welts beneath them.

They swayed and struggled, and through the inky darkness Donald could hear the sound of similar battles, the curses of men, their agonizing cries, the thudding falls of heavy bodies.

But Donald could not lose with Ida's life at stake. The monster's struggles grew feebler. Donald flung it from



"Paget! I've Come to Die With You!"

him, and heard it shuffle out of the room and into the darkness of the passage. Then he knew that fear ruled among these sea-beasts as upon land. Suddenly Davies burst into the cabin.

"Paget! I've come to you!" he cried hysterically. "You spoke the truth, sir, and I thought you were mad! I opened the hatches, and they're all over the ship, sir! I've come to die with you!"

Another man ran panting up to them. It seemed strange afterward, when Donald recalled it, how the three seemed to be aware of each other's presence in the little cabin.

It was Sam Clouts.

"They've got us, sir!" he cried. "I fought to the end, but the rest are in the sea, and I'm the only one left! I've locked the entrance to the conning tower, but it's only a question of minutes, sir!"

Donald could hear the monsters straining at the door. He felt sure that the steel plating, thin as it was, would yield; not to the sudden exercise of any muscular force, but to the silent, steady pressure of the heavy bodies. The door creaked and groaned under the impact.

"Into the torpedo-room!" gasped Donald. "Through the escape hatch! We must save Miss Kennedy," he added.

He snatched up Ida and began groping toward the metallic sheathing which admitted air from above into the torpedo room.

"I think I can get the tube apart, sir," Clouts volunteered.

It seemed an eternity before Donald heard a section of the metal plate rattle upon the floor.

"We'll have to jump, sir!" Clouts panted. "Till go down fast and call you. Pass along, the lady when you hear me call."

The villain, MacBeard, possessed of the dead Masterman's papers, sets out for the abode of the unknown creatures, off the Shetland islands. His purpose is deadly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Can We + Do?



Christmas packets for the soldiers and sailors must be got under way at once and those to go to France must be ready to start on their journey by the 15th of November. Most of the men will be well remembered by their families, but in order that every man may be sure to receive something, Red Cross chapters will undertake to forward packets to be distributed among the soldiers providing the packets are made according to their directions. For wrapping gifts use a khaki-colored handkerchief, 21 inches square, and form the base of the packet by placing on the center of the packet a pad of writing paper about seven by ten inches. Select a variety of articles to an amount not exceeding \$1.50, and arrange them on the pad of paper so that the entire package shall be the width of the pad and approximately five or six inches high. Wrap and tie with one-inch red ribbon, and place a Christmas card under the bow of ribbon. Wrap the parcel again in heavy light brown manilla paper and tie securely with red green or gilt cord, and use Christmas labels. Small tin or wooden boxes holding a half pound or less will keep dried fruits, candy, fruit cake, fruit crackers, etc., in good shape. These are the things which the soldiers will enjoy most at Christmas time. The Red Cross recommends, among other things, the following presents: Writing paper, pad, envelopes, post cards, pencil, books (in paper covers) home-made scrap book, knife, such as boy scouts' use, steel mirror, handkerchiefs, neckties, mouth organ, mechanical puzzles, checker board, electric torch, compass, playing cards, and other games, tobacco, pipe and pipe cleaners, watertight match box, chewing gum, sweet chocolate biscuits, fruit crackers, fruit cake, preserved ginger, salted nuts, prunes, figs, dates, raisins, hard candy, chocolate, in tin foil and licorice.

No liquids nor articles packed in glass should be sent in Christmas packages. Instead of sending a quantity of one kind of confection, it is better to provide a variety, packing each one in an oblong tin box holding a quarter of a pound. Fruit cake keeps well—and is about the best choice in cakes, because it keeps fresh so long.

