

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 30.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VILLAGE CAUCUSES ARE NOW CALLED

PRESENT COUNCIL SHOULD BE
UNANIMOUSLY RETURNED TO
OFFICE.

HAVE ACCOMPLISHED RESULTS
THAT DESERVE SOME SHOW OF
APPRECIATION.

The usual village caucuses will be called for next week being held somewhat earlier than usual this year because of the absent soldier's voting act.

The splendid work of the present council for the past two years under the administration of Mayor Filkins is such as to merit the warmest commendation of every citizen. And by that token every man should be re-nominated (if he will take it) and elected without opposition.

Take for instance the sale of the electric lighting system at a profitable figure and the profitable investment of the proceeds.

The securing of a gift from the Edison company of the Ambler dam property.

The establishing of a permanent pumping system at the Saddle Springs which has been the only means of supplying water for family use and fire protection in the village during the present cold winter.

The natural reservoir supply having been wholly inadequate.

The building of a bridge in Beal town in conjunction with the township that only cost \$390 each by adopting the council's new plan; the providing of good and clean streets all over the village has been another source of pride to the residents of the town.

The great assistance rendered by the village council in the work of giving Northville's soldier boys a proper send-off at Plymouth last summer and seeing they were supplied with a suitable souvenir will not soon be forgotten, nor will the prominent part played by that same body in their contribution to the success of Northville's first fair last fall and later to the success of "Northville-on-the-map" day as an incident to the "Good roads" event and the celebration of the finish of the "Northville Drive".

And besides all this, our two splendid Municipal Christmas trees were only made possible by the active cooperation of the village authorities.

The public's appreciation of these things and much else not enumerated here can be best demonstrated by returning these men to the offices they have so acceptably filled.

BRILLIANT ADDRESS ON LINCOLN.

Rev. Mr. Francis delivered a remarkably brilliant address on Lincoln at the morning services in the Methodist Church last Sunday. It was replete with oratory, gems of thought, apt sayings, appropriate quotations, and remarkable historical information. Without doubt it was one of the most masterly efforts ever heard in this village and those hundreds of the residents of the town who were not at any church will not learn until too late of the treat that they missed.

NORTHVILLE TO LOSE ANOTHER GOOD FAMILY.

Samuel McLean and family are soon to move to Detroit to take up their residence, in which city Mr. McLean holds a responsible position with the Parke-Davis company.

Northville loses them with much regret. Mr. McLean has been a splendid citizen and has served for some years as a member of the village council and was also fire chief for many years. In the church work of the community he has been of great help. He has been a member of the official board of the M. E. church for years and is at the present time superintendent of the Sunday school. For several terms he has held the office of Chancellor Commander of the local K. of P. lodge and is held in high esteem by that organization.

He has been superintendent at the Dubuque (Union Mfg. & Lumber Co.) factory for a dozen years or more, and that company has lost his service with no small regret and gives him a kindly wish for success in his new field of labor.

A splendid Christian gentleman, and he has lived up to those attributes as near as any man ever did and the Record wants to say all this while he is alive, too. And we can say "a good man is gone" from Northville. Mr. and Mrs. McLean and their son,

Donald, will all be missed, both in the social and business life of this village, and we can only express the hope that in some way they may again return to this place to finish out no small part of their life.

DEATH OF AARON TAFT.

Aaron Taft, practically a life-long resident of this place, passed away Tuesday morning, February 12, at his home in Detroit, where the family has lived for a year or two past. He was a member of one of the old families of this section, and was born 65 years ago on the family homestead just outside the village, where his brother still resides.

Mr. Taft had been ill for many years with a paralytic trouble, and for some time past had been almost entirely helpless.

Before losing his health he served Northville efficiently as village Marshal for years and also as street commissioner. He is survived by his wife and their three sons, Greig and Fred, of Detroit and Harry, of Northville, a brother, William of this place and one sister, Mrs. Gardner of Detroit. Funeral services were held Thursday from the home in Detroit, and the body was brought here for burial.

SONG WEEK OBSERVANCE.

February 17 begins the National Week of Song. Community sings will be held in all parts of the nation, in many places daily during this time.

Northville plans to observe this patriotic week by one Community singing to be held in the High school auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

A chorus of mixed voices will lead the singing and music will also be furnished by members of the Northville City band.

The following list of special numbers will be given:

Instrumental Solo,.....Louis Meisner
Vocal Solo,.....Miss June Filkins
Interpretation of the Works of Chopin,.....Mrs. Strong
Vocal Solo,.....Clarence Oldenburg
Male Quartet,.....Messrs R. Van Valkenburg, Clark C. Van Valkenburg and VanDyne.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

To the School Children of the State of Michigan.

It is my great privilege to call your attention to that great humanitarian organization, the American Red Cross. This organization furnishes relief to every victim of calamity or disaster, whether in times of peace or war, in every quarter of the globe.

It has now enlarged its scope and extended the privilege of membership through the newly formed Junior Red Cross to every school child in the country. This will give an outlet for the energies of all the young people in the schools of this state and enable them to share in the relief of the burdens of human suffering throughout the world.

Realizing the wonderful influence they have in directing their pupils' thoughts and activities I desire to enlist in this worthy cause all the school teachers of the state.

Therefore, I, Albert E. Sleeper, Governor of Michigan, hereby set aside the period from February 12th to February 22nd, inclusive, for the purpose of the Junior Red Cross membership campaign and I request all schools throughout the state to enroll in this organization.

Given under my hand at Lansing, Michigan, this 12th day of February, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

ALBERT E. SLEEPER,
Governor of Michigan.

"VICTORY" BREAD.

Any baker will be permitted to advertise his product as "victory" bread if it contains not more than 80 per cent wheat flour. No stipulation is made as to what ingredients shall compose the other 20 per cent, so long as they are selected from the list recommended by the Food Administration, which includes corn flour and corn meal, barley flour, oat meal, rice and rice flour, potato flour, etc.

Until March 3 rye flour may be used in making victory bread. After that date it will be placed on the same basis as wheat, as rye flour is now being shipped to the allies. Bread made of graham or whole-wheat flour may be termed victory bread.

Longfellow Read Law.

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

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.)

The Record would like a photograph in uniform of each Northville soldier boy now in the U. S. service.

Ambler, Roy, Co. A, 26th Eng. Corps, A. E. F., via Paris, France.
Bryan, Karl, Headquarters Co. Band, 125th U. S. N. G., A. E. F.
Brown, Frank W., Coast Artillery Corps, Co. A, Ft. Totten, N. Y.
Barber, Jack, Motor dept., Co. E 18th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
Barber, Clifford, Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.
Blowers, Hiram E., Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
Cram, Chester, Co. F, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Casterline, Orrin, Co. F, 16th Eng. Camp Custer.

Coch, John V., 17 Co. 5th Reg. U. S. M. A. E. F.

Dunham, Scott H., Co. A, 126th Inf., 25th Div., A. E. F., via N. Y.

Dixon, Ross M., Camp Giant, Rockford, Illinois.

Dubuar, Carroll, Enlisted Ordnance Corps, N. A. Augusta, Ga.

Dubuar, James F., Co. F, 10th Engineers (Forestry) American Expeditionary Forces.

DesAntels, Raymond, Sergt. 5th Aero Squadron, S. C. Kelly Field, S. Antonio, Texas.

Ely, Tracy, Sergeant, Co. B 23th Eng. Corps, Camp Meade, Md.

Fox, Walter, Co. H, 126th Inf., Ft. McArthur, Texas.

Foss, Paul, Co. I, 338th Inf., Barracks 634, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm., Co. M, Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Garfield, Truman, 165th Aero Squadron, Call Field, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G. Battalion, Waco, Texas.

Girardin, Louis, Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.

Hall, Frank N., Co. I, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Henry, Thomas B., Capt. Edgewood, 2nd Supt. Sanitary construction work.

Hayner, Charles W., Sergeant, 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.

Hollis, Elmer, 2nd Co. Coast Artillery, 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 E., 147th Field Artillery, Battery E, Camp Merritt, N. J.

Johnson, Jesse, Co. H, 126th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.

Jones, Wm. T., Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. Bn., Camp Custer.

Johnson, Edward, 175th Aero Sq., Ellington Field, Texas.

Johnson, Ben R., Medical Corps, L. G. F. Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Kysor, James L., 328th Headquarters Co. Field Artillery, Camp Custer.

Kysor, Asa B., 161st Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Ill.

Langfield, Conrad, Sergeant, Med Supply Dep., Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.

Limbricht, Robert A., Aviation Dept. 22nd Regiment Platoon 3, Squad No. 434, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Lanning, Orrin, Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y.

Montgomery, Earl, Co. F, 310th Eng. Barracks 894, Camp Custer.

Murphy, C. F., Lieut., F. A. R. C., Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Malcomson, Leo, Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Martin, Guy, Supply Co. 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.

Martin, Edward, 102 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., N. Y.

Miles, Elbridge, Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J.

Perkins, Peter L., Co. G, 23rd Eng. Camp Glenburnie, Maryland.

Raymond, Fred, F. S. Santo Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y.

Lighting system, who is in the U. S. service in Co. C, 318th Field Signal Battalion at Camp Dodge, Iowa, has recently been promoted from a lieutenancy to the captaincy of his company. Mr. McLean's many Northville friends will be glad to know of the honor he has acquired.

Several more letters from Northville soldier boys in U. S. camps or across the ocean, are on hand in this office for future publication as time and space permit. Our readers inform us that everybody is interested in the letters from our country's defenders who have gone out from families of Northville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wood of Ann Arbor, formerly of this village, have received a message from their son, Corporal Earl W. Wood, 167th Field Signal Battalion, announcing his safe arrival in France on the boat ahead of the Tuscania, he being in the very best of health.

Charlie Hutton has enlisted in the U. S. Coast Artillery and is at present at Columbus Barracks, Columbus, O. As a native Northville boy, Charlie considers that his name belongs in our honor roll. As he has passed most of his life here, the wish is very reasonable.

Orrin Casterline of the 16th Engs. Camp Custer, was a Northville visitor for the week-end.

Earl Montgomery was home from Camp Custer from Saturday until Monday.

Auction Sale.

On the premises 3 1/2 miles west of Northville on the Fishery road, the Angell Bros are to sell at auction their herd of 16 high grade Holstein dairy cows, all milkers or due to freshen soon and 2 year-old grade Holstein bull, also Waterloo Boy, a cow milking machine complete with engine. Frank Boyle, auctioneer. Date, Monday, Feb'y 18, at 1 o'clock p. m.

On Wednesday Feb 20, at one o'clock sharp A. C. Tait will have an auction sale, of Dairy cows, horses, farm tools, hay, grain, etc. on the premises known as the George Van Sickle farm, one mile east of Salem. Auctioneer, Frank J. Boyle.

NOTICE.

All dog-owners in Northville township outside the village corporation are hereby notified that dog taxes are now due and payable to the township clerk, at the Lapham State Savings bank, on or before March 1st next. ERNEST MILLER, Township Clerk.

CARD OF THANKS.

We extend heartfelt thanks to the many friends for the innumerable acts of kindly service and sympathy bestowed upon us in our time of sorrow.

MR. AND MRS. BERT STARK.
DR. GEORGE TALFORD.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

LOST—Saturday night between Murdoch's drug store and Peerless Laundry, black leather bag pocket-purse, containing small amount of change. Finder please notify Mr. Weeks, at the Church Street Garage. 30w1c.

WANTED—Customers for car of cottonseed meal, just unloaded. Car of ear corn and car of dairy feed expected in a few days. Northville Milling Co. 30w1c.

WANTED—Situation as general farm manager, by married man. Best of references. Box 143, Northville, Mich. 30w1p.

FOR SALE—Electric washing machine, good as new. Will sell cheap. Phone 11- W. 30w2p.

FOR SALE—Spring wheat, hullless barley, 2 h. p. gasoline engine, seed potatoes, straw windmill, feed grinder, Buckeye incubators. New American cultivator. Burton Munro, Novi. 25tc.

FOR SALE—Milwaukee corn binder; also feed cooker; heavy work horse eight year old; two cows to freshen soon. Phone 311 R-3. 30w1p.

FOR SALE—Sour milk. Also a few chickens. Mrs. Harriet Clark. 30tc.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Leghorn cockerels. Phone 190 R-1. 29w2c.

FOR SALE—300 bushels of potatoes at \$1.25 per bushel, at Hills' Meat Market, Northville. 24tc.

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Electric lights, gas and water. Hugh Clawson. 30w1p.

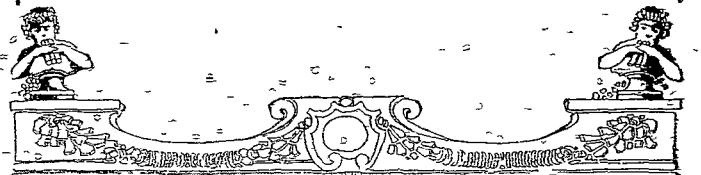


Free Concert Saturday Evening, 7:00 to 8:00.
GENNETT PHONOGRAPH RECORDS, Sell for 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

STARR PHONOGRAPH
Draw in our store and see our exhibit of the Powerful-toned A tone-modifier to produce either soft or loud music. A quiet, even-running Starr motor to sustain the pitch. A speed regulator to alter the key as you desire. A 12-inch turntable to play big records. A beautifully finished, fine wood cabinet of simple elegance to harmonize with your furnishings. Needle containers. Felt rest pad for the reproducer. Plays Gennett and all other disc records.

