

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 41.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY, 8, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

MANY MORE NAMES FOR BOND SALE

PEOPLE HAVE MADE A LOYAL RESPONSE; BUT FEW SLACKERS.

NORTHVILLE GETS U. S. FLAG OF HONOR FOR OVERSUBSCRIBING.

The people of Northville and vicinity have made a loyal response to the country's call for buyers of U. S. bonds. For its over-subscription, the U. S. treasury department has forwarded Northville an honor flag.

But few slackers have been found and they will yet be called to account, for a man who can well afford to loan the government money and fails to do so, cannot be classed as a loyal American citizen.

The names of all subscribers to date as reported to the Record follows:

Northville State Savings Bank.
Lapham State Savings Bank.
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Louie A. Babbitt.
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Detroit Edison Company.
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John Wilson.
Northville Condensing Co.
Irvin Stevens.
R. Christensen.
A. B. Ransom.
Adeline Simonds.
Geo. Mosher.
J. H. Ford.
Ella Van Tassell.
Amelia Ford.
Carl Yerkes.
George H. Bassett.
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Stark Brothers.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sittlington.
W. E. Fry.
Arthur Scotten.
Alex Christensen.
C. E. Miller.
Harry Bogart.
Chauncey S. Mead.
Fred Foreman.
W. E. Erwin.
W. W. Thayer.
B. G. Filkins.
Will Sallow.
Mrs. Rose Carrington.
William Meisner.
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Floyd Cole.
Howard Benton.
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Hazel Nevison.
George A. Sutton.
Irene Thompson.
Claude Van Valkenburg.
Roy Wateman.
John Asplin.
Lydia Asplin.
George H. Baker.
Daniel Dake.
Wayne Cailson.

Arthur Durfee.
William Tait.
Arthur Simmons.
Alex Lyke.
Dewey Lyke.
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Louise Erwin.
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Gus Barnhart.
Fred Barnhart.
Henry Barnhart.
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B. A. Baughman.
F. M. Simmons.
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Floyd Perkins.
W. L. Wilson.
J. W. Oldenburg.
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Mrs. Zella Erwin.
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Harold S. Tousey.
John Litsenberger.
W. H. Tousey.
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Ella Dicks.
Adella McCrea.
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V. M. Spencer.
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Nellie Lang.
Ida Hughes.
Charles A. Slack.
Edna Mathews.
Mrs. William Bunn.
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William F. Witt.
Frank Morse.
Carl Hall.
A. T. Holcomb.
E. C. Holmes.
Bert E. Stanbro.
E. C. Dickinson.
Louie Miller.
M. N. Johnson.
Ella A. Van Tassell.
Avery Garfield.
E. A. Young.
James Boyle.
Dilla Stoffer.
Clifford Stillwell.
Orren Kohler.
Edw. N. Kohler.
Frank N. Perrin.
Fredericka Schoultz.
David Dake.
John Scipio.
Philip Anderson.
Ida Barley.
Grace Barber.
Mrs. Gordon Barley.
Thomas Benton.
Mrs. C. L. Blackburn.
Ray H. Baker.
Marie Beckmann.
Delbert Campbell.
Willis Campbell.
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James A. Huff, Jr.
Spencer J. Heeney.
Gladys Heeney.
Clarence King.
Henry Limbriht.
Viola Miller.
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Lawrence Young.
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F. S. Palmer.
C. M. McLaren.
Amiel Eohet.
Ada Johnson.
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M. D. Taylor.
Hazel Parmalee.
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Eleanor Willis.
Robert Willis.
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Wallace Williams.
Harry Clark.
A. L. Vradenburg.
Mrs. H. M. Bogart.
LaRue Bogart.
A. Lempert.
John S. Lang.
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F. E. Pearsall.
Mary E. Pearsall.
Harry D. Sessions.
William S. Hoar.
Jessie J. Power.
Charles E. Holmes.
E. W. Halstead.
John Miller.
Burton Munro.
Ida McCrea.
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Thomas Dermody.
Edward Bogart.
Gladys Ford.
Helen Gray.
Archie Herrick.
G. W. King.
Ernest Kohler.
Elizabeth Lapham.
Wendell Miller.
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Lewis Seigle.
P. S. Palmer.
Alburt Thompson.
Wm. B. Thompson.
Harry E. Atchison.
Jennie G. Carpenter.
Wm. H. Corrin.
Carl B. Schoultz.
E. S. Doerr.
W. J. Miller.
M. J. Moeren.
Walter Helm.
A. D. Driesback.
Don Miller.
Minnie Miller.
Charles Biddle.
John G. Lang.
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Otis Tewksbury.
Ludwig Schroeder.
Gladys K. Heeney.
Mrs. L. B. Rathbun.
John Raymond.
B. L. Munro.
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Marvin Kreeger.
Mrs. Wallace Williams.
Mrs. Harvey Van Valkenburg.
Harvey Van Valkenburg.
Mrs. C. H. Bloom.
Harold Bloom.
Adella Brooks.
Seth Benton.
Max Bertram.
Emma Doleker.
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A. E. Fuller.
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Burman Misanar.
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George Hartman.
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James Boyle.
Dilla Stoffer.
Albert Kohler.
Edward Kohler.
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Elizabeth Moore.
Ernest E. Miller.
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Hattie Pagel.
Lucy Pratt.
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Louis Minehart.
Bessie Pardee.
George Williams.
Leroy Stewart.
Thomas Thompson.
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Ella Wilcox.
Lyle Kestell.
Mayme Terrill.