For Evening or Dinner Wear



The lovely Flanders gown which graces this page may have been designed for an evening gown for some one who is serious minded, or as a dinner gown for some one who likes to dress up to the hilt for the informal dinner. The chances are that its creator foresaw that it would be obliged to lead the double life, serving for both dinner and evening wear, for it is the order of the day that evening gowns shall practice restraint, and not flaunt a thoughtless, gay splendor in the face of war. Here is a model that will appeal to the woman of fine perceptions and elegant taste. The American designer of this and other gowns appears to have arrived, with styles that suit and express the American woman and are as beautiful as any France has sent to us.

This gown is of orchid satin, not in one of the pale, pinkish shades, but in a purple which ought to be called royal from its character, but is too light to be classed under that head. It is a wonderful shade, vivid and rich and exquisite. No one but an artist should take the liberty of working with such a fabric, for the design must not fail to equal the material in class. The skirt is almost plain. It is beautifully draped with the side drapery that continues to be favored. The bodice is equally simple with surplice fronts extended into end. Wrapped about the figure and straight sleeves of georgette crepe bound with satin. A vestee of lace partially veiled with crepe is set in, leaving a margin of unvelled lace at the top. Revers of lace extended from the line of the bust over the shoulders to the shoulder blades.

This is the brief story of a truly wonderful gown. It takes genius to achieve such lines and such management of fascinating color by means so direct and simple. It is a gown that will not lose its charm for it is modest and conservative, but at the same time brilliant enough for the opera, and not too brilliant for an informal dinner.

Julia Bottomley

A Blouse in Three Shades.

A blouse of colored cotton boasts of three shades instead of the customary two—the three being dull periwinkle blue, deep violet and orchid color. The resulting effect is one of the most charming seen in any of the color combinations. The underbodice is orchid color, and the sleeves are half of this shade.

A deep band of violet color, cut into points at the top, is used at the bottom of the sleeves and there are cuffs of periwinkle blue with a flaring band at the top, lined in orchid. The overblouse is of periwinkle with a vest made of orchid, and an oddly shaped rolling collar of violet, lined in blue. There is no embroidery or trimming of any other sort on the blouse.

Slip Knot Line Holder.

The average washerwoman has never taken a course in seamanship, and she is rarely adept in tying a knot with the result that some considerable portion of her time is spent on wash-day in putting up the line, and even at that she does not always make a good job of it, and the line sags hopelessly instead of being taut from post to post. A new line holder to be secured to the post enables the most inexperienced hand to hang the line as taut as may be desired without the necessity of tying a knot. The line is merely slipped over a lever portion of the device and under another portion, with the result that the greater pull exerted on the line the tighter it is clamped in the device.

HOME TOWN HELPS

SEEKING SITE TO FIT HOME

Many People Do Not Stop to Think at All of the Vast Importance of the House's Setting.

Most of the people who are saving to build a house—the sort they have dreamed of possessing—give so much attention to the actual plans of the dwelling that they do not stop to think at all of the vast importance of the house's setting.

They are joys and profits in site hunting that the average home-builder who is willing to content himself with the first strip of land in a desirable neighborhood with which his real estate dealer confronts him, never guesses.

Obviously the average city lot is the "flat, treeless, 50 by 100," on which, of course, there is little possible latitude in building. The house must be oblong and stand on one of its ends about in the center of the lot, with an inconsequential margin on either side, and a flower-trimmed square of green in front and rear. There are many streets of this type in every suburb.

But in every suburb also there are odd corners that have been passed by as unsuitable. Like the neglected creeds in the farmer's fields, they are generally of odd shapes and wooded, the hand of the "improver" having passed them as hopeless. In rural districts where land is rated by its cultivatable area, these are literally waste and can often be bought for very little.

One of the least appreciated kind of sites for a home is the gully or draw. Everywhere among the hills there are places where the waters have cut out a bed to the rocks and a stream splashes swiftly downward among the firs. There are few greater outdoor joys for folk who like to plan things themselves and execute them with their own hands than the development of one of these spots.

If you have a definite plan for your house in mind before you have an idea for the site, you should seek your site to fit the home. A chateau would be out of place where a bungalow cottage would be wholly at ease. A barn might be badly misplaced on the ideal site for a farmhouse.

