

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII NO. 31.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 22, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VILLAGE CAUCUSES HELD THIS WEEK

The Workingmen's caucus for nomination of village officers for the ensuing year was held Monday night with the following result:

President—Charles H. Coldren.
Trustees—William Phillips, Willard Cole, Fred P. Simmons.
Clerk—Thomas E. Murdock.
Treasurer—Harry E. Taft.
Assessor—Charles A. Sessions.
Committee N. C. Schrader, D. F. Griswold, F. W. Lyke.

Tuesday night the People's party nominated the following:

President—Charles Van Valkenburg.
Trustees—James N. VanDyne, Geo. R. Hills, Claude J. McKahn.
Clerk—Thomas E. Murdock.
Treasurer—Charles L. Blackburn.
Assessor—Will A. Ely.
Committee—Geo. Hotelling, Edward Bogart, Lee B. Shipley.

Mr. Coldren held the office of president some time ago, being elected on the "Citizens" ticket in 1911, and thus has had experience in village affairs.

Mr. Neal, who has always voted in the Workingmen's caucus and in no other, presented Mr. Filkins' name, on being informed by members of the Workingmen's caucus who were present, that Mr. Coldren had said he would not run. Otherwise Mr. Filkins' name would not have been presented at all. But the man who presented his name had rights in that caucus as any other man in attendance. This explanation is made so that those who have been so free in their comments since the caucus, will understand that no great crime has been committed, because of the fact that Mr. Coldren was once president on the Citizens' ticket or that Mr. Filkins' name was presented at a "Workingmen's" caucus.

Mr. Van Valkenburg has faithfully served several terms as councilman and thus has also had experience in village affairs.

RED CROSS BENEFIT BY HOME TALENT

THIS FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, AT ALSEIUM THEATRE.

Tonight, all streets lead to the Alseium, where the musical play "Somewhere in France" is to be given by home talent, under direction of Mrs. Mabel Hills, as a benefit for the local Red Cross auxiliary.

The cast of characters is as follows: Pierre Grandet, Carl Van Valkenburg; his wife, Madame Grandet, Edna Rickett, Jean, their son, Donald Safford, Nanton, their daughter, Nelbe Freydl; Lisette, another daughter, Margaret Safford; Mary Date, American Red Cross Nurse, Helen Cunningham; Dr. Montaine, Wendell Miller.

A chorus and cast of 25 people will support the principal characters, and plenty of fun is promised as well as the more serious and instructive features. Seat reservations have been on sale at Murdock's drug store, and a few are still available, at 25 cents each. The entertainment will be doubly worth while because of its worthy object.

COMMUNITY SING GRATIFYING SUCCESS

The meeting at the school building Sunday afternoon, arranged under the auspices of the Community chorus which has been holding its sessions there throughout the winter, was a decided success both as to attendance and interest. The program of patriotic music, interspersed with a few old familiar hymns, was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience, as attested by the enthusiastic applause, the many encores for individual musicians and the heartiness with which the assembled people joined in the congregational singing. The object of the affair as a patriotic demonstration, in line with the "week of song" recommended as a national expression of confidence and gratitude, was a most worthy one, and much commendation is due the Misses McCrea and all who assisted them in carrying out the excellently selected program, so admirably conducted by Miss Jessie McCrea, the musical instructor of the schools.

ANOTHER LIBERTY LOAN AND PATRIOTIC FINAL DRIVE

The next Liberty Loan selling drive is to be put on in May and the patriotic league drive comes in June. If all village and township candidates will take hold of that and work with the same enthusiasm as displayed in seeking office the work will be easy and of short duration. In the Liberty Loan work it is understood that Northville will be asked to subscribe for about the same amount as last time.

It is contemplated that Wayne county will be organized similarly to Oakland, Hillsdale and other counties and each tax payer is asked to contribute 1 1/2% for the patriotic work, such as Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., C. M. E. A., etc. This systematic way of organization gets the work all done at one time.

WOMAN'S DEFENSE COUNCIL NOTES

There will be a meeting of the registrars of the Woman's committee, also the members of the Council of the committee, at the home of Mrs. T. B. Henry, Tuesday evening, Feb. 26, at 7 o'clock.

The poster exhibit at the Detroit Museum in the interest of the National Council has been postponed one week. Local members of the organization will attend.

The all-day meeting of the local National Defense Council committee held Feb. 8 at the High school building was a very successful affair. Representatives from Redford Farmington, Plymouth, Novi and Salem were present, and Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins of Ann Arbor explained the object and methods of the coming registration, which is expected to include every loyal woman in America who can in any way do anything for her country.

MRS. MARY LARKINS DEAD.

Mrs. Mary Larkins, a long-time resident of Northville, died at her home on the Base line road in the north part of town last Friday morning, aged 75 years. The funeral was held from the residence Monday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Jeffries, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Detroit officiating. Mrs. Larkins is survived by two sons, George of Detroit and Charles of Brighton and a daughter, Mrs. McMillan of this village. Burial was made in Rural Hill cemetery.

AUCTION SALE.

Fred P. Simmons & Sons will sell at auction, on the place known as the Ward farm, 4 miles northwest of Northville, Friday, March 1, at 12:30 o'clock, standard time, 14 head of dairy cows, 3 horses, Buick 1-ton truck, hay, grain, ensilage, seed oats, beans and barley and other property. Auctioneer, Geo. Rattenbury.

Wednesday, February 27, at 1:00 o'clock, C. C. Morgan will sell horses, cows, poultry, hay, grain, corn fodder, potatoes, farm implements, vehicles, etc., on the place known as the John Thomas farm, 3 miles west of Northville, on Base line, 1/2-mile north of H. B. Clark's corners. Henry Kyle, Auctioneer.

Tuesday, March 5, on the F. A. Burnett farm 1 mile west of Salem, at 1:00 o'clock, E. A. Youngs will sell dairy cows, horses, poultry, farm machinery, and tools, wagons, buggies, harness, hand-spraying outfit, and miscellaneous articles. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

NEW REGISTRATION LAW.

A new law passed by the last legislature does away with the boards of registration of the townships, villages, and cities of the state. The work of registering is now performed by the city or town clerk, as the case may be. The object in making the change in the law is said to have been the elimination of the registration boards. It has been figured out that the cost of registering new names under the old plan was about one dollar each.

The law provides that the clerk must be at his office, or at some convenient place designated by the clerk, on the fourth and third Saturdays preceding any elected or official primary election, and on such other days prior to said third Saturday as shall be designated by the board, not exceeding five days in all. The law also provides that notice shall be given by the various town boards by posting, notice in newspaper, etc.

It is also important to notice that applicants must appear in person. Persons already properly registered, who have not moved since voting, need not re-register until a general re-registration is called for.

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 now in the U. S. service.

Ambler, Roy—Co. A, 28th 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, C. A. C. Ft. Totten, N. Y.
Barber, Jack—Motor dept., Co. E 16th 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.
Gram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
Casterline, Orrin—Co. F, 16th Eng., Camp Custer.
Couch, John V.—17 Co. 5th Reg., U. S. M. C. A. E. F.
Dunham, Scott H.—Co. A, 126th Inf., 22nd Div., A. E. F., via N. Y.
Dixon, Ross—Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
Dubuar, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, No. 2, Augusta, Ga.
Dubuar, James—Co. F, 10th Engineers, (Forestry) American Expeditionary Forces.
DesAutels, Raymond—Cadet S. M. C., State University, Austin, Texas.
Ely, Tracy, Sergeant—Co. B, 28th 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, Carl Field, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G. Battalion, Waco, Texas.
Girardin, Louis—Battalion Brooklyn, via N. Y.
Hutton, Charles—U. S. Coast Artillery, Columbus Barracks, Columbus, O.
Hall, Frank N.—Co. I, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.
Henry, Thomas B.—Capt. Edgewood, Md. 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 B.—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., Elkhington Field, Texas.
Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Kysor, James D.—235th Headquarters Co. Field Artillery, Camp Custer.
Kysor, Asa B.—20th S. S. Co. 1,000 Barracks, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Langfield, Conrad—Sergeant—Med. Supply Div., Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.
Lumbright, Robert A.—Aviation Dept., 22nd Regiment Platoon 3, Squad No. 484, Ft. Thomas, Ky.
Lanning, Orrin—Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y.
Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng., Barracks 894, Camp Custer.
Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A. O. R. C. P. O. 718, Amer. Exp. Forces, via New York.
Malcomson, Leo—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.
Martin, Gus—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.
Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, 119th Field Artillery, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
Roche, Barney—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exped. Forces, via N. Y.
Roche, James—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exped. Forces, via N. Y.
Simmons, Geo. Corporal—Co. E, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.
Schultz, Charles—Co. K, 1st Regiment Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Stage, L. D.—Co. F, 310 Eng. Camp Custer.
Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. No. 4, Camp Meade, Maryland.
Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.
Tibbitts, Harold—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.
Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., Laurel, Maryland.
Wilkinson, Frank, Corporal—Co. C, 310 Field Signal, B. N., Camp Custer.
Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co. 168, 117th Sanitary Train, A. E. F.
White, Harry H.—Fort MacPreson, Atlanta, Ga. Y. M. C. A. Box 2.
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, 119th Field Artillery Waco, Texas.
Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Verkes, Joseph A.—Co. B, 126th Inf., Waco, Texas.
Truman Garfield, Jr., of the 165th

Aero Squadron, has written his parents here not to write him until they hear from him again, which probably means that he is, or soon expects to be, on his way across the ocean.

Sergeant "Bill" Jones of Camp Custer was a guest at the home of Jesse Clark and family for the weekend.

A large class of Northville and vicinity registrants went to Plymouth Saturday to answer their questionnaires for military service.

Wallace Simmons of the Great Lakes Naval training station was in town a few days this week.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press-Correspondent.)

The next regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday evening, February 27. Call to order at 7:30. For the good of the order, an experience social will be given. Bring four money, and give your experience in earning it.

Those who sent fruit or jelly to the Woman's Annex of the Soldier's home, Grand Rapids, at Thanksgiving time, can get their empty cans at Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon's on Main street.

NOTICE.

All dog-owners inside the corporation of the village of Northville are hereby notified that dog taxes are now due and must be paid to the village clerk, at the Murdock drug store, \$1-32. THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Carl Salow wishes to express her thanks to the Methodist ladies and the K of P for the beautiful flowers sent during her illness.

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.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

CHURCH ST. GARAGE AGAIN OPEN.

Monty Weeks has resigned his position with the Liberty Motor works in Detroit and is again ready to care for automobile troubles of all kinds at his Church street Garage, from 9 to 5:30 every day. 31y1c.

SALESMAN WANTED—Lubricating oil, grease, specialties, paint. Part or whole time. Commission basis until ability is established. Man with rig preferred. Riverside Refining Co.

FOUND—An electric toaster. Loser can obtain same by proving property and paying 25c for this notice.

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address, Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield 1117. 31-1-yr-p.

LOST—Black Foxhound. Finder please phone 177-J. 31w1c.

NOTICE—Public dump on River St., on J. G. Alexander's property. Also will pay 15c single and 25c double load for clean ashes or earth dumped on my lot across from the lighting plant. 31w3c.

WANTED—Housework position. Address, Mrs. Amelia Boyle, care of Wm. Smith, Northville, Route 2. 31w1p.

FOR SALE—20 acre farm, good buildings, 13 acres under cultivation; 3 acres pasture; 3-4 mile from town. One horse, 2 good cows, 55 laying hens, one single wagon, and double wagon, all other tools necessary. For particulars, see Myron E. Atchison, Phone 56-R. 31w2c.

FOR SALE—Two brood sows and one good cow. Phone 190 J-4. 31w2p.

FOR SALE—About 100 crates good hard feed corn. Also crib of corn, testing 74% W. H. McMillan. Phone 244 J-2. 31tf-c.

FOR SALE—Round oak, 6 griddle kitchen range, excellent condition. Cheap if taken now. Inquire Mrs. L. D. Stage-Bealton. 31w2c.

FOR SALE—About 200 cords of wood, for May delivery. Stewart Montgomery. 31tf-c.

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

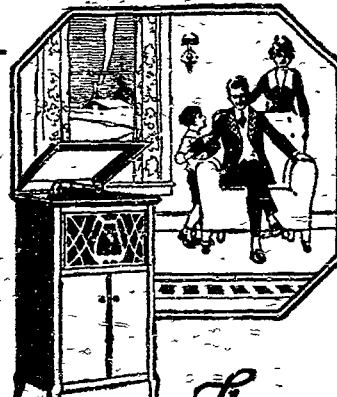
FOR SALE—Spring wheat, hullless barley, 2 h. p. gasoline engine, seed potatoes, star windmill, feed grinder, Buckeye incubator. New American cultivator. Burton Munro, Novi. 28tf-c.

FOR SALE—Sopr milk. Also a few chickens. Mrs. Harriet Clark. 30tf-c.

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

With Gennett Records we can supply attachments for Victor, Columbia and other makes of machines.

Concert at Store Saturday Evening 7 to 8.



The Starr

GENNETT PHONOGRAPH RECORDS Sell for 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

STARR PHONOGRAPH

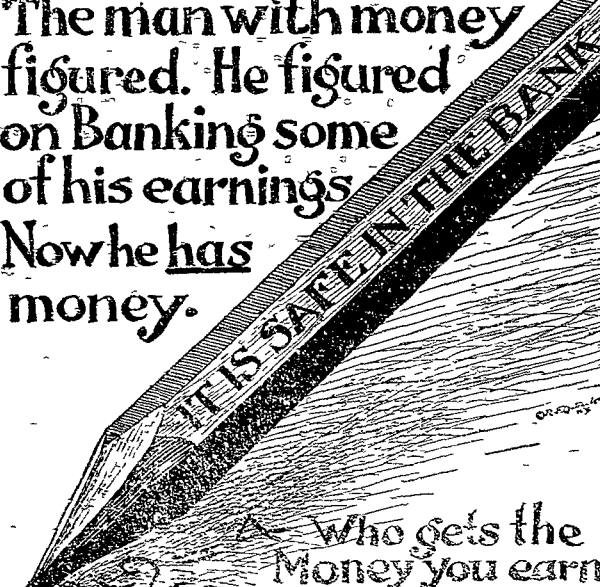
Drop in our store and see our exhibit of the Powerful-toned A tone-modifier to produce either soft or loud music. A quiet, even-running Starr motor to sustain the pitch. A speed regulator to alter the key as you desire. A 12-inch turntable to play big records. A beautifully finished, fine wood cabinet 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 figured. He figured on Banking some of his earnings. Now he has money.



Who gets the Money you earn?

All of the rich men you see so comfortable today, figured when they were younger that they MUST HAVE MONEY in the bank to start into any kind of business. So they started a bank account.

You know the rest. That bank account grew into a FORTUNE. It can be just the same with you. There's no luck about it.

Put your money in our bank. We pay 3% interest.

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.