8 Beautiful Models, \$55 to \$320
Starr Phonographs are the creation of the famous Starr workshops. For a half-century the most melodiously-toned musical instruments have there had inception. We invite your inspection. Time Payments if desired.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.



The man with money knows that one dollar at a time will build a fortune; one stick at a time makes a cord.

You've often heard about that man who "said nothing and sewed wood." He didn't expect to saw a whole cord at once. He didn't expect to make a whole fortune at once. But he began with a little deposit in the bank and piled up a fortune almost before he knew it. Look at the men today who said nothing and "sawed wood" a few years ago. John D. Rockefeller was one of them. You can do the same.

Northville State Savings Bank

Tested for Accuracy—Tried for Purity
Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee

REXALL PRODUCTS

Fulfill Your Every Requirement
—Meet Every Exacting Need

Think with us for a moment of a co-operative organization of 8,000 druggists—each the best in his town—and you get a glimpse of the immensity of the Rexall organization. —think of the tremendous savings that are effected by these 8,000 druggists operating their own factories, whose buyers are in every market of the world, and who, by their combined 8,000 store volume of business can buy far below the prices that the small druggist must pay, buying independently and manufacturing in limited quantities. —think of the Rexall manufacturing plants, covering acres of floor space, 9,000 employees, skilled chemists, working in spotless laboratories, compounding medicines, perfumes and toilet requisites for you, from the finest materials the world offers. —think of the lofty policy that these 8,000 druggists have adopted and rigidly adhered to since the foundation of the Rexall organization. Those principles are:

1st—Honesty of Purpose. 3rd—Purity of Drugs
2nd—Skill in Manufacture 4th—Satisfaction to User

NOW, Mr. Buyer, think of what all this means to you—it means that back of every Rexall product you buy at a Rexall Store, there is this big organization, with its tremendous savings earned by co-operative buying and manufacturing—its lofty ideals and its iron-bound guarantee of satisfaction. Surely it will pay you to buy all your drugs and toilet needs

A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture)

A DAY'S FARE FOR A YOUNGSTER



The breakfast: Baked Apple, Cereal Mush, Milk, Toast and Butter. The Dinner: Lamb Chop, Baked Potato, Spinach, Bread and Butter, Rice With Milk and Sugar. The Supper: Milk, Bread, Stewed Prunes, Plain Cookies.

MEALS THAT MAKE STURDY YOUNG AMERICA

Not long ago some of the nation's expert thought on food problems—specialists of the department of agriculture and the food administration—concentrated on a leaflet, "Food for Your Children," due consideration being given to war food problems. Among other things the specialists suggested these simple meals as models of sufficiency and economy. There are two suggestions for each meal. Many others, as well as popular discussions of child feeding, are contained in "Food for Young Children," Farmers' Bulletin 717, a larger publication prepared by the United States department of agriculture.

Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
No. 1 Apple sauce, oatmeal with milk, milk to drink	No. 1 Stew, with carrots, potatoes and a little meat, whole wheat bread, creamy rice pudding, milk to drink.	No. 1 Cream of bean soup, crackers and jam, milk
No. 2 Stewed prunes, cocoa (weak), toast and butter.	No. 2 Fish, with white sauce, spinach or any greens, corn bread, milk to drink	No. 2 Baked potato, apple betty, milk

RIGHT FOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Model Daily Rations Suggested for Live Youngsters.

DON'T SKIMP HEALTHY CHILD

Best Is None Too Good, but Some Substitutions Are Possible—Milk Dishes Are of Utmost Importance Every Day.

Your child must have the best of foods—even in war time. He must have his chance. Wrong food—too little, too much, or wrong kinds—hurts the child's chance of being the strong, healthy boy or girl you want. It takes right food to make strong bodies, rosy cheeks, good brains, and bright eyes.

Don't skimp him.

Fed in accordance with his body needs—as these are now understood—a child should have every day at least one food from each of the following groups: 1. Milk and dishes made chiefly of milk—most important of the group as regards children's diet; meat, fish, poultry, eggs, and meat substitutes. 2. Bread and other cereal foods. 3. Butter and other wholesome fats. 4. Vegetables and fruits. 5. Simple sweets.

Ration Is Illustrated.

The illustration shows the ration for a live youngster's day. The foods suggested contain enough different kinds to meet all the child's needs. Many other meals might have been shown—others are suggested elsewhere—for there is no food in the pictures, except milk, which could not have been replaced by some other wholesome food. Milk, if it can be obtained, should form part of the food of every child, except when for some special reason the doctor objects, and this he seldom does.

How much should the child have? A good rule is to provide three or four glasses—one and one-half pint to one quart of milk a day; an egg or its equivalent in moderately fat meat, fish, poultry, or meat substitutes; fruit and vegetables each once a day; one or two ounces of butter or other wholesome fat; and all the bread or other cereal food he will eat. One or two ounces of sugar, candy, or other sweet—including the sugar used in cooking—

may also be allowed, if this does not prevent eating the other foods mentioned.

No coffee or tea—not even a taste. Leave them for the grown-ups. Milk, cocoa, not too strong, and fruit juices are the drinks for children, and plenty of water always.

Sweets at Meal Time.
Sweets are good for them—the right ones at the right time. Dates, raisins, stewed fruits, simple puddings, sugar cookies, are better than candy. Give them at meal time. Between meals let them have bread and butter, a cracker, or fruit. They won't spoil the appetite, and candy will.

Here are some good dishes for children. They are good for grown-ups too. The recipes provide enough for a family of five.

Milk-Vegetable Soups.
1 quart milk (skim or whole) may be used)
2½ tablespoonsful flour
2 tablespoonsful butter or margarine or other fat
1 teaspoonful salt
Stir flour into melted fat and mix with the cold milk. Add the cooked vegetable and stir over the fire until thickened. If soup is too thick add a little water or milk.

Rice Pudding.
1 quart milk
1-3 cupful rice
1-3 cupful sugar
½ cupful raisins or chopped dates
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful ground nutmeg or cinnamon
Wash the rice, mix all together, and bake three hours in a very slow oven, stirring now and then at first. This may be made on top of the stove in a double boiler, or in a fireless cooker. Any coarse cereal may be used in place of rice.

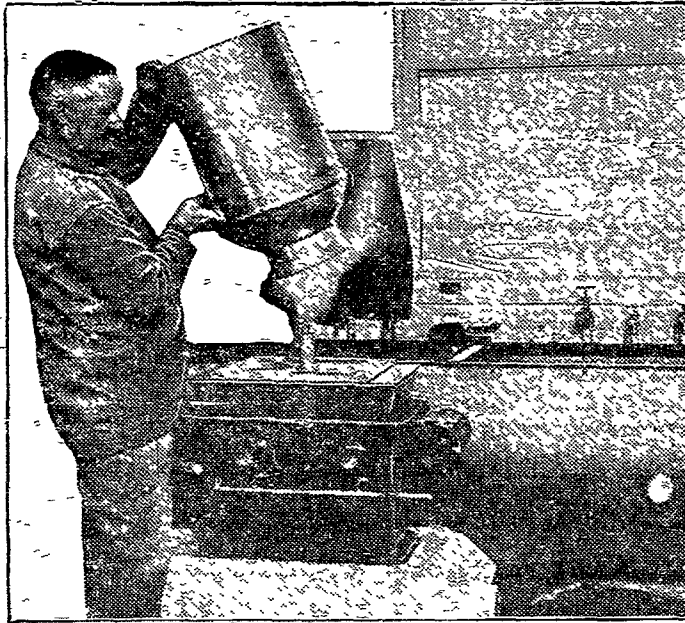
NEW FOOD LEAFLETS ARE READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Three more United States food leaflets the war time food messages issued jointly by the food administration and the department of agriculture, recently have been added to the seven already published. They are, "Vegetables for Winter," "Plenty of Potatoes," and "Instead of Meat." As with the first leaflets issued, the department of agriculture with the funds at its disposal, will be able to supply these leaflets directly only to leaders and active workers in the food conservation movements.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

A STEAM GERM-KILLER FOR SMALL DAIRIES



Placing a Milk Can Over the Home-Made Sterilizer—It Can Be Used on the Kitchen Stove.

DEVICE INSURES CLEANSSED MILK

Steam Destroys Disease Germs and Injurious Bacteria.

SMALL OUTFIT EASILY MADE

Tests Show Five-Minute Treatment of Dairy Utensils Is Sufficient—Two-Burner Wickless Kerosene Stove Is Useful.

Steam is the arch enemy of harmful bacteria that lurks in milk utensils. But steam isn't the common method of sterilizing used in small dairies, because it is not always available. In fact, lacking it, dairy utensils on small farms are not often sterilized satisfactorily, and as a result diseases hide in milk and may be carried to many families. Washing milk cans and utensils, at least by the processes ordinarily used, does not insure freedom from infection and contamination.

For \$10 or \$15 a simple steam sterilizer, which will serve a small dairy, can be made in a short time. At that price—which includes a small kerosene stove—this sterilizer should be practical in any dairy from which cream or milk is sold. And the additional keeping qualities which the sterilization of utensils will give milk and cream probably will pay for the cost of the sterilizer in one season. For when utensils are treated with steam all bacteria or disease germs—which may be in them are destroyed, and therefore milk and cream when placed in these utensils will keep sweet much longer.

Directions for Making.
This is the way to make a small sterilizer. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture, who describe the process, say this sterilizer will be of greatest use to those who have one, two or three ten-gallon or smaller cans, with a similar number of pails and a strainer cloth. It can be used, however, with a large number of cans. It is made of a roasting pan, a cover, a galvanized-iron box, and a removable top to the box.

FOR \$10 TO \$15, SMALL DAIRIES CAN HAVE STEAM STERILIZER.

The cost of the steam sterilizer itself should not be more than \$8. If it is necessary to buy a small stove the cost will be \$4 or \$5 more. The materials used in it can be bought at prices about as follows: Roasting pan, 25 cents to \$1, depending on the grade of iron. The galvanized iron with asbestos and construction work should not cost more than \$7, and the work can be done by any tinner. A two-burner wickless kerosene stove costs from \$4 to \$5; but in many cases it will not be necessary to purchase a stove. The details of making the sterilizer and suggestions as to how it should be operated are described in Farmers' Bulletin 748 of the United States department of agriculture.

When properly operated this sterilizer destroys practically all the bacteria in the utensils, including all disease germs, which may be present. It will accomplish the same results as any sterilizer in which steam not under pressure is used. Experiments with it show that the five-minute steaming is, for all practical purposes, as good as the 15 to 30 minute steaming usually recommended.

The roasting-pan is of standard size, 20 inches long, 14 inches wide—top measurement—and 3 inches deep. The cover to this is close fitting and insulated. Upon this is placed the galvanized-iron box with its removable top. The insulated cover is made as follows:

Take a sheet of heavy galvanized iron and cut it large enough to allow it to project three-fourths inch over the edge of the pan. Bend the edges of the sheet so as to form a shallow box with sides three-eighths inch high. Then cut out a cover for the shallow box. Cut a hole one and one-half inch in diameter in the center, through the top and bottom, of the small box. Iron braces should be placed crosswise of the box to strengthen it. Then fill the shallow box completely with paper or asbestos sheets, after which the top is carefully soldered on, care being taken to make the seams absolutely tight. Solder a round, galvanized iron pipe, four and one-half inches long and one and one-half inch in diameter in the hole in the center of the cover. Solder flanges beneath cover so that they will meet the edge of the roasting pan, thus making a tight cover. On the top of the insulated cover solder strong folded galvanized-iron strips, three-eighths inch high, to form a square 15 inches by 15 inches, for holding the upper galvanized-iron box. On top of the cover solder also four strips of stiff, galvanized-iron eight inches long and three-eighths inch wide. These strips should extend three-

PATRIOTISM AND GOOD MILK.

Every owner of a dairy herd should consider it his duty to himself and to the community to keep only healthy cows, supply them with wholesome feed and keep them in clean, comfortable quarters. There is not only patriotism in the service to his patrons which results from such management, but there is more profit.

The milkers and all who handle the milk should realize that they have in their charge a food which is easily contaminated and should, therefore, take all reasonable precautions to prevent the milk from becoming a source of danger to themselves and to others.

The consumer should understand that clean, safe milk is worth more and its production costs more than milk which contains dirt and disease germs; therefore he should be willing to pay more for it than for dirty milk, which is dear at any price.

eighths inch above the cover and run from a distance of one inch from the corners to one inch from the steam outlet in the center.

The galvanized-iron box has no bottom but fits in the square formed by the four strips on the cover. The box is 11 inches high. Inside it, three-fourths inch from the top and one-half inch from one side, a stiff wire should be riveted and soldered. It is sometimes desirable to re-enforce the box at each corner with angle iron six inches long and one-half inch wide, riveted halfway up the side.

Kerosene Stove Used.