But site hunting untrammelled by aught save the limits of one's imagination is great fun and a liberal education.

HOME SHOULD BE EXPRESSIVE

Character of the Owner Shows in the Architecture of the Dwelling and the Decorations Within.

The essential in the art of home building is the ability to suit your own taste—to express your own nature. Your taste may not at all coincide with that of your neighbor, but that is not important. There are as many individual expressions of the art that is within one as there are leaves on a tree and there is no good reason why the expression of the individual should not continue in the home itself.

Imagine what a thrilling adventure in human nature all of us might have in the course of a day spent in making out the character of our neighbors and acquaintances only allowed their souls and minds to express themselves in the houses they build and furnish, says an exchange. It is not hard to imagine such an adventure, for about every one has seen one such home. But these are by no means frequently found.

For people's characters do show in their homes—in the architecture of the dwelling, the decorations within, the selection of the furniture, even in the pictures and the way they are hung. To persons who are not especially observant this fact is as plain as the fact that one can always detect the presence of feminine fingers in the arrangement of the bric-a-brac, the flowers or vase on the stand or the books and magazines on the library table. The thing is so palpably human that it is almost impossible not to recognize it.

Duty of the Community.

A happier childhood, better provisions for play, better surroundings, greater bodily vigor and a stronger spirit, less hampered by gathering doubts, are gifts which the community, as the fairy godmother of the rising generation, can lay at the cradle of every child in America.

The community that has not the vision, the loving kindness and the plain common sense to make the child better fitted to fight off the doubts and the fears of the future, commits a crime against itself as well as against its children.—New York Evening Mail.

What of It?

Jimmy had not come up to his father's expectations in regard to his studies at school and an explanation was demanded.

"Why is it," inquired the irate parent, "that you are at the bottom of the class?"

"I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom," replied Jimmy pacifically. "You know they teach just the same at both ends."

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

By Randall Parrish

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"You showed forged papers?"

"Aye; that was easy enough; you never supposed I was such a fool as to overlook that, did you? We are from St. Johns to Liverpool, with a miscellaneous cargo. The fellow swabbed my rain as though it was sugar candy. And the best of it is, that is the only war vessel patrolling these waters; we have a cinch."

"Not without me," I answered calmly, after a pause in which my mind gripped the situation. "The telltale compass shows you are three points off your course now. Talk with you, McCann, but if I continue to navigate this ship it will be at my own terms, and you'll either give me what I ask, or we'll fight it out here and now."

"What are your terms?"

I took time to think, determined to demand every concession I dared ask, assured that I held the winning hand. "Well," I said finally, "this coast to the west of us is no joke at any season of the year, and there are sea currents along here to fool any seaman. You can take the chances if you want to, but it is my belief you fools will have this ship on the rocks within twenty-four hours, if you trust in blind reckoning."

"D— it," I said, but Liverpool hoarsely, "we don't need no sermon on the dangers of the deep. Stow the guff, an' tell us what yer want."

"I will," I snapped back. "The freedom of the ship for both myself and Miss Carrington. Our meals are to be served privately, and the lady is not to be addressed by any one of you."

"My Gawd!" exclaimed a muffled voice, "you don't want much! Who are you, the czar of Russia?"

"I am the rightful captain of this ship," I returned stiffly, "and the only man on board capable of navigating her. You can accept my terms, or leave them; and those are not all. McCann, I am talking to you, not that sea scum."

"All right; go ahead. What else?"

"I am to retain this revolver for protection, and the key to my state-room; Miss Carrington is also to retain her key. When you men desert ship, which I know you plan to do, the Indian Chief is to be left in seaworthy condition. That's all."

"Enough, I should think. You must consider your services indispensable. However, I accept the terms, providing you agree to do what we ask in return."

"That I navigate the ship to within fifty miles of St. Johns; notify you when we reach that point, and give you correct sailing directions."

"That is what we want."

"Good; I accept. Take your men out of the cabin."

