

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 21.

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

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ALL CEMENT WAY TO DETROIT READY

THE "NORTHVILLE DRIVE OPENS SATURDAY MORNING CLEAN THROUGH.

BEAUTIFUL CONCRETE HIGHWAY READY FOR THE PUBLIC.

While the weather for auto pleasure driving is not quite what it was last August at the same time every body will be glad to know that the "Northville Drive" is now ready all the way through to Detroit from this village. It is a "beautiful" road, and when the robins get busy next spring it will begin to be more appreciated. The highway will be much used however all winter as the road can always be depended on to be of the best, even if it is winter. A little snow will make good sleighing and a little snow or slush cannot spoil the good wheeling.

NORTHVILLE'S SECOND COMMUNITY TREE

The success of Northville's first Community Christmas tree last year decided the issue of making such a celebration an annual event, and Christmas eve, Monday, December 24, has been chosen as the 1917 date. The various committees are hard at work and everything promises well. A suitable tree has been purchased of Mr. Scott, and will be erected on the main square as before. The King's Daughters have assumed the task of making the Christmas stockings, and are asking for volunteers to assist in the work. Ray VanValkenburg has charge of the singing, which will be led by the male quartet, while Will Safford will be on hand with the Northville band. The Santa Claus part of the program will be carried out under the auspices of M. H. Sloan and Floyd Northrop.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM ABROAD

TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE RECORD. JAMIE DUBUAR WRITES FROM FRANCE TO HIS HOME FOLKS.

The Record has the privilege this week of giving its readers the first letter submitted for local publication from a Northville boy who is serving his country across the ocean. James P. Dubuar writes, in part, as follows:

"Somewhere in France, November 5, 1917.

Dear Mother and Father: It is somewhere in the neighborhood of a month since I followed the last man off the boat on which we crossed the Atlantic. Since that time my days have been filled with work, or, in case there was no work to do, with the fear that work was to descend upon me the next instant.

"If the censorship rules would only let me, I could write what would be fairly good reading about a number of things and places, but things being as they are there isn't very much to tell.

"Since watching the shores of the U. S. fade into the distance, we have bounced around on the broad bosom of the blue sea and across divers and sundry foreign countries on the most peculiar railroad trains that the mind could conceive. The trains and engines remind me of the contrivances that Charley VanValkenburg and I used to build some 15 years ago. This best I can say for these outfits is that in the course of time they were always able, in some mysterious way, to land us at our destination.

"More or less of the pleasure of travel was lost because of the fact that on the majority of our moves we were in blizzard conditions, in which we were going. On the boat, this led to an infinite number of rumors. Someone was always getting information straight from the captain or some of the crew as to what port we would land at. As it turned out, there was only one fellow out of over a thousand who called the turn before we got close to land.

"Once we landed, the mail has been on several occasions, and so far I have gotten about a dozen letters. I have written just one to Margaret. I am beginning to be worried for fear if I didn't show more pep I will return to find myself once more a single man via the divorce courts.

RECORD MUST RAISE PRICE.

Owing to the greatly increased cost of production, the Record will be obliged, like most of the other country papers, to raise its subscription price to \$1.50 per year. The new rate will begin with the new year. Subscriptions will be taken during December at the old price, consequently it will be greatly to the advantage of subscribers who are in arrears to settle their old accounts and pay in advance for the coming year, during December, 1917.

THE PUBLISHER.

"The news about Carroll hardly surprised me. I had an idea when I was at home that he was considering the subject of enlisting. Hope he will come to this country. It isn't all unlikely that we could get together for a few days.

"Before I forget it, let me tell you that army life has caused me to take on several pounds of extra weight. Outside of a slight case of measles, which kept me in quarantine on the boat five days, my health has been the best.

"In a letter to his wife, the young soldier says further: 'We have moved again and this is our last for a long time. We were on the go forever and a day. This doesn't mean that we went very far, for the French railroads aren't strong on speed. The trains never run past a station, however small. Our present camp is between two very small towns, but there are enough cafes in each to feed a city. In each cafe is an old Frenchman and from 1 to 3 or 4 women. They all take a hand in seeing that you get just what you want, but nine times out of ten you get something entirely different. However, everything is good, so we are satisfied. One dish we are stuck on is something of a mystery. It comes on a platter and appears to be a large omelet, 3 or 4 inches thick. On exploring it, one is surprised to find it is composed of French fried potatoes and small bits of pork steak. Several of us want the recipe to take home to our wives.

"The French woodsmen are working near us. They use axes, and the speed with which they move has nothing on a snail. The drivers guide them in a weird and wonderful manner. They hitch the oxen to the log and then the whole crew shout at the animals. Despite the terrific noise, the oxen finally haul the log to the proper place. They apparently know more about logging than the men. I have great sympathy for the oxen. I believe they are much misunderstood.

"Whenever we write letters we have to turn them over to our company officers for censoring. 'Lately we have been notified that we can send one letter a week, which our officers will not look at, but which, of course will be censored somewhere.

"To tell the truth, I got most awfully lonesome, and when the Kaiser says he has had enough it won't take very long for me to get back to Michigan. No matter what I may write, always remember that my one big object in life is to see this war finished and to get back home and stay there. What wandering I have done wasn't because I liked it particularly well, but because I had to."

GRATEFUL SOLDIER WRITES RED CROSS

The following letter, handed the Record by Mrs. Roy Cole, mother of the writer, explains itself:

To the Red Cross society, Northville, Mich.

I am in receipt of your most kindly remembrance, a kit bag, for which I wish to thank you. Such an article is one of the most acceptable and desirable gifts that a soldier might have the pleasure of receiving. I find it a very complete outfit, in which personal appearance and comfort are both taken care of, which only goes to show that the Red Cross is thorough in whatever work they consider might help others. Allow me to say that I shall always remember this gift with the most pleasant memories. Yours very truly, CHARLES W. HAYNER, 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

Parents, relatives or friends, are requested to furnish correct addresses, where errors occur, and to keep the Record posted as to any changes.

Ambler, Roy—Somewhere in France. Brock, Frank—U. S. Naval Service. Barber, Jack—Motor-dept., Co. E 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital—service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif. Casertine, Orlin—Camp Custer. Gouch, John—Marines, France. Cram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Eng., Camp Custer.

Dubuar, James P.—Co. F, 10th Engineers—(Forestry) American Expeditionary Forces. DesAutels, Raymond—Sergeant 5th Aero Squadron S. C. Kelly Field, S. Antonio, Texas. Ely, Tracy—Corporal, Co. B, 28th Eng. Corps, Camp Meade, Md. Fox, Walter—Waco, Texas. Foss, Paul—Camp Custer. Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Squadron, Call Field, Wichita Falls, Tex. Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G. Battalion—Waco, Texas. Gardum, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.

Henry, Thomas B.—Capt Hospital Unit, Camp Custer. Hayner, Charles W.—40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Hollis, Elmer—Ft. Hamilton, N. Y. Jackson, Elmer—Sergeant, Motor Truck Co. 313, Train 404, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Jordan, Ralph B.—147th Field Artillery, Battery E, Camp Mills Hempstead, L. I. Johnson, Jesse—Ft. McArthur, Waco, Texas. Jones, William—Corporal, Co. A, 329 M. T. Bn., Camp Custer.

Johnson, Edward, Signal Corps, at Houston, Texas. Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal. Lanning, C. Orrison—Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y. Murphy, C. F.—Officers' Reserve, Ft. Sheridan, Battery No. 4, 2nd P. T. R. Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng., Camp Custer.

Malcolmson, Leo—Camp Custer. Martin, Guy, Eng., Camp Custer. Miles, Elbridge—Signal Corps, Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J. Perkins, Peter L.—Co. D, 23rd Eng., Camp Meade, Md. Raymond, Fred—F. S., Santo Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y.

Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, 119th Field Artillery, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas. Roche, Barney—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Roche, James—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Ruthruff, Theodore—Inf., Ft. McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Simmons, George—Co. E, 310th Eng., Camp Custer. Sallow, Ed—Inf., Camp Custer. Schoutz, Chas.—19th Co, 5th Battalion 160 Depot Brigade, Camp Custer. Stage, L. D.—Co. F, 310 Eng. Camp Custer.

Simpson, Fay—Eng., Camp Meade, Md. Stewart, Russell—Eng., Camp Meade, Maryland. Tibbitts, Harold—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer. Wilber, J. Roland—23rd Engineer-ing Corps, Detach 23, Camp Meade, Maryland.

Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal, B. N., Camp Custer. Williams, Paul—Rainbow Division. Wheaton, Harold—Battery E, 119th Field Artillery Waco, Texas. Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Yerkes, Joseph A.—Co. B, 126th Inf., Waco, Texas. Percival Edwards and Luther Lapham went to Detroit this week to enlist, but failed to pass the physical test there.

The latest news from Ralph ryder stated that his regiment was daily expecting orders to embark for the over-sea service.

Among the marriage licenses in Monday's Detroit papers appeared the names of Russell A. Stewart, Northville, and Dorothy L. Smith, of Algonac.

Conrad E. Langfield of the Northville Chemical Co., has been called by the government, for active duty in the Medical Supply division, New York City.

Several more Northville boys go on

the Record's honor list this week. Ross Dixon left Wednesday for San Antonio, Texas, to join the aviation department; Will Foss, has enlisted in the Navy and Frank Wilkinson has been at Camp Custer for some little time.

Chas. D. Lanning Northville's sailor boy of the U. S. S. Michigan, left this week on his return trip to duty, after a visit with his parents here. The young "Jackie" is the picture of health and thoroughly in love with his chosen branch of service for his country.

Another soldier-boy whose name is not on the Honor Roll from Northville is that of Homer W. Klein. His address is Pvt. Homer W. Klein, 18th Inf. Trans. Battalion, American E. A. Forces, France. He enlisted the latter part of April and is now serving his country somewhere in France—Detroit Courier.

F. P. Simmons and son Arthur, went to Camp Custer Saturday to visit their son and brother, George, over Sunday. Finding the young soldier on duty for both days, they returned Saturday after having a visit of about 20 minutes with him. George is now listed as a first class private, which puts him in line for advancement.

OFFICERS OF NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M. FOR 1918.

W. M.—Paul R. Alexander S. W.—Don L. Ball J. W.—Conrad E. Langfield Treas.—Baron A. Wheeler Secy.—Charles A. Dolph S. D.—H. Ray Borgart J. D.—C. Ray VanValkenburg Tyler—Dean F. Griswold.

Northville Lodge has 254 members and has had a very successful year with James N. VanDyne as Worshipful Master.

The installation of officers and first degree work will be held next Monday evening.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

ELECTRICAL WORK—Wiring, repairing, fixtures, motors, annunciators, outfits for farm lighting installed. All work guaranteed. Lowest prices on chandeliers. George Dixon, Griswold St., First house south of Milling Co. Box 99 21w3p.

NOTICE—Will you please bring your garments in the forefront of the week for dry cleaning. Larkins. 15w4p.

ELECTRIC MESSAGES—Given by appointment, by trained nurse. Receive pneumatics, lumbago, and all nervous disorders. Special attention to fractures after removal. Phone 128-W. 21w.

FOR SALE—Delivery service, 7c per package, day or night. Phone 128-W. 21w3c.

LOST—Chauffeur, No. 10,205. Finder please return to Stanley's drug store. 21w1p.

LOST—On Rand Road, Saturday, December 8, 1917, a black overcoat. Finder please return to Stanley's drug store. 21w1p.

LOST—An imitation fur skin robe, Friday, November 30, between the P. M. depot, Novi, and Fred Shurtliff's. Finder please leave at P. M. depot, Novi, and receive reward. 21w1c.

FOR SALE—Two brood sows. A. T. Holcomb, Novi. 21w2c.

FOR SALE—Half-ton auto truck, in good running order. Inquire 1603 Holbrook Ave., Plymouth; 1 block south of Lapham's store. 21w2p.

FOR SALE—Laying hens. Phone 245-J. 21w1p.

FOR SALE—One Favorite base burner dining table and 6 chairs; 2 beds and springs. Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, Northville. Phone 228-R. 20w2c.

FOR SALE—Young pigs. F. S. Power. Phone 151 R-2. 20w2c.

FOR SALE—Eight-room residence. All modern improvements. Good barn. J. N. VanDyne. 20w2p.

FOR SALE—Latest improved Frantz Premier electric cleaner. Phone 85. 20w2p.

TO RENT—Four furnished house-keeping rooms on Rogers Street. Ground floor. Lights, gas, water, furnace. \$5.50 per week. Inquire at studio. C. O. Wisdom. 171c.

FOR SALE OF RENT—Seven-room house in Southside. Inquire J. W. Kator. 21w1p.

FARM-EXCHANGE LIST Send for our list of Detroit properties offered in exchange for farms. We may have something you want. WALTER C. PIPER, 410 Holden Bldg., Detroit.

APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY.



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| Automobile Sundries. | Safety Razors. |
| Food Choppers. | Auto Robes. |
| Carving Sets. | Regular Razors. |
| Granite Roasters. | Razor Hones. |
| Carpet Sweepers. | Auto Tire Tester. |
| Ice Skates. | Roller Skates. |
| Kiddie Cars. | Velocipedes. |
| Aluminum Salt and Pepper Sets. | Clothes Wringers. |
| Shaving Brushes. | Sad Irons. |
| Child's Knives and Forks. | Automobile Searchlight. |
| Express Wagons. | Flash Lights and Batteries. |
| Baby Push Sleds. | Electric Hand Lamps. |
| Washing Machines. | |
| Perfection Oil Heaters. | Nut Picks and Cracks. |
| Thermos Lunch Kits. | Tea Pots. |
| Thermos Bottles. | Casserole. |
| Girls' Sleds. | Rocking Horses. |
| Boys' Sleds. | Air Rifles. |
| Auto Chains. | Pocket Knives. |

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| Nickle-Plated Coffee Percolator. |
| Nickle-Plated Tea Pots. |
| Nickle-Plated Coffee Pots. |
| Nickle-Plated Tea Kettle. |
| Aluminum Tea Kettle. |
| Child's Alum. Dinner Sets. |

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| Electric Irons. | Silverware. |
| O' Cedar Mops. | Tea Spoons. |
| Toy Blackboards. | Child's Spoons. |
| Shears and Scissors. | Dessert Spoons. |
| Manicure Sets. | Crumb Tray Sets. |
| Ranges. | Glass Casseroles. |

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| Men's Shaving Sets. | Fish Rods, Reels and Tackle. |
| Baking Dishes. | Guns, Rifles and Revolvers. |
| Percolators. | Ammunition. |
| Aluminum Ware. | |
| Coffee Pots. | |

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| Boy's Watches and Alarm Clocks. | Auto & Bike Spot Lamps. |
| Aluminum Cake Griddles. | Horse Blankets. |
| Thermometers. | Regular Sad Irons. |
| Foot Balls. | Cutlery. |
| | Auto Hood Covers. |
| | Auto Boots. |

ASSIST US IN MAKING YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with money should open Bank Accounts for his children.

It is his Duty



If you will give your child a toy BANK when he is a baby and teach him to put his pennies into it, then later give him a bank book and teach him to go to the Bank, you will give him the best Christmas present he shall ever have, and you'll start him on the road to wealth. Put Your Money in Our Bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank
Northville, Michigan

ALFRED DE ORO

FRANK KRAEGER

HONUS WAGNER

POP CARRS

EDDIE PLANK

SOME OLD-TIMERS WHO LONG BATTLED OLD FATHER TIME

While youth is serving in the war the veterans will be given the chance of their lives to come back—in every line of sport. Baseball, football, tennis, golf, racing, walking, swimming, wrestling, boxing.

They used to be called "has-beens." But a lot of them are not through. Bob Fitzsimmons' death called attention to the old timers still in the going. Bob, you remember was swinging the gloves right up to the time when the grim reaper knocked at the door.

Plank Coming Back.
Just the other day Eddie Plank said he was going to stage a comeback stunt in baseball next season. He won't be the only old fellow still looking at the fast ones coming from the pitcher's hand. Hans Wagner tried to retire at forty-three, but the slugging Pirates called him back. LARRY LAT-
TIT

Amateur Athletic Association Official
ly Recognized John Zander as
World's Champion.