In the department of agriculture's tests of the outfit described a two-burner wickless kerosene stove was used with excellent results. The sterilizer, however, may be placed on the kitchen stove or over any other source of heat, such as a gas, gasoline, or laundry stove, which burns either wood or coal. Good results also are obtained at very little cost by building under the sterilizer a small brick furnace 12 inches high. It is necessary to have sufficient heat to furnish steam at the end of the outlet pipe at least 205 degrees Fahrenheit, and 210 to 211 degrees Fahrenheit should be obtained if possible.

YOU COOK YOUR FOOD—WHY NOT YOUR TOBACCO?

YOU know what broiling does to steak, baking to a potato—and toasting to bread. In each case flavor is brought out by cooking—by "toasting."

So you can imagine how toasting improves the flavor of the Burley tobacco used in the Lucky Strike Cigarette.

IT'S TOASTED



Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

Had a Fellow Feeling.
The village concert was in progress, and although all the local talent was mustered, Johnny, the square's son and heir, was bored, badly bored.

His mother grew anxious about him but when a small girl started piping "The Minstrel Boy," and reached the line, "His father's sword he has girded on," Johnny fairly pricked up his ears in excitement.

"You like this, Johnny?" said his mother. "It is—"

"Be quiet, mother, do," said Johnny, impatiently. "I want to hear what happens when his father gets to know!"—London Tit-Bits.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER
has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries—Adv.

The Difference.
"That young actress, I see, is just moaning along."
"I thought she was starring."

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. H. W. GRUBER'S signature on each box. 3c.

The man with a wrist watch has time on his hands.

Dry Towns and Dry Vegetables.
A dehydrated or dry vegetable is one from which all the water has been extracted, but a dry town is a town where there's nothing but water.—Portland Press.

Lots of men don't have to travel far when they go to the bad.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

A Michigan Case

Sam Williams, stationery engineer, 405 Pleasant St., Ionia, Mich., says: "I suffered four or five years from sharp pains across my kidneys and right side. Nothing did me any good until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cleared up the kidney secretion, the pain left and I passed a gravel stone. When ever I have felt in need of a kidney medicine since, Doan's Kidney Pills have always proved beneficial."

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

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY
TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food-Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a son we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interest.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed.

Weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, headache, backache, stomach trouble, urinary, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery" for 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All reliable druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.

Thought Ownership Changed. A little boy and his mother were seated across the aisle from me in the car and I asked the mother to let the boy ride with me. After sitting beside me a few minutes, he asked: "Do I belong to you now?"—Exchange.

Based On Cost Per Tablet
It Saves 9 1/2 c.

CASCARA QUININE

No advance in price for this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some cold tablets now 30c for 21 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 9 1/2 c. when you buy HALL'S—Cures Cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Measles back in 10 days—24 Tablets for 25c. At any Drug Store

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mother who value the health of their children should never be without MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN. For use when needed. They tend to Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Worms, Constipation, Headache, Teething Disorders, and Stomach Troubles. Do not accept any Substitute. Used by Mothers for 37 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere 25 cts. Trial package FREE Address THE MOTHER GRAY CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Rock or Bursitis

FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 B free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310, Springfield, Mass.

You can nip colds in the bud—Clear your head instantly—Try Kondon's for the Cold-in-head (at no cost to you)

Try Kondon's for the Cold-in-head

(at no cost to you)

100,000 have used this 20-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore nose, coughing, colds, sneezing, sore throat, etc. Write us for complimentary can, or buy tube at druggist's. It will benefit you 100 times more than it costs, or we pay money back. For trial can free write to:

KONDON MFG. CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

COUGHING

PISO'S

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 7-1918.

"Beauty is Only Skin Deep"

but a beautiful skin is possible only when the liver and kidneys are active, and the bowels functionate properly. The secret of beauty as well as of health is to maintain perfect digestion and elimination. BEECHAM'S PILLS help to preserve beauty and maintain health, because they influence liver, kidneys, skin, and stomach to functionate in harmony, and efficiently.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

DAVIDY THE DAIRY

SKIMMED-MILK FOR CALVES

Since Most of Fat Has Been Removed in Cream Carbohydrates Needed to Make It Balanced.

Skimmed milk is a little richer in protein than whole milk, but lower in carbohydrates. Since most of the fat has been removed in the cream the skimmed milk will need carbohydrates to make it a balanced ration for calves. A good plan is to replace a portion of the whole milk with skimmed milk, gradually increase the skimmed milk with some form of carbohydrates till all of the whole milk is replaced by skimmed milk. Fine ground meal is one of the best carbohydrate supplements to be fed with skimmed milk. Some feeders cook the meal, stir it in the skimmed milk and feed it to the calf. After the calf is two weeks old it will eat fine ground meal and it fed small quantities will assimilate it. Linseed meal is also used.

Care should be taken in feeding calves. They should be taught to drink from the pail as soon as possible. Nothing but clean vessels should be used and the milk should be clean and warm.

CLEAN UTENSILS ARE URGED

High Grade of Milk Cannot Be Obtained if Pails and Cans Are Not Thoroughly Washed.

(By E. H. FARRINGTON, Wisconsin Agricultural College)

All efforts to supply the consumers with sweet, clean milk are useless if the milk pails, the cans, and other utensils are not thoroughly washed and scalded before milk is poured into them. Milk sours so quickly and it is so difficult to remove the sour odor from the utensils that these should be washed immediately after they are used.

(1) Milk pails and cans should be smooth, with all cracks and seams

flushed with solder. Seamless pails and cans have been placed on the market.

(2) When washing tinware, first

rinse off the film of milk on the surface with cold water, then wash thoroughly with warm water and cleaning soda, using a brush, and finally rinse with scalding hot water and place in the sun or some place free from dust to dry.

(3) After scalding, do not wipe milk

tinware with a cloth, but let the rinsing water be so hot that there is no further need of drying.

CHAPPED TEATS ARE VEXING

Where Cows Wade Around in Muddy Yards and Pastures, Teats Often Get Wet and Cold.

Sore teats of any kind are very unpleasant, both to the cow and the milker. A cow having sore teats of any kind does not stand still during milking. She keeps moving about and even kicking.

During spring chapped teats are common. The cows wade around in muddy yards and even in ponds in the pasture, the teats get wet and cold, and if no special attention is given to the teats, the teats frequently become very sore.

HIGH-PRICED FEED ANNOYING

Dairyman Depending on Profit From Cows for Living Must Know Just What He Is Doing.

Now that the cost of cow feed is soaring skyhigh and the dairyman is depending on the profit from his cows for his living it is a self-evident fact that he must know what he is thinking about. One thing is certain, the poor feeder to the poor cow is not in the race and the sooner he gets out the better, even if he must hire out to work for the man who knows how to do his own thinking.

RETAIN BULL UNTIL TESTED

Not Good Policy to Sell to Butcher After Two Years' Service—May Prove to Be Valuable.

After a young or untried bull has been used two years he should not be sold to the butcher, because he may prove to be a bull of exceptional worth when his daughters freshen. Such a bull often can be lent or leased to a man with a grade herd for a couple of years until some of his heifers freshen. In this way he always is subject to recall in case he proves especially valuable.

WHERE HE GOT HIS SCARS

Battered Up Specimen of Humanity Had Sad Story to Tell, But Not of Battles.

"My good man," said the kind old lady to the sad wreck of humanity she met in the lane, "you look like an old soldier. I'm sure you've seen many battles."

"Yes, mum; I've been in wars in my time; I'll carry these scars to the grave, shure I shall. Yer see this ear o' mine, mum; there's a tidy piece gone out o' that. And see the nose; a day later there, too, mum. Well, they were both done in one day. The muskies did fly that day, an' no mistake."

"What battle was it, my good man?"

Well, mum; it wern't exactly a battle. Yer see, it wor like this. I wor a cab-driver, and I had to drive the newly-married folks to the station. This dent in my nose wor done by a hob-nailed boot; this bit out o' my ear is the result of a well-aimed horse shoe; this lump on my jaw was done by a tag of uncooked rice; but wait till I show yer me back, mum!"

But the old lady had vanished.

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Druggists for Testimonials free. \$1.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Oyster Beds for Great Salt Lake.

Plans have been made to bring the propagation of oysters in Bear River bay, Salt Lake, Utah, this spring, says Popular Mechanics Magazine in an illustrated article. Experiments and scientific study of local conditions have indicated, to the satisfaction of the state fish and game commissioner, that the enterprise is a thoroughly feasible one. Analysis has shown that the percentage of salt in the water is practically the same as in ocean oyster beds. In searching for a desirable section of the bay to commence operations, those in charge of the work used an amphibious craft built particularly for navigating shallow waters and negotiating salt and mud bars. The boat, a long, narrow motor-driven scow, is provided with side wheels that propel it through the water and across mud

Lessons in Geography.

Readers of General Allenby's dispatches, unfamiliar with the peculiarities of the Dead sea, were not a little puzzled at his description of British airplanes flying four hundred feet below the sea level. But reference to a geography brought the information which solved the riddle: the Dead sea lies 1,292 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, so that airplanes sailing four hundred feet below sea level were still at an elevation of eight hundred and ninety-two feet. Lessons in geography abound in the papers nowadays!

Tied His Dog to "Fluiver."

When Henry Ward, prominent in Salina (Kan.) business affairs, tied his vicious bulldog to his "fluiver," merely as a protection to dogs with better dispositions, he was arrested. "Guilty?" asked the court after informing the defendant he was charged with violating a city ordinance against attaching a tin can to a dog's tail. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Eleven dollars," said the court. And Mr. Ward paid.

Pills Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. Nic.

After all, the speculator is a sort of bargain counter.

AERIAL VIEW OF DESTROYED GERMAN COMMUNICATION TRENCHES



This photograph shows a view of destroyed German communication trenches after a successful bombardment by the Belgian infantry and artillery. This picture was made by a Belgian aerial observer from a height of several thousand feet.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
900 DROPS
ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Stimulating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Druggists for Testimonials free.
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in infancy.
Facsimile Signature of J. C. H. H. H.
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of J. C. H. H. H. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills
You Cannot be Constipated and Happy
A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living
Genuine bears signature
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

Easy to figure the Profits
Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2 wheat—its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.
Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her
Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each
or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.
The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to
M. V. MacINNIS
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent



The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
J. A. NEAL, Owner.
T. W. PERKINS, Manager.

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

NORTHVILLE MICH., FEB. 15, 1918.

COAL STEALING.

That there have been instances where the appropriation of fuel from coal cars passing through the cities and towns of this country during the terribly severe weather of this winter have been justifiable, no one will deny. That these cases have been comparatively few beside the number of cases where coal stealing in this manner has worked gross injustice, is just as true. As has been repeatedly proven, thousands of tons of coal have been stolen by people who did not need it one half as badly as it was needed to relieve actual suffering in the places where it was due to have been sent. The fact that some of the needy ones were leniently dealt with by the law seems to have started a regular epidemic of filchery along this particular line. Northville is no exception. It has not been free from much criminality—for it is nothing else—in this respect. Had the practice ended with those who were in actual need, it would not have been so bad, but it is reported that here as in many other places coal has been taken from the cars and put in cellars until they were full, while other people willing to pay for the fuel, could not be supplied. To say nothing of the injustice to the owners of the stolen coal it is also very unfair for one man, who is earning good wages, to get fuel for nothing, while another hard-working man, with perhaps less earnings to depend upon, has to go without, as he would not dare steal anything from a railroad car than from a neighbor's cellar. A little boy in Detroit was cruelly whipped by his father because he refused to steal coal, what about the future career of these boys whose parents have openly boasted of how much fuel they have been able to steal from the railroad trains?

As we confidently expected, our American boys have been giving a splendid account of themselves everywhere they have been tried out so far in "the crucible of war." It is indeed a cold and un-American heart that didn't thrill with pride inexpressible when its owner read or heard how our soldiers proved themselves when the Tuscan was struck. No baric, no slightest breach of discipline, instead, their united voices singing "My Country 'Tis Of Thee while looking squarely and unflinchingly into the very face of death. It is such as these that make us so sure of victory over the "unspeakables."

In common with all the newspapers of the state, the Record deeply regrets the passing from the profession and from earthly life, of Harry Coleman of the Detroit Free Press who represented the highest type of the men who made newspaper work their vocation through natural fitness and love for the work. Mr. Coleman has left an impress on the best journalism of Michigan that will never be eradicated. Taken away in the prime of life and usefulness, his work and personality is a loss not soon to be looked upon with resignation.

New Fiber Plant.

A New Costa Rican fiber plant has been developed through selection and cultivation by M. Peralta of San Jose, and is alleged to produce more and stronger fiber than henequen or sisal. A consular report states that the fiber is made into rope, twine, mats, bags, and even finer articles. The splendid leaf is 9 to 12 feet long, and each plant averages 30 leaves a year, yielding two pounds of fiber. With about 600 plants to the acre, cane, beans, potatoes, or corn can be grown on the same land. Full growth is reached in five years, but cuttings—two a year—may begin two years after planting the shoots.

Rich Roumania.

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

Wixom Whisperings.

Roy Rabbitt was home from Pontiac last Sunday.

Helen Stevens was in Pontiac from Saturday until Sunday night.

H. A. Smith and B. Kitson and family were in Pontiac last Saturday.

The Misses Furman and Smith are home for a vacation from their school duties in Detroit.