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Dorothy Witt.
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Charles V. Keddle.
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Mrs. E. E. Dodge.
Edward Behrendt.
James G. Smart.
Harison Cooper.
L. B. Flint.
Charles Roach.
Rufe Porter.
C. E. Hake.
Will Tierman.
Mrs. Sam Spencer.
Guy Nichols.
Harry Nichols.
Dalton Avery.
G. W. Perkins.
Mrs. Agnes Shafer.
Jake Fuerst.
Harry Simmons.
Olen Pepper.
J. W. Thompson.
Lady Maccabees.
Miss Ella Power.
Louie Power.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

(Owing to the large amount of space required for the names of Liberty loan subscribers this week our soldier honor roll was again crowded out. It will be in its accustomed place next week.)

Louis Girardin of the U. S. battle ship Brooklyn, who is off duty for a 15 day furlough, reports the interesting experience of making a trip across the ocean on a submarine chaser, the first Northville honor-roll soldier to report being sent on such exciting duty.

It is now requested by the military authorities that in writing to our soldier boys "over across" the numbers of their regiments or divisions be omitted but that "American E. F." be used instead of "A. E. F."

The selected men who left Northville for Camp Custer, Monday morning were Norton Green, Franklin Van Valkenburg, Harry VanSickle and Herbert Rorabacher.

Corporal James D. Kysor and Private Francis Wilkinson were home from Camp Custer to visit their parental homes here for the week-end.

JOIN THE AUTO CLUB.

The head of every family in Northville whether owner of an auto or not, should join the Northville Automobile club. Sooner or later there is a funeral from every home. Northville auto owners have been very liberal with their cars to care for relatives and friends on those sad occasions. It's a nice thing to do but it will also be a nice thing for everybody to join the club. It costs but \$2.00 a year and everybody is, or ought to be interested in the betterment of roads not only in Northville but all over the country.

Join now, whether you are auto owners or not. You can leave your \$2.00 fee with the treasurer, L. A. Babbitt or at the Record office.

RED CROSS NOTES.

As a result of the benefit given by her at the Alceium theatre last week, Mrs. William J. Thompson turned over to the local unit the sum of \$46. Mrs. Thompson's entirely voluntary generosity is greatly appreciated, as is also the excellent patronage given the entertainment.

CARD OF THANKS.

We sincerely thank our neighbors and friends for many kindnesses, the Automobile club for services, the fraternal and church societies for beautiful flowers at the time of our son's death.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK SHAFER AND FAMILY.

(COPY)

James A. Huff, Hardware, Northville, Michigan, member in good standing of Michigan State and National Hardware Dealers' Association.

"Beginning May 1st, 1918, equalization of sufficient supplies of all available merchandise and accessories pertaining to the hardware line will be shipped to registered buyers in good standing and on terms of 'Trade Acceptance' (Cash or Sight Draft), at time of purchase and delivery.

Your immediate cooperation will greatly assist in your firm securing your just share of the many shortage items, as well as the regular source of supply."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To comply with the increased demands for cash payment for goods bought by us from manufacturers, we are compelled to limit credit charges to the extent of month-end payments, to any and all our customers.