John Zander, Swedish runner, is the new world's champion since the Swedish Amateur Athletic association has officially recognized his feat. Zander made the 1,500-meter run in 3:54.7. The American runner, Kivist had previously held the record with his time of 4:55.8 made during the Stockholm Olympic games in 1912.

Jess Willard and Benny Léonard Say They Are Ready, but Enthusiasm Not Overpowering.

Football, track swimming, tennis and other athletic stars from practically every college in the country together with bowlers golfers swimmers



Champion Jess Willard

fighters and boxers are included in the long list of athletes who will meet up the new army, but boxing is perhaps the laggard of all in the matter of coming to the front with enlistments. Of the many well-known boxers in this country, Jack Dillon and Willie Ritchie are practically the only two who have world-wide reputations to enlist. Benny Leonard, Jess Willard, and others have announced that they are ready at any time, but their enthusiasm has not been as ardent as that of some other athletes.

Training Operations to Be Conducted on Very Modest Scale.

The heavy expense of taking a big squad of ball players to the sunny Southland has caused talk of curtailments along this line for several years, but because of the hard knocks baseball has taken in a financial way and the uncertainties of what the future holds for the game owing to the world war, there is little chance that the club owners will be ready to spend a lot lavishly next spring.

A forerunner of the retrenchment policies of major league owners was found in the draft last September, when the major league clubs drafted fewer players than for the past years. The Chicago White Sox, for instance, did not draft a single player. Neither did the Pittsburgh Pirates. Several other clubs drafted only one or two men, and before spring training time arrives next March there is a chance that some of the drafted players will be turned back.

The annual report of the national commission, showing the players purchased from the minor leagues by major league clubs between the dates of the 1916 and 1917 drafts, showed a total of 127 players who were taken by the big leagues under approved agreements, other than optional contracts. In this list the Boston Red Sox did not obtain a single player by the purchase route, while the Boston Braves got but one. The drafted players totaled 33 12 of whom were drafted by American league clubs and 21 by clubs in the National league.

In all the major leagues secured a total of 160 players, including both those purchased for trial and those drafted. Of this number it is said, in it not more than 50 per cent will be taken South next spring.

Connolly Is Violation of Every Qualifi-
fication That Goes to Make
Capable Official.

Tom Connolly the dean of the American league staff, is one of the ablest arbiters in America yet he is a violation of every qualification that goes to make a capable official.

In the first place Connolly never played a game of ball in his life. Not



Umpire Tom Connolly

only that, but he was almost an adult before he ever knew there was such a game as baseball. Yet by diligent study and close application, he succeeded where scores of men born in baseball and boasting of illustrious careers as fast set players failed.

Connolly was born in Manchester, England, and came to America in 1881, just about the time Grover Cleveland was elected to the presidency for the first time. Tom settled in Newk, Mass., where he still has a home, and went to work in a shoe factory.

Eight years after his arrival he was playing semi-professional games in

Capt. Joseph J. O'Hare, former West Point football player, who has been chief aide to Brig. Gen. John A. Johnston commander of the department of the Northeast, has been appointed assistant chief of staff, to have charge of athletics at camps under the department's jurisdiction. Captain O'Hare was graduated last year.

[illegible]

Lloyd Rickart, former Federal league official, has quit his job as secretary of the Toledo club, and will be succeeded by Phil Bresnahan, brother of Manager Roger.

Funds for Red Cross.
The University of Minnesota will donate its share of the net proceeds from intercollegiate sports until August 1, 1918, to the R. J. Cross fund.

HILL'S
CASCARA QUININE
BROMIDE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiate—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hrs. Cries in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr Hill's picture on it 25 Tablets for 25c.

At Any Drug Store

Recalls Economy of 1864.
Let the persons who think wheatless and meatless days are a hardship listen to the venerable men and women whose memories take them back to the Civil war, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

Roasted barley parched corn, dried
rye roots, and even dandelion roots
dried and roasted, were used as coffee
substitutes. White or granulated
sugars were a rarity, and only on the
table for company. Brown sugar and
old-fashioned black molasses, bread
and honey and even bread and ham
that we considered pretty good enough
for all but the old people. In those
days nearly every family in town had
a cow. Those who didn't, as a rule,
lived without milk. The papers of
that day emphasized the fact that coffee
and tea were more nutritious when
used without milk.

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kline's Swamp Root. This is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere - Get bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

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

Collecting Military Stamps.
Collectors in the United States are now gathering postmarks of letters sent from the American camps in France which are stamped "U. S."

Army Postal Service. They argue that if anything definite results from the peace talk the expeditionary force's postmark will be valuable because of its comparative rarity, as they believe that most of the letters coming to the United States from the soldiers abroad are sent to close friends and relatives who for sentimental reasons will save the missives, envelopes and all.

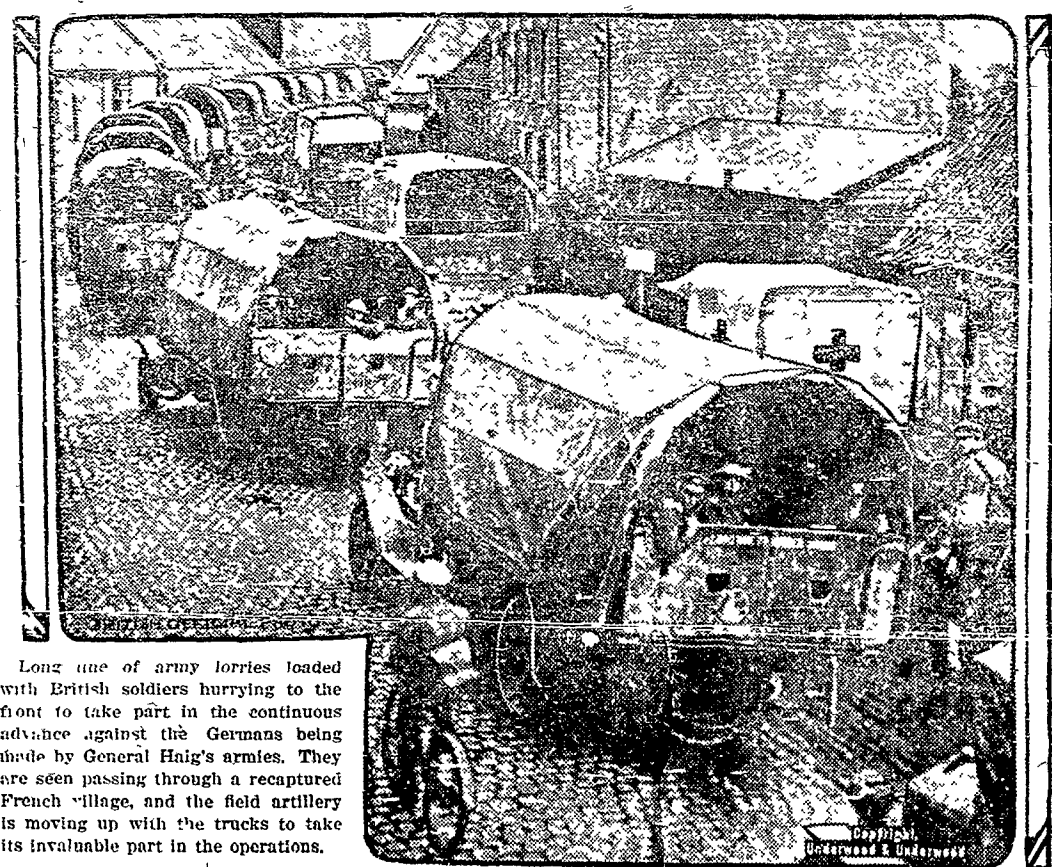
State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County ss.
 I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that the above named
 senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney &
 Co., doing business in the City of Toledo,
 Ohio, County and State aforesaid, and that
 said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED
 DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh of the
 that cannot be cured by the use of
 HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE
 By FRANK J. CHENEY.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed
 my presence, this 6th day of December
 A. D. 1888
 (Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
 HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is tak-
 en internally and acts through the Blood
 on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
 Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free -
 F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Being a Millionaire.
A nice thing about being a million-
aire is the anxiety of all the mer-
chants to sell you goods on credit

Schools of Bahia, Brazil.
Bahia Brazil has 13,464 children
in 238 public schools employing 37
teachers

BRITISH TROOPS BEING RUSHED TO THE FRONT IN FRANCE



A GREAT DISCOVERY

(By J. H. Watson, M. D.)

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists, or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

As a remedy for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly Anuric acts. The pain and stiffness rapidly disappear, for Anuric (double strength), is many times more potent than lumbago and often eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. All druggists know of such a good medicine.

"Dr. Pierce's medicines are all good. I cannot recommend them too highly."—MRS. E. GUNTHER, 17 Fulton Ave., White Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free book, "Mother and Baby."—Adv.

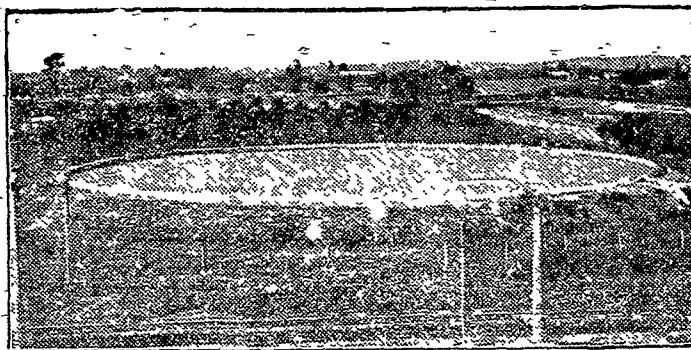
MANY MICHIGAN MOTHERS CAN SAY THE SAME

Detroit, Mich.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to be a splendid medicine. I took it before and after my baby came. I came through my sickness fine and my baby was strong and healthy and always has been. It was a great help and benefit to me and saved me lots of suffering. I am very thankful to know of such a good medicine."

"Dr. Pierce's medicines are all good. I cannot recommend them too highly."—MRS. E. GUNTHER, 17 Fulton Ave., White Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free book, "Mother and Baby."—Adv.

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OBJECT OF FARM RESERVOIRS IS TO STORE WATER FOR GENERAL PURPOSES



COBBLESTONE RESERVOIR, COMPLETED AND FILLED.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture

Reservoirs, suited to the needs of individual farmers, and small groups of farmers form the subject of this article. The main purpose of such reservoirs is to store water for the irrigation of gardens, orchards, and truck farms, but they may also serve to store water for stock and to provide domestic supplies for farm dwellings. Farm reservoirs are used most commonly in conjunction with pumping plants operated by gasoline engines, wind mills or electric motors. Many pumping plants have been installed in recent years for irrigation purposes, and this development has created a demand for storage facilities to retain the water lifted by the pump overnight, and thus provide a large irrigation stream for the following day.

Purpose of Building a Reservoir.

The purpose which a farmer has in mind in building a reservoir will go far to fix its essential features. If he intends to use any part of the stored water for drinking or even culinary purposes, the entire supply must be kept free from pollution.

On the other hand, if the supply is intended for irrigation only, the purity of the water need not be considered. In building a reservoir for use in connection with a pumping plant, the size, elevation and location of the former should be adjusted carefully to the needs of the latter and to the land to be watered, one essential feature being that the outlet be somewhat higher than the area served. When the main purpose is to store the small flow of a spring or the discharge of a small pump until enough water can be had to form a large stream or head, as it is called, and thus water a larger area in a shorter time, the outlet of the reservoir should be large enough to permit this to be done. Again, if the reservoir is intended for both irrigation and the watering of farm animals, care should be taken in planning and building the reservoir to prevent damage being done by the tramping of stock.

Water Supply for Farm Reservoirs.

The most common source of supply for such reservoirs is the well, from which water is raised to the necessary height by a windmill, internal combustion engine, or electric motor. The reservoir is located as near as practicable to the well, and the discharge from the pump leads directly to the reservoir with a branch to the head of the supply ditch, thus permitting the well water either to be stored or used directly on the land.

The flow from springs, brooks, flowing wells, and small creeks forms another source of supply. This is often too small for rapid and effective irrigation when used continuously, and storage is resorted to in order to obtain a large head and also to collect the flow overnight for use the following day or over several days for use during a drought. Springs and other small sources of running water may be made to serve a variety of useful purposes if the proper equipment is provided for their full utilization. Where there is sufficient fall, a part of such water may be piped direct to the house and barn and the balance allowed to flow into a pond or small reservoir, from which it is conveyed by pipe to an irrigated field, orchard, or vegetable garden. In cases where there is no fall or not enough, the water may be pumped first to the house and then allowed to flow by gravity to the barn and corral and thence to a pond, from which it can be withdrawn for irrigation purposes.

Owing to natural causes or the careless use of water in irrigation, fertile fields often become water-logged. In the majority of cases it is feasible to drain these low marshy places and apply this water to other tracts that may be too dry. If the amount of water withdrawn is small, a reservoir to store enough to make an irrigation head often is a profitable investment.

In that borderland between humidity and aridity, known as the Great Plains area, and throughout the arid region, the so-called "dry creeks" carry considerable water at times. Part of this run-off often can be led into a reservoir and stored for future use in watering stock and irrigating land.

In the Atlantic and east central states, and, in fact, throughout the entire humid region, water to fill farm reservoirs generally can be obtained readily at low cost from springs, lakes, streams, and shallow wells. Bogs or muck beds of limited areas also abound on eastern farms, particularly in the Atlantic coast states. These often can be converted at small cost from mosquito-breeding grounds into serviceable reservoirs.

Selection of Site.

The location of the reservoir will depend largely on two factors—the source of the water supply and its utilization. If the water is pumped

from a well, the well and reservoir, as has been stated, should be as near to each other as practicable, and both should be located on the highest ground to be watered. Where a reservoir is to be fed from a stream, a part of the flow may be stored in the stream bed or be diverted through a pipe, flume, or ditch to a better site some distance away. In the selection of sites for the larger community reservoirs care must be exercised to make sure that water can be stored at small expense per unit volume, and such factors as the character of the foundation, porosity of the soil, dependability of the inflow, and the like, likewise are to be carefully considered. The farmer, on the other hand, has less choice of selection. He may be obliged to build a reservoir on a poor site in order that it may be placed near a pumping plant, or for other reasons, arising from his needs or the conditions on his farm.

In Farmers' Bulletin 828, of the United States department of agriculture, "Farm Reservoirs," a detailed discussion of such general considerations as the prevention of losses of water from reservoirs, constructing inlets, outlets and gates, wasteways, and slopes protection is given. These factors should be well considered by anyone contemplating building a farm reservoir or pond. The bulletin will be mailed free on request.

PLAN TO ERADICATE ALFALFA CUTWORMS

Poisoned Bran Mash Proves Successful in Arizona at Cost of \$1 Per Acre.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture)

Poisoned bran mash, costing approximately \$1 per acre, has been exceptionally successful in killing alfalfa cutworms in Arizona, according to reports to the entomological service of the United States department of agriculture. About 98 per cent of the larvae were killed by this treatment, and arsenate of lead seemed to be fully as effective as paris green in the experiments. It was possible to tell three days after a field had been treated whether or not the method was effective. The following is the standard formula for preparing poisoned mash for this purpose:

Fifty pounds of wheat bran; two pounds paris green or four pounds powdered arsenate of lead; six finely chopped oranges or lemons. Bang the whole mixture to the consistency of a stiff dough by the addition of low-grade molasses, such as is used in cat-meat baits, adding water when necessary. Distribute this bait by broadcasting over the infested field, taking care to sprinkle it thinly but evenly throughout the field. In case bran cannot be obtained readily, middlings or alfalfa meal may be substituted.

With this mash distributed as directed there is no danger of poisoning cattle or domestic animals that graze in the field where it has been placed. The mash should be scattered in the field immediately after it is prepared. If, however, it is found that about the house, it should be kept out of the reach of children.

BENEFITS OF SWEET CLOVER FOR CATTLE

Unlike Alfalfa and Other Clovers Stock May Be Pastured Without Danger.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.)