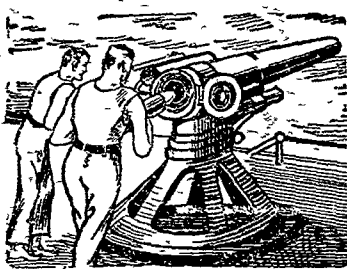
—think of the Rexall manufacturing plants, covering acres of floor space, 9,000 employees, skilled chemists, working in spotless laboratories, compounding medicines, perfumes and toilet requisites for you, from the finest materials the world offers.

—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. 2nd—Skill in Manufacture. 3rd—Purity of Drugs. 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.



Our boys are defending this country on the high seas and on the land. Our own defense against a common enemy is to keep the system clean by ridding the body of the toxins, or poisons, which are bred in the intestines. When you feel tired, sleepy, headachy, when your breath is offensive, or pimples appear on the face and neck, it is time to recognize the danger and protect your bodily health by taking something for the liver such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The machinery of the body needs to be oiled, kept in good condition, just as the guns or machinery of a ship. Why should a human person neglect his own machinery more than that of his automobile or his guns? Yet most people do, neglect themselves. Their tongue has a dark brown color, skin sallow, breath bad, yet they fail to see that their machinery needs attention.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have been known for nearly half a century. They are made of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, made into a tiny pellet and coated with sugar. They are standard and efficacious. You can obtain them at any drug store in vials for twenty-five cents. Ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—and get no other!

MADE USE OF STEAM POWER

Centuries Ago, Men Were Familiar With Its Possibilities, but Did Not Develop Them.

A real curiosity in the United States patent office is a working model of the first steam engine, built by a clever inventor named Hero a century and a half before Christ was born.

A modern engineer would call it a steam reaction turbine. It consists of a spherical vessel pivoted on an axis and supplied with steam through one of the pivots. The steam escapes through bent pipes in opposite directions, thus causing the globe to revolve.

Hero was the first steam engineer. Having hit upon the idea that the expansive energy of steam could be used for power, he developed a number of devices for its mechanical employment.

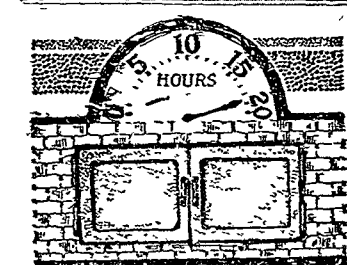
One of them was a hollow altar, beneath which a fire was built. Under the altar was a vessel containing water. The latter, converted into steam, opened the temple doors by pressure upon a pair of vertical posts on which the doors swung. When the fire cooled, the doors closed automatically.

The ancients 2,000 years and more ago used steam power for turning spits and various other unimportant purposes. But it does not seem to have occurred to them that this source of energy might be made available for mechanical utilization on a large scale.

A Decalogue of War.

Don't chatter nor tell all you know; listen to no alarmists or fearers of the worst; be neither spendthrift nor sordid; encourage home industries; do not look upon departure for "over there" as an abandonment, do not complain over sacrifice and deprivation; be usefully busy; keep your courage; be strong and patient in the hope of victory; bear your bereavements nobly in tribute to the heroes for whom you mourn.—Dr. Anna H. Shaw.

Becomes a General Nuisance. "De man dat's always bossin' around," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to get folks so interested dat dey neglects deir work to listen to him talk."



A Baked Cereal Food

Different from the usual run of toasted or steam-cooked cereals,

Grape-Nuts

is baked in giant ovens—baked for nearly twenty hours under accurate conditions of heat, so that the whole wheat and malted barley flours may develop their full, rich sweetness.

You don't need sugar on Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

BE PREPARED FOR THE WAR LITTERS



Prompt Attention to Pigs at Birth Will Prevent Heavy Losses From Weather and Give the Young Porkers a Good Start.

AIM TO REDUCE PIG MORTALITY

Serious Attention Demanded at Farrowing Time to Save Litters This Year.

FEEDING SOWS IS IMPORTANT

Get Plans of Practicable Hog House From Federal or State Sources—Good Quarters Are One of Best Investments.

Save the war litters!

Every owner of a brood sow, whether he lives on a large farm and has many, or whether he is a suburbanite and owns one, should feel a personal responsibility to see that the pig litters born this spring are reared with the utmost care. That means the matter of providing proper housing for the brood sows, and their young should have immediate attention. Saving every pig possible in order that one of the most urgent war needs of the nation—more pork—can be supplied, should be the aim of every man who owns hogs.

The high mortality among young pigs in some parts of the country can be materially reduced if proper housing and feed are provided for the sows. Investigations of the mortality among pigs on the reclamation projects show that approximately one-third of the pigs born die before reaching the weaning age. Losses on several Northern projects last season were even above this average because of a severe season. According to one investigation which covered about fifty herds, representing 950 brood sows, the average loss was about 33 per cent, while some farmers lost 50 to 70 per cent of the pigs.

Death Rate Is Large. That the average death rate of young pigs, not only on the projects, but elsewhere, is unnecessarily large, and that losses are in a large measure

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO PIGS WILL REDUCE HIGH MORTALITY.

Faithful, personal attention to the sows at farrowing time, even though it means long hours of hard work by day and by night, is the only assurance that the 1918 war litters can be made to reach the necessary high average. The hog grower who is on the job at this season will be able to save the lives of many pigs that might otherwise perish in passing through the hazards of the first few days. In extremely cold weather the pigs will be in danger of chilling unless the hog house is heated. To remedy this, place a few heated bricks in the bottom of a basket or small box. Cover with chaff or straw and put a cloth over the top to keep in the heat. Unless the sow objects too seriously the pigs may be rubbed dry with a soft cloth and placed in a receptacle as fast as they arrive. The details of attention which the sow and the pigs need at farrowing time are set forth in a recently revised publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, "Swine Management," Farmers' Bulletin 874.

preventable, is the belief of the officials of the department of agriculture. To remedy this situation in time to prevent heavy losses in the next pig crop, the department urges immediate preparation along two lines—providing satisfactory housing for the brood animals at farrowing time and better management and feeding of the sows

PIG WEARS A SCANT COAT; PROTECT HIM FROM COLD.

It is still hard for many farmers to get rid of the notion that anything is good enough for hogs, yet there is no animal on the farm which requires better protection from the cold than the hog; none for which a good bed is more necessary, and none so much in need of sunshine as the little pig. The horse and the cow have good coats of hair—even a calf or colt left in the cold is provided with a good fur coat; the hens' feathers are the best of protection against low temperature; but the hog has almost nothing between his skin and the weather. One of the first requisites for success with hogs is a shelter where young pigs can be kept warm and well supplied with sunshine and fresh air. A little pig takes cold very easily and recovers slowly if at all. To prevent taking cold he must be kept dry, warm, away from drafts and provided with fresh air. There is a publication of the United States department of agriculture which tells how to provide quarters that will give hogs, both young and old, all the comforts they need. It is Farmers' Bulletin 438, "Hog Houses." If you have the welfare of pigs or hogs in your charge, send for it.

both before and after the pigs are born.

It has been found that the larger losses usually occur on farms where the housing facilities are poor. In one investigation it was learned that where good hog houses were used, the average number of pigs raised in a litter was 5.4, while on farms where the housing was poor the average number reared from each litter was only 3.1-10. The average saving, therefore, where good houses were used, amounted to more than two pigs to the litter.

There are many kinds of satisfactory hog houses which can be built at comparatively low cost. Anyone of these will soon pay for itself in the increased number of pigs saved. Both the individual house and the colony hog house have a place on the hog farm. Both give very satisfactory results if they are properly constructed. If only one can be had the colony house usually is to be preferred, especially where a large number of sows are to be kept. The farrowing period usually extends over several weeks if there are many sows. In such cases, each pen in the house may be used for two or more sows during the period. Assuming that two sows use a pen and that by reason of the satisfactory quarters provided two additional pigs are saved in each litter, it would not be long until the hog house paid for itself. Good quarters are one of the best investments the swine grower can make.

Satisfactory Houses.

The satisfactory hog house provides warmth, dryness, abundance of light, ventilation, sanitation, and comfort. To meet these requirements the house need not be expensive. As a matter of fact, many expensive hog houses are not satisfactory, because they do not possess all these requirements, while many less expensive ones properly planned and built give excellent satisfaction. Information as to details and suggested plans of buildings may be obtained from field representatives of the department of agriculture or from the state agricultural colleges.

The care given the brood sow, especially in her feeding, is equally important. Help on this point can be obtained from bulletins which state agricultural colleges or the U. S. department of agriculture will furnish.

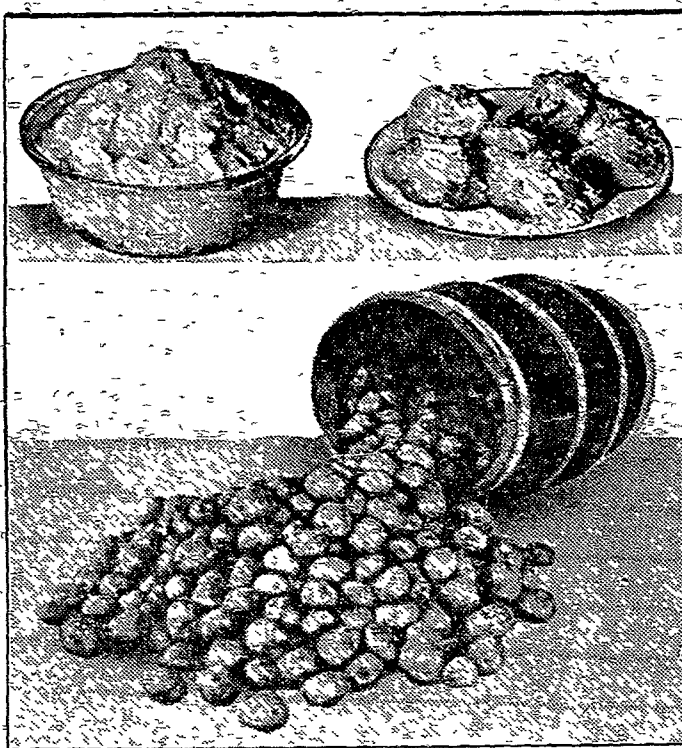
Hold to Breeding Stock.

Every farmer should hold fast to his breeding stock and raise two litters of pigs a year from each brood sow. This is the patriotic thing to do, and will doubtless prove highly profitable as well.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

POTATOES, 42,536,000 BUSHELS—EAT THEM.



New Ways May Help You Consume Your Share of This Plentiful Food—Try a Potato Pie (Left) or Potato Puffs (Right) as Described Below.

EAT LIBERALLY OF POTATO CROP

War Duty to Save Large Yield of Tubers by Eating Them.

HOW ALL PEOPLE CAN HELP

Heavy Loss of This Perishable Food, May Result if Americans Do Not Use It More Liberally—Less Bread Is Needed.

You may know it already, but it will bear repetition now when it is important that everybody eat liberally of the big potato crop; that potatoes are an excellent food for your body; that they are good fuel; that one medium-sized potato gives you as much starch as two slices of bread; that, like other vegetables, they give you salts which you need to build and renew all the parts of your body and keep it in order. Potatoes furnish starch which burns in your muscles to let you work, much as the gasoline burns in an automobile engine to make the car go. When you have potatoes for a meal you need less bread. Potatoes can save wheat.

An old king is said to have tested each cook before hiring him by asking

SAVE A LITTLE SUGAR TODAY.

Use Sweet Fruits.

Sugar consumption in many households can be easily lowered not only by giving preference to dishes which contain little sugar or with which sugar is not usually served, but also by the use of sweet fruits. For instance, fresh fruits or baked apples may serve instead of sweet puddings, or a salad in place of dessert. Sweet, dried fruits such as dates, raisins or figs served with breakfast cereals will reduce the sugar needs.

Peeling Is Wasteful. If you peel the potatoes before cooking them you will waste time and potatoes both. You may throw away a sixth or even a quarter of the good part of the potato with the skins. Also, if the potatoes aren't covered up by the skins while cooking, some of the valuable material will soak out into the water. Even very small potatoes can be economically used, if they are boiled in their skins.

For best mashed potatoes: Peel the boiled potatoes, mash and beat until very light, adding salt, butter or oleomargarine and hot milk, a half cup of milk to six potatoes.

Potato Sausages. 1 cupful mashed potatoes, 1/2 salt, 1 cupful ground meat, 1/2 teaspoonful pepper, 1 egg, well beaten. Salt pork, bacon, or other fat.

Mix the mashed potatoes and seasonings with the ground meat, fish or meat. Add beaten egg. Form into little cakes of sausages, roll in flour and place in greased pan with a small piece of fat or salt pork on each sausage.

POTATOES 28 WAYS—DO YOU KNOW OTHERS?

It is said that there are more than 100 ways to cook potatoes, from the primitive (and still probably the best) methods of boiling or baking with the skins on, to the most complex and seasoned dishes. Here are some of the ways known to the United States department of agriculture. Have you tried them all, or do you know about as many more?

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Boiled | Plain fried |
| Chips | French fried |
| Lyonnaise | Gaufrage |
| Mashed | Souffle |
| Pan browned | Riced |
| Salad | In hash |
| In chowders | Biscuits |
| Baked | Saute |
| Shoestrings | Credentiel |
| Hashed brown | Croquettes |
| Mashed fried | Au gratin |
| Stuffed | Soups |
| In fish cakes | In stews |
| In light bread | In meat pie crust |

Sage. Bake in a fairly hot oven until brown.

Scalloped Potatoes and Cheese.

Arrange a layer of sliced raw or boiled potatoes in greased baking dish and sprinkle with grated cheese and a little flour. Repeat until dish is nearly full. Pour milk over the whole, about one-half cupful to every three potatoes. Skim milk is good. Bake in a moderate oven until done. The length of time required depends upon whether the potatoes are raw or boiled and whether the baking dish used is deep or shallow. Boiled potatoes baked in a shallow dish will take only 20 minutes. Raw potatoes in a deep dish may take as much as one and one-half hours.

Potato Puffs.

1 cupful hot mashed potatoes, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 cupful milk, 1 egg, well beaten, 1/2 cupful parsley, finely chopped. Beat yolk into the mashed potatoes and add seasonings. Beat the white of egg very stiff and fold into the potatoes. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake until a golden brown.

Shepherd's Pie.

Grease a baking dish; cover the bottom with mashed potatoes. Add minced meat, or fish seasoned well and mixed with the thickened meat stock or with white sauce. Pile the mashed potatoes lightly over the top to cover. Bake in oven 20 to 30 minutes until a delicate brown on top.

RECORD POTATO CROP MUST BE CONSUMED OR WASTED

Our potato crop last year is estimated to have been 42,536,000 bushels—the largest ever produced in the United States. This crop cannot be carried over the 1918 season. It must be consumed or wasted. The food situation throughout the world demands that it be consumed effectively to relieve the existing strain on the supply of cereals. It is the one great food resource of the world upon which there is now danger of a heavy loss.

The department of agriculture is of the opinion that the situation demands that farmers sell freely that the larger dealers move their stocks rapidly; that the retailer content himself with the smallest possible margin of profit, realizing that he is now the most important factor in speeding up potato consumption, and that consumers buy and eat liberally of this plentiful food.