Cecil Carter and wife have gone to Detroit to live, where he has a position on Belle Isle.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mowers, February 8, a daughter; and to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry February 12, an eight-pound daughter.

February 9th the Wixom Red Cross sent the following articles to Pontiac: 1 sweater; 1 trench cap; 12 bed socks; 54 abdominal bandages, 20 triangular bandages and 7 wash cloths.

The ladies of the Wixom Red Cross unit are to put on the drama, "Somewhere in France" and the farce "How the Story Grew" in the K. O. T. M. hall February 22, for the benefit of the local fund.

WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be "Patriotism and Piety."

The evening topic will be "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Novi News.

While on his way home yesterday afternoon George Hogle, well known Pontiac attorney and real estate agent, was stricken with paralysis and fell on the walk on Mt. Clemens street. He was discovered by boys and was removed to his home on Seneca street where it was found he was suffering from paralysis of one side of his body. His condition is serious. He had been in Detroit on business and was returning to his home when stricken. Pontiac Press Gazette.

WHO INVENTED MOVIE FILM?

Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, United States Supreme Court Holds, Was Originator of Photographic Feature.

Watching for three hours the unrolling of a stupendous film, one not only marvels where this art will end, but also wonders where it began, says a writer. It may almost be said to have begun in the pulpit, for although the idea was in the old toy called the "wheel of life," yet without the photographic film the cinematograph would have been impossible, and that was, according to the judgment of the United States Supreme court, the invention of Rev. Hannibal Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin was pastor of the Episcopal church in Newark, N. J., and was a great lover of children, although he had none of his own. He was always scheming for their enjoyment, and it was in order to make a picture machine to amuse his Sunday school that he turned his attention to photographic films, the secret of which he discovered in the early eighties of the last century.

He made the films in the old rectory, and sometimes he went directly from the pulpit to the laboratory in his vestments. He resigned his pastorate in 1888, but it was not for ten years later that he obtained his patent. He was about to put his films on the market when he met with an accidental death in 1900. Mr. Goodwin got nothing out of an invention which has made tens of millions.

LOOKING WITH FAVOR ON ART

Public Hastens to Attach Respectability to Favorites, Despite Their Various Shortcomings.

The public always tries to make its favorites respectable, those it truly loves. It longs to make them more like itself. It delights to read of happy family life among its beloved artists; and of the pure summers of the movie star who lives with her mother and has a garden, observes the New Republic.

The course of Mary Anderson comforted and justified thousands of housewives for their mild domesticities and their distrust of the stage. Even the public's favorite romancer lived with his wife three years before he married her, and he did not even suffer from a wasting illness; but they will not have it so, and are fast turning him into a pitiful, cheery saint and martyr as flat and sweet as their own ideals. The favorite short story writer embezzled and went to the penitentiary and loved poker, but they want to make him an overflowing human heart wandering about taking snap-shots. They have spent more time raking over and clearing up the records of Goethe and Poe and Byron and Shelley than they ever spent on the poems.

Consoling.

The Bride-to-Be—"My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly." Friend of the Family—"Ah, well, she can't complain. After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters."

HOW ESKIMOS HUNT THE SEAL

Pursuers of Rich-Furred Animals Sneak Up Close Enough to Shoot Arrow into Their Head.

Today the Eskimo method of hunting seals is a primitive calling improved to a fine art, writes a naturalist. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances only when the seal's head is down.

Now, as the seal is one of the most wide-awake of animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter, by carefully watching the seal's movements, is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time, until the distance between man and beast has been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot, the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of its outwitted companion.

FLOCK TO HER WITH GIFTS

Woman in Atlanta Used Slippers as a Bait for Men Friends and Got Many Presents in Return.

There was a slattern young lady in Atlanta, who had 40 or more admirers. For each of these she bought slippers, all of the same pattern, which she had an aged seamstress make up, says the Augusta News. Meanwhile she kept a pair for herself in the parlor, where she could have them on hand whenever one of her lovers called. Of course, each young man asked for whom she was making such pretty slippers. She would reply, with a bewitching smile and half a wink: "Oh, they're for a man friend of mine."

Then each infatuated youth went off to invest in a gift. Some bought clothes. Some bought jewelry. One bought furniture. In return, the girl bestowed upon each of them a pair of slippers, worked by the seamstress and footed by a Dutch shoemaker, at an average cost of \$2.65 a pair. The presents from her admirers averaged \$45 per man.

The pair the girl worked herself presented to a young dry goods clerk in Augusta, to whom she was secretly married. She afterward sold her presents and had enough to start house-keeping.

Protest a Happy Ending.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette recently reported a curious suit that should interest the readers of Flaubert's romance of *Carthage*. The action was brought by the niece of Gustave Flaubert against the adapters of "Salammbo" for the cinema.

Flaubert it will be remembered, finishes his novel with the mobbing and death of Mathos before the eyes of his mistress who seems entirely indifferent to his fate. This would not do for the film. The adapters not only save the general's life, but tug down the curtain with the marriage of the lovers, who "live happily together ever after," and have a multitude of children to grace their old age.

This platonic and commonplace ending to a "masterpiece" horrified the dilettantes, who made so much fuss about the caricaturing of the story that Flaubert's literary executor felt compelled to take the matter up, and has appealed to the courts for redress. —Kansas City Star.

Shoes Worn in Early Days.

High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

But these fashions were confined to the rich. The poor wore shoes of wood, reeds and untanned leather. The Highlander made brogans out of untanned deer hide, and the southern nations wore cloth sandals and slippers. It was not until the year 1800 that an Englishman invented "rights and lefts," previously both shoes were shaped exactly alike. So far as we can discover, the aboriginal tribes of America never went barefooted. They always made and wore moccasins, the easiest shoe ever invented.

Keep After Things.

Do you remember when you learned to swim, or ride a bicycle? You went to it for all you were worth, but you couldn't get the hang of it. Then, a few days afterward, you tried again and it "came to you" first thing.

But it wouldn't have "come to you" if you hadn't "gone to it" that other time. The effort which seemed to be wasted at the time you made it wasn't wasted after all. You will find it the same with learning how to think. If you can't keep your mind on the subject tomorrow morning, keep on trying till the half hour is up. The next morning you'll do a little better, and you'll surprise yourself within a few weeks.—Exchange.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Important change in Registration Laws.

To the Qualified Electors of the Village of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan: Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 126, Public Acts of 1917, the undersigned village clerk, will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, or the day of any registration or special election receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said village not already registered for such registration, except that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the second Saturday before any general or special election and the day of such election.

MARCH 2, 1918

Last Day for General Registration for Election March 11th.

All electors not already registered and intending to vote at said Election, should make Personal Application to me on, or before the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1918.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at Murdoch's Drug Store, on FEBRUARY 19 and FEBRUARY 23, 1918

from 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said village as shall appear and apply therefor.

The name of no person, but an Actual Resident of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election shall be entered in the registration book.

Registration of Absentee by Oath.

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, and shall, Under Oath, state that he is a resident of such precinct and has resided in said village Twenty Days next preceding such election, designating particularly the place of his residence, and that he possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution, and that, owing to the sickness or infirmity of himself, or of some member of his family or owing to his absence from the village on public business or his own business and without intent to avoid or delay his registration, he was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall, in said matter, wilfully make any false statement, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and, upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

WOMEN ELECTORS.

The names of all qualified Women Electors not already appearing on the registration list will be registered, provided Personal Application is made in conformity with the foregoing provisions.

Dated, Northville, Mich., Feb'y 2nd, 1918

THOMAS E. MURDOCK,

30-31 Village Clerk.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election for the Village of Northville, county of Wayne, Michigan, will be held in the Village Hall, Northville, on Monday, March 11, 1918, at which time the following officers are to be elected:

Village President, Three Trustees,

Clerk, Treasurer and Assessor.

The polls of said election will be opened at 7.00 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until 5.00 o'clock in the afternoon, unless the board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at 12.00 o'clock, noon, for one hour.

Dated, Northville Mich., February 12, 1918

THOMAS E. MURDOCK,

30-31 Village Clerk.

Dark Ways—Darkness

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

A Mild Protest.

"Breddren and sisters," said Parson Absalom Jousing, as he surveyed the scant covering of the bottom of the contribution basket, "Ah wouldn't say a wadd to 'smute that one of yoh was stingy, but Ah has got to admit that yoh all is mighty thrifty, tryin' to get to heaven foh about one ten-billionth of a cent a mile."

MICH. STATE FAIR

BODY-BUILDING CONTEST

"One of the most persistent popular beliefs that the Michigan State Fair is year by year striving to overcome is that which treats the fair as an animal exposition devoted exclusively to livestock and farm crops. The original state or county fair, it will be conceded, was an exposition of this sort, but the modern State Fair goes beyond the point where well-bred animals and farm crops are the sole objects of interest. In recent years our Michigan State Fair has established all sorts of competitive events between human beings, and the broad idea behind these events is to build up a better race of citizens—present and future. For several years we have had a Better Babies Contest.

Then for the young people, we have held all sorts of competitive events in which both mental and physical skill was required of the victors. In a word, we have been striving to make the Michigan State Fair a great annual exposition that would be a physical and mental uplifting force instead of a mere show place for the fattest steer or the biggest head of cabbage."

The foregoing is contained in a statement just issued by General Manager G. W. Dickinson of the Michigan State Fair, relative to the third annual Physical Culture Body Building Contest to be held during the six months previous to the opening of the Fair next August. Continuing as to the details of the event, Mr. Dickinson said:

"The showing made by a vast number of our young men when called to the National Army indicates that physical unfitness is more common among the citizens of this country than any one supposed. Although this is the third year of our Body-Building contest, I will confess that I only began to become enthusiastic over it when the reports began to be published last fall relative to the large number of physically deficient drafted men. I saw that our Body-Building Contest could be turned to practical use in a large way, provided, of course, that we could get our message across to the people who are really in need of it."

This year's beautiful cups (sterling silver and bronze) will be awarded first prizes to contestants who make the greatest physical improvement in themselves during the next six months. The prizes will be awarded on September 7 during the Fair held August 30 to September 8. The winners are not likely to be those who are in good physical condition when the contest opens, but it is more probable that the winners will be found among those of frail physique at the present time and who during the next six months go about the work of developing their bodies by systematic daily exercise, right eating, right breathing and in general, right living.

This year the persons entering the contest will be divided into three classes: those between 5 and 12 years, 12 to 21 years and 21 years and over. Members of both sexes are permitted to enter, in fact, we are, if anything, more desirous of securing entries from the girls and women than we are from the men. The girls of today are the mothers of the next generation and I don't know of any way to make them better mothers than to provide an inducement for them to build up their physiques.

No entry fee is required for the Body-Building contest, but those who are planning to enter should make inquiry at once in regard to the various details of the contest and to have their entry recorded before March 7 at the office of the Michigan State Fair, 502 Bowles building, Detroit, Michigan. Blanks will be furnished on application.

Now is the Time to Do Your Spring Sewing

During the past weeks we have practically sold out our entire lines of Percales and Ginghams. We are now offering a Complete Stock of New Patterns just in. During these times of high prices we shall adhere strictly to our old policy of Selling goods at a profit based upon the price paid for the same goods. Were we speculators we would load up with Merchandise and then await the high price. Instead of being speculators, we are Merchandisers and we depend upon our customers to keep our store going just as much as our trade depends upon us for their Dry Goods. Prices are high. They are (without a doubt) going to be much higher. There will be an occasional opportunity to sacrifice quality for price. We have decided that the only safe way for us to pursue is to keep up our high standard of Merchandise at all times and we shall aim to sell always at the Lowest Possible Price.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Last Number of Business Men's Lecture Course Friday, March 1st.

Announcement.

I have started a Grocery and Meat Market in my building one door west of my Hotel, on Main street, Northville. Am doing a strictly Cash business. Buying and Selling for Cash, at Lowest Possible Figures, and discounting all my bills. I don't want everything myself. The trouble with business these times is there are too many very selfish people in business. They think the more they can get the better, with no regard for other people. I am not a new man in the business, as I was in the Grocery and Meat business in Glasford, Illinois for 14 years, and run a credit business. I have over \$4,000 in old accounts now outlawed. That is enough credit business for me. Another thing, everybody ought to have a bank account. Nobody ought to be out of money. Do not buy on time—pay cash, go where you can do the best. If you pay cash you will be more careful about what you buy, and can live better, with no worry. If you put your money in the bank it is then in circulation and you will not lose it or get robbed. Some people like to show a big roll of money. I would rather have it in the bank, and use a check book, and if they get robbed they are protected and you are safe and there can be no mistake or loss of money. Save a few dollars and when the factory runs short of coal and closes you can rest up and feel secure and happy because you can go to The Thomas B. Couch Grocery and Meat Market with a small check and get plenty to eat. You can also get a good meal at any time at the Exchange Hotel, (Thomas B. Couch, Proprietor, for the small sum of 1/4 of a dollar. If you can get as good dinner for 25 cents in Michigan as I will give you, I will make you a present of \$5.00. The reason is I have carried a stock of Groceries, bought at wholesale for cash, with a discount, and also had meats in stock and, in fact, could feed 50 people without running all-over town for anything. If anyone wants to know how I stood in the Grocery and Meat business in Glasford, Illinois, please write to J. J. Maple, President of the Farmer's State Bank; J. L. Saylor, Dry Goods and Groceries; Samuel Sandlor, Clothier; Col. A. L. Falmostock, Grocer; Lightbody & Son, Grain Buyers; E. H. Falmostock, Implement Dealer. There are also four saloon keepers there; please do not write to them, for they do not like me and I do not like them. I carried the miners' families through the strike and when they got to work, the saloons got the money—and I got nothing. I am glad to live in Michigan and I hope the saloons are gone to stay.