I stood motionless, still gripping the revolver in one hand, listening to catch every sound the other side of the closed door. There was a muttered discussion, the words mostly inaudible, although I heard enough to convince me that McCann was urging acceptance of my conditions on the ground

that it would be impossible for me, alone, and under surveillance, to add to their danger. Some words were added in so low a tone as to fail to reach my ear, but whatever they were, they evoked a laugh, and seemed to restore the dissatisfied to better humor. Liverpool took sides with McCann in the dispute, and the two united must have prevailed, for the men's heavy sea boots tramping up the stairs.

Believed of the strain, I turned to meet the questioning eyes of the girl. "That—that was better than fighting—wasn't it?" she asked almost anxiously.

"Yes; I lost my head for the moment, and could only think of reaching deck, and shouting an alarm to the cruiser."

"It was too late for that."

"Yes, we know it was now, and probably I would never have reached there alive. I am very thankful to you."

"To me!" Her lips smiled, although her eyes remained grave. "Why, I merely opened a door—besides, even that act was supremely selfish."

"I cannot conceive how."

"You do not? Yet surely you can realize what it would mean to me to be left alone on board with Fergus McCann. I do so despise the creature that I shrink from even looking into his eyes. It—it was to avoid meeting him again that I locked the door."

"He talked with you, then?"

"Yes, at the table. We were alone for a moment, and it was his manner which frightened me rather than any words said. I left the table without speaking. He—he followed me, however, and tried my stateroom door."

"Saying nothing?"

"No; it was locked, and—and he laughed and went away."

"I suspect the man is almost as much afraid of you as you are of him," I said quietly, "and is puzzled what to do with you."

"Afraid of me—why?"

"Well, if you were not aboard, his problem would be a much easier one to solve. The lives of none of the rest of us would weigh much in the calculation."

"And you think my life does?"

"Undoubtedly. McCann is a villain by nature; he was born with criminal instincts, which have no wise been changed by the possession of wealth. But he is fully awake to the peril of his position. The fellow is a coward back of all his bluff, and I do not think his criminal instincts are bloodthirsty. But he has drifted into a desperate situation, from which he must extricate himself at any cost."

"You mean—oh, not that?"

"I mean there is but one sure solution—dead men tell no tales."

CHAPTER XXI.

A Plan to Save Ourselves.

She stood with hands clasped, and parted lips, her eyes wide open with unceasing horror, for the moment unable to utter a word.

"You—you actually think that, Mr. Hollis? You mean he would be willing to—murder all on board to protect himself?"

"If assured such an act would bring safety, I do not believe he would hesitate at even that crime. To be perfectly plain, Miss Vera, it is my judgment that your presence on board presents the only problem unsolved."

"My presence! Why, he has no cause to fear me. No one knows where I am. If I never appeared alive again, not a soul could ever account for my disappearance."

"True, and probably McCann is fully aware of these conditions. But he wishes you alive, not dead. That is what makes the problem."

She crossed the narrow space of deck, and grasped my coat in her fingers.

"Oh! this is too terrible! He—he cannot imagine it possible!"

"And why not?" I interrupted. "He is all-powerful on board. He judges the virtue of others by his own standard. He dreams that you might even make that bargain to preserve life."

"That I would marry him?"

"Marriage would seal your lips; would win him safety, and also your abjuration and wealth. It is a stake worth playing for, surely."

"And the others? What would be the fate of you and the others if I made that hateful bargain?"

"In no way different, I imagine, from what it will be if you refuse," I said soberly—and my hand closed on hers. "McCann has no intention that we shall ever put foot on shore. He would be a fool to permit such a thing."

"You think it all planned out?"