For Example: All customer charge accounts during May become due on receipt of statement, June 1st. Out-of-town and local accounts not liquidated by at least June 10th, credit will be discontinued. Rural customers by registering may select their month-end 15th to 15th, to correspond with their milk check receipts.

No deviation can be accepted from the above rules, and if same should not be found effective and satisfactory to both our interests, we will be forced to sell for cash only.

Dated, May 1st, 1918. JAMES A. HUFF Hardware.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

This man put his money into a "Get-rich-quick" Scheme.



WHEN SOME SMOOTH SCHEMER WANTS TO LET YOU IN ON THE "GROUND FLOOR" OF SOME PROPOSITION LOOK OUT! IF YOU DON'T YOU WILL BE BUYING AT A "GET-RICH-QUICK" SCHEME WHICH WILL "MOP UP" IN A SHORT WHILE, ALL OF THE MONEY IT HAS TAKEN A LIFETIME TO GET TOGETHER AND THEN WHERE WILL YOU BE! FEEL FREE TO COME IN AND ASK US ABOUT ANY PROPOSITION, EITHER FROM AFAR OR AT HOME, WHETHER YOU ARE YET BANKING WITH US OR NOT. WHAT WE TELL YOU WILL BE CONFIDENTIAL.

Northville State Savings Bank

THIS IS BABY WEEK

During this week we are displaying a large line of comforts and necessities for your baby. Everything that your doctor may recommend is here, and many other things that add to baby's happiness.

BABY FOODS

All the well known kinds of prepared infant foods.

BABY MEDICINES.

Mother Kroh's, good old-fashioned preparations. Contain no opiates, but are guaranteed effective in most of the ailments to which babies are subject.

NURSES AND NURSING BOTTLES.

Nipples and Pacifiers—just the kind that you want and that baby likes particularly.

STORK NURSER

For which we have the exclusive agency. It is a heavy flint bottle—not easily broken—with a wide mouth, easily filled. Eight ounce capacity, graduated, with large breast-shaped nipple made of durable black rubber. The most simple, practical and hygienic nurser made. Bottle and nipple complete in sanitary carton, 25 cents.

STORK, CHERUB and MOTHER GOOSE NIPPLES.

Each packed in a separate sanitary container, hygienic and clean.

REXALL BABY TALCUM.

Just as soothing, just as delicate as a "Mother's Touch" is this downy powder. As pure as talcum powder can be made—with the faint odor of violets. In the patented slide top can, 25 cents.

Also Rattles, Soothers, Toys, Teething Rings, Soaps, Sponges, Powder Puffs, Baby Brushes, Baby Combs, etc., etc.

A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

The Housewife and the War

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

PLAN YOUR MEALS FOR A WEEK



With Her Meals Scheduled, the Housewife's Saturday Market Basket Can Bring Food for a Week, Except Some Perishables.

PLANNING MENUS WEEK IN ADVANCE

Satisfactory Answer to Question "What Shall I Have for Dinner?"

MAKE FEWER MARKET TRIPS

Definite Schedule Will Be Great Help in Avoiding Waste—Meals Suggested to Meet Food Administration's Requirements.

It will pay you, Mrs. Housekeeper, to sit down for an hour each week and spend the time in planning your week's menus in advance. Especially at this time when all are striving to conserve food, you will find a definite schedule a great help in avoiding waste.

Here are some menus for a week from a woman who believes in a working schedule for her household. The meals are carefully planned to meet, first of all, the food administration's requirements, using substitutes for wheat, meat, fat and sugar, and they show also how a little careful planning can save the time and labor of the busy housewife. Features of the menus are the breadless meals and "quick breads" (muffins, etc.) made from other grains to save wheat, and the use of meat substitutes and savory dishes which call for little meat.

The meals suggested are all simple and are planned to meet the needs of a family of four, consisting of two adults and two children. None of the menus are inflexible but could easily be varied to meet changing conditions. You can use these as guides in planning your family meals.

The recipes for most of the dishes given in the accompanying menus are published in the United States Food Leaflets of the United States department of agriculture and the food ad-

ministration. This woman works her schedule to save time, fuel, and labor. On Saturday she baked her oatmeal bread to last for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The rolls for Sunday were therefore ready to be reheated Sunday morning. The hen for the chicken loaf was cooked in the fireless cooker Saturday in one cooking compartment while a quantity of apricots was cooking in the other compartment. The codfish balls were made Saturday night, thus utilizing some mashed potatoes left from dinner.