This Free Coupon Is Good for 15c

If presented at any drug store within one week, to purchase a (1 only) regular 50 cent bottle of

Schiffmann's Expectorant

Makes 64 teaspoonfuls.

This remedy is guaranteed one of the most effective, soothing and best remedies for promptly relieving Coughing, Hoarseness, Croup, Chest Colds, Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup or Druggists refund money. It loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the irritated membranes of the throat with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing, and the quick and lasting relief it affords is surprising.

Contains no opiates. Sign and give this coupon to your druggist. If sold out, by depositing 35 cents now you will get it when he receives more.

Name.....

NOT QUITE WHAT THEY MEANT

Frenchman and German Alike Too Literal in Their Use of an Unfamiliar Language.

The literal translation of words and grammatical construction of sentences in the different languages is productive of some very amusing situations.

A gentleman whose wife was noted for her domesticity was seated next to a Frenchman at a dinner party. Desiring to compliment his neighbor and enter into conversation, he remarked: "Your wife, she is very homely."

But it remained for a German hotelkeeper to cap the climax. Having taken a trip on a train he was much impressed by the brakeman calling "Next station—Don't forget your packages." Desiring to save himself the annoyance of forwarding articles left by departing guests, but mixing his English words with his German grammar, he put up a sign where it could not be missed by them:

"Wait! Look! Have you anything left?"

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

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

Asbes for Gardén.

In this day of great scarcity of potash, wood ashes are coming into their own as one of the best fertilizers known. Not one ounce of wood ashes should go to waste in any home where there is a garden.

Keep a box large enough to hold several bushels of wood ashes, and late this, put the ashes from an ash-pan. Then, when the box is filled, sprinkle the ashes over the garden. Potatoes, grain, and all garden vegetables do better by being fertilized by wood ashes.

The Ointment That Does Not Affect Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect, Laxative Ointment can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is no danger in its use. It is Dr. GROVER'S Ointment in box. 30c.

It is believed that the polka was originally a Serbian war dance.

HEALTH RESTORED

Serious Kidney Trouble Was Removed by Doan's and Results Have Been Permanent.

"Kidney trouble put me in a bad way," says Thomas A. Knight, 624 N. Ninth St., East St. Louis, Ill. "It came on with pain across my back and the attacks kept getting worse until I had a doctor. He gave me morphine and I was in a bad way."

Morphine was the only relief and I couldn't move without help. The kidney secretions were scanty, painful and filled with sediment.

"I was unable to leave the house, couldn't rest and became utterly exhausted. The only way I could take ease was by bolstering myself up with pillows. For three months I was in that awful condition and the doctor said I had gravel. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me back to good health and I have gained wonderfully in strength and weight."

Sworn to before me, A. M. EGGMANN, Notary Public. ALMOST THREE YEARS LATER, May 24, 1917, Mr. Knight said: "The cure Doan's brought me has been permanent."

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

American Dollar Flag

50c each, 100c per dozen. 5 feet long, double-stitched, sewed stripes, free delivery by parcel post on receipt of factory price. Also, 10c each, 100c per dozen, 5 feet long, double-stitched, sewed stripes, free delivery by parcel post on receipt of factory price. We make more and better flags than any other concern in the world. Prices advance before war. AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., EASTON, PA.

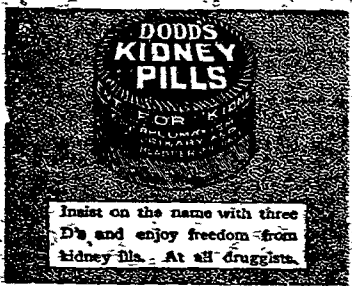
CHILDREN'S COUGHS

may be checked, and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of

PISO'S

Julius Anderson Writes, Wouldn't Be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read what Mr. Anderson of Lake City, Mich., says about Dodd's Kidney Pills: "I received your letter and the Dodd's Pills. The Pills I highly recommend and I write this letter not to get another box, but because they are good and worth to me every cent that are invested in them. I take them almost regularly and find them very handy for keeping in the house and feel that I cannot be without them. They have done me much good, which I highly appreciate and will recommend them to my friends."



Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

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

Try Kondon's for your headache

(at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 25-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore nose, cough, colds, sneezing, nose-bleed, etc. Write for complimentary can or buy tube at druggist's. It will benefit you four times more than it costs, or we pay money back. For trial write to: KONDON MED. CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.

Apply Lime

Sweeten your cropped soil with Solvay Pulverized Limestone, so that it will grow a big yield at good figures. We will test a sample of your farm land free, if you send it to us. You can then judge by how many bushels you can improve your yield, if you use Solvay Limestone on it. This is 94% carbonate of lime, powdered fine as flour to give it big surface, for a very small actual weight. Soil acid caused by green manure, fermenting vegetation, poor drainage and soil mulching is instantly counteracted and killed by Limestone finely ground like Solvay—not coarse ground and feeble. Such sweetened soil is enriched by the potash released in it making strong vigorous green growth of crops. Meanwhile nitrogen germs can grow in the sweetened soil. These supply nitrogen used by all plants in seed of the plant. In most cases, your crop is the actual seed of the plant, and you get full, heavy, plump grains, because a vigorous plant has had full supplies of nitrogen through Solvay Limestone helping the soil. Your farm land has many dollars of extra yield every year by simply keeping the land sweet, friable, and ventilated with Limestone that breaks up all acid contents. Treat your land for the sake of a bigger harvest.

This Bag of Solvay Limestone is furnace-dried four-like 94% carbonate of lime, kept dry in an air-proof sealed paper bag. It has 40 to 100 times the acid-killing power of coarse limestone. This is what you want—a powerful soil corrector. Fine grinding is the key to its success. Solvay Limestone is the only Limestone you need per acre to correct your particular land. No obligation or charge for this valuable test, which is worth big money for any farmer to know. Farm profits lie in the extra bushels of yield per acre, and extra yield is important now. Get your land right.

Solvay Process Co. Detroit

STRANGLES

Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

SPOHN'S COMPOUND

Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

As Age Advances the Liver Requires

occasional slight stimulation.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

correct

CONSTIPATION

Genuine bears signature

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicates the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

AND NOW, THEY ARE COOKING TOBACCO TO MAKE IT BETTER

For a good many years The American Tobacco Company have been conducting a series of experiments having as their object the improvement of smoking tobacco.

And it is interesting to know that one of the greatest of their discoveries was one of the simplest, and that was, that cooking or toasting tobacco improved it in every way, just as cooking most foods improves them.

They took a real Burley tobacco, grown in this country; toasted it as you would toast bread; moistened it to replace the natural moisture driven off by toasting; made it into cigarettes, called them "LUCKY STRIKE," the toasted cigarette, and offered them to the public.

There has been the greatest demand ever created for any tobacco product in a similar length of time.

The change produced by toasting is not only most wholesome, but the flavor is greatly improved, just as cooking improves meat, for example.—Adv.

Then the Bishop Understood. Apropos of the Phillips Brooks anniversary, the great bishop took note of things in his daily walks about town. One day he saw a gang of street department employees using their hoes, picks and shovels in such a languid and leisurely manner that he felt moved to chide them for their slothfulness.

"My friends, are you supposed to be working for the city of Boston?" inquired the bishop.

"No, sir, we're working for \$2.50 a day, please your reverence," said the spokesman of the gang.

The bishop passed on.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure cataract. It is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in cataractal conditions. Druggists free. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

As They Say in the Army.

Overheard in the car:

Bella—Hullo, Peter, what did you spring free?

Peter—Ach, I'm out o' work.

Bella—Out o' work, are ye? What are ye gaun to dge?

Peter—I havena settled yet. I'm thinkin' o' applyin' for a job as valet to a munition worker.

In Britain.

"One could hardly call her good looking." "Oh, no; but she's so rotten sweet and devilish amiable."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

From the maple a voice from the willow a sigh,
From the marshes soft odors that bring
To the eyes that can see, to the ears that can hear
The news of the coming of spring

WAYS WITH MEAT.

A dish which will take the place of meat and is most nourishing is Philadelphia scrapple. Take a cleaned pig's head and boil until the flesh slips easily from the bones. Remove all the bones and chop the meat. Set aside the liquor in which the head was cooked until cold, then take off the fat. Return the liquor to the heat and boil, add cornmeal to make a mush and cook until well done, then stir in the chopped meat and any seasonings desired. Some like a little sage with the pepper and salt. Pour the mush into a mold which will form nice-shaped slices and get away to become firm. Slice and fry for any meal. This makes a very popular Southern breakfast dish. One may use any bits of chopped meat, or pork scraps left from trying out pork rather than the pig's head if preferred.

Chopped Steak.

Put two pounds of round steak twice through the meat-chopper, season with pepper and onion juice, form into a flat cake and place it in a greased baking pan over a hot fire. Brown and then salt well the browned side and quickly brown the other. Set in a hot oven to finish cooking and serve with a brown sauce made from the liquor in the pan.

Leg of Mutton Cooked in Cider.

Buy the leg of mutton several days before using it. Wipe and rub with the following mixture of spices: A half teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of allspice and cloves, pepper, nutmeg and ginger. Rub these into the meat well making pockets to hold them under the skin in places. Let stand two days. When wanted to roast place in a large pan with four chopped onions and a cupful of seedless raisins. Pour over it two quarts of sweet cider and cover with oiled paper or another pan. Put into a hot oven and when the meat is well browned reduce the heat, basting and cooking slowly for two hours. Add salt a teaspoonful to the pound as it goes into the pan to roast. Be sure it is well rubbed in. Serve with the sauce boiled down until thick. Strain, remove the fat and turn into a sauceboat.

AN ONION A DAY.

The good old odoriferous bulb when it is digested and enjoyed should appear often (at least twice a week in some form) on our tables. The onion contains a richness of mineral matter and acids most healthful in keeping the body in condition. Steak smothered in onions is a dish well liked by most. Slice the onions and crisp them in cold water and dry quickly in a cloth, then drop them into a frying pan with a little hot suet; put in the steak and cover it after both sides are well browned with the onions. Cover and let cook a few minutes and serve piping hot with the onions.

Onions on Toast.

Chop six onions fine, then boil them 20 minutes in a little salted water. Drain and add a tablespoonful of butter and serve on buttered toast in tiny mounds, the top of each garnished with a sprig of parsley.

Onions unpeeled, thrown into a bed of coals, covered and allowed to roast until tender, may be peeled without loss, seasoned with salt, pepper, cream or butter, and served, making a dish especially tasty.

Deviled Onions.

Mince six boiled onions and add to a thick white sauce, using a tablespoonful each of butter and flour with three-fourths of a cupful of milk; to this add the minced onion, the finely mashed yolks of two hard-cooked eggs, one tablespoonful of minced parsley and a seasoning of salt and pepper. A little lemon juice may also be added. Butter scallop shells or small ramekins, fill with the mixture, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown.

Onions With Cheese.

This is a dish which will take the place of meat, as it is highly nutritious. Place a layer of cheese, finely minced, and a layer of rich white sauce in a baking dish; repeat until the dish is full, and cover with a thick layer of buttered crumbs. Bake until thoroughly hot. A rich cheese should be used, as the heating will often make an inferior cheese stringy. Cabbage may be served in the same way.

Nellie Maxwell

Better Than an Alarm Clock. Exc—"Why not have Bridget shut the kitchen door mornings? One can smell the breakfast all over the house." Mrs. Exc—"Shut the kitchen door? I guess not. The smell is all that gets the family up."—Boston Evening Transcript.

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today ease the backache of tomorrow—taken every day, ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1898 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages of three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

That Woke Her.

The visitor had dropped in "just for a minute" but she remained about three hours after the minute was up. Little Freddie had formed several plans, the execution of which must be postponed till the departure of his mother's guest, so he sat quietly thinking things.

"Dear little man!" gushed the visitor. "And what is he thinking about so deeply?"

"I was wondering if it wasn't time for you to be going," said Freddie.

"Hush!" said his mother. Then, turning to her guest: "You mustn't be offended, Mrs. Smith. Children will go blurt out the truth without thinking, but they don't mean anything by it."

Then Mrs. Smith recollected that she had only three minutes in which to catch the last car home.

TREMENDOUS VALUE FOR 15c

Washington, D. C., (Special)—An unusual offer is being made by the editor of the Pathfinder, to send the paper to new readers 13 weeks for 15 cents. This well-known national weekly magazine contains all the worth while news of the world, illustrated and presented in a most entertaining manner. It is clean, concise, nonpartisan, reliable—well printed in large type. It puts everything clearly, fairly and briefly.

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization, history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days. It is the only big weekly magazine at the seat of government. Send 15 cents for 13 weeks trial subscription to the Pathfinder, 178 Douglas St., Washington, D. C. The 15 cents does not repay the editor but he is glad to invest in new friends.—Adv.

Polly Will Get 'Em.

"I hear that Polly Peach is applying for a position as policeman."

"Well, Polly would arrest attention if nothing else."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

All girls sing like birds—but there are many kinds of birds.

Retribution.

R. D. Cooper, president of the Dairy-men's league, said at a banquet in New York:

"Farmers should marry. A bachelor farmer is a solecism. No farmer, though, should marry a wife as he buys a tractor—for the work he can get out of her."

Mr. Cooper smiled.

"The farmer who marries," he ended, "thinking he can do nothing without a wife, is apt to discover afterward that he can do nothing with her."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 14 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Lesson in Pronunciation.

Harry Lauder told a story at a Robert Burns dinner in Chicago.

"A new minister preached his first sermon in a little Scottish village," he began; "and at the end of the services the preacher came to him and said: 'So ye call em Sawms, do ye? Losh, noo, we never knew what to make o' that there F hereshaws. We always called em Spasms.'"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Fletcher's Castoria*

Men who are society favorites are seldom a success at anything else.

German women must pay \$3.60 a pair for woolen stockings.

Lungs Are Weakened By Hard Colds

CASSARA QUININE

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

Mother Gray's Powders Benefit Many Children

Thousands of Mothers have found MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS an excellent remedy for children complaining of Headaches, Colds, Constipation, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Bowel Irregularities from which children suffer at this season. These powders are easy and pleasant to take and excellent results are accomplished by their use. Used by Mothers for 31 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents. Trial package FREE. Address, THE MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

HAVE YOU BARREN COWS?

Are your heifers or cows troubled with Abortion? Overcome the difficulty by feeding *Dr. David Roberts' BREEDING TONIC*. Price \$1.00. It acts on the organs of reproduction and puts the animal in better breeding condition. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian, sent free to those who write. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Westfield, Mass.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 8-1918.

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 Hand—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 man 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 interests.

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

BRITISHERS YOU'RE NEEDED!

COME ACROSS NOW

BRITONS and CANADIANS

Agreement with the United States provides that YOU will be DRAFTED if you don't volunteer

All Men Between 20 and 40 Are Liable

Your Brothers over there are Calling to You

Answer the Call!

Volunteer today; the need is imperative; you will not be doing your full duty if you wait to be drafted.

You Can Join Either the British or Canadian Armies

DO IT TODAY!