One advantage of sweet clover for pasture is that cattle and sheep are not as liable to bloat on it as they are on other clovers and alfalfa. It is practically never safe to pasture cattle and sheep on green alfalfa but on sweet clover they are comparatively safe throughout the season and in all kinds of weather. The few cases of bloating on sweet clover pasture reported have been under conditions of protracted wet weather. Some maintain that the freedom from bloat in this particular legume is due to the presence of cumarin in the plant.

The fattening of milk cows on pasture on sweet clover is confined for the most part to early in the spring.

Sash for Ho' Beds.

New sash should have a light iron bracing rod across the middle. This makes the sash stronger and prevents the bars from spreading.

The DAIRY

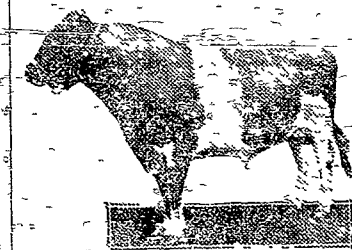


PUREBRED SIRE OF BENEFIT

Use of Anura! Will Result in Great Improvement of Herd—Have Better Cattle.

There never has been a time when the common cow was at such a disadvantage to her owner as the present time. It takes a good cow to pay her way these times. A great many cows will be sold this fall because they would be unprofitable this winter, and yet every cow that will produce a calf is needed by the country.

Is it not a good time to make a resolution and live up to it, to have better cattle? The common cow was all right for cheap land and cheap feed. She must still do to mother better.



Superior Purebred Bull.

Cows, for the great majority of farmers who still have common cows. Get a purebred sire this fall and if you can, one that can be used this fall. The use of purebred sires for ten years will generally result in a herd that passes in appearance for purebreds. Surely it is worth while. A man is not as good a farmer as he can be, unless he is improving his herd.

FISH MEAL GOOD FOR COWS

Nutritive Value as Affecting Milk or Butter Production Compares Well With Cottonseed.

The use of fish meal as a feed for dairy cows is not strictly a new feed, but only lately has the government seriously undertaken a study of it as a practical ingredient in dairy rations. Fish meal is a by-product of the fish industry. Waste from salmon and sardine canneries is especially excellent for the manufacture of high-grade fish meal.

Preliminary experiments made by the U. S. Dairy Division show that the meal has no detrimental effect on the quality of milk or butter, and that the nutritive value of fish meal as affecting production compares favorably with cottonseed meal. An average analysis of fish meal is as follows: Water, 5 per cent; ash, 16; protein, 60; fat, 14; salt, 5.

Fish meal is manufactured from the fresh waste of fisheries by a process of steam cooking, pressing, and drying. It is preferably made from freshwater fish to avoid too high a content of salt. Dried fish products, known as fish scrap or "pomace," are used considerably for fertilizing purposes and fish meal fed to farm livestock retains all its valuable fertilizing properties.

COWS REQUIRE PURE WATER

Supply Constitutes Three-Fourths of Volume of Milk and Demands Dairyman's Attention.

All animals require plenty of good pure water. This is especially true of the milking cow, as water constitutes more than three-fourths of the volume of milk. The water supply, therefore, demands the dairyman's most careful attention. Stale or impure water is distasteful to the cow and she will not drink enough for maximum milk production. Such water also may carry disease germs which might make the milk unsafe for human consumption or be dangerous to the cow herself. During the winter when cows are stalled the greater part of the time, and unless arrangements have been made to keep water before them all the time, they should be watered two or three times a day. If possible, the water should be 15 or 20 degrees above the freezing point and should be supplied at practically the same temperature every day.

URGE SKIMMING RICH CREAM

Saving Can Be Accomplished by Turn of Cream Screw, and Is Well Worth Effort Required.

In skimming a hundred pounds of 35 per cent cream, 15 more pounds of skim milk is kept on the farm than when the same amount of 20 per cent cream is taken. This saving can be accomplished by a turn of the cream screw, and at present feed prices is well worth the effort required. More skim milk on the farms also means more calves raised to furnish meat and milk for all. Milk producers are paid for the butterfat in cream; not for the water and other constituents. This makes it advisable to skim a rich cream.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI



Save the Calves!

Stamp Out! Out of Your Herd and Keep It Out! Apply treatment to itself. Small expense. Write for free booklet on abortion, "Questions and Answers." State number of cattle in herd.

Dr. Davis, 1001 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

Those who have once loved can never be satisfied with common friendship. Colds Cause Headaches and Grip. LA XATIVE BROMO QUININE removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." J. W. GROVES & Co. Inc. 1001 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

Retribution. "Bliggins says he wants to go into business and be his own boss." "It would serve him right." Bliggins makes about the meanest boss ever known.

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE

When You Use Cuticura—The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

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

Responsibility

"Prohibition has made a great change in Crimmon Gulch," commented the occasional visitor.

"Yes," replied Three-Finger Sam, "I never saw the settlement so quiet and polite."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, liquor is no longer handy as an excuse for reckless talk and everybody's nerves has steadied down so that if a man should reach for a gun it 'ud have to mean something."

What Convinced Him.

Defendant's Lawyer—You say my client, called you names! How did you know for sure that they were talking to you and not to somebody else?

Plaintiff—Well, maybe I was mistaken but when they accompanied their conversation with bluffs on my jaw and swears in my ribs I naturally couldn't be blamed for thinking they were addressing their remarks to me—Judge.

Some Speed Car.

"What did you do yesterday?" "Pony me took me for a drive out in the country in his new car."

"Has Pinsky got a new car?" "Well, he calls it a car, but I'd call it a thunderbolt!"

"What kind of a car is it?" "It's this kind of a car: The man who is driving it says 'Isn't that a fine new ahead of us?' And you say: 'Yes, wasn't it?'"

Banana Cheap and Nutritious.

During the year 1917 more than six billion bananas were imported into North America. Three of these bananas weigh about a pound and cost generally about five cents. At five cents a pound bananas may claim to be as cheap and nutritious a food as any on the market at present prices.

It isn't so much a matter of time as it is of disposition that so many things we could do are left undone.

New York city will give returned soldiers preference on municipal jobs after the war.



Six Minute Pudding

Here's a new one—a most delicious dessert that can be made in a hurry.

To one and one-half cups of milk add one cup of

Grape-Nuts and one level tablespoonful of sugar, boil six minutes, cool and serve with milk or cream. Add raisins if desired.

Get a package of Grape-Nuts from your grocer and try this pleasing recipe.



Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy



A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

ABSENCE of iron in the blood is the reason for many colorless faces but CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

SPIDERS BRING GOOD LUCK

Quaint Portuguese Superstitions Still linger—Believe Whistling at Night Communication With Evil Spirit.

The Portuguese never kill a spider that comes into the house, for it means they are going to receive a letter that will bring good news, according to a correspondent.

When the left palm itches it means you are to receive money, and the Portuguese men spit on the hand and thrust it into their pocket, while the women who have no pockets content themselves by rubbing the palm on wood.

The Portuguese never whistle at night, because that would be communicating with the devil, and those who talk to themselves also communicate with the devil in doing so.

If the wind should blow open the door of the house, no one should ever say, even in a joke, "Come in," as people often do, for the devil is liable to walk in.

If the first child born to a family is a girl and resembles the father, she is sure to have good luck all through life. If a black cat comes to your house, it means good luck; but if it happens to be a white cat then there will be a death in the family.

One of the customs in the Azores was the "telling of cantos." Story tellers would visit the different houses at night and spend the whole evening telling the most awful ghost and witch stories, some that had been handed down for generations. In Provincetown it was customary at night in the winter for the purpose of "telling of cantos."

In making bread the Portuguese women always make a cross with the final pat in kneading and say a prayer or else the bread will not come out well.

Brooklyn, N. Y., finds many men more than fifty years old unable to get jobs.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case

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

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

Why?

A man at sixty years of age is either a failure or a success. BEECHAM'S PILLS have been made for sixty years and have the largest sale of any medicine in the world! Millions use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. For restoring color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Sold in 5c. and 10c. packages. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 50-1917.

Bess Sotcher a Middleweight.

It isn't the big 170 pounder that the examining boards who have been choosing recruits for the new National army greet with enthusiasm says Miles. It's the little chap who weighs about 140 and hasn't a pound to spare that is the real prize for military service.

Tests made at Princeton and in the training camps go to show that weight for weight a man of this build handles himself more effectively. He scores relatively low in strength tests, but remarkably high in endurance. He is adaptable when it comes to the modifications of diet that life in camp makes necessary and he can stand inspection with full equipment on a hot day and smile, while the big fellow melts and falls out.

NEVER FAILS TO END MISERY OF PILES

Stops Itching at Once.

"Hundreds of people in this vicinity," says Peterson, "know of the mighty healing power of PETERSON'S OINTMENT in eczema, salt rheum, old sores, itching skin, ulcers, pimples and all diseases of the skin. They know it cures these ailments—that it is guaranteed to cure them."

Now I want to say to every sufferer from piles, either blind, bleeding or itching, that will guarantee that a 30 cent box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT will rid you of piles or your druggist will return your money.

"For years I suffered terribly with itching and bleeding piles. I tried everything and despaired of ever getting rid of them. It gives me great pleasure to state that Peterson's Ointment entirely cured me, and I sincerely recommend it to all sufferers." Yours truly, David A. Seymour, Supt. of Parks, Buffalo, N. Y., Adv.

Status of Arab Nation.

The Arab nation is without money or natural resources. Its territory contains neither mineral nor external agricultural wealth—but the redemption of Mesopotamia will afford the Arab, of the future opportunity for agricultural development. There, under semi-independence, after barrages on the Tigris and Euphrates have been built by British energy and cash, Baghdad may rise to a higher scale of learning, splendor and wealth than under the caliphate of Haroun al Raschid.

Of the entire outcome from the war, therefore notes a correspondent, the Arab renascence is assuredly not the least momentous. Historically, it will mark the advent of a new era; ethnologically it becomes a charming study of turritures of literature.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 30 and 60 cent bottles.—Adv.

Subject to Amendment.

"Spoke told me last night that he had never loved anybody else, and would love me, and alone, as long as life lasts; just like that!" said a waitress in the rapid fire restaurant.

"Hoh! He told Goldie the same thing before they were married," returned another waitress.

"Aw, yes! But that was almost a year ago."—Kansas City Star.

Bachelors' Foresight.

Few bachelors would object to being taxed if it would insure them against designing mothers.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name LA XATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVES. Cures a Cold in One Day. 30c.

Some men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy No Brackets, No Corners, No Cuts or Bruises of any kind. Write for Free Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

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.

NORTHEVILLE, MICH., DEC. 14, 1917.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

In accordance with the U. S. postal laws, Act, August 24, 1912, the following statement is published:
Name of publication: The Northville Record.
Publisher: Neal Printing Co.
Managing Editors: J. W. Perkins and Frank Neal.
Business Manager: J. W. Perkins.
Owner: Frank S. Neal.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 6th day of Dec. 1917.
FRANK S. NEAL, Notary Public.
My commission expires Dec. 20, 1920.

WHY PICK ON THE D. U. R.?

The annual howl on the part of Detroit daily press and Detroit politicians against the D. U. R. is now on and this time it is a real kick against a raise in fares to 5 cents straight. The general public appears to be perfectly satisfied with the new arrangement of 5 cents. Why shouldn't the D. U. R. have the same rights and consideration that every other business has? Detroit Sunday newspapers have jumped from 5c up to 7 cents and the daily paper price is increased from one up to two cents in Northville. The increased price in the D. U. R. is operating expense is certainly more than the small increase from 3-for-a-quarter tickets to five cents. Why not tackle the milk or coal question? Why pick on the D. U. R. all the time?

The Pontiac Press Gazette in one of its snappy editorials the other day, advocated Red Cross work for men who haven't any thing to do but "sit around and smoke, and argue about the war." Things suggested were the cutting out of garments from patterns, running sewing machines, keeping the shears used at the work-rooms sharp, and knitting. "This is no time," says the article referred to, "to joke about a man and a knitting needle. The need of our soldiers is no joking matter."

We've been having some pretty cold weather in these parts, but nothing to the frigid atmosphere that greeted one, Robert La Follette in Washington, D. C. a short time since.

It might almost be made to seem logical, in view of all the devilry rampant in the world, to accuse the weather department of collusion with the arch-enemy.

Northville School Notes.

Basket ball schedule—Class games
Virginia Murray has left the eighth grade.

There are fifteen now in Miss Weiler's H. S. penmanship class.

About 200 pupils and teachers, by going in a body to the funeral of Mrs. Susie Woolley at the Presbyterian church Wednesday, showed their respect for that faithful old companion and teacher.

The charts that are being used in the history classes have become so necessary that the possibility that they may not be purchased by the district is worrying us. We have them only on approval. We are hoping.

Mrs. Schoultz, teacher of the Fourth grade, left for Camp Custer Wednesday, for a day. It is understood that Mr. Schoultz, who is a "Sammy," will soon leave for the south not to return before departing for France.

A library schedule is being arranged so that each pupil in the High school will have a definite time to do library work. It will also do away with crowding at times, while at other times every chair may be empty.

The American Literature class as a preliminary to the reading of President Wilson's war message, are discussing, with the aid of a chart, European history and the ambitions of each belligerent from the time of the battle of Tours to the present.

Hard to Capture.

Obesity isn't always a handicap. The fat jobs seem to be the most elusive.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mr. Ed. Beckman has been quite ill with pleuro-pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns are visiting in Detroit for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury and daughter, Grace, have moved to Dundee.

George Woolley and family are to be residents of Pontiac hereafter.

Mrs. Ira Stephenson entertained the Red Cross society last Friday afternoon.

Private Harry Avery was home from Camp Custer on a Thanksgiving furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin are guests of their son and family near Pontiac.

The Red Cross will give an entertainment this (Friday) evening, in the Baptist church.

Mrs. Henry Moss has been entertaining her father, Mr. Gallagher, and niece, Marion Stoddard, from Clarkston.

Miss Madge Quigley of Ypsilanti and Miss Blye Quigley of Highland Park visited Walled Lake friends recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Farley of, South Lyon spent Saturday at the home of J. A. Deveraux.

There was a box social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux last Friday evening for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday school.

The social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux last Friday night was well attended and netted the Sunday school \$23.

Miss Edith Sherwood returned to her school work at Rochester last week, after spending the Thanksgiving vacation here with her parents.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Klue was buried in the Milford cemetery Tuesday, Dec. 4. Mrs. Klue will be remembered here as Miss Nina Smith.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. Scott Kitson was in Pontiac Tuesday.

Mrs. R. D. Stevens returned from Flint Tuesday.

Paul Mowers and wife were Detroit visitors Monday.

Mrs. O. T. Hopkins has gone to Cleveland to visit her parents.

Ezra Stevens of Linden is visiting his brother, L. R. Stevens, and family.

Mrs. F. W. McDonald and Mrs. J. M. Gibson were in Pontiac Friday in the interest of the Red Cross work.

Herbert Abrams spent Saturday with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Andrews of Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Ryals announce the marriage of their daughter, Lena, to Mr. E. C. Glutz of Walled Lake.

The ceremony was performed at Jackson on Thursday, December 6, 1917. The young couple will reside on the Glutz farm at Walled Lake.

"G. E. Dickerson of Walled Lake wishes to correct the item gleaned from the files of 1881 in regard to the members of the Wixom band at that time. He says he was there with a great big brass horn."—Milford Times.

Farmington Flashes

Red Cross work is progressing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins were in Detroit Saturday.

Farmington won from Redford in a recent foot ball game.

Jack Frost didn't skip Farmington by any means this past week.

Mrs. Leon Green and Mrs. Ralph Caskery went to Detroit Friday.

Mrs. Elva Tolman is nursing at the Thompson home in Northville this week.

Tommy Tetso of Detroit was a recent visitor at the Charles Leach home.

Albert Bruder of Redford was in town Monday night visiting at his parental home.

The M. E. donation chicken pie dinner and bazaar held last Friday was well attended.

Care in Purchasing.

Never buy a horse that drags his hind legs. The animal that gives his heels a clean, outward fling that shows his shoes, is generally a good traveler.

Novi News.

W. D. Flint has a new Ford car.

J. Leavenworth has gone up north to buy a carload of cattle for Howell parties.

The children at the Bert Leavenworth home are recovering from chicken pox.