Twice the quantity of hominy grits required were cooked in the double boiler for Monday breakfast and utilized with the apricots left from Sunday to make the apricot-hominy scallop. In the same way enough apples were baked for two meals. Corn sirup was used to sweeten the baked apples and steamed fruit in place of sugar.

The stock from boiling the chicken served as the basis for chicken soup Tuesday, and the small quantities of left-over vegetables used for the vegetable salad Friday.

Instead of stopping each day to answer the question, "What shall I cook today?" answer it at one time for the whole week. Try the plan and see how much easier your work becomes.

Matrons for Rest Rooms.

In rest rooms employing matrons many activities can be carried on which otherwise would not be possible. The matron not only sees that the rest room is kept in a clean sanitary condition at all times, but she may provide for a sleeping child or a system for providing hot lunches at noon for women and children. She may care for packages which otherwise might have to be carried from place to place. In some rest rooms the matron takes charge of the woman's exchange, which usually is supervised by a committee from the women's clubs.

Egg yolks which are rich in fat and which are often left over from cake making, may be used to enrich soups or may be combined with milk to make custards which resemble cream in composition and can be used as cream, as on dressers.

A WEEK'S MEALS FOR FOUR

Breakfast. Stewed dried apricots Codfish balls Hot wheat and oatmeal, rolls and butter Coffee for adults Milk for children	Luncheon or Supper. Cheese sandwiches Stuffed dates Hot cocoa	Dinner. Chicken loaf with gravy Buttered carrots Steamed rice Celery Oatmeal bread (homemade) Cold slaw Fruit gelatin
Breakfast. Stewed prunes Hominy grits with milk Barley biscuit and marmalade Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Cold chicken loaf Corn pone and butter Hot cocoa Marmalade	Dinner. Hot pie of mutton and barley Cold slaw Stuffed potatoes Apricot hominy scallop
Breakfast. Rhubarb sauce Creamed eggs on toasted oatmeal bread Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Creamed peanuts and rice Baked apples Oatmeal cookies Tea or milk	Dinner. Chicken soup Bean loaf Tomato sauce Butter Green onions and lettuce Baked potato Chocolate tapioca
Breakfast. Baked apples Creamed dried beef Cornmeal muffins Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Cream of tomato soup Toasted corn muffins Oatmeal pudding	Dinner. Pot roast of beef Brown potatoes and gravy Pickled beets Buttered carrots Cornstarch mold served with canned sliced peaches
Breakfast. Corn flakes with canned peaches and top milk Fried beef liver Barley muffins Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Split pea soup and crackers Baked bananas with raisin sauce Cornmeal cookies	Dinner. Pot roast of beef (reheated) Mashed potatoes Baked onions Lettuce and cottage cheese salad Apple scallop Coffee, tea or milk
Breakfast. Hominy grits with milk Soft-cooked eggs Toasted victory bread Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Kidney bean stew Corn dodgers Apple butter Tea or milk	Dinner. Scalloped fish Stewed tomatoes Boiled potatoes Mixed vegetable salad Steamed raisin pudding with sauce
Breakfast. Baked apples Oatmeal Cornbread Coffee or milk	Luncheon or Supper. Smoked fish with tomato sauce Baked potato Butter Apple sauce Canned corn Scotch oat crackers Corn and wheat rolls Butter Canned fruit Tea or milk.	Dinner. Shepherd's pie with potato crust Canned corn Radishes Green beans Corn and wheat rolls Butter Canned fruit Tea or milk.

DAIRY

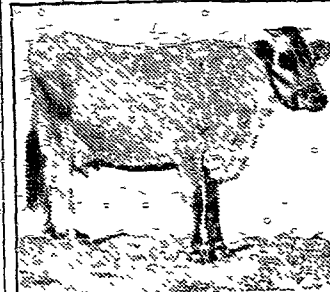


BEST DAIRY CATTLE BREEDS

In Making Selection Dairyman Should Take Local and Market Conditions Into Consideration.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Breeds of dairy cattle differ in both conformation and general characteristics. Each has been developed for certain ends. To make the greatest success a dairyman in selecting a breed should take local conditions and marketing requirements into consideration in connection with the characteristics of the various breeds. He should not allow personal preference to influence his selection if his favorite breed is unsuited to local conditions, but should give careful consideration to the breed or breeds already established in his community. In such a selection he is benefited in many ways.