"In detail; McCann, Liverpool and White know exactly what they intend doing. Their questioning of me, and their scrutiny of the chart, convinces me of this. I even believe now I could name the other men of the crew who will be in their boat, when they abandon ship—Dugan, Dubois, Sachs and the negro, Watson, with perhaps two others I am not so sure of. Miss Vera, you heard what I was compelled to assent to a moment ago. I am to pilot the Indian Chief to within fifty miles of the harbor of St. Johns, turning our arrival at that point to some hour of the night. I am to give McCann notice of our arrival there, and furnish him with exact sailing directions to complete the course. This means that the crew expect to abandon the ship there, and take to the boats. There are enough remaining in good condition—and just enough—to carry them all, but the Indian Chief will be left with none to rescue those of us who are left on board in case of accident to the vessel."

"And you anticipate accident?"

"I believe the ship will be deserted in an unseaworthy condition—either with her bottom pierced, or her sea-cocks open; and that those of us left aboard will be so confined as to be practically helpless to save the vessel from going down."

"And the men in the boats will get ashore, scatter and never be heard from again. No one will ever learn what became of the Indian Chief, or that we were aboard?"

"The French cruiser will report having spoken us at sea. That will be the last word. The truth will never be made clear. Our fate will be another sea mystery, never explained."

"Some of the crew might talk later—in liquor."

"There is always that danger, and McCann is farsighted enough to guard against it as far as possible. The boats will easily become separated in the darkness. If the others are ever picked up, it will be accidentally by some ship at sea—and there are almost 60 ships in this ocean. There are few flaws in the plan, as I have figured out."

She did not answer, her eyes on my face, her expression exhibiting the horror she felt at this vivid picture which I had drawn. Then she slowly, gently withdrew her hand from my grasp, sinking into a chair, her head bent forward.

"You—you really believe they actually plan to do all this?" she asked at last. "And what—what about me? You suggested that—that marriage might save me from this fate. Do you think so ill of me—as to imagine I would ever consent to such a bargain?"

"What I may imagine has nothing to do with the case, Miss Vera. My thought, and that of Fergus McCann, is not liable to be the same on any subject. The only hope he can have of ever winning you is through threat. He possesses power and can assail you with deadly peril. It is my belief that he contemplates doing so."

"That he will offer me choice of marriage with him, or death?"

"Yes; it will not be put in just so brutal a form, for the fellow has a certain polish over his villainy, but it will mean that."

"Loan me the revolver."

"For what purpose?"

"To kill the brute, if ever he dares such a proposal. Mr. Hollis, I would die before I would ever permit his touch! Marry him to save my life! Why, I am so ashamed I cannot look you in the face; cannot even find words to express my detestation of such a suspicion."

I stepped forward, and my hand gently rested on the bowed shoulder.

"My dear girl," I said earnestly, "look at me, and believe my words. Lift your eyes; I want you to read the truth in my heart. It is not your life alone; it is mine also, and the lives of nearly all the others aboard, which are at stake. For the sake of us all I am going to ask of you a sacrifice."

There had been a mist of tears in the uplifted eyes, but as I paused this had vanished.

"A sacrifice?" she stammered. "That I marry that man?"

"God forbid! No; but that you encourage him to think it possible."

"Oh, I could not—I could not! Do not ask that of me."

"But listen," I urged eagerly, forgetful of all else in the earnestness of my plea. "Vera, listen before you make decision. The only possible hope lies in the freedom of one of us aboard. I can so juggle figures as to keep the ship safely at sea for another day and night, but no longer."

"Someone must be free to act and plan. I cannot, nor any of those men confined amidships. By winning McCann's confidence; by seeming to yield to his desires, you will be allowed freedom on board. You can demand it as the price of your surrender. All else must depend on your woman's wit."

"But—but could I convince the man of my sincerity? I—I detest him so."

"He will want to be convinced; your mere consent will satisfy him. You must not look at this from your standpoint. He is conceited and cowardly. To save his own life he would be guilty of any treacherous act. He will judge you by his standards. There will be no necessity for any pretense at love; you need not even permit him to touch you. Merely allow him to believe that fear makes you an unwilling victim."

"You—you actually wish me to do this?"