Wm. Risner, who was taken very ill Thanksgiving day, is much better, under the care of Dr. Turner of Northville.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. D. Clark and Eugene Root attended the recent State Horticultural society meeting at Grand Rapids.

A splendid program has been prepared for the Young People's Rally, Wixom, Walled Lake and Novi, to be held in the Novi Baptist church this coming Saturday, Dec. 15. The forenoon session opens at ten o'clock, sun time, and the afternoon meeting at one. People from the three organizations will take part in the exercises of the day.

The reception given the new pastor and wife at the Baptist church Tuesday, December 4, was one of the especially noteworthy social events of the season. The artistically arranged color scheme of the dining room and table decorations was in yellow and white, and dainty refreshments were served to 135 people. An interesting program was enjoyed in the church auditorium, H. M. Bogart giving an appropriate address of welcome. Other speakers were Rev. W. T. Roberts, District superintendent, Rev. Halverson of Walled Lake, Rev. T. A. Brass of Wixom and Rev. H. A. Hazy of Novi, a former pastor and W. D. Flint. Among the enjoyable musical numbers were a piano solo by Miss Passage of Plymouth, a vocal solo by L. B. Flint and singing by the Novi male quartet. The program closed with the singing of "America."

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)

"The church around the corner"

Saturday, December 15, is "Fruit day." From your home into the Missionary barrel, to the Children's Home, Detroit. Please bring your gifts to Mrs. George Johnston, Cady street, tomorrow—Saturday—December 15.

Sunday services. Morning, at 10. Subject: "Circles."

Bible school at 11:30. A welcome for you.

Epworth League at 6. Subject: "The Plague of Discontent," Miss Jessie Clark.

Evening service at 7, when we will deal with the second of the war sermons, this time from the standpoint of "Russia and Serbia."

H. M. society meets at the home of Mrs. F. S. Neal on Tuesday afternoon.

Prayer meeting at 7, with teachers' society meeting at close. Something of importance for you.

A hearty welcome to all of the services for you and your friends.

PRFSBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning at 10, second pre-Christmas theme: "The Son of God."

Sunday school at 11:30. Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m. Subject: Christ is Our Peace. National Ideals War or Peace. Which?

Evening service of worship at 7. Subject: "How Much Noise are You Making—and What Kind?"

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The Paralytic Borne of Four. Mt. 9; Mk 2. Lk. 5.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. N. A. Clapp Wednesday, December 19.

Morning preaching service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting at 6 o'clock p. m. Evening service at 7 o'clock.

Be sure and hear Dr. Henderson, a Missionary from Burma, who will speak in the church Tuesday, December 18, at 7 p. m.

The annual business meeting of the church will be held the first Monday in January.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

Saturday night, "The Redemption of Dave Darcey, a western play of unusual interest, with a good comedy in addition.

Coming! Metro Film service every Saturday, commencing next week. Such plays as "Their Compact," with Bushman and Bayne, "The White Raven," Ethel Barrymore, and "The Scarlet Woman," Madame Petrova are among the offerings listed.

Next week Thursday brings the great Japanese star, Hayakawa, assisted by Myrtle Stedman, in "The Soul of Kura Shan."

For Christmas, there will be pictures both afternoon and evening. Harold Lockwood in "Paradise Garden" will be the attraction.

NOTICE.

Beginning December 19, I will be at Novi Wednesdays, at Chambers Bros store, Wixom, Thursdays; and at the Northville State Savings bank Saturdays, for collection of taxes.

DAN MATTHEWS,
Treasurer Novi Township.

Dyspepsia.
Eating when in the state of nervous exhaustion or great physical fatigue, prolonged mental strain or excessive grief may be sufficient to cause severe dyspepsia.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

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

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

FOR SALE**SOFT COAL AND CEMENT**

AND SALT.

I Will Pay the Highest Prices for Your Produce

I PAY CASH AND MUST HAVE CASH.

BRAN, MIDDINGS, GLUTEN

A Car of Lanow Feed, at the Right Price.

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

C. M. McLAREN

SALEM,

MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD-WANT COLUMNS.

JUST Eight Days

In which to do Your Christmas Shopping

We are ready and anxious to wait upon you at your convenience. In justice to yourself

SHOP EARLY! SHOP NOW!

There is no use talking about Merchandise at a real low price. There is no such thing. However, we are in a position to save you money on the things you have to buy in our lines.

FOR INSTANCE:

A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF MEN'S and WOMEN'S NECKWEAR.

KID GLOVES FOR WOMEN.

KNIT CAPS for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

A STRONG LINE OF DRESS GOODS and SILKS.

FANCY TOWELING by the Yard.

LINENS for Fancy Work.

MEN'S and WOMEN'S OUTING

FLANNEL NIGHT GOWNS.

NEW BLANKETS and QUILTS.

SILK STOCKINGS for Men and Women

FINE COTTON and WORSTED

STOCKINGS for Boys and Girls.

LADIES' FANCY DRESS WAISTS—A New Purchase Just In.

SILK GLOVES for Men and Women.

NEW RUGS.

ALL KINDS of CROCHET COTTONS.

FANCY APRONS; Also LARGE KITCHEN APRONS.

HANDKERCHIEFS! HANDKERCHIEFS!

This is the real Handkerchief Store. All prices and all kinds. We want you to see them. Come today.

YOU CAN FIND A PRACTICAL AND USEFUL GIFT FOR EVERY FRIEND, HERE

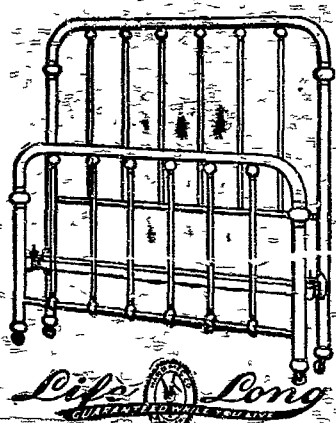
PONSFORD'S

GIFTS for the HOLIDAYS

Schrader Brothers' Furniture Is the Most Appropriate

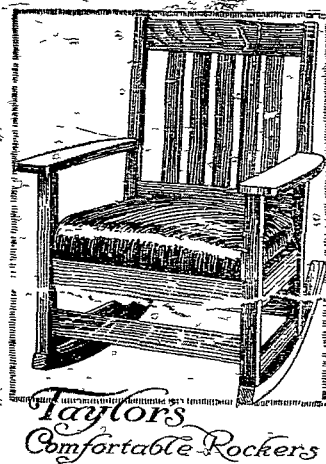
Santa Claus will find a Big Assortment of Delightful Presents for that day of all days, for Friends or Relatives. Furniture is the delight of Everybody who receives it. Nothing is more Lasting and Nothing is Quite so Welcome in the Home. It is a Reminder for Years and Years of Your Yuletide Thoughtfulness.

Here are a Few Reminders and we assure you we have Many More Articles not mentioned. Will you Please Come In and See Us? You don't have to buy, but you ought to See Our Line, Anyway.



LIBRARY TABLES.
KITCHEN CABINETS.
CHINA CABINETS.
BUFFETS.
BOOK CASES.

SEWING TABLES.
HALL MIRRORS.
TABOURETS.
CARD TABLES.
SMOKING SETS.



IRON BEDS.
BRASS BEDS.
SEWING CHAIRS.
COUCHES.
SETTEES.
DAVENPORTS—
(New Kind).
PEDESTALS.
BOOK CASES.
MEDICINE CHESTS.
FOOT STOOLS.
TELEPHONE SETS.
LADIES' WRITING
DESKS.



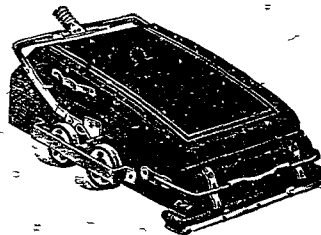
BABY CARRIAGES.
GO-CARTS.
BISSELL CARPET
SWEEPERS.
CEDAR CHESTS.
WAIST AND
SKIRT BOXES.
EASY CHAIRS.
ROCKERS—
ALL FINISHES.
LOUNGING CHAIRS.
CHIFFONIERS.
BED ROOM SUITES.
PARLOR PIECES.



The
Housewife
Would
Certainly
Appreciate
This
KITCHEN
CABINET
for a
Christmas
Present.

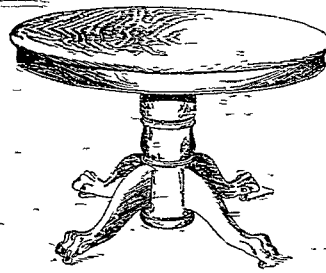


FURNITURE
FOR
EVERYBODY.



PERKINS
VACUUM SWEEPER
FOR \$5.00.

The Best for the Money
Makes a Nice Useful Christ-
mas Present.



Eat Your Christmas Din-
ner on one of Our New
Dining Tables.

SHOP EARLY. WE DELIVER GOODS ANYWHERE FREE.

Schrader Bros.

THE FIRM NAME THAT STANDS FOR QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors.

NORTHVILLE AND PLYMOUTH



C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.
MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by George A. Rackham and Sarah Rackham, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to William A. Haines, of the same place, dated April 3, 1912, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne on the 5th day of April, 1912, in Liber 620 of Mortgages on page 112, and which mortgage was duly assigned by William A. Haines to Horace H. Rackham, by assignment of mortgage bearing date July 2, 1915, and which assignment was recorded on July 3, 1915, in Liber 62 of Assignments on page 50. And Whereas, by reason of said default there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal and interest, the sum of \$4,554.06, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in the said mortgage contained and of the statutes of the State of Michigan, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, February 18, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, Eastern Standard time, at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said indebtedness and the costs and expenses of sale, including an attorney fee, allowed by law and to any sum or sums that shall be bid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes to protect his interest in the premises described in said mortgage, such premises being situated in the township of Greenfield, county of Wayne, and state of Michigan, and described as follows:

"All that part of the west one-half of the southwest one-quarter of Section nineteen (19), Town one (1), South of Range eleven (11) east, bounded and described as beginning at the southeasterly corner of said west half, thence north one (1) degree and ten (10) minutes west along the easterly line of said west half eight and 98-100 (2335) chains to the center line of the Grand River Road, thence north sixty-one (61) degrees west along the center line of said road five (5) chains and sixty-five (65) links, thence south one (1) degree and two (2) minutes east twenty-one (21) chains and eighty-seven (87) links to a post on the southerly line of said section surrounded with broken glass, thence north eighty-eight (88) degrees and ten (10) minutes east along the southerly line of said section four (4) chains and ninety-five (95) links to the place of beginning, containing 10 0892 acres more or less."

Dated, November 19th, 1917.
HORACE H. RACKHAM,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

C. C. YERKES,
Attorney for Assignee of Mortgagee
Northville, Michigan. - 18-30.

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

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of SOPHIA E. LAPHAM, deceased.
Edward H. Lapham, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the second day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said court room be appointed for examining said account and hearing said petition.

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

EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.
ALBERT W. FLINT,
20-22. Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the third day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN C. GOW, deceased.
William Salow, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed herewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

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

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

EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.
ALBERT W. FLINT,
20-22. Register.

FRANK J. BOYLE
AUCTIONEER

STOCK SALES A SPECIALTY
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Phone, Plymouth Exchange.
SALEM, MICHIGAN.

HERE'S A LOYAL
GERMAN-AMERICAN

Some friend of The Times-Herald in Portland, Oregon, sends us a letter addressed to the News, of that city, by a so-called German-American. The ideas set forth are so thoroughly American that we believe it is worth while reproducing. It follows:

"I am what is sometimes called a 'German American.' Let me say a word to 'German-Americans.' You are wrong. Take my advice and be an American. Drop the German and be a Yankee."

"Did you ever hear a Frenchman in America calling himself a French-American? Did you ever hear a Britisher calling himself a British-American? You never did."

"You came over here, as I did, to better your condition, and to get away from Junkerdom and slavery. All of you, with a few exceptions, made good under Uncle Sam's protection. You have enjoyed the same privileges as the native-born."

"Now, it's up to you to show your gratitude. Be loyal to the only flag that has ever done anything for you. Help free the people back home—I still think of Germany as 'back home'—from the yoke they have carried too long. Our fathers and grandfathers tried to free themselves in 1848, but failed. Now is your chance, your only last chance, and don't you forget it. Your last chance!"

"Don't you remember the officer back home—how he looked down on you—treated you like a yellow dog—murdered your son—disgraced your daughter—and got away with it because he was an officer a tool of the Hohenzollern?"

"You fellows who have served in the German army—don't you remember how the recruiting officer used to call you everything, abusing your father and mother by calling you vile names? And when you complained, what did you get? Five days, dark cell, black bread and water—for 'lying.' The 21-year-old 'yon' had made a liar out of you. Oh, I can tell some nasty tales!"

"Now you new-made Americans, donate and help, see to it that your son enlists, donate and help some more. We will take a great load off Uncle Sam's shoulders and pretty soon we will have in Germany a president—a man like Woodrow Wilson."

Having once served through compulsion—in the Kaiser's army, the writer of the letter printed above knows whereof he speaks. Between him and some other so-called German-Americans there is only one striking difference—he hasn't forgotten why he came to the free United States of America—Port Huron Times-Herald

At the Front

POPULAR
MECHANICS

MAGAZINE
360 ARTICLES 360 ILLUSTRATIONS

**BETTER
THAN
EVER**

15c a copy
At Your Newsdealer

Yearly Subscription \$1.50
Send for our new free catalog of mechanical books

Popular Mechanics Magazine
6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

WOODVILLE

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

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

Two Performances
Daily
8:15 and 8:35 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

A STAR IN THE EAST



LET YOUR MEMBERSHIP HELP IT TO SHINE

A PROGRAM FOR THE
RED CROSS CHRISTMAS
CAMPAIGN IN MICHIGAN

Program For Christmas Membership Campaign

The following program is being adopted in substance by many Michigan Chapters:

Monday, December 17.—Opening of Campaign.

Tuesday, December 18.—Fraternal Day Participation by fraternal bodies Raising of Red Cross Flag, to be displayed throughout the campaign.

Wednesday, December 19.—Women's Day, on which special tribute will be paid to the work which women are doing in the Red Cross. Meetings of local women's organizations. Special exercises.

Thursday, December 20.—School Day, on which teachers in the schools will speak on the significance of the Red Cross and upon the significance of the Christmas ceremony.

Friday, December 21.—Employment Day, on which special recognition will be paid to the support which the working man is giving to the Red Cross. Factory speeches, etc.

Saturday, December 22.—Boy Scouts Day, on which Boy Scouts will be organized for canvass for membership.

Sunday, December 23.—Church Day, on which Christmas sermons on the Red Cross will be preached in the churches.

Monday, December 24.—Red Cross Christmas Ceremony, 7:30 on Christmas Eve, candles will be placed behind Red Cross Service Flags in every home. Workers will sing carols in the streets and church bells will chime.

"Three-quarters of a Million for Michigan."

CHRISTMAS EVE CEREMONY

An idea that will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most striking features of the Red Cross Christmas membership campaign is the display from every home and place of business of the Red Cross emblems, indicating by stars or otherwise that one or more members are there enrolled.

On Christmas Eve at 7:30 o'clock lighted candles will be placed in the window behind or near the emblems, and the church bells will chime every half hour until nine o'clock.

As an effective means of lending beauty and significance to the ceremony, Red Cross workers will be organized into groups to proceed through each neighborhood singing Christmas carols.

The participation by each town, city or village in Michigan in this Christmas Eve ceremony will be a fitting close to the greatest membership campaign in the history of the Red Cross.

A RED CROSS CHRISTMAS

The War Council of the American Red Cross has conceived that a great national purpose will be served by having membership in the Red Cross almost as universal as citizenship.

Although pledged as a nation to the national purpose during this great crisis, it will not be granted to a large percentage of us to play a part in the fighting branches of our country's service.

All of us, however, can be identified with the Red Cross, which in these times when whole nations are organized for warfare, is big enough and strong enough to carry some of the burden for our soldiers, our sailors and our Allies.

We want a Red Cross of three-quarters of a million members in Michigan. We want the strength and support that will grow from this army of members.

Christmas time has been set to attain this goal, because the Red Cross and Christmas spring from the same spirit, and these two great symbols of mercy, sacrifice and cheer may well be united. On this, our first Christmas in the war, the Red Cross symbol will add, not a spirit of dejection, but the thought of serious purpose and sacrifice which through accomplishment it represents.