At Nearest British and Canadian Recruiting Depot

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FEB. 22, 1918

If the high price of cotton continues there probably will be a tailless sport shirt next summer.—Pontiac Press Gazette.

Which reminds the constructor of this column of an old rhyme that ran thusly—apropos of incompleteness.

A man without a wife?
A ship without a sail?
But the oddest thing in life
Is a shirt without a tail

Vernon Castle, the creator and expert exponent of the "Fox-trot," "Bunny-hug" and other fads of the dancing craze of a few years ago, is dead—and so is the freak dancing—but Mr. Castle died the death of a soldier, in his country's service with a medal of honor on his breast, a fate no one would have prophesied for him in the days of his fame as a dancer.

Germany has made some more "splendid achievements" lately by dropping bombs on cities and killing a few women, children and non-fighting men, and has tried to gain added "glory" by bombing Gen Pershing's field hospital. Great indeed is Kultur.

Our perhaps countrified notion of absolute zero in the way of general news interest is the list of "Detectors" registered at New York hotels published in the daily papers of our neighboring big-sister city.

At a recent wedding at Canton the newspaper account mentions that the couple left "amid a shower of rice." Evidently those people aren't "in" on the food saving stunt.

Strikes and fumbler and fault-finders in the United States still continue to give great encouragement to the Kaiser and his advisers.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. E. Arthur will entertain the Red Cross Friday afternoon.

William Mairs has just completed the wiring of his house for electric lights.

H. R. Young of Pontiac occupied the M. E. pulpit last Sunday night in the absence of Rev. H. G. G.

Mrs. Clarence Parsonage of Detroit is spending some time at the home of her father, Dr. F. A. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peirerville and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence (na v of Detroit spent the week-end at their home here.

Miss Dora Lare, who has been very ill in the Pontiac hospital with appendicitis and peritonitis, is recovering slowly.

Miss Mildred Richardson was removed to her home here Saturday from the Pontiac hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Bernice Smith, who teaches school at Grosse Pointe, has been spending several days at her home here—the schools being closed on account of the fuel shortage.

Concealed Weapons.

"Did you hear?" The Crosbys were so generous as to give their sedan to the Red Cross. I wonder what was the matter with it?

"My dear, you go krait bee-utifully, but what is it?"

"The major looks so formidable in his uniform, doesn't he? Too bad, the poor man never wore it at home."

"Here comes Miss Veriplain in her red-white-and-blue hat. Who would have thought anything could become her so well!"

"You will go from house to house canvassing for the Liberty loan, Miss Stout. My dear, you have the right idea."

"You put down 20 quarts of beans? Splendid! I do so hope they'll keep for you this time."

"The Red Cross is to be congratulated, my dear, in securing the services of a woman of your years and long experience."—Edmund J. Kiefer in Life.

Get to the Front.

Here's an adage as old as Adam, but not as old as the sun: "The wise old birds don't gather in herds, but get there one by one." The motive of this is certain as the moral of it is true: If you would succeed you must take the lead, and leave the crowd to follow you.

WARSHIPS MUST HAVE AIR

Ventilation Is Secured Through Water-tight Trunks, Which Are Continued Up to Weather Deck.

One of the most difficult problems in building a modern battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation, says the Minneapolis Journal. A ship is such a complicated thing, made up of many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores; dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads, and watertight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air, and speaking tubes. First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of the gangs of coal black devils working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draught the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of steam-driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large watertight trunks which are continued, right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms, large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas, when mixed with air, forms an explosive, so, in order to prevent a possibility of injury to men or ship a supply and an exhaust pipe are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.

JUNGLE FARM OF 50 ACRES

Only Ranch in World Where Crops Are Produced for Exclusive Use of Wild Animals.

On a large tract of ground on the outskirts of New York city there is the only farm in the world where crops are raised for the exclusive use of wild animals.

Little is known even in the metropolis about this curious jungle farm, yet it covers about fifty acres, and has been in existence for some time. It has gradually become a veritable clearing house for foodstuffs for more than 5,000 captive beasts, birds, and reptiles hailing from all parts of the world, who now live as one happy family in the Blue New York Zoological park.

Until the establishment of the farm, the provision of a bountiful and varied menu which would satisfy the residents of the zoo and keep them in good health the year round, was a most difficult matter, particularly in winter; but the products of the farm have solved this problem perfectly. Not only do these include corn, carrots, beets, cabbages, turnips, potatoes, and other good things that delight the appetite of vegetarians among the jungle folks, but the needs of the carnivorous beasts are also looked after. For this purpose, the farm contains several big breeding houses in which are raised large quantities of chickens, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, white mice, pigeons, squabs and pigs.

The Pilot's Heart.

"The romance of the air," writes an aviator of some experience, "is a different thing from a mascot and superstitions. It is not bound up in the machines. It is something deep down in its own grim and callous self. Those who know it best acknowledge it least. And the pilots themselves—do they speak of a 'lucky' or an 'unlucky' pilot? Never. They speak only of a 'good' pilot or a 'bad' one. The only time a man is told he is lucky is when he has failed to break his neck despite bad piloting. Flying is a cruel mistress. Only a pilot knows what she does to a pilot's heart. Where are the young pilots? At the airdromes learning to fly. They are nowhere else. But bound up in the romance there is a pride that only a pilot can know. It is the pride of the self-dependent."

Hardwood Floors Darkened.

Floors that turn dark from oiling generally need to be scraped. Sometimes a paint or varnish remover, bought at a paint shop, is used first. One housekeeper improved a discolored floor by scrubbing it hard, using naphtha soap and adding washing soda to the water. She did only a small piece at a time, using one of the small wooden-backed nail-brushes with very hard bristles. Cracks can be filled with a mixture of sawdust and glue. This can be darkened with a little burnt umber to match the floor. In mixing use water 20 parts, glue one part and sawdust as necessary. Another filler is a pulp made from newspapers torn up and pounded into a flour and water paste. It hardens in the cracks.

Freak Hickory Tree.

An odd-shaped hickory tree grew on the J. H. Bowersox farm about a mile from Goshenville, Pa., on the plot of ground owned by the Lutheran church, situated on the Bowersox farm. It is a freak growth, a singular curiosity. It resembles a large hook, the limbs of the tree are all on the under side of the extreme point of the hook, where they grew out and up in the peculiar manner. The tree is about 24 feet high to the top part of the hook, or in other words the elbow formed by the hook.

1918 CONTRACTS FOR COUNTY ROADS

ALL CLOSED SO SAYS ED. HINES, COUNTY ROAD COMMISSIONER.

The Board of County Road Commissioners for Wayne county have closed up contract for all of their requirements of cement, crushed stone, pebbles, sand, asphalt joint filler, etc., and as soon as weather conditions permit, are ready to proceed with their 1918 roadbuilding program, providing the necessary laborers are available and cars are found for the transportation of materials. Prices on roadbuilding materials have again advanced in conjunction with practically all other commodities.

The principal activities outlined by the Board are the building of concrete 24 feet wide on the Verner road, connecting Mack and Jefferson. The township of Grosse Pointe and the village of Grosse Pointe Shores have paid into the County Treasury to the credit of the County Road Fund \$19,223 with which to defray the additional cost for making this road 24 feet wide. When completed, this road will help relieve traffic congestion on Jefferson Road in conjunction with Mack Road.

A mile and three quarters of concrete will also be built on Gratiot Road. This will be 20 feet wide. Grosse Pointe Township has completed or has under contract all of the road mileage on Grosse Pointe for which they have voted a bond issue, with the exception of two miles, which have been taken over as county roads, and which the County Road Commission will build of concrete 18 feet wide 8 feet over all.

Warren road will be extended four miles westward with a concrete road 18 feet wide 28 feet over all. If conditions permit the work of replacing the gravel road on Plymouth road will be started and when once started will be continued until it is replaced with an 18 foot concrete road 28 feet over all, in its entirety from the Detroit City limits to the Village of Plymouth, a distance of approximately 17 miles.

All of the roads now under the jurisdiction of the Board will be maintained up to their usual standard, and in addition thereto, following the policy of the past few years, the shoulders will be widened out and improved by the use of crushed stone. The Board has recently awarded a contract to the Packard Motor Car Co. for a Packard six ton truck with a special body design equipped with a chute for distributing crushed stone cheaply and economically along the shoulders.

The Board has changed its specifications by increasing the depth of the concrete from an average of 7 inches to an average depth of 8 1/2 inches on its standard 18 foot width.

This change is desirable owing to changing traffic conditions and through the advent of the motor truck on short haul purposes to relieve harbor congestion. Heavier loads and greater speeds are the order of the day, and the Board is planning for the future as well as for the present. Two course construction will be used throughout, using crushed granite or trap rock for the wearing surface, owing to its uniformity, toughness and higher resistance to abrasion. All concrete roads will be properly signboarded this year. The Board of Supervisors have made an appropriation of \$5,000 out of the general fund for this purpose at the last October session.

Bad curves will be widened out insofar as possible, and it is hoped that additional trees will be planted, to supplement the splendid start made by the Garden Club of Michigan, and Mr. Benjamin S. Warren, who in 1917 each donated and planted a mile of trees on the Seven Mile Road west of Mack Road. No county funds are available for this purpose, but it is hoped other patriotic and will make it possible to continue the work. The County Road Commission consists of Edward N. Hines, Chairman, William F. Butler and John S. Haggerty.

WHO HAS THIS CAT?

The Mail is a good paper to advertise in, if you only do it quick enough. The ad last week in regard to an Angora cat that was lost brought forth the following facts. The cat was at Jack Woodworth's for a couple of weeks, after which Mrs. Loomis of Newburg, kept it until a Northville party claimed it and took it away. The cat is the property of Mrs. Kate Allen of Plymouth, who would be very glad to have it returned to her.—Newburg Cor. Plymouth Mail.

Farmington Flashes

Mrs. Newman was in Detroit last week.

Mrs. E. L. Holcomb was in Pontiac Sunday.

T. G. Richardson of Northville was

a Farmington caller one day last week.

Mrs. Arthur Lamb was in Pontiac Thursday.

Harry Habermehl's hand is some better at this writing.

Edward Brown, who was very ill last week, is better.

Mrs. M. F. Stanley of Northville visited relatives here Sunday.

Charles Habermehl, who was so seriously ill last week, is much improved.

Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. McGee of Northville were recent Farmington visitors.

The Priscilla club met with Mrs. Thomas Armstrong at the Junction, Tuesday.

The Roger street Red Cross sewing circle met with Mrs. Williver, Thursday afternoon.

The New Idea club met with Mrs. William VanEpps at Brookdale, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dusenberry of Keego Harbor took dinner with Chas. Colling and wife last Wednesday.

Mrs. Hugh Upton was in Pontiac Sunday visiting a friend who was about to undergo an operation at the hospital.

We have been having a time with "Mumps" in certain parts of Farmington, and lots of people are entertaining "colds."

Mrs. Bue Langbecker, who is visiting her parental home in Waterford, Ontario, Canada, writes home that her health is improving.

A great demonstration of joy was given by "Our Boys and Girls" Monday night when the tax papers voted to give them an up-to-date new school house. Dancing round a bon-fire on Grand River and merry singing were parts of the program—not down on the hills.

Tonight (Friday), the Ladies' New Idea club, who are tending their energies in a patriotic direction, are giving a dancing party at the town hall. Good music and a good supper, a good time for a good cause (namely the Red Cross), make it necessary for all to be present, who possibly can.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Dress Goods.

Now is the time to buy a Navy Blue, all-wool Serge Dress, or any other piece of wool Dress Goods. If you have such a thing in mind, we can sell you a better piece of cloth at less money right now than we will be able to duplicate later on.

SILKS.

Silks may sound extravagant, but really they are as economical as any fabric you can buy. There has been less of an advance in Silks than in either wool or cotton goods. When you wear a Silk garment you are not drawing on the resources of the United States—you are drawing on Japan. By so doing our nation has its wool and cottons to use along other lines. New piece Silks are beginning to come in. See them.

Build your next Dress by a Pictorial Pattern.

American Lady Corsets, Nemo Corsets, Ferris Waists.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET.

Business has started fine. I now have plenty of sugar. Come and buy your Groceries and Meat, and some Sugar. Save money by trading with me, and put it in the bank. Do not forget the Hotel and Feed Barn when you are hungry, or wish to put up your horses and go to Detroit. Bring your butter and eggs. I will buy them and pay cash.

THOMAS B. COUCH

NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.

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

Auction Sale!

GEORGE RATTENBURY, AUCTIONEER.

Having Sold his farm, the undersigned, will sell at Public Auction, to the Highest Bidder, on what is known as the Wardfarm, situated on the South Lyon Road, 2 1/2 Miles West of the Northville-Novi Road and 4 Miles Northwest of Northville, on—

Friday, March 1st

1918; Commencing at 12:30 o'clock, Standard Time, the Following Property:

14 Head Holstein Dairy Cows

SOME WITH CALF BY SIDE—OTHERS DUE SOON.

HORSES.

Span Grey Geldings, 9 & 10 yr., wt., 2,400
1 Bay Horse, 12 yr old, wt., 1,250 Lbs.

FARM TOOLS.

1 Heavy Market Wagon
1 Light Market Wagon.
1 Little Willie Cultivator, used one season
1 Double Cultivator.
1 Spring-Tooth Drag.
2 Plows. Milk Pails and Cans.
2 Sets of Double Harness.
1 Single Harness.
1 Buick 1-Ton Truck.
1 Hardie Triplex Power Sprayer.
1 50-Gallon Oil Tank.
And Many Other Articles Not Mentioned

HAY AND GRAIN.

About 20 Tons of Hay.
About 200 Bushels of Oats.
7 or 8 Doors of Ensilage.
Quantity of Tested Seed Corn.
Quantity of Seed Barley.
Quantity of Seed Oats and Peas.
20 Bushels of Seed Beans.

1 Heavy Rope 104-ft. Long, with Double Tackle Blocks.
(Both Truck and Sprayer will be demonstrated at the Sale).

TERMS: All Sums of \$10 and Under, Cash; Over that Amount, 1 Year's Time, will be given on Approved Bankable Notes bearing 6 per cent Interest.

F. P. SIMMONS & SONS,

CHARLES A. SESSIONS, Clerk. PROPRIETORS.

Doubly Proven

Northville Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence.

This Northville citizen testified long ago of quick relief of undoubted benefit. The facts are now confirmed. Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive. It forms convincing proof of merit. H. Priest, Mill St., says: "Heavy lifting brought on kidney trouble. The kidney secretions were too frequent and painful in passage. I also had rheumatic pains through my back and mornings was stiff and sore. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured the attack." (Statement given February 17, 1913.)

On September 19, 1916, Mr. Priest added: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all right and all I said in my former statement still holds good. When my kidneys got out of fix, a few of Doan's relieve the trouble."

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Priest had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt. 67.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMOEOPATHIC 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 too, 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 146 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 5:00 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 Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Mrs. Emily Swift is reported about the same.

Miss Ida Morris is the new clerk in Weitzman's store.

Morris Daly has been on the sick list all this week.