"Only because of our desperate situation; we must fight with the only weapon at hand. There is no other course open. The one thing I have in mind is—someone on board free to release the prisoners immediately after the boats leave, in time to enable us to prevent the ship's going down."

"But—but Mr. Hollis, would you—would you not insist upon my going with him in the boat?"

I walked twice across the narrow space of the deck, conscious that her questioning eyes followed me.

"Yes," I admitted, pausing to study her face. "You might even be obliged to do that. You must front this possibility, although the necessity may be avoided. But McCann's boat will make St. Johns. He dares not resort to

force once you are ashore. I do not count that a serious danger—only he must not suspect your purpose until too late to prevent his interfering with your action. Nor will you be unsafe with him in the open boat, for the two of you will not be alone. Your greatest peril will be while aboard this ship, and completely in McCann's power."

"The open boat will not be long at sea."

"Not to exceed a few hours probably. Liverpool and White are seamen enough to see that it is equipped with a sail, and if the wind be favorable, they will make land quickly. But there is even a chance that you need not take this risk."

"What chance?" she full measure of her emotions finding evidence in her voice.

"If Leayord or Olson could be secretly released, or even if you could be assured that I was free to attain the deck at the proper moment, and thus able to release these others, we might best play a bold game. By using some excuse you could delay leaving the ship until after all the mutineers were over the side, and in the boats. McCann might remain on board with you, but he would be only one man to handle. Once we had control of the ship, we could defend the decks, and prevent those ruffians from returning on board, at least until they surrendered all arms, and agreed to such terms as we offered."

"That—that would be a most desperate expedient," she said dejectedly, "its success doubtful. You would be terribly outnumbered, and without weapons."

"I do not see it so. Outnumbered, yes; but with every advantage of position. Those fellows could not clamor up the side, unless it be one at a time. Besides, the major part of the crew are doubtless mutineers against their will, and would be glad enough to return to duty if promised protection. I doubt if there be three revolvers on board. I have one of these, and McCann carries another. Really the plan looks feasible to me."

She arose and crossed over to the open port, gazing out in silence across the waste of waters, the wind lifting strands of her ruffled hair. She remained there motionless so long I became impatient.

"Have you no answer to make?" I questioned at last. "You think the scheme impracticable?"

"No; it is not that," but without changing posture or glancing about, and I felt there was a deadness in her voice, far from encouraging. "But—but I do not like the part assigned to me."

"You fear you might find it difficult to carry out the deceit?"

She turned and faced me, and there were tears in her eyes, which she swept indignantly away with a swift gesture.

"You have used the right word," she exclaimed, no longer hesitating in speech. "I am not accustomed to deceit, Mr. Hollis; I have never learned how to lie or conceal my true feelings. I am not afraid physically; it is not

that, but you ask me to permit the fellow to make love to me, and I am to encourage his hopes, and pretend to yield to his advancements. You ask me to lower my womanhood, to take my place on a level with a girl of the streets, and pretend to sell myself for a price. Is this your conception of my character?"

"It was as though she had slapped me in the face, yet I was ready, half anticipating she might assume this position."

"No; but I believe you willing to sacrifice your conception of what ordinarily seems right to save this ship, and the lives of those aboard; to preserve Philip Bascom's fortune. There need be no love making, no pretense at love. You seemingly yield to force, surrender to fear; that would be the only way in which McCann would expect to gain your consent."

"You wish me to do this?"

"It appears to me as our only hope. And if I do, you will not despise me? You will not feel my action unwomanly?"

"I feel that of you! Never; why, it would be impossible for me to conceive of your acting unwomanly!"

She held out her hand.

"Then I will try," she said simply, her eyes uplifted to mine.

CHAPTER XXII.

Words of Love.

My hand-clasp tightened, and the long lashes shaded her eyes, concealing from me the mystery of their depths, a brighter color flooding her cheeks. Outlined against the open port, and the blue of the water beyond, the fresh young beauty of her face was almost a new revelation. The words she had spoken, her manner, her sudden surrender to my wish, perplexed me, and completely overcame my effort at self-control.