Jersey Cow in Pasture.

For instance, a marker is established, surplus stock may be disposed of to better advantage, co-operative advertising may be used and bulls may be bought co-operatively or exchanged readily among breeders.

Jersey cattle, the most numerous breeds in the United States, originated in the island of Jersey. Jerseys and Guernseys probably had the same foundation stock, but have been developed toward different ideals so that the breeds now differ in a number of particulars.

Jerseys vary considerably in color. Shades of fawn, squirrel gray, mouse color and very dark brown are common. Jerseys have a highly organized nervous system and are usually somewhat excitable, responding quickly to good treatment and good feed. Cows average about 900 pounds and bulls 1,500 pounds in weight. The Jersey cow gives rich, yellow-colored milk and is an excellent butterfat producer.

In the Jersey breed, the average of 5,244 cows that had completed yearly records for the register of merit was 7,792 pounds of milk, testing 5.35 percent, making 417 pounds of butterfat. The ten highest milk producers ranged from 19,648 to 16,632 pounds an average, for these ten, of 17,703.4 pounds of milk. The ten highest butterfat producers range from 999 to 875.2 pounds, an average for these ten, of 943.1 pounds of butterfat.

HINTS ON MILK PRODUCTION

Cows Should Be Kept Clean and Milked in Clean Surroundings Into Covered Pail.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

After any foodstuff is produced one of the important things is to see that it is put on the market in good shape so that it will keep for a reasonable length of time without loss through spoilage. In this time of need for food every effort should be made to prevent milk from spoiling. Cows should be kept clean and should be milked in clean surroundings into a small-top or covered pail. All utensils which come into contact with the milk should be thoroughly sterilized with steam for at least five minutes, and milk should be cooled promptly to 50 degrees Fahrenheit or less and maintained at that temperature. Whenever these conditions are met, little milk will be wasted. In this time of terrible destruction of human life it is particularly necessary that milk be produced under such conditions as to insure a safe food for babies. This must be done by a decreasing number of men trained to do it. A great task and a great opportunity for dairymen are involved.

COMFORT FOR YOUNG CALVES

Give Them Sun-Lighted Quarters, Milk, Sound Grain and Bright Hay—Watch Carefully.

Give the young calf comfortable, sun-lighted quarters; whole milk the first two weeks, changing to skim milk thereafter; sound grain and bright hay in liberal quantities as it will use them; and, withal, the watchful eye and the liberal hand of the owner, whose interest will see that all changes in feed are gradually made.

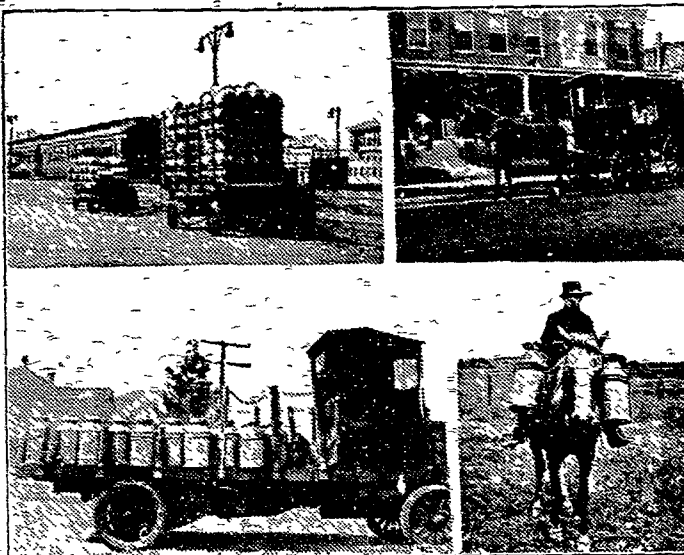
Poor Roughage for Cows.

Timothy hay is quite commonly grown, and is used despite the fact that it is an extremely poor roughage for dairy cows.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

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

HOW YOUR MILK GETS TO TOW



The Bottle You Take Off Your Back Porch May Have Traveled 200 Miles in Some of These Carriers.

MILK'S JOURNEY: COW TO KITCHEN

Many Farmers Working Hard to Give People Clean Food at Earliest Moment.

DIFFICULT STEPS IN SYSTEM

Product Must Be Carefully Cooled to Keep It and Then Hauled Over Bad Roads to Railroads—Different in Small Towns.