Gleim Richardson is able to be down town, after a four weeks' illness.

Holly will have but one village election ticket in the field this spring.

The curtain rises this Friday evening at eight o'clock, at the Red Cross benefit.

"Somewhere in France" begins promptly at 8 o'clock this evening at the Alseum.

Catholic services will be held in Scott's hall next Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

Sr. Mary's sewing circle will meet at the home of Mrs. Ernest Kohler Thursday, Feb. 28.

Mrs. Gertrude Swift, who fell last Saturday and was quite badly bruised, is getting along nicely.

The Baptist Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. George Sutton, south Center St. Wednesday, February 27th.

Mrs. Will Ely very pleasantly entertained the Clover Whist club at her home on Dunlap street, Monday evening.

Regular meeting of Court Northville F. of A. Friday evening, March 1st. All members requested to be in attendance. Important business.

We will say nothing about the boys' marble-playing as one of the signs of approaching spring, but we did hear a crow cawing, one morning this week.

Mr. Johnson, John Steers and William O'Donnell are Northville men whose names appear on the circuit court jury list for March and April.

"Watch your step" has again been a needed admonition this week, after the ice sheets covering the streets had been uncovered by Monday night's rain.

The present winter has been very hard on the all-winter birds. The Fenton Independent mentions scores of dead quail disclosed by melting snow banks in that vicinity.

The Northville Condensing Co. has installed new machinery for the purpose of canning sweetened condensed milk for the Government. They began operations the first of this week.

So far only 68 dogs in the township and village have had a year's lease extended them by their owners paying the tax to H. L. Richardson, township clerk. At times there seems to be that many dogs in the village, alone. South Lyon Herald.

Miss Carl Salo, who has been very ill from blood poisoning for four weeks past, has improved so much that her nurse, Miss McLaughlin of Redford has returned home. Mrs. Salo's trouble originated with a slight prick on her hand from a needle.

A much needed improvement has been made in the placing of a new flag on the town hall. The old one had become absolutely disrespectful to itself and to the patriotism of the people of Northville. Old Glory should never be allowed to be seen in such a disreputable condition anywhere.

Albert Stage, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stage, has been saving "buffalo" nickels and when his collection reached the sum of \$5.00 recently he invested in a war saving certificate at the local post-office, which is a good start in life for a youngster of his age. If he follows out the same thrifty policy all through life, he will be a rich man some day.

The "shortest month" of 1918 is certainly "long" on some things if not in the number of sunrises and sunsets. For low temperatures Feb. 18 already holds the record and bids fair to make another in fluctuations of temperature. A four-degree drop or rise per hour for ten consecutive hours has been a frequent occurrence so far in this memorable month of a memorable winter, and we wouldn't dare even wonder what is still in store for us.

A fire alarm called out the department Monday afternoon, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cornwell, at the extreme west end of Dunlap street, where a building used as a chicken house and fuel storage shed had been set on fire from an ash pile. The fire was put out soon enough to save a part of the fuel in the shed but the poultry was practically all destroyed, which in itself makes a very considerable loss in these times of high prices.

Frank Thompson is still confined to his home.

The Northville High school is displaying a service flag with nine stars, in honor of that number of former students, who are in their country's service.

Mrs. D. B. Kelley from Bad Axe joined her husband here this week. Mr. Kelley is the new milk inspector at the Condensing plant. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley will make Northville their future home.

A number of Northville Knights of Pythias are attending the funeral today at Plymouth of Vern Henderson of that village, the first Wayne county soldier boy to hear the last roll call at Camp Custer. The body has lain in state in the high school building up to the time of the funeral services.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)
Morning service at 10 o'clock. Rev. J. H. Hudson, representing the Anti-Saloon league, will speak. Come and hear this address.

Sunday school at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. at 6 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. George Sutton Wednesday, February 27.

The Young Peoples' box social will be held next Wednesday, February 27, instead of this week, as announced.

All ladies who have made aprons are requested to bring them to the Aid meeting next Wednesday.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)
For Sunday February 24, English services, at 2 o'clock p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
"The church around the corner"

Sunday morning at 10, a special service for Boy Scouts, who have consented to be present in a body. Appropriate address and music will be given.

Bible school at 11:30. A place and a task for you. Epworth League at 6. All young people are welcomed. Service at 7. Subject: "Which Side of the Fence?"

Union prayer meeting on Thursday night at 7, at the Presbyterian church.

You are cordially welcomed to the services.

The members of the W. H. M. society are requested to hand in their "experience" dollars at the next regular meeting, March 19, if possible.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Miss Beatrice Patterson

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Sunday morning at 10, "A Nation's Memorials"—In which we shall seek in a plain, simple way to find the meaning of two of the "red letter days" on our calendar—Feb. 12th and 22nd.

Sunday school at 11:30. Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.

The annual Praise Service of the Women's Missionary Society will take the place of the regular evening service at 7. The praise offering is to be received at this time. If you have a note box bring it; if not, bring your offering any way for which a special envelope will be provided.

During this service we will take a trip, by means of the stereopticon and a splendid set of slides, journeying from Panama to Panama, and visiting many places of beauty and interest throughout Latin America.

The union prayer meeting will be in our church next Thursday evening, with the Rev. Mr. Francis leading.

The Martha Chapter will have a social meeting Wednesday evening, Feb. 27. Details will be given later.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The Red Cross greatly needs chests of drawers or dressers in which to keep the work at the school building. Anyone having such articles to loan would confer a great favor by notifying Mrs. C. L. Dubuar.

Price of Love.

Prospective jurors in breach of promise suits may be interested in this "personal" from the London Express: "Mary—waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love, it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell, Potts."

Keeps Trousers in Shape.

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

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

MEETING NIGHTS
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT
EACH MONTH.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:
Friday Evenings, February 1-15.
Jas. Dickerson, F. Woodmansee,
Fin. 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.

Regular March 11.

Wixom Whisperings.

C. H. VanWagoner was in Miford Monday.

J. M. Furman was in Pontiac last week, Friday.

Geo. Aspenleiter of Detroit was in Wixom last Thursday.

Helen Smith visited friends in Ypsilanti a part of last week.

The Church Helpers met at the church parlors Wednesday.

Mrs. Florence Carter and children were Miford visitors Monday.

The Misses Furman and Smith returned to their schools at Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stevens has received a letter from her son, Begole, from France.

Roy Boynton and family of Pontiac visited Mrs. Boynton's parents, D. D. Bennett and wife, Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Erwin and son, Edward, left Saturday for Bradenton, Fla., for the remainder of the winter.

B. A. Holden and daughters, Harriet and Frances, attended the wedding of Mr. Holden's nephew, Harold Holden, at Lansing last week.

O. B. Anstead will move his family back to Wixom from Brown City in the near future. They will reside in the Burgess house. Mr. Anstead has been added to the working force of the Wixom Co-operative association.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The sermon topic for next Sunday will be "Working Our Ideals." Ideals are given that we may work them out not to lay them away as relics. We get ideals in a variety of ways. I don't know just why God used to talk to people while asleep, but he is not wasting much time on dreamers in these days. It's the waking up in that gets a revelation in these times. We'll come and hear the sermon if you are interested in the topic.

The Sunday school has got back to the 100 mark and everything is about normal.

The L. T. L. will give a very interesting program Sunday evening.

Novi News.

Donald Munro and Howard Moyer are both seriously ill with pneumonia.

Clyde Putnam attended a meeting of the County School directors at Pontiac last week.

Mrs. J. J. Potter is considered Novi's star sock-knitter. She has knitted 12 pairs since October.

The M. E. Aid society met Wednesday with Mrs. Susie Mairs. Twenty-five present and the table collection amounted to \$3.56.

Mrs. Alfred Dear had the misfortune to fall and break her arm Saturday night, by slipping on an icy place. She was also badly bruised.

The B. Y. P. U. gives a Washington social in the town hall this (Friday) evening, February 22. The ladies are requested to bring either sandwiches or doughnuts.

Last week Wednesday night, the home of Richmond and Clifford Shaw was burned to the ground, set on fire by the supposed explosion of an oil stove which was being used to thaw out a frozen water pipe. A part of the contents of the house were gotten out, but nothing whatever could be saved from the kitchen or cellar. Some dressed hogs were among the provisions in the cellar, and all the family silver was in the kitchen. The loss foots up to a large amount which will be only partially compensated by the insurance carried.

REGARDING LIBERTY LOAN BONDS.

We are now ready to make deliveries with the exception of the \$50.00 denomination, second issue.

It is our desire that all subscribers who have not paid for their bonds in full do so at once.

Please call and get your bonds.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Northville, Michigan.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

For the coming Saturday, charming Ethel Barrymore is to appear in "The Greater Power." Comedy as usual.

Next week Thursday brings Pauline Frederick in "Nanette of The Wilds."

For next week Saturday, Manager Thompson, in response to many requests by patrons, has secured a star new to Northville, Douglas Fairbanks, who will appear in "His Picture in the Paper."

At a later date another famous actor, William S. Hart will be seen at the Alseum—a play featuring him having already been booked for Northville.

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.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists. F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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.

Rhone, Plymouth Exchange.

SALEM, MICHIGAN.

Wash on Monday
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PRUDENCE SAYS SO

Ethel Hueston
AUTHOR OF PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE



CAROL INVOLUNTARILY SPOILS ALL WEDDING PLANS AND THE BIG EVENT OF THE FAMILY, THE CONGREGATION AND THE TOWN IS POSTPONED.

Synopsis:—The story opens in the home of the Rev. Mr. Starr where Prudence, his oldest 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. Carol and Lark investigate Christian Science.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Hum—that's a different matter," said Fairy more thoughtfully. "He hasn't wanted to yet. You see, he's a man and can go by himself without having it look as though nobody wanted to be seen with him. And he's a stranger over there, and doesn't need to get chummy with the girls. The boys here all know me, and ask me to go, and a man, you see, can just be passive and nothing happens. But a girl's got to be downright negative, and it's no joke. One misses so many good times. You see the cases are different, Prue."

"Yes, that's so," Prudence assented absent-mindedly, counting off ten more threads.

"Then you would object if he had dates?" queried Aunt Grace smilingly. "Oh, no, not at all—if there was any occasion for it—but there isn't. And I think I would be justified in objecting if he deliberately made occasions for himself, don't you?"

"Yes, that would be different," Prudence chimed in, such "miles away" in her voice that Fairy turned on her indignantly.

"Prudence Starr, you make me wild," she said. "Can't you drop that everlasting hemstitching, embroidery, tatting, crocheting, for ten minutes to talk to me? What in the world are you going to do with it all, anyhow? Are you intending to carpet your floors with it?"

"This is a napkin," Prudence explained good-naturedly. "The set cost me fifteen dollars." She sighed. "Did the veil come?" The clouds vanished magically from Fairy's face, and she leaned forward with that joy of wedding anticipation that rules in woman-world.

"Yes, it's beautiful. Come and see it. Wait until I pull four more threads. It's gorgeous."

"I still think you're making a great mistake," declared Fairy earnestly. "I don't believe in big, showy church weddings. You'd better change it yet. A little home affair with just the family—that's the way to do it. All this satin-gown, orange-blossom elaboration with curious eyes staring up and down—ugh! It's all wrong!"

Prudence dropped the precious fifteen-dollar-a-set napkin in her lap and gazed at Fairy anxiously. "I know you think so, Fairy," she said. "You've told me so several times. Fairy's eyes twinkled, but Prudence had no intention of sarcasm. "But I can't help it, can I? We had quite settled on the home wedding, but when the twins discovered that the members felt hurt at being left out, father thought we'd better change over."

"Well, I can't see that the members have any right to run our wedding. Besides, it wouldn't surprise me if the twins made it up because they wanted a big fuss."

"But some of the members spoke to father. And you must admit, Fairy, that it is lovely of the Ladies' Aid to give that dinner at the hotel for us."

"Well, they'll get their money's worth of talk out of it afterward. It's a big mistake. What on earth are the twins doing out there? Is that Jim Forrest with them? Listen how they are screaming with laughter! Would you ever believe those twins are past fifteen, and nearly through their junior year? They haven't as much sense put together as Connie has all alone."

"Come and see the veil," said Prudence, rising. But she dropped back on the step again as Carol came rushing forward them at full speed, with Lark and a tall young fellow trailing slowly, laughing, behind her.

"The man things!" she gasped. "They cheated!" She dropped a handful of pennies in her aunt's lap as she lay in the hammock. "We'll take 'em to Sunday school and give 'em to the heathen, that's what we'll do. They cheated!"

"Yes, infant, who cheated, and how, and why? And whence the startling array of pennies? And why this unwelcome affection for the heathen?" mocked Fairy.

"Trying to be a blank verse, Fairy? Keep it up, you haven't far to go!—Then they are! Look at them, Aunt Grace. They cheated. They tried to get all my hard-earned pennies by nefarious methods, and—"

"And so Carol stole them all, and ran! Sit down, Jim. My, it's hot. Give me back my pennies, Carol." "The heathen! The heathen!" insisted Carol. "Not a penny do you get. You see, Aunt Grace, we were

matching pennies—you'd better not mention it to father. We've turned over a new leaf now, and quit for good. But we were matching—and they made a bargain that whenever it was my turn, one of them would throw heads and one tails, and that way I never could win anything. And I didn't catch on till I saw Jim wink, and so I thought it was only right to give the pennies to the heathen."

"How is your mother, Jim?" "Just fine, Miss Prudence, thank you. She said to tell you she would send a basket of red Jugs tomorrow, if you want them. The twins can eat them, I know. Carol ate twenty-two when they were out Saturday."

"Yes, I did, and I'm glad of it," said Carol stoutly. "Such apples you never saw, Prudence. They're about as big as a thumb, and two-thirds core. They're good, they're fine, I'll say that—but there's nothing to them. If I had a ranch as big as yours, Jim, I'll bet you a dollar I'd have apples bigger than a dime!"

"Bet you a dollar," quipped Fairy. "Well, I'll wager my soul, if that sounds more like Shakespeare. Don't go away, Jim; we're not fighting. This is just the way Fairy and I make love to each other. You're perfectly welcome to stay, but be careful of your grammar, for now that Fairy's a senior—will be next year, if she lives—she even tries to teach father the approved method of doing a ministerial sneeze in the pulpit."

"Think I'd better go," decided the tall, good-looking youth, laughing as he looked with frank, boyish admiration into Carol's sparkling face. "With Fairy after my grammar, and you to criticize my manner and my morals, I see right now that a parsonage is no safe place for a farmer's son." And laughing again, he thrust his cap into his pocket and walked quickly out the new cement parsonage walk. But at the gate he paused to call back, "Don't make a mistake, Carol, and use the heathen's pennies for candy."

The girls on the porch laughed, and five pairs of eyes gazed after the tall figure, rapidly disappearing. "He's nice," said Prudence. "Yes," assented Carol. "I've got a notion to marry him after a little. That farm of his is worth about ten thousand."

"Are you going to wait until he asks you?" "Certainly not! Anybody can marry a man after he asks her. The thing to do, if you want to be really original and interesting, is to marry him before he asks you, and surprise him."