THOMAS B. COUCH

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Northville News

This Case Has a Hint for Many Readers.

A Northville woman has used Doan's Kidney Pills. She has found them as represented. She wishes her neighbors to know. She publicly recommends them. No need to look further for a tested kidney remedy.

The proof of merit is here and can be investigated. Profit by the statement of Mrs. John Ruthruff, Church and Cady Sts. She says: "My kidneys get out of order at times and I have dull, aching pains across my kidneys. I also have a tired, heavy feeling across my back and through my limbs. Doan's Kidney Pills have always removed the awful misery in my back and helped me in every way. In a few days I have felt as well as ever."

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Ruthruff had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt 66

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. E. 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

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Toilet Preparations.

because after careful investigation we have found them to be most efficient and also the best value for the money of any to be had.

Let us tell you more about these preparations and top, let us give you a copy of the Penslar Health Book containing information that you should have. It is free, ask for it.

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

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 140 J. OR CALL IN PERSON.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 7:30 a. m., and every hour thereafter until 7:30 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 6:45 a. m. and hourly to 6:45 p. m. 8:05 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m. Limited at 6:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:15 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43 a. m., 6:43 a. m., 7:43 a. m., 9:43 a. m., 11:43 a. m., 1:43 p. m., 3:43 p. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:07 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Lirer Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Little Donald Belles, who was quite ill last week, is recovering.

Miss Mary Sowle has been suffering from a severe attack of quinsy.

F. L. Thompson has been the victim of a severe attack of grip during the past week.

Mrs. William Richardson, who was sick for several days last week, is now much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kreager are the parents of a new son, born Monday, February 11.

King Allen, who has been very sick, is now considered to have a fair chance for recovery.

E. K. Starkweather, who has been ill for a week or two, is now able to be about the house.

But two German aliens have been registered in Milford by Postmaster Lovejoy. Milford Times

Old saying: "As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen"—and it surely did

The new People's State bank at Farmington opens for business tomorrow—Saturday, February 16

The Woman's club is to meet this Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Katharine Strong, on Dunlap street

Lyte Kestell was honored by being chosen to act as bugler at a big gathering of Boy Scouts in Detroit recently

The first 500 club was pleasantly entertained at the Gills' home Monday evening with Mrs. Balch as hostess

The number of "enemy aliens" registered by Postmaster Tunham at the Northville office was the "unlucky" one of 13

The Plymouth board of education has voted that the study of the German language shall be discontinued in the schools there

The "more daylight" plan has been inaugurated for the season—by Mrs. Nature. Noticed the difference, both morning and evening?

Of course men are not vain, but just tell a man over 50 that he doesn't look a day over 30 and watch the effect.—Pontiac Press Gazette.

Northville friends of Mrs. A. A. Taft, now of Detroit, regret to know that she has been obliged to go to Harper hospital for surgical treatment

Rev. E. I. Walker was over from Redford Tuesday. Mrs. Walker is recovering from an operation in the Goodrich hospital.—Rochester Era

If all George Washington's namesakes could be assembled together somewhere next Friday in honor of his birthday wouldn't it be "some crowd"?

Little John LaRue, who has been ill with measles for the past two or three weeks, at the home of Mrs. LaRue's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, is convalescent

The township board has very kindly extended the time for the collection of dog taxes to February 15. Many a "Towser" will receive the news with joy.—South Lyon Herald

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter O. E. S. this (Friday) evening, Feb 15. A good attendance is particularly desired, as business of importance is to come before the Chapter

Mrs. Ray Lanning, who has been sick for the past six months, is now recovering rapidly. An operation performed for the removal of a cancer from her face by Dr. Holcomb of Novi was a complete success.

Ex-Gov. F. M. Warner and Ex-Congressman S. W. Smith have sold their big farm in the Thumb, near Owendale, and their stock and implements were sold at auction Thursday, February 14.—Farmington Enterprise.

Mrs. George C. Hueston, daughter of Mrs. Lucy Gills of this place, is one of the latest victims of Detroit automobiles thieves. Her Ford sedan was stolen a few days ago from in front of the Regent theatre.

Talk about tending to your knitting! Here's a big husky fellow occupying a lucrative position as traveling salesman, who has knitted numerous trench caps, sweaters, socks, etc. for the Red Cross and isn't ashamed to get busy with his knitting work at any place on the road; at home enroute or at hotels, wherever he gets a moment's leisure. He's a modest sort, but for fear he will resent this publicity we will simply say that the first two letters of his name are Harlow C. Murray and he lives at 304 South Woodward avenue, and we hope he'll keep a clicking until the war is over.—Birmingham Eccentric

Arrangements have been made whereby the Ladies' Library will be open at the usual hours this coming Saturday. Enough coke for the purpose has been kindly donated by one of the officers.

While many people about town have been and are still suffering inconvenience caused by frozen water pipes, and while a few main leads have been temporarily put out of commission, Northville has been very fortunate in having such practical men as Mr. Porter at the head of the water system and Mr. Seeley as street commissioner. They have by tireless labor and skilled efforts kept the troubles to a minimum and at no time has the fire protection been out of order or any suffering caused by breaks in pipes. Lots of other towns have had all sorts of bad difficulties with their water systems, while Northville has escaped with very few.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The church around the corner"

Sunday morning, February 17, a Father and Son service will be held. Every father is expected to invite his sons to come to church with him. We believe that a large number of young men would attend church if father did so too. Come to church with me is far more effective and encouraging than go to church!

A message appropriate for the occasion will be given. Special music by the choir

Bible school at 11:30 Epworth League at 6. Leader, Miss Blundell

Service at 7. Subject, "The Closed Door"

Union prayer meeting of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches will be held at the Methodist church on Thursday night at 7. Leader, Rev. Bellis

You are cordially welcome to the above services. This means you, for the children, a S. S. Lesson study period for all, a brief address to young people by the pastor.

The other service will be held in the evening at 7 o'clock. There will be brief reports from representatives of the various young people's organizations, setting forth the special work accomplished during the past year. Then we will take a glance ahead and study together wherein it may be possible to do more and better work during the coming year.

This will be one of the big days in our church year if—Just fill in for yourself what goes on the other side of the "if," do your part, and the "if" will disappear

The prayer meetings of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches have united. The service next week is in the Methodist church. You are united

The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. W. Perkins on First avenue. Two reports will be on sale

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

February 17th will be Young People's Day

There will be just two big services to take the place of the four services usually held

All members of the church and congregation are earnestly urged to be present at both services. If you are one of the young folks come and help to make a worthy showing. If you count yourself one of the old folks come and show your interest in the young people's work.

Any in the community—old or young—who have no church home are cordially invited

There will be a 160-minute service beginning at 10:30 in the morning. The features will be an object lesson

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

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

Evening service at 7 o'clock.

Bible study and prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

You are cordially invited to these services.

The sleighride party box social which was to have taken place this Friday, has been postponed to Wednesday, February 20. Party will meet at the P. O. at 7 o'clock and drive out to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Dunham for the box social and the rest of the fun. Every one is cordially invited. If the sleighing is gone, other conveniences will be provided.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

MEETING NIGHTS
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT
EACH MONTH

F. E. VAN ATTA, K. of K. & S.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:
Friday Evenings, February 1-15.
Jas. Dickerson, F. Woodmansee,
Fini Secy. Chief Ranger

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. & A. M.
Regular March 11

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.
Regular March 13

NORTHVILLE

COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.
Reg. March 5.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.
Reg. Feby 15.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

For Saturday night, Viola Dana in the splendid Metro play, "God's Law and Man's," adapted from Trent's novel, "A Wife By Purchase." A story of India and England, mystery and misunderstanding, which all comes right at last.

Next Thursday, Wallace Reed and Cleo Ridgley in "The Yellow Pawn."

March 2, next number of the Business Men's Concert Course, Francis Henry Concert Co.

Coming soon, "The Crisis" in 11 reels.

TRY A 15c LINER IN THE RECORD.

Northville School Notes.

Robert Neil visited Miss Weiler's classes Friday

Feb. 22nd the Dearborn Boys Basketball Team will play the N. H. S. Boys here

Agriculture students are "making mud pies" these days in studying soil, puddling, and liming.

A new chart of the Metric System is posted in the Physics laboratory. Come in and look it over.

The Botany class furnished their experiments with bacteria Tuesday. Ask "Cider" about the smells

The third Parents' meeting will be held in the High School Room Friday, Feb 15th at 2:30. All parents are urged to attend.

Charles Ransom made a flying trip Tuesday to Detroit Public Library to secure debating material for the debate with Mariette, Friday

At the request of National Red Cross the school is preparing to organize a Junior Red Cross society amongst students. We welcome this new opportunity to serve

Under the direction of Gibson Carpenter the school already has collected a nice little amount of savings for thrift stamps. We hope to make this amount a goodly lump by June.

Two fine games showing good spirit were played at Trenton last Friday, both games being won by Trenton. We will play two more games with them, one there and one here

Mr. McCloy explaining to the new geometry class the other day what a geometrical solid was. Why, he says "This room is a geometrical solid, it has 'nothing in it'—Maybe he was right

Be sure and remember the date Feb. 20th. What is it??? Why that is the night of the school Program given in the High School Auditorium. We guarantee it will be worth your money.

The Northville schools are to take a general survey of farms of this school district in order to report to the state the conditions for next summer as to labor shortage, seed, stock, etc. If you are asked questions please answer, remembering that it is for Uncle Sam.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

Special meeting has been called for election of officers, to be held at the home of Mrs. George Sutton, south Center street, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 19 at three o'clock.

"Judge—'I don't care how much I am in love with you, I will not marry you unless you are able to keep up with me.'"
Mrs. Crawford—"Do you think you are able to keep up with me?"
One of the Officers.

Interest on your Savings Account
from date for the full time.

Open an account today.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Northville, Michigan.

CIRCULAR ISSUED IN GERMANY.

A copy of a broadside forbidden in Germany has reached the Committee on Public Information. It is a single sheet of foolscap size, printed on both sides, and bears a coarsely executed woodcut representing "a soldier" in arms, a workman in a blouse, and a woman shoving a rock off a precipice, beneath which is seen the head and bust of the Emperor, crowned and scathed and moustached, looking up in terror at the fate impending.

The last paragraph of the text is as follows:
"Man of toil, awake from slumber! Recognize thy growing might. All the wheels will lose their motion Without thy strong arm's devotion. Down with war! Down with the government! Peace! Freedom! Bread!"

What Did She Mean?
"How was your speech received at the club?" asked one of Chumley's friends. "Why, they congratulated me heartily. In fact, one of the members came to me and told me that when I sat down he had said to himself it was the best thing I had ever done"—London Saturday Journal.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo.

Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1916.
A. W. GLEASON
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances

Daily

8:15 and 8:45 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

FRANK J. BOYLE AUCTIONEER

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

THE ELECTRIC WARMING PAD

is the modern equivalent of the Hot Water Bottle, but it has the hot water bottle beaten ten to one. It can't spring a leak. It has heat control and heat may be maintained as long as desired. It never needs re-filling.

It is soft and pliable and is adjustable to any part of the body.

Every Home Should Have One.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

Last Number of Business Men's Lecture Course Friday, March 1st.



More than two million satisfied owners know from experience that the Ford car is a real utility, an economical, powerful, always-reliable means for adding zest to pleasure. The Ford car meets the demand for prompt transportation in every line of human activity. The demand grows larger every day, because of the all-round usefulness of the car. Is the Ford car not your necessity? Touring Car, \$360; Runabout, \$345; Coupelet, \$505; Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$645; One-Ton Truck Chassis, \$600. All f. o. b., Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS

Northville, Mich.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE TWINS READ MRS. EDDY'S "SCIENCE AND HEALTH" AND THEIR BEHAVIOR IN CONSEQUENCE UPSETS THE QUIET OF THE METHODIST HOUSEHOLD.

Synopsis.—The story opens in the home of the Rev. Mr. Starr where Prudence, his eldest daughter and feminine head of the house, consisting of her father, herself, her sister Fairy, the twins—Carol and Lark—and Connie, the youngest, are awaiting the arrival of their aunt Grace. Liveliness of the smaller members of the family results disastrously for their appearance.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Prudence watched them with painful solicitude. Her years of mothering had given her an almost supernatural intuition as to causes and effects.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Starr made his family goodby and set out on a tour of Epworth-league conventions. He was to be away from home until the end of the following week. A prospective Presbyterian theologian had been selected from the college to fill his pulpit on the Sabbath.

At ten o'clock the train carried their father off in the direction of Burlington, and at eleven o'clock the twins returned to the parsonage. Prudence, Fairy and Aunt Grace sat sewing on the side porch as they cut across the parsonage lawn, their feet crinkling pleasantly through the drift of autumn leaves the wind had piled beneath the trees.