"Why did you ask me that?" I questioned, scarcely aware of my words.

"What?"

"If I would despise you; would deem your act unwomanly?"

"Because—because I had to know. It does not even yet seem right to me altogether. I—I could not do such a thing unless you approved."

"You have faith in me, then?"

"Yes—yes; I—I believe in you."

"And you mean you would have refused to take such action if I had not urged it upon you, and had failed to assure you that doing so would in no way lower my respect for you?"

Her eyes flashed up questioningly into my face, only to be instantly lowered again.

"Yes."

"Not even to save your own life?"

"I have always felt there were conditions more to be dreaded than death," she answered slowly. "Here association, such as you describe this adventure to be, with Fergus McCann, may not be such a condition—yet I shrink from it. I have chosen my course, not because it may preserve my life, but for the sake of the others helpless on board this miserable vessel; because of the crippled man locked in his own cabin; because of the mother praying for him in Philadelphia. Oh, Mr. Hollis, can you not understand?"

"Vera, why do you question me like this? Why should you hesitate, doubt, when you realize, as you must, that only through you, and your power over McCann, Philip Bascom's life and fortune can be saved?"

"Because I would not save them at the cost of your respect."

"Mine! You think that of me?"

"Yes," she said, and now her eyes met mine frankly. "I think that of you, Robert Hollis."

This avowed, quietly, honestly spoken, sent the hot blood tingling through my veins, yet left me, for the



"Because I Love You."

moment speechless. I could not, dare not hope that her words meant all they seemed to mean. She must have read the bewilderment in my face, for she did not hesitate.

"I realize how you have looked upon me from the time of our first meeting on the dark deck of the Esmeralda," she said, her emotion evidenced only by a tremor in the soft voice. "I have been to you a mere girl. No; do not interrupt with denials, for it is better I should go on. But I am not a child; I think and feel as a woman; indeed, I have cause to believe that my life—lonely and without companion of my own age—has made me older in experience than my years. Why do I confess this? Because I believe the time has come when you should know. I am going to carry out your desire. I am going to permit Fergus McCann, and all his villainy, to go on to lower myself; to renounce my ideals for your sake."

"Mine! Oh, no; you cannot mean that—there are others."

"Yes, there are others. I sympathize with, and am glad to serve them. Yet their fate alone—even my own peril—would never have led me to make this decision. I trust you, and am willing."

"You care, actually care that much for me?"

"Is there any disgrace, any unwomanliness in saying so? We are in desperate stress, all of us. Even death may be but a few hours away. This is no situation to be ruled by social conventions, or lack of frankness in speech. I do care for you, Robert Hollis; you would have known it longer ago if you were not blind in such things. You have cared for me ever since we were in the boat together. Is this not so?"

"Yes, but I never thought—"

"Of course not; you are not the sort of man who would. You have not made a life study of women; perhaps that is why I trust you so thoroughly. If—if you had made love to me, Robert Hollis, I would have laughed at you; but—but now I do not feel like laughing."

"You do love me! You—you love me?"

"Oh, you mustn't compel me to say that! It is enough to confess I care; that I am interested. If it was not for the desperate chance I am about to take, I should never have said these words. We simply must understand you and I. I cannot go to Fergus McCann pretending to yield to his desires, to conform to his wishes, without you comprehending that of me. I do this not even to save my own life, but—because I love you."

"You love me? You really love me?"

"As woman never loved before, I believe," she answered gravely.

"You do love me! You—you love me?"

"Oh, you mustn't compel me to say that! It is enough to confess I care; that I am interested. If it was not for the desperate chance I am about to take, I should never have said these words. We simply must understand you and I. I cannot go to Fergus McCann pretending to yield to his desires, to conform to his wishes, without you comprehending that of me. I do this not even to save my own life, but—because I love you."

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"You do love me! You—you love me?"

DETESTABLE IMAGE

By MILDRED WHITE

Miriam brought the thing over on my birthday. "It may seem queer, as a gift, Nell," she remarked, "but the girls are all raving over these old images, and the china is as rare as it is quaint."