"Yes," agreed Lark. "If you wait until he asks you he's likely to think it over once too often and not ask you at all."

"Doesn't that sound exactly like a book, now?" demanded Carol proudly. "Fairy couldn't have said that!"

"No," said Fairy, "I couldn't. Thank goodness!—I have what is commonly known as brains. Look it up in the dictionary, twins. It's something you ought to know about."

"Oh, Prudence," cried Lark dramatically, "I forgot to tell you: You can't get married after all!"

For ten seconds Prudence, as well as Fairy and their aunt, stared in speechless amazement. Then Prudence smiled.

"Oh, can't I? What's the joke now?" "Joke! It's no joke. Carol's sick, that's what's the joke. You can't get married without Carol, can you?"

A burst of gay laughter greeted this announcement. "Carol sick! She acts sick!" "She looks sick!" "Where is she sick?"

Carol leaned limply back against the pillar, trying to compose her bright face into a semblance of illness. "In my tummy," she announced weakly. This called forth more laughter. "It's her conscience," said Fairy.

"It's marching pennies. Maybe she swallowed one."

"It's probably those two pieces of pie she ate for dinner, and the one that vanished from the pantry shortly after," suggested Aunt Grace.

Carol sat up quickly. "Welcome home, Aunt Grace!" she cried. "Did you have a pleasant visit?" "Carol!" reproved Prudence.

"I didn't mean it for impudence, auntie," said Carol, getting up and bending affectionately over the hammock, gently caressing the brown hair just beginning to silver about her forehead. "But it does amuse me so to hear a lady of your age and dignity

indulge in such lavish conversational exercises."

Lark swallowed with a forced effort. "Did it hurt, Carol? How did you get it all out in one breath?"

"Lark, I do wish you wouldn't gulp that way when folks use big words," said Fairy. "It looks awful."

"Well, I won't when I get to be as old and crabbed as—father," said Lark. "Sit down, Carol, and remember you're sick."

Carol obediently sat down, and looked sicker than ever.

"You can laugh if you like," she said. "I am sick—at least, I was this afternoon. I've been feeling very queer for three or four days. I don't think I'm quite over it yet."

"Pie! You were right, Aunt Grace! That's the way pie works."

"It's not pie at all," declared Carol heatedly. "And I didn't take that piece out of the pantry, at least, not exactly. I caught Connie sneaking it, and I gave her a good calling down, and she hung her head and slunk away in disgrace. But she had taken such big bites that it looked sort of unsanitary, so I thought I'd better finish it before it gathered any germs. But it's not pie. Now that I think of it, it was my head where I was sick. Don't you remember, Lark, I said my head ached?"

"Yes, and her eyes got red—and heavy when she was reading. And—add there was something else, too, Carol, what—"

"Your eyes are bloodshot, Carol. They do look bad," Prudence examined them closely. "Now, Carol Starr, don't you touch another book or magazine until after the wedding. If you think I want a bloodshot bridesmaid, you're mistaken."

They all turned to look across the yard at Connie, just turning in. Connie always walked, as Carol said, "as if she mostly wasn't there." But she usually "arrived" by the time she got within speaking distance of her sister. "Goodness, Prue, aren't you going to do anything but eat after you move to Des Moines? Carol and I were counting the napkins last night—was it a hundred and seventy-six, Carol—or some awful number I know. Carol piled them up in two piles and we kneeled on them to say our prayers, and I can't say for sure, but I think Carol pushed me. Anyhow, I lost my balance, and usually I'm pretty well balanced. I toppled over right after 'God save,' and Carol screamed 'the napkins'—Prue's wedding napkins! It was an awful funny effect; I couldn't finish my prayers."

"Carol Starr! Fifteen years old and—"

"That's a very much exaggerated story, Prue. Connie blamed it on me as usual. She piled them up herself

with some concern, despite the fact that Carol's vagaries were so common as usually to elicit small respect.

"Gone!" she cried, striking her palms together. "Gone."

"If you do anything to spoil that wedding, papa'll whip you, if you are fifteen years old," said Fairy.

Lark sprang to her sister's side. "What's gone, Carrie?" she pleaded with tears. "What's gone? Are you out of your head?"

"No! Out of my complexion," was the dramatic answer.

Eyen Lark fell back, for the moment, stunned. "X-your complexion," she faltered.

"Look! Look at me, Lark. Don't you see? My complexion is gone—my beautiful complexion that I loved. Look at me! Oh, I would gladly have sacrificed a leg, or an arm, a—rib or an eye, but not my dear complexion!"

Sure enough, now that they looked carefully, they could indeed perceive that the usual soft-creaminess of Carol's skin was pricked and sparrowed with ugly red blotches. Her eyes were watery, shot with blood. For a time they gazed in silence, then they burst into laughter.

"Pie!" cried Fairy. "It's raspberry pie, coming out, Carol!"

The corners of Carol's lips twitched slightly, and it was with difficulty that she maintained her wounded regal bearing. But Lark, always quick to resent an indignity to this twin of her heart, turned upon them angrily.

"Fairy Starr! You are a wicked, unfeeling thing! You sit there and laugh and talk about pie when Carol is sick and suffering—her lovely complexion all ruined, and it was the joy of my life, that complexion was—Papa—why don't you do something?"

But he only laughed harder than ever. "If there's anything more preposterous than Carol's vanity because of her beauty, it's Lark's vanity for her," he said.

Aunt Grace drew Carol to her side, and examined the ruined complexion closely. Then she smiled, but there was regret in her eyes.

"Well, Carol, you've spoiled your part of the wedding sure enough. You've got the measles."

Then came the silence of utter horror.

"Not the measles," begged Carol, wounded afresh. "Give me diphtheria, or smallpox, or—ever leprosy, and I'll bear it bravely and with a smile, but it shall not be said that Carol's measles spoiled the wedding."

"Oh, Carol," wailed Prudence, "don't have the measles—please don't. I've waited all my life for this wedding—don't spoil it!"

"Well, I always said it was a mistake," said Fairy. "A big wedding—"

"Oh, Fairy, please don't tell me that again. I know it so well. Papa, whatever shall we do? Maybe Jerry hasn't had them either."

"Why, it's easily arranged," said Lark. "We'll just postpone the wedding until Carol's quite well again."

"Bad luck," said Connie.

"Too much work," said Fairy.

"Well, she can't get married without Carol, can she?" ejaculated Lark. "Are you sure it's measles, Aunt Grace?"

"Yes, it's measles."

"Then," said Fairy, "we'll get Alice Bird or Katie Free to bridesmaid with Lark. They are the same size and either will do all right. She can wear Carol's dress. You won't mind that, will you, Carol?"

"No," said Carol moodily, "of course I won't. The only real embroidery dress I ever had in my life—and haven't got that yet! But go ahead and get anybody you like. I'm hoodooed, that's what it is. It's a punishment because you and Jim cheated yesterday, Lark."

"What did you do?" asked Connie. "You seem to be getting the punishment!"

"Shall we have Alice or Katie? Which do you prefer, Lark?"

"You'll have to get them both," was the stolid answer. "I won't bridesmaid without Carol."

"Don't be silly, Lark. You'll have to."

"Then wait for Carol."

"Papa, you must make her."

Carol's "uplifting" work among the erring has an amusing ending—a bishop and a minister make strange acquaintances.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advice for Husbands.

Most words of wisdom that fall from the pens of experts on the subject of love are written for women. Apparently these little sermons are written with the idea that only man's love is worth keeping and that woman's can not possibly last.

We are told that man must never be bored by trifling domesticities, but instead be encouraged to talk about his business, and so on. Why should it be addressed to one sex only?

Why not say to husbands: Remember that women are women and that their great need is for love. Love is their vocation, the thing they do best, their greatest need in life. Why should the wife be expected to listen admiringly to the husband's tale of routing of a commercial rival when he does not show an equal courtesy when she describes her experiences of the day?—San Francisco Chronicle.

Enjoyed the Call.

Nan—"I enjoyed Mr. Borem's last call ever so much." Ann—"I thought that you weren't home?" Nan—"I wasn't."

United States' Wealth.

One-third of the wealth of the whole world is in the United States.

GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD



"LEST WE FORGET"

Nation Does Well to Honor the Memory of the Founder of Its Glorious State of Independence.

If we today lived in a colony, ground down by unjust laws, our passion for national life secretly and tragically burning, if Washington had failed, had died in vain for the cause which in fact he brought to lasting triumph—then for poor sentimental humanity he would shine with a luster greater than now is his, writes Joyce Kilmer in the New York Times. His cause triumphed; the dream became a reality, and therefore lost the charm of the dream. Washington, dying on his bed, in his honored old age, his hopes realized, is a noble figure. But he lacks the dramatic appeal of Washington bidding farewell to his children at the foot of the gallows.

By some strange perversity of human nature the cause we consider romantic and picturesque is always a Lost Cause. The names most deeply loved are those of the fallen leaders whose partisans met with defeat—Robert Bruce and Robert Emmet, William Wallace, Sarsfield and Sobieski, that "fair and fatal king," Charles I, and his persecuted and uncrowned heirs. Children of Union soldiers though we may be, our hearts beat more quickly at the thought of Lee than at the thought of Grant. We rise when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," but we rise and shout when it plays "Dixie."

And it must also be acknowledged that a tragic death endears a statesman to the generations that follow him. If you are a great leader and want to be sure of posterity's affection, see that your cause fails. Then the conquerors will legislate against the honoring of your memory, and that will make your fame secure. But if your cause succeeds, then at least see that your death is sudden and violent. Give the world a drama, a legend.

Washington triumphed. At Yorktown he captured Cornwallis' redcoats and put an end to tyranny on our shores. It is not forbidden to honor his memory; the wearing of the red, white, and blue is attended by no perils. And so we take things for granted; we forget the hideous dangers through which we passed only some hundred and two-score years ago; we take for granted our nationality, our freedom, and the fearless warrior, the enlightened statesman who gave them to us. When we speak of Washington as the Father of His Country we do so

with a laugh, as if the phrase were empty rhetoric, instead of sublime truth. Liege means more to us than Lexington, and remembering Edith Cavell, we give no thought to Jane McCrea.

We may well thank God that the war of American Independence has not the glamor of battles fought in vain, that our freedom is no lost cause, that Washington's halo is not that of a martyr whose life and death were unavailing. To those who look at the world's events in true historical perspective, without sentimentality and with love of justice and freedom in their breasts, the American Revolution fills the most encouraging page in the chronicle of the centuries. But for most of us it is only in times of stress like the present that we can come to an actual sense of our exceptional privileges to a realization of the radiant truth of the stories we read in our history-book in school. This year the Declaration of Independence takes on a clearer significance; we know, as we did not in bygone years, what it means to be free and independent states, absolved forever from all allegiance to foreign powers. And so this year Washington's birthday is no routine holiday, but a day of solemn yet joyful commemoration, a day on which we honor with full hearts him who made us a nation, the warrior whose sword cut the bonds of our thralldom, the statesman who bade us, avoiding entangling alliances, go our free way, an independent republic, no nation's sycophant, no nation's tool. "With malice toward none," said Washington's greatest successor, "with charity for all." It was a summing up of Washington's own political creed: No lost cause, however glorious with the blood of martyrs, seems today so noble as the still triumphant cause of American independence. No modern hero, fighting overseas, is today so dear to us as our founder and preserver. And to his examples and his counsels we cannot look for guidance and look in vain.

British Tribute to Washington.

George Washington, first president of the United States. A true Englishman of the Pym and Hampden breed, he taught tyranny—in the person of George III—a lesson which is still remembered, and which has had much to do with the free development of the British empire.—London Graphic.

Philosophy of Law.

There never was a law yet made, I conceive, that hit the taste exactly of every man, or every part of the community; of course, if this be a reason for opposition, no law can be executed at all without force.—George Washington.

INSPECTING OUTPOSTS AT VALLEY FORGE



The RANCH at the WOLVERINE

B.M. BOWER

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Sorry I can't stay to see you off," he told Buck maliciously. "I've decided to let you go alone and take your own time about starting. As long as that cayuse stands where he is, you're safe as a church. And you've got the reins. You can tick off any time you feel like it. Sabe?" He studied Buck's horror-marked face pitilessly.

"You've got about one chance in a million that you can make that phinto stand there till some one comes along," he pointed out impartially. "I'm willing to give you that chance, such as it is. And if you're lucky enough to win out on it—well, I'd advise you to do some going. South America is about as close as you'll be safe. Folks around here are going to know all about you, old timer, whether they get to read what's on your back or not."

"And, on the other hand, it's a million to one shot you'll land where your ticket reads. I'd hate to gamble on that horse standing in one spot for two or three days, wouldn't you?" He wheeled Rattler unobtrusively; his eye on the phinto. "I hope he don't try to follow," he said. "I want you to have a little time to think about the things I said to you. Well, so long!"

Ward rode back the way he had come, glancing frequently over his shoulder at Buck, slumped in the saddle with a paper pinned to his back like a fire warning on a tree and his own grass rope noosed about his neck and connecting him with the cottonwood limb six feet above his hat crown.

Ward had not ridden a hundred yards before he heard Buck Olney scream hysterically for help. He grinned scornfully, with his eyebrows pinched together and that hard, strained look in his eyes still. "Let him holler awhile," he grunted. "Do him good, hang him!"

Until distance and the intervening hills set a wall of silence between Ward and Buck screaming in fear of



Ward Rode Back the Way He Had Come.

death, screaming until he was so hoarse he could only whisper, screaming because he had not seen Ward take his knife and slice the rope upon the limb so that it would not have held the weight of a rabbit.

CHAPTER XI.

Fortune, Kicks Again.

IT was past noon when Ward rode down the steep slope to the creek bank just above his cabin. He was, sunk deep in that mental depression which so often follows close upon the heels of a great outburst of passion. Mechanically he twitched the reins and sent Rattler down the last shelf of bank—and he did not look up to see just where he was. Rattler was a well trained horse, since he was Ward's. He obeyed the rein signal and stepped off a two foot bank into a nest of loose piled rocks that slid treacherously under his feet. Sure footed, though he was, he stumbled and fell, and it was sheer instinct that took Ward's feet from the stirrups in time.

Ward sprawled among the rocks, dazed. The shock of the fall took him out of his fit of abstraction and he pulled away from Rattler as the horse scrambled up and stood shaking before him. He tried to scramble up also.

Ward sat and stared stupidly at his left leg where, midway between his knee and his foot, it turned out at an unnatural angle. He turned resentfully that he had had enough trouble for once without having a broken leg on top of it all.

"Now this is one deuce of a fix!" he stated dispassionately, when pain had in a measure cooled his first anger. He looked around him like a man who is taking stock of his resources. He was

not far from the cabin. He could get there by crawling. But what then?

Ward looked at Rattler, standing docilely within reach of his hand. He considered getting on—if he could, and riding—well, the nearest place was fifteen miles. And that was a good, long way from a doctor. He glanced again at the cabin and tried to study the situation impersonally. If it were some other fellow, now, what would Ward advise him to do under the circumstances?