"We're out of potatoes, twins," said Prudence, as they drew near. "You'll have to dig some before dinner."

"For one instant their complacent features clouded. Prudence looked up expectantly, sure of a break in their serene placidity.

One doubtful second, then— "Certainly, Prudence," said Carol brightly.

And Lark added genially, "We'd better fill the box, I guess—so we'll have enough for the rest of the week."

And singing a light but unharmonious snatch of song, the twins went in search of basket and hoe.

Prudence's brows knitted in anxious frowns and she sighed a few times.

"What is the matter, Prue? You look like a rainy Christmas," said Fairy.

"It's the twins," was the mournful answer.

"The twins!" ejaculated Fairy. "Why, they've acted like angels lately."

"That's it!—That's just it. When the twins act like angels I get uneasy right away. The better they act, the more suspicious I feel."

"What have they been doing?"

"Nothing! Not a thing! That's why I'm worried. It must be something terrible!"

Fairy laughed and returned to her embroidery. Aunt Grace smiled and



"It's the Twins," Was the Mournful Answer.

began plying her needles once more. But Prudence still looked troubled, and sighed often.

There was no apparent ground for her alarm. The twins came back with the potatoes, peeled some for luncheon, and set the table, their faces still bright and smiling.

In the afternoon they joined the little circle on the porch, but not to sew. They took a book, and lay down on a rug with the book before them, reading together. Evidently they were absorbed.

Prudence, in spite of her devotion to the embroidering of large S's on assorted pieces of linen, never forgot the twins for a moment.

"What are you reading?" she asked at last aimlessly, her only desire to be reassured by the sound of their voices.

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then Carol answered—her chin was in her palms, which may have accounted for the mumbling of the words.

"Science and Health."

"What?"

Another pause, a little more perceptible this time. "Science and Health," Carol said at last, quite distinctly.

"Science and Health," Prudence repeated in a puzzled tone. "Is it a doctor book?"

"Why—nothing of the sort—yes," said Carol dubiously.

"Science and Health? 'Science and Health,'" mused Fairy. "You don't mean that Christian Science book, do you? You know what I mean, Prudence—Mary Baker Eddy's book—'Science and Health'—that's the name of it. That's not what you twins are devouring so ravenously, is it?"

Carol answered with manifest reluctance, glancing nervously at Prudence. "Yes—that's what it is."

"Omnifarious silence greeted this admission. A slow red flush mantled the twins' cheeks. Aunt Grace's eyes twinkled a little, although her face was grave. Fairy looked surprised. Prudence looked dumfounded.

"What are you reading that for?"

"Why—it's very interesting," explained Lark, coming to Carol's rescue. "Of course we don't believe it—yet. But there are some good things in it—it's very deep. But some of the ideas are very fine, and—er—uplifting, you know."

Prudence looked most miserable. "But—twins, do you think—minister's daughters ought to read—things like that?"

"Why, Prudence, I think minister's daughters ought to be well informed on every subject," declared Lark conscientiously. "How can we be an influence, if we don't know anything about things?"

Prudence looked at Fairy and her aunt in helpless dismay. This was something entirely new in her experience of rearing a family.

"I—I don't think you ought to read it," she said slowly. "But at the same time—what do you think about it, Aunt Grace?"

"Why—I don't know, Prudence. You know more about rearing twins than I do."

Prudence at that moment felt that she knew very little about it, indeed. She turned to Fairy. There was a strange-intensity in Fairy's fine eyes as she studied the twins on the floor at her feet.

"You aren't thinking of turning Christian Scientists, yourselves, are you?" asked Prudence rather bumbly.

"Oh, of course, we aren't Scientists, Prudence," was the quick denial. "We don't know anything about it yet, really. But there are lots of very helpful things in it, and—people talk about it so much, and—they have made such wonderful cures, you know, and—we'd thought we'd just study up a little."

"You take the book yourself, and read it, Prue," urged Carol hospitably. "You'll see what we mean."

Prudence drew back quickly as though the book would sear her fingers. She looked very forlorn. If only her father were at home—ten days between herself and the lifting of responsibility!

"When father comes home—" she began. And then suddenly Fairy spoke.

"I think the twins are right," she said emphatically. "It would be very narrow-minded of us to refuse to look into a subject as important as this. Let them go on and study it; we can decide things later."

Prudence looked very doubtful, but a warning movement of Fairy's left eyelash—the side removed from the twins—compelled her.

"Well—" she said.

"Of course, Prudence, we know it would nearly break father's heart for us to go back on our own church—but don't you think if folks become truly convinced that Christian Science is the true and good religion, they ought to stand by it and suffer—just like the martyrs of old?" suggested Lark—and the suggestion brought the doubt-clouds thick about Prudence's head once more.

"We may not be convinced, of course, added Carol, "but there is something rather—assuring—about it."

"Oh, twins," Prudence cried earnestly, but stopped as she caught again the slight suggestive movement of Fairy's left eyelash.

"Well, let it go for this afternoon," she said, her eyes intent on Fairy's face. "I must think it over."

The twins, with apparent relish, returned to their perusal of the book.

Fairy rose almost immediately and went into the house, coming back a moment later with her hat and gloves.

"I'm going for a stroll, Prue," she said. "I'll be back in time for supper."

It was two hours later when Fairy

came back. Prudence was alone on the porch.

"Where are the twins?" asked Fairy softly.

"Upstairs," was the whispered reply. "Well?"

Then Fairy spoke more loudly, confident that the twins, in their upstairs room, could hear every word she said.

"Come upstairs, Prue. I want to talk this over with you alone." And then she whispered, "Now, you just take your cue from me, and do as I say. The little sinners! We'll teach them to be so funny!"

In their own room she carefully closed the door and smiled, as she noted the creaking of the closet door on the twins' side of the wall. Eavesdropping was not included among the cardinal sins in the twins' private dialogue, when the conversation concerned themselves.

"Now, Prudence," Fairy began, speaking with an appearance of softness, though she took great pains to turn her face toward the twins' room, and enunciated very clearly indeed.

"I know this will hurt you, as it does me, but we've got to face it fairly. If the twins are convinced that Christian Science is the right kind of religion, we can't stand in their way. I've been reading up a little myself this afternoon, and there are some good points in Christian Science. Of course, for our sakes, and father's, the twins will be generous and deny they are Scientists. But at heart, they are. I saw it this afternoon. And you and I, Prudence, must stand together and back them up. They'll have to leave the church. I think we'll have them go before the deacons next Sunday while father is gone—then we will be spared the pain of it. We must make it as easy for them as we can. They'll probably 'dismiss' them—I don't suppose they'll give them letters. But it must be all over before papa comes back."

Then she hushed in Prudence's ear, "Now cry."

Prudence obediently began sniffing and gulping, and Fairy rushed to her and threw her arms about her, sobbing an heartbroken accents, "There, there, Prue, I know—I felt just the same about it. But we can't stand between the twins and what they think is right. We haven't have that on our consciences."

The two wept together, encouraged by the deathlike stillness in the closet on the other side of the wall.

Then Fairy said, more calmly, though still sobbing occasionally, "For our sakes, they'll try to deny it. But we can't let the little darlings sacrifice themselves. They've got to have a chance to try their new belief. We'll just be firm and insist that they stand on their rights. We won't mention it to them for a day or two—we'll fix it up with the elders first. And we must surely get it over by Sunday. Poor old father—and how he loves—Oh, Prudence, dear, don't cry so."

Prudence caught her cue again and began weeping afresh. They soothed and caressed and comforted each other for a while, and then went downstairs to finish getting supper.

In the meantime the shocked and horrified twins in the closet of their own room, were clutching each other with passionate intensity. When their sisters had gone downstairs they stared at each other in agony.

"They—they won't p-p-put us out of the ch-ch-church," gasped Carol.

"They will," stammered Lark. "You know what Prudence is! She'd put the whole church out if she thought it would do us any good. Oh, Carol, I told you it was wicked to joke about religion."

This unexpected reproach on the part of her twin brought Carol back to earth. "I didn't read a word of it, did you?—I—I just thought it would be such a good joke on Prudence—with father out of town."

The good joke was anything but funny now.

"They can't make us be Scientists if we don't want to," protested Lark.

"They can't. Why, I wouldn't be anything but a Methodist for anything on earth. I'd die first! We'll just go and tell Prudence it was a joke—Prudence is always reasonable. She won't."

"She'll punish us, and—it'll be such a joke on us, Larkie. Even Connie'll laugh."

They squirmed together, wretchedly, at that.

"It—it was a good joke while it lasted," said Carol, with a very faint shadow of a smile. "Don't you remember how Prudence gasped? She kept her mouth open for five minutes!"

"It's still a joke," added Lark gloomily, "but it's on us."

"They can't put us out of the church!"

"I don't know. Like as not they'll say we'd be a bad influence among the members."

"Twins!"

The call outside their door sounded like the tramp of doom to the conscience-smitten twins, and they clutched each other, startled, crying out. Then, sheepishly, they stepped out of the closet to find Fairy regarding them quizzically from the doorway.

She repressed a smile with difficulty, as she said quietly,

"I was just talking to Mrs. Mains

over the phone. She's going to a Christian Science lecture tonight, and she said she wished I wasn't a minister's daughter and she'd ask me to go along. I told her I didn't care to, but said you twins would enjoy it. She'll be here in the car for you at seven forty-five."

"I won't go," cried Carol. "I won't go near their old church. You can't make me."

Lark shook her head in corroborative denial.

"Well, that's queer," Fairy frowned, then she smiled.

"Suddenly, to the tempest-tossed and troubled twins, the tall, splendid Fairy seemed a haven of refuge. And with a cry of relief and shame and fear, the twins plunged upon her and told her their little tale.

"You punish us this time, Fairy," begged Carol. "We—we don't want the rest of the family to know. We'll take any kind of punishment, but keep it dark, won't you?"

"I'll talk it over with Prudence," said Fairy. "But—I think we'll have to tell the family."

Lark moved her feet restlessly.

"Well, you needn't tell Connie," she said. "Having the laugh come back on us is the very meanest kind of a punishment."

Fairy looked at them a moment, wondering if, indeed, their punishment had been sufficient.

"Well, little twins," she said, "I guess I will take charge of this myself. Here is your punishment." She

Then she hissed in Prudence's ear, "Now cry."

stood up again, and looked down at them, with sparkling eyes as they gazed at her expectantly.

"We caught on that it was a joke. We knew you were listening in the closet. And Prudence and I acted our little parts to give you one good scare. Who's the laugh on now? Are we square? Supper's ready."

And Fairy ran downstairs, laughing, followed by two entirely abashed and humbled twins.

CHAPTER III.

How Carol Spoiled the Wedding.

A day in June—the kind of day that poets have rhymed and lovers have craved since time began. On the side porch of the parsonage, in a wide hammock, lay Aunt Grace, looking languidly through half-closed lids at the girls beneath her on the step.

Prudence, although her face was all a-dream, bent conscientiously over the bit of linen in her hands. And Fairy, her piquantly bright features clouded with an unwonted frown, crumpled a letter in her hand.

"I do think men are the most aggravating things that ever lived," she declared, with annoyance in her voice.

The woman in the hammock smiled slightly, and did not speak. Prudence carefully counted ten threads, and solemnly drew one before she voiced her question.

"What is he saying now?"

"Why, he's still objecting to my having dates with the other boys," Fairy's voice was vibrant with grief. "He does make me wild! Aunt Grace, you can't imagine. Last fall I mentioned casually that I was sure he wouldn't object to my having lecture com-
dates—I was too hard up to buy a ticket for myself; they cost four dollars, and aren't worth it, either. And what did he do but send me eight dollars to buy two sets of tickets! Then this spring, when the baseball season opened, he sent me season tickets to all the games, suggesting that my financial stringency could not be pleaded as excuse. Ever since he went to Chicago last fall we've been fighting because the boys bring me home from parties. He wants me to patter along by myself like a—like a hen!" Fairy said "hen" very crossly!

"It's a shame," said Prudence sympathetically. "That's just what it is. You wouldn't say a word to his taking girls home from things, would you?"

They are about to have a wedding in the Starr household, as you know, but Carol effectually spoils all plans and makes postponement necessary. Tough luck for Prudence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Let's We Forget.

We too often forget, wrote Herbert Spencer, that not only is there a soul of goodness in things evil, but very generally a soul of truth in things evil.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

HORNED TOAD.

"In a far warmer climate than we know at this season of the year," commenced Daddy, "there lived a little horned toad."

"I am a very superior toad," he said one day to his small grandchild, "and some day, young man, or young toad, you will be one too."

"Will I really, Grandpa Toad?" he asked. "How very wonderful. Will it be long before I am what you are—that big word—I don't remember it."

"Superior is what you mean," said Grandpa Toad, "no, young toad, you will be superior before long. It means that you will be fine and great."

"Oh, will it?" he asked again, so happy did the thought of it make him.

"I said you would, and I make no mistakes," said Grandpa Toad severely.

"So the little toad kept very still for he was afraid he had hurt his grandfather's feelings, and perhaps he wouldn't be great if he kept on saying such foolish things, and repeating the same thing over again."

"Young toad," said Grandpa after a few minutes, "I will forgive you for you are young." And the little toad ran nearer to his grandfather.