It is hoped that from this Christmas campaign of 1917 will grow a permanent custom, which will increase the significance both of Christmas and the Red Cross.

FIRST "WAR CHRISTMAS"

It is our first Christmas in the War. Millions of our boys are away from their homes, in camps, on the sea, and in the trenches.

Let your Red Cross banner wave from holly wreath and Christmas green to show that you and yours are enlisted in its service.

Light the Red Cross Christmas candle and let its rays light up the folds of the emblem of mercy; and this:

Bind in inseparable union the Christmas spirit of service and the Red Cross mission of humanity.

The Red Cross has 5,000,000 Members.

It needs 15,000,000 Members. That means 10,000,000 new Members.

Your dollar will help end the war. Join the Red Cross.

Your dollar will help put our soldiers "over the top."

Makes this a Merry Red Cross Christmas.

WHEN, OR WHERE, OR HOW?

How oft the thought of When
The end of life shall come?
As come it will; and then
Whether we shall reach the goal alone
Without a friend at hand? And Where
The latest breath shall leave its home?
And how it shall end its care?

At times a shudder creeps into the brain,
As we think that across our way
May come some speeding train
Or other hideous, shrieking thing
To grind the flesh and crush the bone
With crumpling wheel and heartless groan,
And strew our blood upon the sand.

What matters it, if it shall be our lot,
To have the journey end on our own cot?
With loving hearts and dearest friends about
Or, whether it be in a sodden trench
Where a patriot soldier's duty calls
And where the blinding sheen of battle falls?
Or by the stealthy thrust of blade
By the hand of an assassin made?

The guilt is on the hand that sent
The blow, not on the soul that went.
Whether the end came swift or slow
We may not sigh or grieve to know.
The ghost that we need most to fear
Is not that shape in somber gear,
That strides across our path,
But that little restless elf
Who creeps into our inner self,
And there steals silently away.
We find that in his quiet stay
He took the record of our life's intent
And with it swiftly, surely went.

When the swift fingers of Time
Shall ring out the chime
That calls us to the shore
Where lies the craft, sails ready set,
To safely guide us o'er,
How paltry poor, will then appear
Full many things we've gathered here.

The only wealth we'll carry there
Will be the thread we've woven here
Upon the spool of life and thought
And into daily deeds have wrought.
How happy then if there is found
No tangles in the skein we've wound.

—F. R. BEAL.

**Solitaire
Diamond Rings**

Flawless Diamonds in all sizes from 1/4 to 3 karats set in attractive mountings of platinum, platinum and gold, and all gold with platinum lined setting.

Buy with confidence from
a firm you can trust

Liberty Bonds Accepted as Cash

WRIGHT, KAY & CO.
JEWELERS
WRIGHT KAY & CO. BUILDING
WOODWARD AVENUE AT GRAND RIVER
DETROIT

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

Telephone 899 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Ford Cars are an important servant in every rural community. They help the family enjoy life, bring the pleasures and advantages of the town within reach, and give practical service every day. They require a minimum of attention; any one can run the Ford and care for it. More than two million owners prove these qualities every day. We pledge Ford owners the reliable Ford service with genuine Ford parts and standard Ford prices. Touring Car, \$360; Runabout, \$345; Couplet, \$505; Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$645; One-Ton Truck Chassis, \$600. All f. o. b., Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS
Northville, Mich.

Northville Newslets.

Skating.
Taxes due.
Good sleighing.
New moon yesterday.
Today's the short one.
Still a shortage of coal.
Christmas week from Tuesday.
And Christmas but 10 days away.
Next Friday is the "first day of winter."
Also the shortest day of the year.

Take a part in the Municipal Christmas tree

The King's Daughters will meet with Mrs. James Savage next Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, at seven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eckles entertained twenty-five men and women at a venison and turkey dinner Monday evening.

The Record office has a supply of 1918 auto license application blanks.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

For Christmas

Candy,
Perfumes,
Stationery
and
Cigars

make the best
Holiday Gifts.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a Strictly Sanitary Condition. All Milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high 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 REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 149 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., Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m., also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

If you want one come in and get it any old time.

"Northville Drive" opens for traffic tomorrow (the 15th). All the way comes now to Detroit and back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Litsenberger announce the arrival of a little daughter, Marion Lucille, at their home on Randolph st. Friday, Dec. 7, 1917.

An appropriate and thoughtful tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Susie Woolley by the placing of the flag on the school building at half mast Monday.

Extra. Ed Hinkley had his first sleigh ride in two years Wednesday when Perry Astin took him in his cutter all the way from Municipal square to his unlap street residence.

Solicitors about this week seeking contributions for the expense of the Municipal Christmas tree. If the subscription paper does not get to you, please give your contribution with the postmaster.

The South Lin Herald reproduced last week, one of the Record's recent editorials, and with a compliment attached there. Besides being a first-class county paper in every other way, the Herald is one of the class that give proper credit for items reprinted.

The Record once more calls the attention of its friends to the fact that items and correspondence must reach this office before Thursday afternoon to be inserted. Several desirable letters and a batch of correspondence were received last week too late to use.

Samuel McLean, who has been a foreman at the Bulvar factory for some years, has secured a lucrative position with Parke, Davis & Co. in Detroit, commencing his new duties this week. Bert Wood is Mr. McLean's successor at the local factory.

The committee charge of the Community Christmas tree intends that every Northvillero whose name appears on the list of the Record shall receive a gift from the tree fund. Of course these presents must be on the way before Christmas, but they are a part of the tree program just the same.

The officers and teachers of the Presbyterian day school, in a meeting held May night, decided that this year there will be no gifts on the Christmas tree except those to the city of other lands. The service will be held on Sunday evening, Dec. 2, South Lyon Herald.

Last week Eggsman Edgar Webber took a box of candy home. All of those who eat the candy were very ill. The box was an attractive one with pictures of soldiers on it and just now when there is such a plea being made to send candy to the soldier, would we be chosen to send a sample has been sent away for analysis. —Fence Independent.

A card received from Rev. W. S. Jerome brings his many friends, through the Red Cross good news that he has acted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church at White Pigeon, and commenced his duties there Dec. 1. Everyone here knows Mr. Jerome will be glad to have recovered his health so as to take up regular pastoral work.

The Farmington Enterprise has joined the county papers in this immediate section, the state which have announced a raise in price to \$1.50 per year. The list now includes the South Lyon Herald, Milford Times, Farmington Enterprise, Orion Review, Plymouth Mail, Birmingham Echo, Brighton Argus, and the Record. Such an advance has become an absolute necessity for country publishers under present conditions.

The Record hereby makes its annual suggestion that no Christmas gift the same cost can provide anywhere near the same amount of pleasure and profit for the recipient as a Library card will do. It is a present that lasts the whole year through, a constant reminder of the gift as well as deserved help to the library. And only costs half a dollar. Here is a place where the gift has not been bestowed "on account of the war."

Ante some men women and girl volunteers to assist in the making of stockings for the Municipal Christmas tree. Material and cloth is all furnished ready sew up. Also volunteers wanted to assist in filling the stockings and tying them ready for the tree. No Mrs. Savage, chairman for King's Daughters, or Mrs. Schrader, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Hinkley or anyone connected with The King's Daughters. Everybody is needed in this line.

WAS BIG SUCCESS.

The Red Cross benefit play Wednesday night was an unqualified success in every respect. The house was sold out beforehand, and the entertainment excellent from first to last. Everybody expected as much, and nobody was disappointed. As usual in our home talent plays, new local ability was brought out, and thus new talent was added to Northville's already long list of competent entertainers. As we usually have occasion to say of such enterprises here, the town is always especially loyal to its own productions of entertainment, and we have reason to be, as professionals would have nothing on our amateurs in a similar production; if indeed the former could equal the latter in satisfying a local audience, to the extent of bringing out such enthusiastic applause and so many repeated encores.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Timham did their customary excellent best in furnishing the musical accompaniment, and the best was still better in that they donated their services for the occasion.

Camp Fire Notes.

The Aokiya girls cancelled their social meeting Wednesday evening on account of the Red Cross entertainment.

The Timmer girls will hold a council fire Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, in the H. S. assembly hall.

The Aokiya girls will hold a council fire next Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, in Miss Weller's room.

TRY A LIMER IN THE RECORD.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Regular Meetings:
December 7th and 21st.
A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACH, Secy.
C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
Installation Dec. 17.

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

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.
Regular Dec. 21.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

I will be at the Northville State Savings bank on Tuesday, Dec. 11, and every Tuesday and Friday thereafter until January 11, for the collection of taxes. —M. H. SLOAN, Township Treasurer.

CARD OF THANKS.

The relatives of the late Mrs. Susie Woolley extend heartfelt thanks to all their friends for many acts of kindly service and sympathy.

TRY A LIMER IN THE RECORD.

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business Nov. 20, 1917.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$173,233.21
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	236,599.32
Overdrafts	45.68
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,700.00
Items in Transit	3,239.88
U. S. Bonds	10,000.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	74,457.51
Cash and Cash Items	31,342.78
Total	\$544,098.38

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	7,000.00
Undivided Profits	9,696.31
Reserved for Taxes and Interest	59.06
Deposits	
Commercial	\$239,868.12
Savings	252,564.89
Total	\$544,098.38

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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A CHRISTMAS STORE

MEN LIKE USEFUL GIFTS!

Below you will find many articles that perhaps will help you solve your Christmas problems. There are practical presents for every masculine member of the family from grandfather down to the boy. Visit us soon for there are only 9 shopping days 'til Xmas.

MEN WILL APPRECIATE THESE GIFTS

Mufflers, Scarfs and Knitted Silk	75c to \$2.00.	Auto Gloves and Mitts	75c to \$2.50.
Neckwear, in Xmas Boxes	50c to \$1.00	Toilet Sets	\$2.25 to \$5.00.
Cuff Buttons	25c up.	Dress Glove, Cape, Mocha and Buck	\$1 to \$2.75.
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Umbrellas	\$1.00 to \$1.50.	Handkerchiefs	19c to 50c.
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SPECIAL!
SILK SHIRTS
put up in Xmas boxes,
\$4.50

Contest for Cyclomobile to end Christmas Eve, so those having coupons should turn them in before that time. Following is the list of names entered in the contest:

Willie Foreman	470	Harry Lyke	175
Teddie Watts	374	Ward Masters	145
Darwin Edwards	338	Reginald Hills	100
Loran Goodell	302	Theodore Willis	100
Albert Kohler	279	Carl Schultz	100
Ford A. Atchison	223	Charles Armstrong	100
James Lawrence	205		

WM. GORTON

READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS.

NORTHVILLE.

The Deep Sea Peril

VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Donald turned and began shunting the crinoid bed. The sea devil had disappeared. The water was like a thick, unstable jelly. As they made their way along the bottom of the sea, the fleshy arms reached out toward them like children's plucking fingers. At last the bed of crinoids ended. They trod on firmer ground. Their pace became accelerated.

He had lost all sense of time. He did not know whether he had journeyed one hour or three. He halted because there seemed nothing to do. Then he began to lead the way back between the two crinoid beds with the intention of reaching the clear ground near the entrance to the cave.

There, there might be a chance of picking up Davies and Clouts; or, at least, it might be possible from there to return to the submarine with Ida to replenish their oxygen reservoirs. These still seemed ample, but it was impossible to determine how much oxygen remained.

They threaded the mazes of the winding path between the beds, while from either side the fleshy arms stretched out to grapple them. The touch of them was like fiery velvet. The suction of the branches made them cling and Donald had to exercise all his might to break away. Sometimes their ankles became entangled and they would struggle. Always the arms had formed a network above their heads before they could regain their feet, and these had to be broken.

Under their feet the ooze was white with the skeletons of small fish which the lilies had rejected after devouring the substance that covered them.

At length the crinoid beds ended abruptly. They rested on the bottom, seating themselves side by side. Donald felt confident that he could find the submarine. But the delay was sweet, because the disappointment in store for them might prove unbearable. Death or a little life would be the alternative, and the difference was hardly perceptible.

Donald raised Ida's hand to his glass mask and pressed the fingers against it.

She let her hand fall caressingly upon his shoulders. She rose to her feet, and he followed her. They looked into each other's eyes, and, though they could read nothing there, some message of hope seemed to pass.

They plunged together into the sea of jelly again. It clung to them, as if it, too, sought to suck them down. The light of the electric lamps was growing obscure. They wandered blindly, struggling in a medium that was almost impermeable.

Donald began to realize that the action of the caustic alkali within the metallic chamber was becoming exhausted. He was beginning to choke. His breath came in deep sighs, and he gulped in the thickening atmosphere.

Their steps grew slower. Ida could hardly raise her feet. Once she stumbled and fell, picked herself up, and started beside Donald again; then she sank down exhausted. She could not go farther.

Death, horrible in form, awaited them. It was becoming imminent. Donald was growing delirious, and in fancy he was strolling with Ida through meadows, plucking flowers. They were to be married on the morrow, and he was going to get leave of absence to take her away. Where should they spend their honeymoon? Off the coast of the Shetlands. Why, he had been there once, long before.

All the while he was aware that he was lying on the bed of the sea, but his personality seemed divided, and while one part of him walked in those Elysian fields beside his sweetheart, the other suffered and choked and pleaded impotently with a blind fate for aid—not for his life's sake, but for Ida's.

The girl's hand was unresponsive in his own. Perhaps she was dead already. Donald chafed it, but was hardly able to distinguish it in that jellylike environment, which was thickening perceptibly now.

The fingers were limp and cold. They were both numbed from the exposure—and Ida was dead. He would follow her, then.

Slowly and with deliberation he unfastened the copper cylinder from about his body. At once the little electric light went out. It had grown so dim that only then did Donald remember that it had been burning.

He unbuckled the headpiece and took off the mask of glass. He flung it from him. A moment he held his breath as he felt the cool water-jelly upon his face. Then, very resolutely, he drew in his breath.

CHAPTER X.

The Cave of the Idol.

A cry of amazement burst from his lips. He was breathing air—at the bottom of the sea!

It was surcharged with oxygen. It invigorated him. He felt the thrill

of renewed life in his body, he felt his shrunken arteries tingle as his heart pumped the new, richened blood through them.

It seemed unbelievable. At first he thought that he had died, and that this was the soul's awakening.

Then, with quick fingers, he unfastened Ida's body-piece and tore the mask from its fastenings. He heard her sigh.

She sighed and stirred and sat up on the ocean bed.

"Donald!" she murmured. "I thought—I thought you were dead. Where are we?"

"I don't know," he answered, in absolute bewilderment.

At that moment he heard the mellow, gonglike sound that they had heard aboard the F35.

And slowly, as if in answer to the call, the jellylike medium that surrounded them began to drift away, to be hunched up, as if it were a curtain, and before their astonished gaze there evolved the sturdiest stage setting that could ever have been conceived.

First there came into view the submarine, occupying as it were, the center of this stage, her bow sunk in the ooze, her stern still lower. They had been lying within a hundred paces of her.

Next appeared the sloping edges of the crater, seen not through water but through clear air, with a border of yellow crinoids ceaselessly stirring, as though a breeze ruffled them. Then there began to be visible in the flanks of the mountain, structures, apparently of hardened mud, taking the shape of fantastic temples, with pillars and doorways with low lintels, a submerged city of cliff dwellers, and yet each flanked with its neighbors, so that they seemed to have been fashioned with the same unchanging precision as the cells of the bee.

And the whole crater swarmed with the sea monsters, no longer invisible, but outlined in phosphorescent fire.

And, standing in front of Donald and Ida, his features clearly visible through the glass of his own diving mask, surveying them with a cool, dispassionate gaze was Ira MacBeard! As they stared at him, he raised his hand and struck something suspended from his neck, giving out the mellow sound which they had heard before. Immediately he disappeared from view in the midst of a swarm of the monsters, which, surrounding Donald and the girl, began to push them toward the cavern in the mountain side.

The push was gradual, and apparently the result of some natural quality not known on land. There was no sense of muscular movement. It



"Look!" Exclaimed Donald.

seemed to be momentum devoid of the accompanying force of speed. Irresistibly, and yet quietly, the two were pushed toward the entrance in the flank of the island.