He reached down and felt his leg gingerly. So far as he could tell it was a straight, simple break—snapped short off against a rock, he judged. He shook his head over the thought of riding fifteen miles with those broken bones grinding their edges together. And still, what else could he do?

He reached out, took the reins, and led Rattler a step nearer so that he could grasp the stirrup. With his voice he held the horse quiet while he pulled himself upright upon his good leg. Then, with pain hurried, jerky movements he pulled off the saddle, glanced around him and flung it behind a bush. He slipped off the horse, flung that after the saddle and gave Rattler a slap on the rump. The horse moved away and Ward stared after him with set lips. "Anyway, you can look after yourself," he said, and balanced upon his right leg while he swung around and faced the cabin. It was not far to a man with two sound legs. A hundred yards, perhaps.

Ward crawled there on his hands and one knee, dragging the broken leg after him. It was not a nice experience, but it served one good purpose—it wiped from his mind all thought of that black past wherein Buck had figured so shamefully. He had enough to think of with his present plight, without worrying over the past.

In half an hour or so Ward rested his arms upon his own doorstep and dropped his perspiring face upon them. He lay there a long while in a dead faint.

After awhile he moved, lifted his head and looked about him dully at first and then with a certain stoical acceptance of his plight. He looked into the immediate future and tried to forecast its demands upon his strength and to prepare for them. He crawled farther up on the step, reached the latch and opened the door. He crawled in, pulled himself up by the foot of his bunk and sat down weakly with his head in his hands. Like a hurt animal, he had obeyed his instinct and had crawled home.

His eyes went slowly around the cabin, measuring his resources and his needs and limitations. He pulled his one chair toward him—the chair which Buck Olney had occupied so unwillingly—and placed his left knee upon it. He managed to reach the cupboard where he kept his dishes, and took down a bottle of liniment and a box of carbolic vaseline which he happened to have. He was near the two big zinc water pails which he had filled that morning just to show Buck Olney how cool he was over his capture, and he bethought him that water was going to be precious in the next few weeks.

He lifted down one pail and swung it forward as far as he could and set it on the floor ahead of him. Then he swung the other pail beside it. Painfully he hitched his chair alongside, lifted the pails and set them forward again. He did that twice and got them beside his bunk. He went back and inspected the teakettle, found it half full and carried that also beside the bunk. Then he rested awhile.

Bandages! Well, there was a new flour sack hanging on a nail. He stood up, leaned and got it, and while he was standing he reached for the cigar box, where he kept his bachelor sewing outfit—two spools of very coarse thread, some large eyed needles to carry it, an assortment of buttons and a pair of scissors. He cut the flour sack into strips and sewed the strips together; his stitches were neater than you might think.

When the bandage was long enough he rolled it as he had seen doctors do, and fished some pins out of the cigar box and laid them where he could get his fingers on them quickly. He stood up again, reached across to a box of canned milk and pried off the lid. "I'm liable to need you, too," he muttered to the rows of cans, and pulled the box close. He took Buck Olney's knife and whittled some very creditable splints from the thin boards and rummaged in his "warbag" under the bunk for handkerchiefs with which to wrap the splints.

When he had done all that he could do to prepare for the long siege of pain and helplessness ahead of him he moved along the bunk until he was sitting near the head of it with his broken leg extended before him and took a last look to make sure that everything was ready. He felt his gun at his hip, removed belt and all and threw it back upon the bed. Then he turned his head and stared, frowning, at the black butt where it protruded from the bolster suggestively ready to his hand. He

reached out and took the gun, turned it over and hesitated. No telling what insane impulse fever might bring upon him—and still—no telling what Buck Olney might do when he discovered that he was not in any immediate danger of hanging.

Then he removed his boots by the simple method of sitting the legs with Buck's knife, bared his broken leg in the same manner, braced himself mentally and physically, gritted his teeth and went doggedly to work.

A man never knows just how much he can endure or what he can do until he is making his last stand in the fight for self preservation. Ward had no mind to lie there and die of blood poisoning, for instance, and broken bones do not set themselves. So, sweating and swearing with the agony of it, he set his leg and bound the splints in place and thanked the Lord it was a straight, clean break and that the flesh was not torn.

Then he dropped back upon the bed and didn't care whether he lived or not.

Followed days of fever, through which Ward lived crazily and lost count of the hours as they passed. Day when he needed good nursing and did not get



He Felt His Gun at His Hip.

so much as a drink of water except through pain and effort. Hours when he cursed Buck Olney and thought he had him bound to the chair in the cabin. Hours when he watched for him, gun in hand, through the window beside the bunk.

He had made a final trip to Hardup two weeks before and had brought back supplies for the winter. And because his pay streak of gravel bank had yielded a fair harvest he had not stinted himself on the things he liked to eat. He lay looking over the piled boxes against the farther wall and wondered if he could reach the box of crackers and drag it up beside the bunk. He was weak, and to move his leg was agony. Well, there was a dish of prunes on the window sill.

Ward ate a dozen or so, but he wanted the crackers. He leaned as far as he could from the bed, and the box was still two feet from his outstretched fingers. He lay and considered how he might bring the box within reach.

At the head of the bunk stood, the case of peaches and beneath that the case of canned tomatoes, the two forming a stand for his lantern. He eyed them thoughtfully, chewing a corner of his underlip. He did not want peaches or tomatoes just then—he wanted those soda crackers.

He took Buck Olney's knife—he was finding it a most useful souvenir of the encounter—and pried off a board from the peach box. Two nails stuck out through each end of the board. He leaned again from the bed, reached out with the board and caught the nails in a crack on the upper edge of the cracker box. He dragged the box toward him until it caught against a ridge in the rough board floor, when the nails bent outward and slipped away from the crack. Ward lay back, exhausted with the effort he had made and tormented with the pain in his leg.

After awhile he took the piece of board and managed to slide it under the box, lifting a corner of it over the ridge. That was hard work, harder than you would believe unless you tried it yourself after lying three days fasting with a broken leg and a fever. He had to rest again before he took the other end of the board that had the good nails and pulled the box up beside the bunk.

In a few minutes he made another effort and pried part of the cover off the cracker box with the knife. Then he pulled out half a dozen crackers and ate them, drank half a dipper of water and felt better.

He had held himself aloof from the men of the country. He knew the Seabeck riders by sight; he had talked a little with Floyd Carson two or three times and had met Seabeck himself. He knew Charlie Fox in a purely casual way, as has been related; and Peter Howling Dog the same.

None of these men were likely to ride out of their way to see him. And now that his mind worked rationally he had no fear of Buck Olney's vengeful return. Buck Olney, he guessed shrewdly, was extremely busy just now putting as many miles as possible between himself and that part of Idaho. Unless Billy Louise would come or send for him he would in all probability be alone there until he was able to walk. Ward did not try to comfort himself with any delusions of hope.

As the days passed he settled himself grimly to the business of getting through the ordeal as comfortably as possible. He had food within his reach and a scant supply of water. He worked out

the question of diet and of using his resources to the best advantage. He had nothing else to do and his alert mind seized upon the situation and brought it down to a fine system.

For instance, he did not open a can of fruit until the prunes were gone. Then he emptied a can of tomatoes into the bowl as a safeguard against ptomaine poisoning from the tin, and set the empty can on the floor. During the warm part of each day he slid open the window by his bunk and lay with the fresh air fanning his face and lifting the hair from his aching temples.

He tried to eat regularly and to make the fruit juice save his water supply. Sometimes he chewed jerked venison from the bag over his head, but not very often; the salt in the meat made him drink too much. On the whole, his diet was healthful and in a measure satisfying. He did not suffer from the want of any real necessity, at any rate.

He had his few books within reach. He read a good deal to keep from thinking too much, and he tried to meet the days with philosophic calm. He might easily be a great deal worse off than he was, he frequently reminded himself.

But he was lonesome—so lonesome that there were times when life looked absolutely worthless; when the blue devil made him their plaything and he saw Billy Louise looking scornfully upon him and loving some other man better, when he saw his name blackened by the suspicion that he was a rascal—preying upon his neighbors' cattle, when he saw Buck Olney laughing in derision of his mercy and fixing fresh evidence against him to confound him utterly.

He had all those moods, and they left their own lines upon his face. But he had one thing to hearten him, and that was the steady progress of his broken leg toward recovery. A long, tedious process it was of necessity, but as nearly as he could judge the bone was knitting together and would be straight and strong again if he did not try to hurry it too much. He tried to keep count of the weeks as they passed. When the days slid behind him until he feared he could not remember he cut a little notch on the window sill each morning with Buck's knife, with every seventh day a longer and deeper notch than the others to mark the weeks. The first three days had been so hazy that he thought them only two and marked them so, but that put him only one day out of his reckoning.

He lay there and saw snow slither past his window, driven by a whooping wind. It worried him to know that his calves were unsheltered and unfed while his long stack of hay stood untouched—unless the cattle broke down his fence and reached it. He hoped they would, but he was a thorough workman, and in his heart he knew that fence would stand.

He saw cold rains and sleet. Then there were days when he shivered under his blankets and would have given much for a cup of hot coffee; days when the water froze in the pails beside the bed—what little water was left—and he chipped off pieces of ice and sucked them to quench his thirst. Days when the tomatoes and peaches were frozen in the cans so that he chewed jerked venison and ate crackers rather than chill his stomach with the icy stuff.

Day by day the little notches and the longer ones reached farther and farther along the window sill until Ward began to foresee the time when he must start a new row. Day by day his cheek bones grew more clearly defined, his eyes bigger and more watchful. Day by day his knuckles stood up sharper when he closed his hands, and day by day nature worked upon his hurt, knitting the bones together.

CHAPTER—XII.

The Brave Buckaroo.

Brave Buckaroo—Boise, Ida., Dec. 23.

I wonder if you ever in your whole life got a Christmas present? I've been cultivating the Louise of me, and here are the first fruits of my endeavor—I guess that's the way they say it. I've spent so much time sitting by my window when she's asleep and I get tired of reading all the time, so I wrote in this ward-mom's a room to herself, of course, but not a special nurse, because I can do a lot of the little things. Well, the nurse taught me how to hemstitch. So I got some silk and made some nice soft-neckchiefs—one for you and one for me.

This one I made last. I didn't want your eagle eyes seeing all the bobbly stitches on the first one. I hope you like it, Ward. Every stitch stands for a thought of the hale and hearty Louise. I've brought Minerva back to life, and I try to play my old pretends sometimes. But they always break up into pieces. I'm not a kid now, you see. And life is a lot different when you get on into it, isn't it?

Momma doesn't seem to get much better. I'm worried about her. She seems to have let go, somehow. She never talks about the ranch much or even worries about whether Phoebe is keeping the windows washed. She talks about when she was a little girl and about when she and daddy were first married. It gets on my nerves to see how she has slipped out of everyday life. The nurse says that's common, though, in sickness. She says I could go home and look after things for a week or so just as well as not. She says momma would be all right. But I hate to leave her.

I'm awfully homesick for a good old ride on Blue. I miss him terribly. Have you seen anything of the cove folks lately? Seems like I'm clear out of the world. I hate town, anyway, and a hospital is the limit for disharmony. Even the Louise of me is getting ready to do something awful if I have to stay much longer. Momma sleeps most of the time. I believe they dope her with something. She doesn't have that awful pain so bad. So I don't have anything to do but sit and read and sew and wait for her to wake up and want something.

And this is Christmas, almost. I wonder what you'll be doing. Say, Ward, if you want to be a perfect jewel of a man send me some of that jerky you've got hanging at the head of your bunk. I swiped some that last time I was there. It would taste mighty good to me now, after all this hospital truck.

Well, a merry Christmas, Pal-o'-mine, and here's hoping you and momma and I will eat turkey together and the Wolverine who next Christmas comes, Nummy-num! Wouldn't that taste good, though?

Now remember and write a whole tablet full to

BILLY LOUISE

Phoebe put that letter on the mantel over the fireplace the day after Christmas.

Billy Louise refrained from expecting any reply until after New Year's; then she began to look for a letter, and when the days passed and brought her no word her moods changed oftener than the weather.

Ward's literary efforts along about that time consisted of cutting notches in the window sill beside his bunk.

On the day when the stage driver gave Billy Louise's letter to Phoebe Ward cut a deeper, wider notch, thinking that day was Christmas. Under the notch he scratched a word with the point of his knife. It had four letters, and it told eloquently of the state of mind he was in.

The letter gathered dust upon the mantel down at the Wolverine. When the postmark was more than two weeks old another letter came, and Phoebe laid it on the first one with fingers that trembled a little. Phoebe had a letter of her own that day. Both were thin, and the addresses were more scrawly than usual. Phoebe's Indian instinct warned her that something was amiss.

This was Ward's letter:

Oh, God, Ward, momma's dead. She died last night. I thought she was asleep till the nurse came in at 5 o'clock. I'm all alone and I don't know what to do. I wish you could come, but if you don't get this right away, I'll see you at the ranch. I'm coming home as soon as I can. Oh, Ward, I hate life and everything.

BILLY LOUISE.

Please Ward, stay at the ranch till I come. I want to see you. I feel as if you're the only friend I've got left, now momma's gone. She looked so peaceful when they took her away—and so strange. I didn't belong to her any more. I felt as if I didn't know her at all—and there's such an awful gap in my life—maybe you'll understand. You always do.

The day that letter was written Ward drew a plan of the house he meant to build some day, with a wide porch on the front, where a hammock would swing comfortably.

He had no presentiment of Billy's need of him, which was just as well, since he was absolutely powerless to help her.

Billy Louise, having arrived unexpectedly on the stage, pulled off her fur lined mittens and put her chilled hands before the snapping blaze in the fireplace. Her eyes were tired and sunken, and her mouth drooped pitifully at the corners, but aside from that she did not seem much changed from the girl who had left the ranch two months and more before.

"I'll take a cup of tea, Phoebe, but I'm not a bit hungry," she said. "I ate just before I left town. How have you been, Phoebe?"

"We've been fine. We been so sorry for you."

"Never mind that now, Phoebe. I'd rather not talk about it. Has anybody been here lately?"

"Charlie Fox, he come las' week—maybe week before las'. Marthy, she got rheumatism in her knee. Charlie, he say she been pretty bad one night. I guess she's better now. I tol' I wash for her if he brings me clo'es, but he says he wash them clo'es himself. I guess Charlie pretty good to that old lady. He's awful polite, that feller is."

"Yes, he is. I'll go up and see her when I get rested a little. I feel tired to death somehow. Has Ward been around lately?"

"Ward, he ain't been here for long time. I guess maybe it's been six weeks I ain't seen him. Las' time he was here, he wrote that letter. He ain't come no more."

Billy Louise in the last few months had tried to picture herself alone with momma gone. Her imagination was

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Mean Query.

He (pompously)—I have many solemn thoughts to be read in my mind. She (sarcastically)—Bound in calf

About 70,000 church bells in Germany have been melted for munitions of war.

Mirrors in History.