"May I hear about it all—the days ahead—and of your adventures, Grandpa?"

"You may, my toad grandson, you may."

"Could you begin the story now?" asked the little toad, in a meek voice.

"I will begin at once, my toad grandson," said Grandpa Toad.

"So Grandpa Toad flapped his queer horns, of which he was very proud, and the little toad drew nearer."

"My dear toad grandson," he said, "you are a horned toad like myself and so you start off with great luck. In the next place you have a great deal of sense. You would not live in lands which are wet and cold, and in the very bad winter months you know enough to go to sleep under the sand."

"It is warmer down here than it is way up North so we can get up much earlier than our toad cousins can there. You like flies and ants, and as Grandpa Toad said so, his grandson swallowed a fine big fly."

"That was a good one," said Grandpa Toad, "and I like the way you hold it first on your tongue. That is the correct way."

"Well, you like to lie in the hot sun, just as I do and you cannot bear rain and chilly weather. You are

Then she hissed in Prudence's ear, "Now cry."

stood up again, and looked down at them, with sparkling eyes as they gazed at her expectantly.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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UNPAID ACCOUNT By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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It was monotonous work Ina Walker was doing, making out accounts for the month. She had made it a practice to find something interesting in all her work and as she typed each statement she broke the monotony by trying to draw a mind picture of each person for whom she was making out a bill. She stopped her machine as she came to a familiar name on the list—Mr. Lawrence Wright.

"Hasn't this Lawrence Wright paid his bill yet?" she asked Mr. Armstrong, the office manager. "His subscription is nearly three years in arrears, and I have billed him every month for at least two years."

"No, he hasn't, and I don't see any way of collecting it. We have sent a collector there half a dozen times, and the last time he was nearly thrown out. There is nothing for it but to keep rendering the account. That's the way with these young fellows with more money than brains. Just try it yourself, Miss Walker," the head collector flashed.

"I will, and collect it, too, if Mr. Armstrong will consent," she laughed, delighted at being able to ruffle the calm of the collector.

"I am willing," the manager consented. "You can start out now if you like."

Ina had not been quite in earnest, but she would not withdraw after making the boast. She went back to her typewriter and worked mechanically until she finished the accounts, and then unconsciously put on her hat and started out to collect the bill. On the car she tried to remember how she had pictured Mr. Lawrence Wright, but she had pictured him so often, and each time differently. She would show him that she could hold her own with any man, and tell him just what she thought of him if she didn't get a check to cover the amount of the bill.

He lived in a fashionable apartment house. She envied him that, even though he were fat and pompous. She rang the bell at the door bearing his name plate. The door opened and the man before her was fat and pompous. A second glance told her it wasn't Mr. Wright; it was a butler in livery.

"What name?" asked the butler.

"I am from Mr. James," she said after a moment's hesitation. "It was a bold step, but she felt it was necessary to gain an entrance. After all she was representing the president of the Times indirectly."

The butler ushered her into the reception room. She waited uneasily, her eyes taking in the room. It was very tastefully arranged and decorated. She hoped Wright would not appear in a bathrobe—men in bathrobes were one of her aversions. She was examining a beautiful reproduction of a masterpiece on the wall when a slight sound told her some one else was in the room. She tried to sink back in her chair quickly, but realized in time it would be a clumsy move, and straightened up to face a tall, handsome man. "He could not help seeing the surprised look on her face, but she knew he did not know it was because she had pictured him as fat and pompous; she was thankful he didn't."

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked pleasantly. His voice was in keeping with his appearance.

"Yes, I have a small account here for your Times subscription. It is just fifteen dollars—for three years, in arrears, you know. I would not have called, but we have mailed you a bill, and we thought it likely you had let it slip your notice and would think us careless if we did not remind you."

"Hasn't this bill been paid?" he exclaimed in true surprise. "I will write you out a check at once. This is just another of the bills I find my secretary has neglected. For three years I have been leaving my affairs to him, and he has made a muddle of them. I believe I could have done better myself."

"I am sure you could," Ina said earnestly. "It is a mistake for a man of brains to leave his business for others to do. Goodness knows what harm an unscrupulous secretary can do to a disinterested employer."

"Thank you for calling me a man of brains," he smiled. "I believe you are right about the rest of it. That comes from allowing another man to handle your funds and open your mail. I don't believe I can trust another one to do these things again."

"I should say you couldn't. Why don't you try a woman secretary?" she suggested.

"I never thought of that. How would you like the position?" he asked.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself," she blushed.

"I know you weren't," he replied. "But I think you would suit me."

They were waiting at the office for Ina with the expectation of a good laugh, but the laugh was on her side. The smile on her face told them that the minute she entered.

"I collected the money," she laughed, flourishing the check.

They gathered around her to hear her experience, but she wasn't very communicative.

"He was a fine man and it was the fault of a dishonest secretary that he didn't pay before," was all she would say.

A full confession had to come when she resigned her position on Saturday night.

The Ranch at the Wolverine

A Story of Love and Adventure on Idaho's Plains

By B. M. BOWER

(Copyright, Little, Brown & Co.)

WARD EVENS UP OLD SCORES WITH OLNEY IN A MANNER THE LATTER IS NOT LIKELY SOON TO FORGET

Synopsis.—Marthy and Jase Melike, pioneers, have for twenty years made a bare living out of their ranch at the Cove on Wolverine creek in the mountain range country of Idaho. Their neighbors, the MacDonalds, living several miles away, have a daughter, Billy Louise, now about nineteen years old, whom Marthy has secretly helped to educate. At the time the story opens Billy Louise is spending the afternoon with Marthy. A snowstorm comes up, and on her way home the girl meets an interesting stranger, who is invited to stay overnight at the MacDonald ranch. Ward Warren and Billy Louise become firm friends. Jase dies and Marthy buries his body without aid. Charlie Fox, Marthy's nephew, comes to the Cove. He discovers evidence of cattle stealing, and Billy Louise verifies suspicions. Billy Louise discovers what she thinks is evidence of Ward's connection with the thefts. Her troubles are increased by the serious illness of her mother. Ward discovers a hidden corral in which are three men, one of whom he believes to be Buck Olney. When they leave he finds in the corral stock on which the brands have been changed to his own mark in an attempt to brand him as a cattle "rustler." He obliterates the brands. Later he discovers Olney hiding behind a rock with gun trained on his cabin and takes him prisoner.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Buck got up awkwardly and went stumbling down the steep slope with his hands trembling in the air upon either side of his head. From their nervous quivering it was evident that his memory was good and that it was working upon the subject which Ward had suggested to him. He did not give Ward the weakest imitation of an excuse to shoot. And so the two of them came presently down upon the level and passed around the cabin to the door, with no more than ten feet of space between them, so inexorably had Ward crowded close upon the other's stumbling progress.

"Hold on a minute!" Buck stopped as still as though he had gone against a rock wall.

Ward came closer, and Buck flinched away from the feel of the rifle muzzle between his shoulder blades. Ward reached out a cautious hand and pulled the six shooter from its holster at Buck's right hip.

"Got a knife? You always used to go heeled with one. Speak up and don't lie about it."

"Inside my coat," grunted Buck, and Ward's lip curled while he reached around the man's bulky body and found the knife in its leather sheath. Evidently Buck was still remembering with disquieting exactness what reasons Ward might have for wanting to kill him.

"Take down your left hand and open the door."

Buck did so and put his hand up again without being told.

"Now go in and stand with your face to the wall." With the rifle muzzle Ward indicated which wall. He noticed how Buck's fingers groped and trembled against the wall, just under the eaves, and his lip curled again in the expression which Billy Louise so hated to see.

Ward had chosen the spot where he could reach easily a small coil of rope. He kept the rifle pressing Buck's shoulders until he had shifted the knife into one hand, leaned and laid its blade against Buck's cheek.

"Feel that? I'll jab it clear through you if you give me a chance. Drop your hands down behind you." He spent a busy minute with the rope before he pushed Buck Olney roughly toward a chair.

Buck sat down, and Ward did a little more rope work.

"Say, Ward, you're making a big mistake if you—"

"Shut up!" snapped Ward. "Can't you see I'm standing here I can stand just with the sight of you? Don't pile it on too thick by letting me hear you talk. I heard you once too often as it is."

Buck Olney caught his breath and sat very still. His eyes followed Ward as the eyes of a caged animal follow its keeper.

Ward tried to ignore his presence completely while he lighted a fire and fried bacon and made coffee, but the hard set of his jaw and the cold intensity of his eyes proved how conscious he was of Buck's presence. He tried to eat just to show how calm he was, but the bread and bacon choked him. He could feel every nerve in his body quiver with the hatred he felt for the man and the bitterness which the sight of him called up out of the past. He drank four cups of coffee, black and sweetened at random, which steadied him a little. That he did not offer Buck food or drink showed how intense was his hatred. As a rule, your true range man is hospitable even to his enemies.

He rose and inspected the ropes to make sure that they were proof against twisting, straining muscles and took an extra turn or two with the loose end just to make doubly sure of the man's helplessness.

"Where did you leave your horse?" he asked him curtly when he was through.

Buck told him, his eyes searching Ward's face for mercy or at least for some clue to his fate and dawning with disappointment because he could read nothing there but loathing.

Without speaking again Ward went out and closed the door firmly behind him. He felt relieved to be away from

Buck's presence. As he climbed the bluff and mentally relived the last hour he wondered how he had kept from shooting Buck as soon as he saw him. Still, that would have defeated his main purpose, which was to make Buck suffer. He was afraid he could not make Buck suffer as Buck had made him suffer, because there were obstacles in the path of a perfect retribution.

Ward was not cruel by nature—at least he was not more cruel than the rest of us—but as he went after Rattler and Buck's horse, it pleased him to know that Buck Olney was tied hand and foot in his cabin and that he was sick with dread of what the future held for him.

Ward was gone an hour. He did not hurry; there was no need. Buck could not get away, and a little suspense would do him good.

Buck's face was pasty when Ward opened the door. His eyes were a bit glassy. And from the congested appearance of his hands Ward judged that he had tested to the full his helplessness in his bonds. Ward looked at him a minute and got out the makings of a smoke. His mood had changed in his absence. He no longer wanted



"It! I Turn You Loose, Buck, What Will You Do?"

absolute silence between them; instead he showed symptoms of wanting to talk.

"If I turn you loose, Buck, what will you do?" he asked at last in a curious tone.

"If you—Ward, I'll prove I'm a friend to you in spite of the idea you've got that I ain't. I never done nothing."

"No, of course not." Ward's lip curled. "That was my mistake, maybe. You always used to say you were my friend when—"

"And that's the God's truth, Ward!" Buck's face was becoming flushed with his eagerness. "I done everything I could for you, Ward, but the way the cards laid I couldn't—"

"Get me hanged. I know; you sure tried hard enough!" Ward puffed hard at his cigarette, and the lips that held it trembled a little. Otherwise he seemed perfectly cool and calm.

"Say, Ward, them lawyers led to you."

"Oh, cut it out, Buck. I've seen you wriggle through a snake hole before. I believe you're my friend just the way you've always been."

"That's right, Ward, and I can prove it."

Ward snorted. "You proved it, old timer, when you laid up there behind a rock with your sights on this shack, ready to get me when I came out. I sate now how it happened Jim McGuire was found face down in the spring behind his shack with a bullet hole in his back that time. You were his friend too!"

"Ward, I—"

"Shut up! I just wanted to see if you'd changed any in the last seven

years. You haven't, unless it's for the worse. You've got to the end of the trail, old timer. When you went laying for me you fixed yourself plenty. Do you want to know what I'm going to do to you?"

"Ward, you wouldn't dare shoot me! With the record you've got you wouldn't stand—"

"Who gave it to me, huh? Oh, I heap sate; you've left word with your partners that you were coming up here to arrest me single handed. They will give the alarm if you don't show up, and I'll go on the dodge and get caught and—"

Ward threw away his cigarette and took a step toward his captive, a step so ominous that Buck squirmed in his bonds.

"Well, you can rest easy on one point. I'm not going to shoot you."

Ward stood still and watched the light of hope flare in the eyes of his enemy.

"I'm going to wash the dishes and take a shave, and then I'm going to take you out somewhere and hang you."

"My God, Ward! You—"

"I told you seven years ago, went on Ward scoldily, "that I'd see you hanging before I was through with you. Remember? By rights you ought to hang by the heels over a slow fire. You're about as low a specimen of humanity as I ever saw or heard of. You know what you did for me, Buck. And you know what I told you would happen. Well, it's going to come off according to the program."

"I did think of running you in and giving you a taste of hell yourself. But, as usual, you've gone and tangled up a couple of fellows that never did me any particular harm and I don't want to hand them anything if I can help it. So I'll just string you up—after a while, when I get around to it—"

and leave a note saying who you are and that you're the head push in this rustling business and that you helped spend the money that Hardup bank lost awhile back and that you're one of the gzaasos."

"You can't prove it! You—"

"I don't have to prove it. The authorities will do all that when they get the tip I'll give them. And you, being hung up on a limb somewhere, can't very well give your partners the double cross. So they'll have a fighting chance to make their getaway."

"Now, I'm through talking to you. What I say goes. You can talk if you want to, Buck, but I'm going to carve a steak out of you every time you open your mouth." He pulled Buck's own knife out of its sheath and laid it convenient to his hand, and he looked as if he would do any cruel thing he threatened.