In vain Donald resisted. In vain he tried to force a path toward the submarine, dashing his fists against the bodies of the monsters. He made not the least impression upon those half-spherical forms.

A sea-man under water and one in the air had very different powers of resistance. He might as well have fought an army of animated feather-beds.

Slowly, without strain or attack, he felt himself being forced forward. He was held tightly on every side, except for the narrow gap that opened in front of him. He was forced to devote himself to supporting Ida.

On every side the globular, translucent, phosphorescent forms seemed to crowd in on him, leaving only a tiny way in the direction of one of the mud-pillared entrances. Yet, even thus, Donald had the impression of some unconscious force that animated these monsters; it seemed like the scouting expedition of a colony of ants, returning with its booty. He could sense no conscious impulse in the sea monsters.

His pace became accelerated, and suddenly, swept off their feet, Donald and Ida found themselves within a huge cavern, faintly illumined by phosphorescence, and roofed with the same cloudy substance that they had seen upon the ocean bed without.

The monsters left them. The two stood there together, still in bewilderment. But they were not alone, for, with a shout, Davies emerged from the dim recess, and ran toward them, followed by Clouts. Their cylinders and headgear had been removed. The four stared at one another in incredulous joy.

"They nabbed us the moment we left the air-lock," cried Davies, grabbing the lieutenant by the hand and

forgetting his discipline for the first time. "And Clouts, too. They sort of edged us in here. We were afraid you were dead."

"They gave us a little longer respite," answered Donald. "Davies, are I mad or dreaming, or are we breathing under water?"

"If you're dreaming, then Clouts and I are too," said the little middy. "Hello! There Clouts goes again. I've tried to keep him resigned, but he gets frantic occasionally."

With a sudden howl that seemed to rise from the depths of an outraged nature, Clouts, lowering his head, rushed like a battering-ram into the doorway. The watchers saw him recoil as if he had hit a feather bed. He looked up, rubbed his head in perplexity, and then, retiring a few paces, repeated his experiment morosely, as before.

Again he was hurled back, as a ball rebounds from the cushion of a billiard table. The monsters' bodies blocked the entrance as effectively as if they were of rubber.

Slowly Sam Clouts withdrew, looking back with a puzzled expression. Meanwhile the three glanced about. They were in a huge, natural cave, in which the sea monsters had evidently been at work for the interior was coated with mud, hardened in some peculiar manner to resist the water. And yet Donald had the same impression of a beehive. There was something of sameness everywhere, the same sense of automatism.

It was quite bare, except at one end, where arose a mud mound, decorated with sea-shells, and upon this was what looked like the upright skeleton of a small mammal.

"Look!" exclaimed Donald.

"It came from behind the curtain!" said Davies in awe. "Donald, the air was thicker. . . . Something keeps rolling back. . . ."

They looked at each other, still unconvinced that they were awake and alive. Then they went toward the object at the end.

Sam Clouts, who had preceded them, fell back with an exclamation of horror.

"Yes, Clouts?" said Donald. "I beg your pardon, sir, but don't you see that it's meant to be a person, sir?"

He spoke the truth. The figure was a rough pile of bones, but high above them a grinning human face, made of the same plastered mud, looked down. It was the first sign of conscious process among the monsters, and some devil craftsman had contrived to catch, not so much the form as the humanness of it.

It was upon a larger scale, precisely such a figure as a child of a savage might have made in its first efforts to reproduce the human figure. There were even the dawning of art in the shape of whales' ear-bones, strung, braceletwise, across the breast.

The mound beneath the figure consisted of innumerable bones, a sort of lichen midden such as Neolithic man left behind him as a testimony to his master feasts.

Davies picked up one of the bones and looked at it intently.

"Donald!" he said softly, not to attract the attention of Ida, who, seated on the floor against the mound, seemed on the point of falling asleep from weariness. He held out the bone.

Both looked at it. It was the bone of a flipper heel. The monsters were cannibal, beyond any doubt.

"Davies!" cried Donald, a moment later. "Don't you see what that figure is? It's an idol. And the bones are those of creatures of their own species, and others sacrificed to it by the monsters in their abominable feasts. It's the first dawning of self-consciousness, the awakening of the religious perceptions!"

There could be no other interpretation. They looked at each other in horror and something of awe.

The thing had been fashioned, perhaps after an ideal never seen, or perhaps some forgotten ancestor, cast up on an inhabited shore, had seen man and returned, to embody him in his remembered guise.

So these half-blind and voiceless devils of the sea were groping slowly upward, as our ancestors had done many a hundred thousand years ago, toward hope and endeavor. The Spirit of God stirred in the dull souls of these cannibal monsters, as everywhere.

Donald felt somehow immensely elated at the thought. Even here they were not cut off from the sheltering hand of Providence.

"Look, sir!" Clouts exclaimed suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Picked Up a Living.

Sir John Kirk, who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of work in connection with the Ragged School union, tells an amusing anecdote of how he once questioned a London waltz whom he had befriended as to his method of earning a living.

The young fellow's reply was typical of the London street arab.

"Well, guv'nor," he said, "it's like this. I picks strawberries in the summer. I picks 'ops in the autumn. In the winter I picks pockets, and, as a rule, I'm pickin' oakum for the rest of the year."

Manifold Uses for Cotton.

In calling attention to the manifold uses for cotton, cotton seed and cottonseed oil, the Boston Herald mentions the following products: Photographic films; automobile windows; buttons; "ferry" artificial silk; combs; handles, trunks, book bindings, shoes, furniture, headwear, handbags, lard soap, butterine, paints, rubber, gun cotton and smokeless powder used in explosives.

THE RED CROSS GOAL IN MICHIGAN 750,000 MEMBERS BY CHRISTMAS DAY

The heart of America at this Christmas time is yearning toward the hills and valleys and mud flats of France for thousands and tens of thousands and, for all we know, hundreds of thousands of our finest boys are over there with Pershing. And by another Christmas there may be 2,000,000 of them, and two years from now, so far as anyone can see, it may be nearly 5,000,000. For America has taken oath that not until Kaiserism has been blotted from the earth will the war end.

Those boys of ours who are over there, and the others who are going, need all the help and encouragement and aid the folks at home can possibly give them. That is why the Red Cross, instead of confining itself to giving them hospital treatment after they have been hurt or are sick, is giving them Christmas trees and comfort kits and doing everything possible to make Christmas enjoyable for them. Not a man in all "Black Jack" Pershing's army, will be without some reminder of the people at home for whom he is fighting. Not a man in any one of all the army and navy contingents scattered all over the United States will be without a genuine Christmas—even to a Christmas tree. The Red Cross has gone into the Santa Claus business wholesale, as it goes into everything it undertakes.

And that is why every man, every woman, every child one to them, to become a member of the Red Cross. A campaign is being carried on to enlist 750,000 new members of the American Red Cross in Michigan making a total of 750,000. Every family in the state ought to be represented.

It is because of the millions of millions of American boys who are going over to France that the whole American people has got to join the Red Cross in helping care for them. A few hundred thousand can be looked after by the present membership, but multiply them by ten or twenty or twenty-five, and it takes a nation to back them properly.

It has been great sport this year to fix up the Christmas packages, and write the little personal note that goes with each one, and picture to one's self the pleasure with which the unknown soldier in France will hail the gift from the home land. For there has been no real fighting—only a trench raid or so, in which only a few lives were lost—fewer, in all likelihood, than would have occurred in the natural course of events if they had remained in civil life. So, while there was sorrow for the brave fellows who went down fighting, and for those others who were slain in the submarine truces with the Germans, there was not the overwhelming grief that comes after every great battle.

Next year it will be different—so different. In the spring—and earlier if the French line should break at any point—Pershing will hurl his boys into the gap, and everybody knows what that means. There will be fighting of the kind that made a whole world admire the men of Bull Run, and Antietam, and Chancellorsville, and Chickamauga, and Gettysburg, and wherever Americans have fought.

That means that the hospital will be full of American boys whose lives depend on the work the Red Cross must do—for there is no other agency that can wait on them. It means bandages literally by the million for their wounds. It means splints and wound pads and pillows and all manner of surgical dressings without stint. It means pajamas and bed shirts and surgical shirts—the kind that surgeons can open and reach wounds without handling buttons. It means bed socks and bath robes and convalescent robes and all the things that invalids need.

It means drugs and medicines and operating instruments, and all the appliances with which modern surgeons are daily performing miracles in saving lives and restoring to usefulness legs and arms which under other methods would have been cut off at once.

American soldiers must not be for a single day without all of these things they need. The French have been. In the early days of the war—and it has been said in some later days—word went out that the French surgeons were operating without anesthetics because they had none. It is bad enough to lose an arm or a leg, but no one likes to think of being tied fast to a table and the leg or arm cut off with no chloroform or ether to give the sufferer unconsciousness while the knife is wielded.

Also, within the last year, word has come from the battlefields of France that the little Poilus had to use old newspapers to stanch the blood from their wounds. That was because their supply of gauze had run out and no more was to be had.

Children as Red Cross Workers.

Children in public schools throughout the country are to help the cause of the Red Cross. Many of the simple articles and supplies needed in the hospitals will be made in the ordinary course of the school work, and this material contribution to the effort of our soldiers will be of great importance.

Right now—to—is the time to help. Have you joined the Red Cross?

All America will agree that none of these things must happen to Pershing's boys. But it will happen unless the American people get right behind the Red Cross, and like and ship those hospital supplies in a never-ending stream. The surgeons at the French hospitals say that sometimes it takes a whole box of surgical dressings—7,000 of them—for a single wounded man. They have been so short at the French hospitals that instead of throwing the dressings away after using them, they have been driven to try to clean them and use them over and over.

That is what Maj. J. P. Murphy had in mind a few weeks ago when he cabled to the Red Cross that nothing on earth is of equal importance to getting a big supply of surgical supplies into France. Unless we do, he said, disaster and disgrace are ahead for America and the Red Cross and the American people can not afford to incur it.

Money is not all the Red Cross must have for this war, though it will take millions of dollars. What it needs most of all is an immense number of members, and their personal service. If needs, and to have, the whole American people fathers and mothers, sisters and daughters, and the children, to back the government and the Red Cross in this work.

That is why the Red Cross wants 750,000 members in the country and 750,000 in Michigan. It is not so much the \$2 or the \$10 or the \$25 or the \$100 or the \$1 fee the membership costs, though that has importance. It would be even more necessary if membership did not cost a cent. But in this case the fee is small consideration. What is needed is an army of 15,000,000 true-hearted Americans who will stand back the army and navy, and supply the with everything they need to keep them well and healthy, and to give them every chance for life if they get sick or are hurt. Confidence in backing is a mighty factor in a boy's sprunk when he is fighting 30 miles from the home he is defenseless.

Now a word about the different kinds of membership. A patron member pays \$100 in one sum, and the interest of that money accrues to the Red Cross every year. A life member pays \$25 in one sum, the interest of which keeps his membership alive so long as he lives; but the most stress is not to be laid these forms in this campaign because, as I have said, money is not the chief object. Everyone who can help should be urged to be what is called a "Magazine Member." It costs \$2 each year, but it brings with the Red Cross Magazine, published by month with a wealth of pictures of Red Cross work, and inspiring articles telling what the Red Cross does all around the world.

For those who can spare \$2, the annual membership is but \$1, and one who has this membership is just as much a Red Cross member as anyone, the only difference being that he does not get the magazine.

The first thing is to become a Red Cross member. Take somebody in with you if you position. Help the membership team that comes to you for your name and a dollar or two dollars. Remember, is not in the final analysis, the Red Cross you are helping at all—it is boys who are over there fighting. You know they are concerned with the Red Cross ever gets a penny out anything given for relief, or from armaments made and entrusted to it.

You will hear—if you have not already heard—a doctored story about graft in the Red Cross. They are lies, everyone of them. They were started maliciously, and have been padded ever since by gossamer malicious, some merely chatter with a sense of responsibility, would a the same spirit repeat and shout about a good woman.

You have heard, will hear that the high officers of the Red Cross get most of the money and it for selfish. Exactly the reverse is true. Every member of the war council, every head of every Red Cross bureau in Washington, every bit of every bureau in everyone of the thirty divisions of the Red Cross in the United States, is giving him time and is spending money his own while he does the work.

In a recent public speech of this subject, Henry P. Wilson, chairman of the Red Cross council, declared that of every dollar given the Red Cross for relief about \$12 is spent for relief. Only are to expenses met from his provide, but that purpose, but money contributed draws interest while in bank, and the interest is applied, re-ly, to the relief work.

Children as Red Cross Workers.

Children in public schools throughout the country are to help the cause of the Red Cross. Many of the simple articles and supplies needed in the hospitals will be made in the ordinary course of the school work, and this material contribution to the effort of our soldiers will be of great importance.

Right now—to—is the time to help. Have you joined the Red Cross?

EVERY CENT GIVEN RED CROSS SPENT FOR RELIEF WORK

LIES CIRCULATED BY AGENTS OF UNSPEAKABLE KAISER NAILED.

HOW SOCIETY IS SUSTAINED

Membership Fees More Than Provide Sufficient Funds for Administrative Purposes—Where Subscriptions Go.

Hearings of the unspeakable Kaiser have circulated more lies with reference to the American Red Cross than any other American organization. One of these lies was to the effect that a big percentage of the millions of dollars subscribed for Red Cross work went to officials of the organization. This statement has no basis in fact whatever.

One hundred and twenty million dollars was subscribed for the Red Cross by Americans last June, and not one penny of this money has been spent for administrative work.

The local chapter keeps half of a \$1.00 membership fee, for instance, and the other half goes to Washington. Only absolute necessary expenses are paid, such as postage, printing, express and freight charges, clerk hire and the like, all incidental to carrying on the work. The strictest economy is used. Almost without exception the important posts of the Red Cross national, state and local, are filled by men and women, who are giving their services, not only without pay, but who are also making generous personal contributions of money besides.

Where the Money Goes.

Not all of the \$12,000,000 subscribed in June has been collected. Collections on Nov. 1 totaled \$79,395,355.68. Of this amount \$9,129,389.21 is being returned to Red Cross chapters for local relief work and the purchase of raw materials to be made into hospital garments and supplies. In addition to this total, appropriations from the war fund up to Nov. 1 amounted to \$40,851,259.20, of which \$26,934,416.86 was for foreign relief. These foreign relief appropriations were apportioned as follows: France, \$19,581,240.47; Belgium, \$720,091; Russia, \$1,428,049.87; Serbia, \$493,203.76; Roumania, \$1,548,398.76; Italy, \$214,000; Great Britain, \$1,060,520; miscellaneous foreign, \$173,612; Armenian and Syrian relief, \$1,800,000.

There has been apportioned for supplies, etc., for United States forces in this country, \$3,488,729, for hospital work, \$379,500; for sanitary service about cantonments, camps, \$183,500; for miscellaneous items in United States, \$108,487.60, a total for the United States army of \$4,120,215.60. Other appropriations advanced for hospital funds amounted to \$220,000.

The sum of \$7,659,000 has been expended in the purchase of raw materials to be worked into hospital garments, bandages, surgical dressings, etc., by various lay workers throughout the country. As local chapters purchased this material at cost from the national organization, this sum will eventually be returned to the war fund.

Other German Lies.

Another lie is that American sailors are sending word to friends that they are receiving so many sweaters and other knitted garments that they are using them for mops aboard ship. As a matter of fact, there is a pitiful shortage and winter is coming on. No matter how many knitted articles went aboard a ship, none of them were used as mops.

Yarn for Sweaters is Free.

Another baseless German lie is to the effect that the Red Cross is selling yarn to women who are knitting sweaters and mufflers for the soldiers. The Red Cross does not sell yarn or anything else. Many chapters furnish the yarn free to all women who will do knitting, others require a small deposit, which is refunded when the knitted goods made of the yarn are brought in, others furnish the yarn to knitters at just what it costs.

The falsehood that seems to have travelled farthest is the one that the Red Cross sells its products to soldiers and others. Nothing could be further from the truth. All articles, as soon as enough are done to make up a box, barrel, or package, are shipped forward for the use of any of our boys who may need them. It does seem most unfortunate that such a wonderful institution as the Red Cross, with its messengers of mercy and service, is not free from the slanderous assaults of enemies within our midst.