During the middle ages, from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, pocket mirrors or small hand mirrors carried at the girdle were considered a necessary part of a lady's toilet. The method of backing glass with metal for mirrors was well known in the middle-ages, though steel and silver mirrors were almost exclusively used. It was in Venice that the making of glass mirrors on a commercial scale was first developed.

Old Roman Windows.

The houses of rich people in ancient Rome, in the days of the Caesars, had window panes of glass set in frames of bronze. They were uneven and full of defects, so that the view of things outside, from inside, must have been rather unsatisfactory. But at that time they were doubtless regarded as the height of luxury. Such panes were not blown, but cast on stone. When used for public buildings they were set in pierced slabs of marble.

Wonderful Natural Mechanism.

The value of a whale's blowhole is a more perfect structure than it is possible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into its lungs.

What She Wanted.

Mary had gone to one of her friend's birthday parties. At the party, chocolate and coconut cakes were served. The lady that served the cake asked Mary what kind of cake she wanted. "The cake with the noodles on it," was her prompt reply.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

A Woman's Right

is to enjoy good health. The secret of good health is chiefly to maintain normal activity of the stomach, bowels, liver, skin and kidneys.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are of particular value to women, as they act gently, safely and effectively. Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

True to Tradition.

An English, Irish and Scottish soldier were returning to camp after a stroll. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink!"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is again the law. Let's give him some bacca."

"Hoof, ma laddies!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be extravagant. Let's shake hands with the man and wish him good night."—Tit-Bits.

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

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

Easy.

Brown (who is engaging a parlor maid during his wife's absence)—And why did you leave your last place?

Comely Applicant—Well, it—it was for leaving master kiss me, sir.

Brown—Ahem! You—h—m—may consider yourself engaged.

Why Baid So Young?

Dandruff and dry scalp usually cause the cause and Cuticura the remedy. Rub the Ointment into scalp. Follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Nature is generous, but she never forgets to avenge her wrongs.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging. No Smarting. No Pain. As Druggists or mail. Write for Free Trial Box. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

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 regular or special election receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said village not already registered who may apply to me personally 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 2nd day of March, A. D. 1918.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at Murdoch's Drug Store, on FERRY 19 and FERRY 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 for 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, 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 open at 7 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until 5 o'clock in the afternoon unless the board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at 12 o'clock noon, for one hour.

Dated Northville Mich., February 12, 1918

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk

RECORD LINES PAY-TRY ONE.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND

Leading Laxative

Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills are sold in 64¢ and 84¢ packages. Each box contains 12 pills. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Auction Sale

FRANK J. BOYLE, AUCTIONEER.

Having decided to quit farming, the undersigned will sell at public auction on the premises seven miles west of Plymouth on the Sutton road and 2 1/2 miles south and 3/4 mile west of Salem, known as the Will Weed farm, on—

FRIDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1918

at 12:30 o'clock sharp

14 Head of Cattle.

Holstein Cow, coming 4 yrs, due Mar. 20.

Holstein Cow, coming 4 yrs, due Mar. 20.

Holstein Cow, coming 4rs, due Apr. 1.

Holstein Cow, coming 4rs, due Apr. 20.

Holstein Cow, coming 4 yrs, due Aug. 1st.

Holstein Cow, coming 4 yrs, due Sept. 3rd.

Holstein Heifer, 2 yrs, due in March.

Holstein Bull, coming 2 years.

Holstein Heifer, 1 yr old.

2 Holstein Bull Calves, 10 Months.

3 Bull Calves, 10 Months old.

HORSES.

1 Bay Mare, coming 6 yrs, 1,300 lbs.

1 Sorrel Gelding, 14 yrs., 1,300 lbs.

When They Meet on the Fields of France.

"Here's to the Blue of the Wind Swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of Grant be over them all
When the Sons of the North advance.
Here's to the Gray of the Sun Kissed South;
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of Lee be over them all
When the Sons of the South advance.
Here's to the Blue and the Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be over them all,
When the Sons of the Flag advance."

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mr. and Mrs. George Groth were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. A.B. Meyers spent the week-end at Pontiac and Birmingham.

Grant Garfield and wife of Detroit spent Monday with Northville relatives.

Mrs. Ida Jackson has returned from a week's visit at the home of her son in Detroit.

Mrs. William G. Lapham has returned from a visit with friends at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. T. H. Turner is spending the week in Detroit with her son Harold and his wife.

Jared Lapham is at his home here for a vacation from his professional work at the U. of V.

Miss Mabel Avery, who has been assisting Mrs. Ray Richardson, has returned to her home near Plymouth.

Mrs. Flora Carl of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Garfield, Wednesday and Thursday.

N. C. Schrader attended the convention of the State Association of Furniture Dealers in Detroit Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Richardson entertained the Misses Helen and Norma Bullis of Ann Arbor and Miss Weiler and Mrs. Charles Schoutz of this place for the week-end.

Miss Slavin, Miss Ackerman and Messrs. Sexton, Leader, Lay and Lewis of Detroit were Sunday visitors at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Lewis and her daughter, Marvel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schaufele and the latter's mother, Mrs. Nettie James, left Northville Tuesday for Douglas, North Dakota, enroute to San Francisco, California, where they will make their home.

A K Dolph returned last week from a three weeks' stay at Nashville, Tennessee. He reports the weather there as much different from this winter's Michigan brand. When the temperature was at zero here it was 45 degrees above down there.

WAYNE COUNTY FARM BUREAU.

A list is desired of all those having seed corn for sale so that a leaflet can be printed giving the name of grower, variety, amount for sale price and percentage of strong germination so that those that have not been supplied can be. Anyone having seed oats or barley for sale stating amount, price and variety also be placed on this list. All seed must be free of weed seed and be sure of germinating well. Planting seed will not grow and which has not been tested is just as much criminal negligence as to send ammunition to the war which will not shoot.

RECORD LINES PAY-TRY ONE.

SEVERAL SOLDIERS SUPPLY LETTERS

The Record is again enabled to give its readers some interesting letters from our army boys in various places, many of whom receive the home paper through the thoughtfulness of their home friends who realize what it means to the boys to read the news thus transmitted.

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

January 27th, 1918.

"Dear Mrs. Yerkes: I wish to thank you and the Red Cross for the pair of wristlets sent me thru mother. They are the best pair I have seen. The double-ended arrangement is very clever and useful. They came the afternoon I went on guard for 24 hours, so they went to work right away. On guard you do 2 hours on and then 4 hours off, so really you don't get 24 hours actual duty, but in making relief and eating, one really does not get so very much rest out of the four hours. On my last two shifts it was snowing and the wind blew so hot that the snow seemed to find every crevice in your clothes to sneak in.

"The boys all appreciate the work the Red Cross is doing, and will more as time goes on. So far, I have had issued by the government but furnished by the Red Cross—sweater, muffler, skull-cap and wristlets. When you think that each one of the 320 in my company received the same, and how many other companies have been treated similarly, you get some idea of the amount of work, and that is only a part too.

"We expect to go south as soon as we are out of quarantine, and then over the big pond, after a short military training in the south. Our mechanical training on the flying machines will be given in France. I am in the Aviation section of the Signal Corps. I do not expect to fly, but to do the repair work on the machines. It takes 354 men to make one company with 3 planes, and that keeps one man in the air all the time. In this company there are only 24 privates, all the rest have officers' ratings, none com., on account of the character of the work. Some are mechanics, warehouse men, photographers and developers, truck drivers, cooks, etc., as each command is a separate unit and of course we need all sorts of supplies.

"Well, I must close, as it is nearly time for 'retreat,' a sort of ceremony almost religious that we go through when the flag is lowered at sundown. Thanking the Red Cross and yourself for your interest in me,

Very sincerely yours,

-ASA B. KYSOR

The following extracts are from a letter received by Thomas Ware:

On Active Service

With the A. E. F. 12-29.

"Dear Tom - Well I will let you know I am not dead - This is some place over here. We have some good times and lots of work combined, but we have got to expect that, as it is what we came for.

"How is everything around town? How many were drafted, and have they gone yet? If you can give me some of their addresses, it may be so I can see them or write to them, for a little speck of news brings a lot of cheer over here, more so than if we were in the States. You talk about stonework. Everything is built of stone here. The houses and barn, chicken coop, rabbit pen, pig pen, all under one roof.

I tell you the same as I tell all, about the tobacco. It is very big over here and if you have any old camels that are moulding, they will hit the spot in France.

Hoping to hear from you all soon.

I am always your friend,

Sergeant JOHN BARBER,

16th Engineers, Ry., A. E. F.

In France. Via New York.

Somewhere in France.

January 27th, 1918.

Editor Record,

Dear Sir: "I received a box of candy from the Northville Municipal Christmas tree and I wish to thank the people for it. If you will kindly do so through your paper, you will oblige me very much.

Yours truly,

Private BARNEY ROCHE,

Co. B, 15th Eng. (Ry.) A. E. F.

Via New York.

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

February 3, 1918.

To the Northville Red Cross—

Just received the comfort kit sent me through my sister, Irene, for which I thank your society very much. The men in army camps appreciate a Red Cross kit more than any other thing. Nearly all buttons on uniforms come off in a short time besides the numerous tears, alterations etc. We are required to keep our equipment in perfect order, so you can readily see how the Red Cross kits have so great a popularity with the men. Every article is just what each man needs and highly prized by all who are lucky enough to get them.

One can hardly realize the good that

Buy Your Clothes for Next Season Now!

You can protect yourself now by selecting, from our stock of woollens, your next winter's clothing. Present prices are low—probably the lowest for many years to come—and our reputation is your guarantee of the quality.

Here at Mabley's you will find a complete stock of the finest all wool serges, chevots, etc., as we have ever had because we foresaw, in part, this situation.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT Grand River and Griswold.

Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. do until he gets in the army and sees for himself. Again—thank you for your kindness.

Yours respectfully,

ROSS M. DIXON.

LESLIE MCADAMS.



Specializes in farms exclusively, twenty-three years experience. Address: 1250 West Euclid Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Phone, Garfield, 1417

Large list of Detroit purchasers also exchanges and spot cash buyers.

First-class income paying exchanges.

No inflated values.

Ask your neighbor who knows him.

He advertises in nearly seven hundred farm and city papers.

Farms near city in demand.

No charge unless exchange or sale is made.

Mortgages or other encumbrances do not matter.

Let McAdams Advise You

Write him particulars of best way to reach you.

Beauty is not loveliness

Women May Possess Both Qualifications, but a Combination is Rarely to Be Found.

Beauty, at least as distinct from loveliness, is a big word, writes Margaret Steele Anderson in Louisville Post. It has a certain splendor, it has a certain amplitude. You use it for the great things of the world; for the Parthenon and the lost city of Nineveh, for the epic of Homer and Milton, as for Troy and the first best of Lucifer; for the music of Bach and Beethoven; for the face of Helen and the body of Brunhilda or of Siegfried.

But "loveliness" is a very different word—a smaller word and slighter, a word more delicate, more tender. It applies to the more human things. Helen is not lovely, she is beautiful—but with rare exceptions, the women of Shakespeare have a certain appealing loveliness. Juliet is lovely, for all her strength and courage; the loveliness of Rosalind is poignant and that of Beatrice also; Miranda's is a wild and timid loveliness, that of Desdemona is most tender, that of Ophelia most tragical and touching. Portia, too, is lovely and Olivia—though these two, we admit, do barely escape being beauties; Viola, like Celia, has a sort of dainty loveliness, while Cordelia, Lear's daughter Cordelia, is as lovely as Juliet herself.

White-Breasted Nuthatch.

The familiar winter bird, the white-breasted nuthatch, is the champion "steepjack" of the world, says an exchange. It can travel headfirst down any tree trunk in the forest and can perform other dizzy gymnastic feats with astounding ease. The nuthatch makes nothing of thrillers.

The winter hawks occasionally try to catch asleep this weasel of a bird. The nuthatch, however, can scuffle around a tree trunk, thrice outpacing the squirrel at the same trick. The bird braves the bitter cold, and if it knew how it probably would hearten in the winter days with something more cheerful than "Quack, quack."

It does not know how, however, and so we must take it for its beauty and its society and let the rest go.

Sea-Lion Performers.

Any boy who has gone to a circus knows what remarkable "stunts" sea-lions can perform—human beings can't do some of them. There is, of course, the trick of balancing a big ball on their snouts and tossing it from one to another in that way. The sea-lion orchestra is not particularly musical, but the animals can create an awful din by means of horns, drums and bells. The more clever of them can walk up a ladder and down, with a baton on their snout; while others roll over or dive when there is a tank. Each trainer tries new tricks with his lions, making sure at first that he can do all the most common ones.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the eighteenth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of HARRIET M. TOLFOED, deceased.

Instruments last writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered that the twentieth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard time, at said Court Room be appointed for proving said instruments.

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

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Register.

31-32

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of power granted me by the Probate Court for Wayne county, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the Main street entrance to the Lapham State Savings Bank, Northville, Mich., on Saturday, the 23rd day of March, 1918, at 1:00 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

South half of the northwest quarter of section 10, township of Northville, Wayne county, excepting a piece of land in the northeast corner of aforesaid land described as follows: - 11 rods and 10 links east and west and 18 rods north and south. Terms of sale - Cash deposit of \$1,000 required; balance on delivery of deed.

GEORGE GIBSON, Administrator.

Dated, Northville, Mich., Feb'y 14, 1918.

30-35.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney, Northville.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Harry A. Jones and Margaret M. Jones, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole, his wife, of Northville, Michigan, dated November 9th, 1916, and recorded on the 28th day of November, 1916, in Liber 441 on page 428 of Mortgages in the office of the Register in and for Wayne County, Michigan; and which said mortgage was, on the 28th day of November, 1916, duly assigned by said Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole to the Lapham State Savings Bank, a corporation organized under the general banking laws of the State of Michigan, of Northville, Michigan, and which said assignment was recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on January 15th, 1917, in Liber 67 of Assignments of Mortgages on page 87; and whereas, the said mortgagors have been in default in the payment of principal and interest on said mortgage upwards of thirty days last past, said assignee of mortgage does hereby elect to declare the whole principal sum and interest secured by said mortgage due and payable at once. There is now claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of eleven thousand, five hundred and eighty-six dollars and ninety-eight cents, (\$11,586.98), and whereas, no proceedings have been taken in law or equity to foreclose said mortgage, Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises: That on the 8th day of April, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon (eastern standard time) at the southerly, or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County building (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage will be sold to satisfy said indebtedness and interest and the costs and expenses of sale, attorney fees as allowed by law, and also any sum or sums that shall be paid on or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect its interest in said premises, the said premises being situated in the township of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, and described as: The east half of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section nine (9), except ten acres off the northeast corner thereof sold to John D. Harmon.

Dated, January 2, 1918.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK, Assignee of Mortgage.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage.

Northville, Michigan. 24-36.

Sale Bills PRINTED

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

We are fixed for turning out work of this kind in double-quick time.

TERMS: - All sums of \$10 and under, cash; Over \$10, 6 months' credit will be given on approved bankable notes, interest at 6%.

J. A. LENNOX, D. W. PACKARD

ERNEST WHITE, Clerk.

PROPRIETORS.