CHAPTER X.

"So Long, Buck!"

WARD relighted the fire, which had gone out long ago, and set the dishpan on the stove with water to heat. He remade his bunk, spreading on the army blanket which he took from the saddle on Rattler. He swept the floor as nearly as any woman could have done it and laid two wolf skins down in their places where they did duty as rugs. He washed and wiped his few dishes, keeping Buck's knife always within reach and sending an inquiring glance toward Buck whenever that unhappy man made the slightest movement, though, fruth to tell, Buck did not make many. He brought two pails of water and set them on the bench inside, and in the meantime he had cooked a mess of prunes and set them in a bowl on the window sill beside his bunk, where the air was coolest. He stopped his razor painstakingly and shaved himself in leisurely fashion and sent an occasional glance toward his prisoner from the looking glass, which made Buck swallow hard at his Adam's apple.

And Buck during all this time never once opened his lips, except to lick his tongue across them, and never once took his eyes off Ward.

"I've sure put the fear of the Lord into you, haven't I, Buck?" Ward observed maliciously, wiping a blob of hairy lather upon a page torn from an old mail-order catalogue. "I was kind a hoping you had more nerve. I wanted to get a smack at you just to prove I'm not joshing."

Buck swallowed again, but he made no reply.

Ward washed his face in a basin of steaming water, got a can of talcum out of the dish cupboard and took the soap shine off his cheeks and chin. He combed his hair before the little mirror, trying unavailingly to take the wave out of it with water and leaving it more crinkly over his temples than it had been in the first place, and retied the four-in-hand under the soft collar of his shirt.

"I wish you'd talk, Buck," he said, turning toward the other. He looked very boyish and almost handsome, except for the expression of his eyes, which gave Buck the shivers, and the set of his lips, which was cruel. "I've read how the Chinks hand out what they call the death-of-a-thousand-cuts. I was thinking I'd like to try it out on you. But—oh, well, this is Friday. It may as well go as a hanging." He made a poor job of his calm irony, but Buck was not in the mental condition to be critical.

The main facts were sufficiently

ominous to offset Ward's attempt at facetiousness. Indeed, the very weakness of the attempt was in itself ominous. Ward might try to be coldly malevolent, but the light that burned in his eyes and the rage that tightened his lips gave the lie to his forced composure.

He went out and led up the horses to the door. He came back and started to untie Buck Olney's feet, then he thought him of the statement he had promised to write: He got a magazine and tore out the frontpiece—which, oddly enough, was a somber picture of Death hovering with outstretched wings over a battlefield—and wrote several lines in pencil on the back of it, where the paper was smooth and white.

"How's that?" he asked, holding up the paper so that Buck could read what he had written. "I ain't in the mood to sit down and write a whole book, so I had to boil down your pedigree. But that will do the business all right, don't you think?"

Buck read with staring eyes, looked into Ward's face and opened his lips for protest or pleading. Then he followed Ward's glance to the knife on the table and shut his mouth with a snap. Ward laughed grimly, picked up the knife and ran his thumb lightly over the edge to test its keenness.

"Put a fresh edge on it for me, huh?" he commented. "Well, we may as well get started. I reckon. I'm getting, almighty sick of seeing you around."

He loosened the rope that bound Buck to the chair and stood scowling down at him, drawing in a corner of his lip and biting it thoughtfully. Then he took his revolver and held it in his left hand, while with his right he undid the rope which bound Buck's hands.

"Stick your hands out in front of you," he commanded. "You'll have to ride a ways. There isn't any gallows tree in walking distance."

"For God's sake, Ward!" Buck's voice was hoarse. The plea came out of its own accord. He held his hands before him, however, and he made no attempt to get out of the chair. He knew Ward could shoot all right with his left hand, you see. He had watched him practice on tin cans long ago when the two were friends.

"You know what I told you," Ward reminded him grimly and took up the knife with a deadly air that made the other suck in his breath. "Hold still! I'm liable to cut your throat if I make a mistake."

"Really, it was the way he did it that made it terrible. The thing itself was nothing. He merely drew the back of the blade down alongside Buck's ear and permitted the point to scratch through the skin barely enough to let out a thin trickle of blood. A pin would have hurt worse. But Buck groaned and believed he had lost an ear. He breathed in gasps, but did not say a word."

"Go ahead. Talk all you want to, Buck," Ward invited, and wiped the knife blade on Buck's shoulder before he returned the weapon to its sheath in his inside-coat pocket.

Buck flinched from the touch and set his teeth.

Ward tied his hands before him and told him to get up and go out to his horse. Buck obeyed with abject submission, and Ward's lip curled again as he walked behind him to the door. He had not the slightest twinge of pity for the man. He was gloatingly glad that he could make him suffer, and he inwardly cursed his own humanity for being so merciful. He ought to have cut Buck's ear off slick and clean instead of making a bluff at it, he told himself disgustedly. Buck deserved it and more.

He helped Buck into the saddle, took the short rope in his hands and bobbed Buck's feet under the horse, grasped the bridle reins and mounted Rattler. Without a word he set off up the rough trail toward Hardup, leading Buck's horse behind him.

"Before you go, Buck, I want to tell you that you needn't jolly yourself into thinking your death will be avenged. It won't. You noticed what I wrote, and there isn't a scrap of my writing anywhere in the country to catch me up—"

Ward's thoughts went to Billy Louise, who had some very good samples, and he stopped suddenly. He was trying not to think of Billy Louise today. "Also when somebody happens to ride this way and sees you I won't be anywhere around."

"This is the tree," he added, stopping under a cottonwood that hung a big branch over the narrow cow trail they were traveling. "The chances are friend Floyd will be ambling around this way in a day or two," he said hearteningly. "He can tend to the last sad rites and take charge of your horse. He's liable to be sore when he reads your pedigree, but I don't reckon that will make a great deal of difference. You'll get buried, all right, Buck."

Ward dismounted with a most businesslike manner and untied Buck Olney's rope from the saddle. "I can't spare mine," he explained laconically. "He had some trouble in fashioning a hangman's noose. He had not had much practice, he remarked to Buck after the first attempt."

"How do you do it, Buck? You know more about these things than I do," he taunted. "You've helped hang lots of poor devils that will be glad to meet you with the devil today."

Buck Olney moistened his dry lips. Ward glanced at his face and looked quickly away. Staring, abject terror is not nice to look upon, even though the man is your worst enemy and is suffering justly for his sins. Ward's fingers fumbled the rope as though his determination were weakening. Then he remembered some things, hunched his shoulders, impatient of the merciful impulse, and began the knot again.

An old prospector had shown him once how it was done.

"Of course a plain slipknot would do the business all right," he said. "But I'll try and give you the genuine thing, same as you gave the other fellows."

"Ward, for God's sake, let me go!" Ward started. He did not know that a man's voice could change so much in so short a time. He never would have recognized the tones as coming from Buck Olney's loose, complacent lips.

"Ward, I'll never—I'll leave the country—I'll go to South America or Australia or—"

"You'll go to a hotter climate, Buck," Ward cut in inexorably. "You've got your ticket."

"I'll own up to everything. I'll tell you where some of the money's cached. I've got in that Hardup deal, Ward. There's enough to put you on Easy street. I'll tell you who helped—"

"You'd better not," advised Ward harshly, "or I'll make hanging a relief to you. I know pretty well right now all you could tell. And if I wanted to send your partners up I wouldn't need your help. It's partly to give them a chance that I'm sending you out this way myself. I don't call this murder, Buck. I'm saving the state a lot of time and trouble, that's all, and your partners the black eye they'd get for throwing in with you. I heap sate who was the head push. You got them in to take whatever dropped, so you could get off slick and clean, just as you've done before, you—"

Buck Olney got it then hot from the fires of Ward's wrath. "A man does not brood over treachery and wrong and a blackened future for years with nothing to do but store up a good many things that he means to say to the friend who has played him false. Ward had been a happy-go-lucky young fellow who had faith in men and in himself and in his future. He had lived through back, hopeless days and weeks and months because of this man who tried now to buy mercy with the faith of his partners."

In the saddle Buck sat all hunched together as if Ward had lashed him with rawhide instead of with stinging words. The muscles of his face twitched spasmodically. His eyes were growing bloodshot.

Ward spilled two papers of tobacco before he got a cigarette rolled and lighted. He wondered a little at the physical reaction from his outburst, but he wondered more at Buck Olney sitting there and unharmed on the horse before him, a Seabeck horse which Ward had seen Floyd Carson riding once or twice. He wondered what Floyd would do if he saw Buck now and the use to which the horse was being put.

Ward finished the cigarette, rolled another and smoked that also before he could put his hand out before him and hold it reasonably steady. When he felt fairly sure of himself again he lifted his hat to wipe off the sweat of his anger, gave a big sigh and returned to the tying of the hangman's noose.

When he finally had it fixed the way he wanted it he went close and flung the noose over Buck Olney's head. He could not trust himself to speak just then. He cast an inquiring glance up at Ward, took Buck's horse by the bridle and led him forward a few steps so that Buck was directly under the overhanging limb. Then, with the coil of Buck's rope in his hand, he turned back and squirmed up the tree trunk until he had reached the limb. He crawled up until he was over Buck's bullet punctured hat crown, sliced off what rope he did not need and flung it to the ground. He saw Buck wince as the rope went past him. The pinto horse shied out of position.

"Take the reins and bring him back here," Ward called shortly, and gave a twitch of the rope as a hint.

Mechanically Buck obeyed. He did not know that the rope was not yet tied to the limb.

Ward tied the rope securely, leaving enough slack to keep Buck from choking prematurely. He fussed a minute longer, with his lip curled into a grin of sardonic humor. Then he crawled back to the trunk of the tree and slid down carefully so that he would not frighten the pinto.

He went up and took the hobble off Buck Olney's feet, felt in the seam of his coat-lapel and pulled out four pins, with which he fastened Buck's "pedigree" between Buck's shrinking shoulder blades. Then he stood off and surveyed his work critically before he went over to Rattler, who stood dozing in the sunshine.

Fortune aims another blow at Ward, but his iron nerve enables him to survive terrible ordeal. The story of Ward's new misfortune is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shoes Worn in Early Days. High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

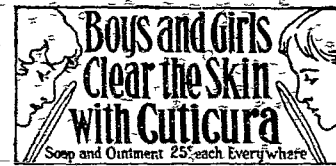
But these fashions were confined to the rich. The poor wore shoes of wood, reeds and untanned leather. The Highlander made brogues out of untanned deer hide, and the southern nations wore cloth sandals and slippers. It was not until the year 1800 that an Englishman invented "rights and lefts," previously both shoes were shaped exactly alike. So far as we can discover, the aboriginal tribes of America never went barefooted. They always made and wore moccasins, the easiest shoe ever invented.

A Good Theory. "Why is that old captain persistently hugging the shore?" "I suppose he thinks he ought to embrace the opportunity."



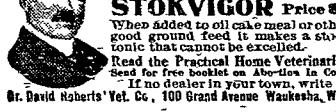
WASH THE KIDNEYS!

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every few minutes. This is why the kidneys play such an important role in health or disease. By some mysterious process the kidneys select what ought to come out of the blood and takes it out. If the kidneys are not good workers and become congested—poisons accumulate and we suffer from backache, headache, lumbago, rheumatism or gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed at night. So it is that Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., advises "Washing the Kidneys," by drinking six to eight glasses of water between meals and then if you want to take a harmless medicine that will clear the channels and cure the ailing urinary system, go to your druggist and get Anuric (double strength), for 60c. This "Anuric," which is so many times more potent than lithia—will drive out the uric acid poisons and bathe the kidneys and channels in a soothing liquid. If you desire, write for free medical advice and send sample of water for free examination. Experience has taught Doctor Pierce that "Anuric" is a most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Send Dr. Pierce 19c for trial package.



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Surely Meatless Day.

"They didn't violate 'meatless day' after all."

Food conservation bath its heroes and heroines go less than war.

A young housewife bought herself a lamb stew, and that evening set it forth for the delectation of her husband.

The stew was mostly lamb bone, the husband thought, as he searched the dish for a bit of meat.

His probe proved unsuccessful.

But he didn't say anything.

Neither did his wife, but she was hunking a lot.

All of a sudden the husband spoke up.

"Why, this is meatless day!" he gasped, horror struck in remembrance.

His wife looked sadly at the dish.

"It is," she said, grimly.

Interchange.

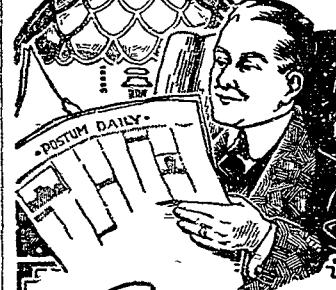
"This prohibition proposition," commented Broncho Bob, "won't be workin' right for Crimson Gulch until Jugville gets just as dry as we are."

"Why should you care about a neighboring settlement?"

"Well, it's a little too close. Some of the boys are driftin' into the way of spending their money for liquor in Jugville and usin' old Crimson Gulch as a sort of dormitory to sleep it off."

There are lots of people who will willingly give the last word—if only they'd hurry to it.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.



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