Suffering humanity in many nations is calling to us for help. We can help through the Red Cross.

Everyone cannot "go across" and fight, but everyone can "come across" with a membership in the Red Cross, and thus help those who do fight.

Cold cash—given through the Red Cross—will cool the brow of some suffering soldier.

YOU can "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," by joining the Red Cross.

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

By Randall Parrish

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

After the meal I yielded to my own need of rest, certain I should be on deck all night, and returned to the cabin. I left my stateroom door open, but in ten minutes I was sound asleep. What awakened me I do not know. I had a confused sense of some heavy body falling, but no other sound. Yet this impression was so strong, so insistent, that I sat up in the berth, and stared out through the open door into the cabin beyond. I neither saw nor heard anything, yet did not withdraw my eyes when I got to my feet; then I knew that the dark shapeless object, half under the table, was the motionless body of a man. My throat seemed to contract, and choke me, but I forced a quick breath and stepped forward through the door. The dingy cabin was deserted; not another stateroom door open. The table had been cleared of dishes, a decanter of brandy standing alone on the swinging shelf. Underneath, with face concealed in the crook of one arm, lay a man, an ugly gash in the back of his colored shirt, through which fresh blood was oozing, and dripping to the deck. I sprang forward, and turned him over—Dubois.

I could hardly accept the evidence of my own eyes. How had this thing happened? How did the crippled sailor ever get into the cabin? Whose hand could have struck the blow? For what purpose was it struck? It was murder, a cowardly slash from behind; no wound which could be self-inflicted but a blow of deliberate purpose. Who aboard would have reason to seek the life of Dubois? I could think of no one; no cause for such a crime. An instant I stared, dazed, into the dead, upturned face, not even knowing where to turn, in which direction to seek the murderer. I felt as though every faculty of both brain and body was paralyzed by the shock. Yet this was but for an instant. I tried the doors of the various staterooms; all opened at my touch, excepting Bascom's, and proved unoccupied. His was locked as usual, and I felt it useless to disturb the man. Leayord was no longer below; he had doubtless awakened and gone on deck, but I discovered Dade asleep in his old berth down the passage, shook him awake, and compelled him to come back with me. The horror of his face at sight of the dead body only intensified my own, but I had grip on my nerves by now, and was determined to learn the truth.

"Stay here until I find out what is happening on deck. There is nothing to be afraid of, you fool; the man is dead. Yes, you can stand over there, but don't leave until I come back, and keep your eyes open."

As I emerged from the companion, leaving the dingy, death-shadowed cabin behind, the open deck was such a scene of quiet as to appear like another world. Vera was still resting in her chair not twenty feet away. She glanced up, smiling a welcome, as I crossed the deck, but the expression of her face instantly changed as our eyes met.

"What is it, Mr. Hollis? Are we again in danger?"

"There has been trouble below. Let me question you before I explain. You have been here for the last hour?"

"Yes; longer even than that."

"Who have you seen enter the companion?"

"I slept at first, but have been awake for some time. Dade came out on deck a few moments, and then went back again; that must have been an hour ago. There was no one else until Mr. Leayord was called to take his watch."

"Who called him?"

"Olson; he was not below more than a minute."

"And Leayord responded immediately?"

"Yes, so quickly I remember thinking he could not have removed his clothes to bed down."

"And when was this?"

"A half hour ago; he stopped and spoke with me before taking charge of the deck."

"No one has entered the cabin since?"

"She shook her head."

"No one, I am sure; Mr. Olson did not go below; he is forward there now. Please tell me what has happened?"

"Dubois has been killed," I explained briefly. "I found his body on the cabin deck. The deed was just done; his fall awoke me from sleep, but before I could leave the stateroom the murderer had disappeared."

"He—he was murdered! You are sure?"

"There was a knife wound in the back piercing the heart. The man died without a sound."

She rose to her feet, her face white, her body trembling so that I put out my hands to her support, and instantly her fingers clasped mine.

"Only Dade sound asleep in the steward's stateroom. I awoke him, and left him on watch below."

"There was no one hiding in any of the staterooms? You tried the doors?"

"They were all empty. Mr. Bascom's door was the only one locked."

"You—you made him open?"

"No; why disturb him?"

She drew a quick breath, her eyes on my face.

"You have not seen Philip Bascom lately?"

"No, not since we had supper together."

"You saw nothing strange then in his actions, or words?"

"Why nothing that I remarked. He seemed about as usual; more haggard, and nervous possibly; but he spoke cheerfully enough. What can you mean?"

"Oh, I do not really know; perhaps I ought not to say such a thing. I meant to have spoken to you about it before, but so much happened, I forgot. I suspect Philip Bascom is insane."

"Insane! Good heavens! why do you say that?"

"He has talked to me so strangely. He—he frightened me, and I was hardly able to get out of him."

"And you suspect he killed Dubois?"

"Who else could it have been?"

There was no answer possible. Every other man on board was already accounted for. The truth was borne in upon me irresistibly. I called Leayord.

"The mate thrust his head over the forward rail."

"Do you know if Masters is in the engine room?"

"I think he is, sir."

"Then call down, and have him send White on deck immediately; and pass the word forward to have Mr. Olson come here."

"Aye, aye, sir; is there anything wrong?"

"I will explain presently; just now I want you to remain in charge of the deck."

Olson arrived first, and I barely had time to tell him briefly what had occurred, when White emerged through the deck opening and reported, his eyes blinking in the bright light, and his face grimy with coal.

"You wanted me, sir?" he asked, with a glint in the gruff voice.

"Aye, White; you possess the strength and nerve for this sort of job. Miss Carrington here suspects that the owner of this ship has lost his mind. I just found Dubois lying on the cabin deck murdered—"

"Dubois, sir?"

"Yes; he had been stabbed in the back."

"And you believe the owner did it?"

"There is no one else on board who could. He is locked in his stateroom and we've got to get him out. Come on now, both of you."

I led the way down the stairs in no pleasant frame of mind. An insane man running free aboard, animated by a desire to kill, added to my other responsibilities, increased our dangers manifold. The cabin seemed so dark eyes met.

"What is it, Mr. Hollis? Are we again in danger?"

"There has been trouble below. Let me question you before I explain. You have been here for the last hour?"

"Yes; longer even than that."

"Who have you seen enter the companion?"

"I slept at first, but have been awake for some time. Dade came out on deck a few moments, and then went back again; that must have been an hour ago. There was no one else until Mr. Leayord was called to take his watch."

"Who called him?"

"Olson; he was not below more than a minute."

"And Leayord responded immediately?"

"Yes, so quickly I remember thinking he could not have removed his clothes to bed down."

"And when was this?"

"A half hour ago; he stopped and spoke with me before taking charge of the deck."

"No one has entered the cabin since?"

"She shook her head."

"No one, I am sure; Mr. Olson did not go below; he is forward there now. Please tell me what has happened?"

"Dubois has been killed," I explained briefly. "I found his body on the cabin deck. The deed was just done; his fall awoke me from sleep, but before I could leave the stateroom the murderer had disappeared."

"He—he was murdered! You are sure?"

"There was a knife wound in the back piercing the heart. The man died without a sound."

She rose to her feet, her face white, her body trembling so that I put out my hands to her support, and instantly her fingers clasped mine.

closed, and I grasped the knob with no thought it would yield to my fingers. But it did, and I almost fell forward into the room, catching myself, and staring about. The last gleam of the sun streamed in through the stern ports, and every object within was clearly revealed at a glance. The man was not there. I drew back the curtains concealing the bath, but the space was empty; only one of the round ports was partially open, the aperture far too small to admit the passage of a body. The bed had not been slept in, and was neatly made; one drawer of the desk stood open, and papers were scattered on the rug beneath; a chair was overturned on the deck; a chest in one corner had been rummaged, its contents flung aside. My eyes fell on White, his mouth open, his face grotesque in its coating of coal dust.

"Hanged if he ain't got away, sir," he blurted out, "but he never went overboard through that port—a cat couldn't ha' done it."

"No, he's aboard all right," I coincided. "But where? and for what purpose? There is no knowing what a man in his state of mind may do. Good heavens! he could wreck the ship. Get a light, White—take the cabin lantern—Olson and I will have to look behind these doors first, and then we'll explore between decks."

We found nothing, not the slightest trace of the fugitive. Beyond doubt he had gone forward, either seeking to escape, or with the thought that he could afford the deck through some opening amidships. I was cool enough by now to realize the peril we faced between decks, searching for the madman, whom we might encounter at any moment.

"Run on deck, White," I ordered, "and pick up a couple of mauling spikes. I have a revolver. Tell Mr. Leayord the situation, and have him keep his eyes open. Better have him warn McCann, and Miss Carrington had best remain near the wheel until we get our hands on this fellow. Hurry back now."

Olson and I remained motionless, our eyes on the black opening leading forward the dim rays of the lantern falling on the ghastly faces of the two dead men outstretched on the deck. It was a gruesome spot, and my heart was beating like a triphammer. I made sure my revolver was loaded, dropping the weapon into a jacket pocket. White rejoined us, grasping the spikes, one of which he passed over to Olson, who tested the weight in his hand.

"Quiet as a June meadow up there, sir," he announced, squinting about. "There ain't nobody seen nuthin' of no manner. I reckon yer better let Olson carry the lantern, so you and I can be sorter free to grip the chap; we're bigger than the mate."

"From what I've seen of Olson he'll do his share of the fighting," I answered, knowing the Swede to be hot-tempered and touchy about his size. "However, one will have to carry it."

"It's all right, sir," said Olson quietly. "I'll hold the gim, but if that big duffer doesn't stand up to the job, I'll bust glass an' all over his head."

We certainly made a thorough search of it. I doubt if a stray rat got by us without being seen, but from the after-cabin to the engine room ladder we found no trace of Bascom; no indication even that he had ever passed that way. The effort to locate Bascom's hiding place was absolutely vain—the cunning of the madman overcame our diligence and wit; he had disappeared as though swallowed by the sea, leaving not so much as a clue behind.

Beyond the hole leading to the engine room below, our advances were blocked by a steel bulkhead, watertight, pierced by a single door, to be sure, but this was closed and locked securely. "Is there any communication between the fore-castle and the hold, White?" I asked, staring helplessly at the steel barrier.

"No, sir; the fore-castle is all above deck."

"How was this door manipulated? Do either of you know?"

"Well, I had charge o' loadin' the after hold, sir," and Olson scratched his head trying to remember. "That door never was opened but once, when Captain Hadley tested it before we left Baltimore, or maybe after we got out in the Chesapeake. I think it was opened an' shut from the bridge, Mr. Hollis."

"That is the usual arrangement, but there is a slot here for a key; still the door is steel, and it looks too heavy for any one man to operate."

I leaned over, and looked down into the lighted engine room at the bottom of the shaft. All I could see was a great wheel steadily turning.

"Masters."

The engineer stepped into view, and peered up into the darkness; he appeared burly and shapeless.

"That you, captain?"

"Yes, Bascom, the owner, has gone crazy, and has hidden himself somewhere on board."

"Well, I'll be swamped! Can't you find him?"

"Not yet; we've searched every place aft. He hasn't visited you?"

"Not to my knowledge. Tony is back in the fire room; I'll ask him."

The three of us clung to the ladder gazing down, the light from the lantern revealing our faces. Masters was not gone a moment, but his voice had changed.

"Tony's killed, sir," he called up excitedly. "He's lying on the coal in number one bunker, cut in the back with a knife."

The words were not out of his mouth before we were scrambling down. But our haste gained us nothing. The only trail Bascom had left was the dead Italian, stretched out in the half empty coal bunker, his lips closed forever. It was a knife thrust which had killed him—just such a thrust as had done for his two mates in the cabin above; but the madman had disappeared. However, here was proof positive that the fellow was still on board; still hiding between decks. He had not reached the open, or flung himself into the sea. Masters could tell us nothing; he had heard no sound, seen no shadow. He had been oiling the machinery, and a man could have slipped down the ladder unobserved, and escaped again in the same way. There was no other entrance to the engine room; the forward bulkhead was solid; there were two ventilator shafts, but neither was large enough for the passage of a man's body, and the coal chute was kept closed and locked at sea. Nevertheless I had these examined, determined to take no chances, and our lantern penetrated every inch of the engine room and coal bunkers. At the end, utterly baffled, White gave vent to an oath.

"It beats me, sir," he confessed hoarsely, "unless it's a spook we're a-huntin' for."

"I wish it was; the trouble is it is a man, and a mighty dangerous one. Well, he's not down here, and he must have gone back by way of the ladder. The fellow has either found some means of getting into the hold, or else he's managed to slip on deck and perhaps is hidden in the fore-castle—no one messes there now?"

"No, sir."

"Then let's have a look up above; come on, men."

"Yer ain't goin' ter leave me down here all alone, are yer, captain?" questioned Masters anxiously, "with Tony lyin' dead in there, an' a murderer prowlin' about?"

"He'll not be down here again, but I suppose you must have a fireman—White, you better star."

"Tain't no job I like, sir; I shoveled coal here already for eight hours."

"I'll tackle it, sir," interrupted Olson quietly. "That big boob would throw a fit down here every time he saw a shadow. After you get those hatches off send him in on top o' the cargo. There'd be no danger o' his gettin' hurt if Bascom was a hidin' there."

"Yer a dirty liar! I ain't no more afraid than you are!"

"Then why don't you star here?"

"I'm plumb tired out shovelin'."

"That will do, men," I broke in sternly. "There will be work enough, and maybe fighting enough for both of you as long as you have volunteered. Olson, you may take a turn down here and White will go with me. Keep a sharp eye out, you men below."

The two of us clambered up the iron ladder, the sailor with the lantern in his hand, the pluming spike thrust into his belt. I tested the bulkhead door again as we came to it, but it seemed as solid as the steel wall itself, and thoroughly satisfied that it had not been opened since the ship sailed, we mounted to the open deck.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Work of a Fiend.

In spite of what I knew; of the horror and tragedy I had just left behind; the unspeakable terror of feeling that somewhere aboard, hidden in some black corner, lurked an irresponsible being, with murder in his crazed brain; a being devoid of all impulse, save the frenzy of hate, the desire for destruction, yet the sight of that cool, silent deck, already darkened by the gathering shadows of night, instantly calmed me and brought back my powers of reasoning. The man was not aft; then he must be forward. It was impossible to hide long on shipboard in the face of an intelligent search. Of one thing I was decided—if the fellow had, indeed, succeeded in slipping forward unobserved, he was never to be permitted to return aft again unseen. I would, first of all, see to it that the decks were guarded, and then the rest of us would hunt him in his hole.

"White, you remain here in front of the cabin, and keep your eyes open. Don't let a shadow get past you aft; you understand?"

"Aye, sir."

"Give me the lantern. There is no knowing what that fellow may do; he might fire the ship, or wreck the engines, unless we get him in time."

"You think he's forward, sir?"

"Where else can he be? I'll put another man at the mainmast, and then run him down."

Leayord, attracted by the gleam of the lantern, leaned out over the poop rail.

"That you, captain? Have you got Bascom yet?"

"No; he has managed to escape, and get forward, but not without leaving another victim behind. Tony Rapello is dead in the stokehole."

"The bloody villain! How did he ever get out of there?"

"Which is more than I can figure out; stole on deck, probably, and then slipped along in the rail shadow. Where is McCann?"

"Just gone forward to fix the ridin' lamps."

"All right; sing out to him to keep his eyes on the deck. There doesn't seem to be a great deal of wind, or sea, Mr. Leayord; do you imagine Miss Carrington could hold the wheel for half an hour?"

"I don't see no reason why she shouldn't, sir; I've seen her do it in worse weather."

"Then ask her, please; I'm likely to need both of you if we round up that fellow. He's crazy and armed, and sure to fight hard. Pick up any weapon you can find, and come down here."