I am afraid my thanks lacked enthusiasm, as I took the leering Hindu god into my hands, for she added coldly, "It is also supposed to bring true love," and Miriam smiled enigmatically. "The image can never be parted from its owner."

It did not seem to me, as I looked into the squinting features, that this was a thing much to be desired, but it was gratifying to possess such a priceless bit of china, its stamp was undoubtedly genuine. From my dressing table, each morning the image leered an awakening greeting, and at night when the last light had been extinguished, the whiteness of the squat figure shone out in the darkness, and I was uncomfortably aware of that diabolical smile as I passed into a troubled dream. The thing was actually getting on my nerves, its presence seemed so all-pervading. With contempt for my own weakness, I locked it in an unused cabinet, from which it was later drawn forth by my mother.

"Why, Nell," she reproved, "you are hiding away a valuable piece of bric-a-brac; if you do not care for it in your room, I will place it upon the piano."

How many beautiful symphonies that wretched thing interrupted, to my embarrassment, no one may know, but happily, for a time at least, I became so busy that the provoking image lost its power to annoy. Our sorority girls had formed a habit of meeting each month, to brush up their knowledge upon forgotten college subjects. It was interesting, for the boys were asked in to be judges at the "contests," as we called them, and prizes were given the successful. These prizes were donated by the girls in alphabetical order, and we tried to make them as unique as we could. I was studying up to beat Miriam Smith at the latest contest, and—I did it.

The rooms with their chattering occupants swam dizzily before my eyes when Billy Bronson—out of the judges' decision.

"Creditably won," he shouted, "by Miss Nell Wentworth."

Then all at once it came upon me, why, in my excitement I had overlooked this public moment. It had been my turn to donate the prize, and in stress of constant study the purchase had been forgotten. It was only when slipping into my coat to leave for the contest that I remembered. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of the Hindu god. Quaint and costly, the appropriate thing.

There was satisfaction in the thought, as I tied my card about the thing's neck, that I should never more be troubled by that grinning face. And here, now, in presence of Miriam, whose gift it had been, Billy Bronson was holding out to me that fendish, invincible face.

Miriam looked, then laughed. "Congratulations," she remarked, "the cat came back."

I left the sorority crowd at the great gateway, ostensibly to board a car at the corner, but my purpose was different. Safely away upon the stone walk, I intended to lay that detestable image slip carelessly to its fate. China will break, no matter how ancient, and the time of the Hindu god had come. The street lamps were lighted when I looked about furtively, and—let go. There was an encouraging crash as I hurried on.

"Madame!" called a voice from below me. "A young man was bending over the pavement, and as I hesitated, he raised a handsome, regretful face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'the statue seems to be broken in two, still it might be mended.'"

"Oh! no," I gasped, then the humor of it all came over me, and I buried my face in my muff, in silent laughter. "It doesn't matter," I added, blinking at him.

He was evidently mistaking the laughter tears in my eyes, his own were so sympathetic. "I am very sorry," he repeated, and stood staring after me as I turned the corner. I was so glad to be rid of the thing that I went about slinging and I couldn't forget the nice young man's kind eyes. And the very next night when I was singing a love song, he came to our front door. The young man's name was John Curtis, son of John Curtis, proprietor of the curio store, and young John had taken that smashed image of mine to his father's store, and had it all nicely mended. Then he brought it to my address, which he found upon my card tied about the heathen god's neck. And I was so cold in my appreciation, that I had to make up for it by inviting him in, and being entertaining.

You will remember that the image was supposed to bring true love to its owner. Well, if the love of John Curtis for me is not true, then never was true love in the world. As he says:

"Surely it was the little old chap who brought us together," and for that reason he is determined never to part from the Hindu god. But in this—image and mine—the smile of the image above our hearth fire will beam with the light of our reflected happiness.

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Paper Steering Wheels.

Compressed paper steering wheels for automobiles have been invented.