They were beside me almost instantly, eagerly questioning as to what had occurred below, their faces expressive of the deep horror both felt at the situation in which we found ourselves. Under other conditions I know I should have felt sincere sympathy for the suddenly stricken Bascom. His former friendship with Vera, what I knew of his misfortunes, the very conception of the man's character which I had formed myself during our brief acquaintance on board, all tended to make the man an object of pity. The murders he had committed were but

the result of a diseased brain the sudden snapping of responsibility. I could not hate the man, or seek him evil—but I could dread him. That was the whole of it—dread! Here was a man crazed murderously insane, who had easily tasted blood, whose insanity had been caused by fear, and brooding over a great wrong. In his disordered brain a mad, desperate desire for revenge had overshadowed all else. To obtain this no deed was impossible, no crime too hideous. And this creature was hidden somewhere between decks, and unless discovered and made captive held in his hands the fate of every soul on board. The thought of what he might do during the black darkness of the night terrified me. At any cost we must have him within our control; we dare not even wait to hope that the man might reveal himself—we must go after him, crawling in the dark, feeling within crevice and cavity, until we uncovered his hiding place.

I explained this quickly to the two men, hiding none of my own fear, but making them comprehend the desperate need of thorough and ceaseless search. The look on their faces evidenced that my words had some home.

"He's forward, sir; that's clear enough," insisted Leayord. "We'll nab the fellow in the fore-castle yonder according to my notion. What do yer say, Red?"

"That's how I lay it out," coincided the big sailor, clenching and unclenching his hands. "He said an' aft; that ain't so way I know how he could get into the hold with the hatches down; so that ain't nothin' left except the fore-castle, an' the fore-castle. We'll find the cuss that all right, sir."

Their confidence had its effect on me.

"Good; White and McCann will stand every inch of the deck, while we take the fore-castle first. Bring the lantern, Leayord."

The door was two-thirds shut, and we slid it wide open to gain entrance, feeling our way cautiously down the steps. The place had never been a sea-parlor, but now, deserted by the crew, it presented as dismal a scene, in the dim light of the lantern, as ever I put my foot into. The air was foul with brine-water, while rotting garments hung to the beams above, or were strewn along the deck. The shadows were grotesque and hideous, and much of the space was cluttered up by discarded sea boots, battered chests and miscellaneous rubbish which the men had left behind in their flight. I stopped at the foot of the steps, but Leayord and Red advanced to the tier of bunks, the former lifting the lantern, while the latter took survey with each. We found no trace of Bascom, but at that I was glad enough to be back again on the open deck, breathing in the fresh night air. It was like a tonic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lady Chauffeurs.

As a general thing, the hand that rocks the cradle is a stranger to the foot that kicks the dinner pail.—Dallas News.

THE ROAD.

By LOUISE OLIVER.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A luxurious road car, with two occupants, rolled over the smooth, white macadam through a country gorgeously painted with the colors of early autumn. The fields, shorn of their golden crops, were skirted on either side by low hills, already reddening where the oaks were thickest, or yellowing amongst the chestnuts and maples.

Suddenly the girl flung her arms wide. "Oh, Jim, isn't this glorious! Just to be alive, just to exist, to breathe and see everything, and feel the sun and air! I could keep on like this forever and forever. I'm so happy, dear, it almost makes me sad."

She faced him, smiling radiantly, but with it all tears stood in her eyes.

Jim took one hand off the wheel and slipped an arm tenderly around her waist, drawing her to him and kissing her passionately.

"You dear!" he exclaimed. "I was just thinking the same thing. Well, girlie, there's no reason why we shouldn't go rolling along through life just like this, is there? We may not always be in an automobile, and perhaps the fields won't always be green, nor the sun so bright, nor the road so smooth, but as long as you're you and I'm I, and we get married as we intend to, I can't see why life won't be a mighty sweet dream, can you? Eh, girlie?"

"No, Jimmie—unless." She ran her hand tenderly up and down his arm.

"Unless what? There isn't going to be any unless, Helen."

"You don't understand, Jim. There is such a thing as crying for pure joy. Only it seems that when I'm happiest, I'm always saddest, too. Sad? I suppose, because other people aren't as happy as I am."

"Forget it. That's their funeral. It would be a great world, wouldn't it, if we were responsible for other people's troubles?"

"That's true I suppose." She sighed. "But think if you had been drafted instead of Homer? Wouldn't you have liked a little bit of sympathy?"

"If again?"

"Oh, Jim Jim." Helen laughed in spite of herself. "Do be serious. But what if you had been drafted instead of Homer?"

"Well, what?"

"I'd not let that's all."

"Now look here, girlie, don't talk that way. Anne didn't die, did she? And she thinks as much of Homer as you do of me."

Helen was silent a minute. "But that's different, dear. Anne's made of sterner stuff than I am. Why, I believe she'd take a gun and go out and fight herself. I do believe, too, that if Homer hadn't been drafted, she'd have made him enlist, anyway."

"You're right, Helen. I believe she would. Moreover, if Homer hadn't been drafted he would have enlisted without Anne telling him to. That's the stuff he's made of."

She turned and faced him squarely. "Why Jim Harlowe, what are you talking this way for? I really believe you're sorry we are engaged so you can't go."

"I'm not sorry we're engaged, dear," he demurred quietly.

"Then what is it? Do you want me to be like Anne and tell you to go?"

"No, I wouldn't want to have to be told, dear."

"Then what is it? You do act so queerly and I can't understand you at all. I just thought there was something wrong."

"You certainly have a way of getting at things, Helen," he evaded.

"Here we started out as happy as two kittens on a fence; fine day, good road, just two of us, and the whole world before us. And you insisted on being sad about something you don't know a thing about, and start to ask questions, and—"

"Jim, tell me, what is it?" she demanded.

He hesitated just an instant. "I've enlisted little girl; that's all."

The car slid noiselessly over the smooth road. Helen, still facing Jim, did not answer instantly, as he expected, with a stormy protest and a flood of tears.

Instead a wonderful, glorious smile overspread her face and her eyes shone luminously. "Oh, Jim, Jim," she breathed almost too low for him to hear. "I'm so glad. I—I didn't think I could be so glad, but I am. I'm so proud. Why—I never thought before I could hear it, but I can, you see. It's wonderful, Jim! I'm so proud of you, dear. My Jim enlisting! Really, I think I've felt rather out of it because I had no soldier boy."

The little car came to a standstill under a big maple, as Jim took Helen in his arms.

"You're the soldier, dear; the truest, bravest little soldier that ever was! And I'm the coward, for I was afraid to tell you. I'll come back. I don't think death itself could keep me."

"And I'll wait for you, Jim—no matter how long it is. The road may not always be so smooth and we may not travel side by side, but it will be our road, for our hearts will be together."

Putting In His Time.

"I hear he spends considerable time in the workhouse."

"He does get sentenced occasionally."

"What do you mean by occasionally?"

"Well, he gets six months about twice a year."

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to suit us, but if you can't come in, call us up and we will deliver it to your door. Our No. is 233.

Try our Coffee at 18c per lb.
Also Cream Whip, 20c
Egg Substitute, 25c
Equals 25 eggs.
Falsa Table Syrup, 25c
Tomato Catsup, 10c
Churn-Gold Oleo, 36c
Kitchen Cleanser, 5c
Fresh Eggs, 55c
Sauer Kraut, 15c

BEGINNING SAT., DEC. 15 WE WILL DELIVER

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DEALER IN TABLE SUPPLIES

Christmas Happiness For "Him" For "Her"

Buy Her—

Liggett's Chocolates Perfumes
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These gifts will always be acceptable to "Her," whether she be mother, sister, sweetheart, or wife.

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Make Your Christmas Gift A USEFUL ONE.

Men's Ties, Best Quality Silks, in extra Large Shapes, 25c 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Men's Gloves, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
Men's Mufflers, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Men's Hose, 25c, 35c and 50c.

A Full Line of Garters, Arm Bands, Suspenders, Garters put up in Christmas Boxes.

Men's Sweater Coats, and Mackinaws.

Slippers in all the New Shades at Prices to Suit You.

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for Christmas and New Years.**

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CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Largest and Best of all Pills in the World.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph spent last Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Misses Ruth and Esther Brown of Detroit visited Northville relatives for the week-end.

F. G. Terrill was called to Big Rapids last week by the illness and death of his brother.

Miss Viola Guildford of Detroit was the guest of Viola McCully from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Bower of Detroit were recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wheeler.

Miss Margaretha Weller spent the week-end at East Lansing, and while there attended a house party.

H. H. Harmon of Detroit spent Saturday night and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Harmon.

Mrs. F. S. Neal and little son and Mrs. James Savage were recent guests of Mrs. F. L. Walker at Redford.

Mrs. W. J. Thompson is at the home of her sister, Mrs. Delos Phillips in Pontiac for an indefinite stay.

On receipt of a telegram Tuesday that her husband was about to leave Waco, Texas, for France, Mrs. Karl Bryan left immediately for the south on the chance of reaching the camp before his departure.

Arthur Langfield, chief gunner at the U. S. torpedo station, Philippine Islands, has been granted a two months' furlough before leaving for France, during which he will visit his brother-of-this place and other home friends.

Our good roads round this way are now attracting motor delivery traffic to a considerable extent. A big string of Oakland cars consigned to Georgia passed through town recently, and Tuesday a consignment of Buick cars for the same state went this way.

Harry S. German besides being an active member in the State Savings bank of Carleton, has in the past sixty days sold eleven farms in Monroe county. Most of the farm transfers were made in the township of Elyer and sold to Polish people of Detroit—Carleton Times.

Northville Newslets.

The every-year crop of fatal skating accidents is being reported. Several deaths have already occurred in the lower Michigan peninsula from the tendency of boys to experiment with too slightly frozen ice surfaces.

Considering the cold weather, there was a goodly sized audience at the Methodist church Sunday night to hear Rev. Mr. Francis' first war sermon. The topic was, "The War from France's View." Next Sunday night the topic will be from the standpoint of another country. The addresses are very interesting and will doubtless attract large audiences.

Official army advice to people in regard to Christmas gifts for their soldier boys emphasizes the protest against sending perishable articles. Food of any sort is almost certain to be spoiled getting through the holiday crush, and is not needed by the boys, who are off without it. Candy, soap, pens, handkerchiefs, knitted articles, books, magazines, toilet supplies, etc., etc., are all good.

George H. Bristol, old-time resident of Rochester, died suddenly of apoplexy, at the home of his daughter in Detroit, Nov. 26, aged 87 years. Besides his daughter, Mrs. Bailey, he leaves a son Charles, who married Mary Lehman of Rochester—Rochester Era.

Many Northville friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bristol will be interested in the above item, even though the news is somewhat belated.

The stringencies of the fuel situation have led to the "going all to pieces" of the big hunk of coal which has served as a sign in front of the Ambler coal office for some years past. As the "black diamond" weighed a ton or two, there wasn't much danger of anybody's stealing and carrying it off, but under present conditions Mr. Ambler could not very well resist breaking it up to help keep somebody warm.

Weitzman's

CASH GROCERY

Sugar, 8 1-2c lb.	Pkg. Home Made Mince Meat, 9c, 3 for 25c
Stott's Columbus Flour, \$1.59 a sack	Soap, Bob White, Galvanic, Clean Easy, Queen Anne, 6 for 27c
Pure Leaf Lard, 32c lb.	35c Japan Green Tea, 29c lb.
Lard Compound, 26c lb.	Crackers, Square or Round, 12c lb.
Best Grade Salt Pork, 29c lb.	Fresh Fig Newtons, 15c lb.
Best Nahant Bacon, 36c lb.	Fresh Oatmeal, 6c lb.
Freshly Made Oleo, 27c lb.	
Snappy Ginger Snaps, 12c lb.	

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ELECTRIC AIR HEATER

you get absolutely clean, pure and sanitary heat—no dust, no smoke, no poisonous gases—No Dangers.

Save your fuel and use cheap electric heat these chilly fall days.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

OBITUARY—MRS. SUSIE WOOLLEY.

The funeral of Mrs. Susie Woolley, of this place who died in the Pontiac city hospital Sunday, Dec. 9, was held Wednesday at ten o'clock in the Presbyterian church, where she had been a member for many years, the pastor, Rev. Edward V. Bellis conducting the service. Mrs. Woolley, who had been in failing health for two or three years past, was taken to the hospital about three weeks ago, when she became too ill to be longer cared for in her brother's home near Pontiac, where she had gone for the winter.

Susie Emery was born 56 years ago in Novi township, the daughter of John and Alice Emery, prominent pioneer citizens there. She was married in August 1888, to William Woolley of Pontiac and they went to Traverse City to make their home. Mr. Woolley died the following April and Mrs. Woolley resumed her profession of teaching. She taught in Brooklyn, Pa. two years, in Schoolcraft, Mich. one year, South Lyon two years and in Northville 25 years, retiring last summer because of broken health. Mrs. Woolley was an able and conscientious instructor, putting into her work her whole interest, allowing nothing to supersede it. Even her vacations were filled with plans for her pupils and their welfare, mental, moral and physical.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary Barnhart of Novi township and three brothers Dr. Taylor Emery of New York City, John of Syracuse, N. Y. Josiah of Waterford township Oakland county, and Frank of Detroit. The late Mrs. Ellen Holcomb, mother of Mrs. Summer Power of this place, was another sister.

The flag on the Northville High school building was placed at half mast, and the school closed during the funeral hours as a final tribute of respect, and that the faculty and former pupils of Mrs. Woolley might attend the services. Interment was made in the family lot in the Yerkes cemetery.

"Mother Ann."

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

DR. F. C. TERRILL DIED TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4.

We reproduce from the Big Rapids Pioneer the following article concerning a former well-known resident of this township, then Plymouth.

"Dr. Terrill is gone." This word Tuesday morning created genuine sadness. No man in town was more generally acquainted. His sociable personality and sense of humor bound him to others. In the practice of his profession he had taken root in many families. He died at the age of 68, of hemorrhage of the stomach. The doctor had been going about as usual, and few realized that he was not well.

"Franklin C. Terrill was the physician and surgeon of longest practice in this city, coming to Big Rapids in 1881. Plymouth, Wayne county, was his birthplace. He attended the Ann Arbor High school, and was a school principal at the age of 19. He entered the University of Michigan in 1877, graduating in 1879. Dr. Terrill had an honorable standing in the state medical society; served a number of years as physician of Mecosta county and as president of the U. S. Pension Examining Board at White Cloud for four years.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
At the regular meeting of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. held in Scott's hall December 12, the following officers were elected:

President—Ella VanTassel.
Sr. Vice-President—Mary Wald.
Jr. Vice-President—Florence Alexander.
Chaplain—Olive Charter.
Treasurer—Jennie Carpenter.
Conductor—Mary Cook.
Guard—Ardella Brooks.
Delegate to Dept. Con.—Florence Alexander.

The next regular meeting will be held December 26, in the evening.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mrs. James Thomas.
Alva Strayer.

LETTER FROM AN OHIO CAMP

Extracts from still another soldier's letter, handed the Record by Rev. A. N. Riley of the Northville Baptist church, are given below:

Dear Friend:—Your interesting letter at hand, shortly after I mailed to the Sunday school department of your church a letter of thanks for the box of candy and the kindly thoughts which I know accompanied the gift. As I stated in that letter, I believe that the interest and remembrance of the folks at home is of great value in sustaining the morale of the army. However, I believe that the main duty of the church is not to the "boys," but to those we leave behind. While the government provides some compensation for our dependents, it makes no provisions for community welfare work, or for the replacement of medical and other talent. One very efficient branch of practical christianity is an organized District Nurse association, for preventive as well as remedial measures, among the poor and untrained, but permanent good can only be accomplished by deep study and slow growth, instead of feverish activity displayed by many organizations since the war broke out. Thanking you for your kindly interest, I am very truly yours.

After the above was in type the following was received from Corporal Wilcox:

"Editor Northville Record: Dear Sir: Acting upon suggestion of our mutual friend, Mr. C. C. Yerkes, I am sending a short description of Camp Sherman: The camp is located on the Scioto river near the little city of Chillicothe. To the east, across the river, are three so-called mountains—Mt. Logan, Mt. Ives and Bunker Hill. These are hills of about 1,200 feet elevation. This camp comprises the 83rd division, commanded by Major Gen. Glenn. We have vastly better living conditions than are generally supposed to exist in arm camps.

"Convey to the people of Northville and to my comrades at Camp Custer my regards and best wishes." Corporal LLOYD WILCOX, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Ohio