In the handling of foodstuffs the American people constantly demand increased service. Package goods, deliveries and special deliveries, buying in small quantities and so on, all require additional labor by some one. The milk consumer now is accustomed to find a bottle of clean, cold milk on the doorstep in the morning. If the milkman is late or does not come at all, vigorous complaint is voiced. Such a complaint is likely to be based on a lack of understanding of the many difficult steps involved in the modern system of distributing milk.

Up Before Daybreak.

Way off in the country somewhere, perhaps as far as 200 miles, some farmer must rise before daybreak to feed and milk his cows. The milk must be carefully cooled to keep it sweet, and must then be hauled for several miles over sometimes almost impassable roads to the railroad.

Long Haul to City.

Then begins the long haul to the city where the milk is carried on big trucks to the dealer's plant. There it is carefully pasteurized, bottled and placed in the refrigerator. The next morning about one or two o'clock the bottled milk is loaded on the delivery wagon and the driver starts on his way, carrying from 300 to 400 quarts, all of which must be delivered before breakfast time. Of course in small towns this system is simpler, as the farmer often delivers the milk directly to the consumer, but even then there are so many difficulties that the milkman may be excused if he is a little late now and then.

Reduce Fly Injury to Stock.

Here are some of the preventive measures advocated by the United States department of agriculture to decrease the losses of animals due to the larvae of flies. Burning or deep burying of carcasses of animals, the arranging of breeding operations so that young stock will be born in late fall, winter or early spring, the carrying on in winter and early spring months of branding, dehorning and other operations resulting in wounds, taking precautions to prevent injury to live stock from pens and fences or while on range or in pasture, the destruction of ticks and the poisoning and trapping of flies. Farmers' Bulletin 837 describes the damage these flies do and methods of controlling them. Burning or burying carcasses is very important, it is pointed out, since it is on this material that maggots, festering wounds, are chiefly dependent for propagation. If all decaying animal matter could be destroyed, the troublesome blow flies—the insect bringing about maggot infestation—would be practically exterminated.

Help Save Game Birds.

The last day of the open season for hunting migratory game birds under the federal regulations was January 31 and it is now unlawful to capture or kill migratory game birds anywhere in the United States. The department of agriculture makes this announcement in response to numerous requests for information concerning the federal protective law. State game commissioners and sportsmen in nearly every state report that more wild fowl were killed during the open season just passed than in any season for

many years. The increase in the number of birds is attributed to the abolition of spring shooting under the operation of the federal regulations. The law already has been very beneficial to sportsmen and as a food protective measure, and under the continuance of existing protection there is every reason to hope for an ever-increasing supply of wild fowl which will greatly improve shooting conditions in the years to come.

The department appeals to the patriotism and true sportsmanship of all persons to co-operate with it in the enforcement of the federal law. It is gratifying to know, says a recent statement from the department, that the majority of sportsmen have observed the regulations, and this fact has contributed largely to the successful results accomplished. The department has planned to increase its force of wardens who will be active during the spring migration in securing evidence upon which to base prosecutions against those who may violate the law.

Capital in Dairy Farming.

Very few people realize the amount of money invested in the dairy farms of the country. The department of agriculture reports that on January 1, 1918, there were 23,384,000 milk cows on farms in the United States, and these cows were valued at \$1,643,639,000. Add to this figure the value of lands, buildings and machinery used in dairy farming, and the aggregate is stupendous.

The investment in individual dairy farms varies considerably, being influenced by land values, the number and kind of buildings, and the quality of the cattle kept. A modern dairy of 50 cows, capable of producing a daily average of 500 quarts of milk, would require an investment in equipment of approximately \$13,300. This would be divided as follows:

50 cows at \$500	\$25,000
2 pure-bred bulls	1,000
Barn for cattle and feed	5,000
2 concrete silos, capacity 125 tons each	500
Dairy house and equipment	800
Dry house, capacity 125 tons	500
Barn equipment	450
Total	\$33,300

Added to this would be the value of horses and horse barn, dwelling house, harnesses, farm machinery, etc. The value of the land itself is the biggest single item. It has not been included in this estimate because of its variability. If land worth \$50 an acre is used, the land investment would be close to \$15,000. If \$200 land is bought, its cost would approximate \$30,000.

Exercise Prevents Pig Thumps.

When the pigs are from four or five to ten days old, be on the lookout for thumps. The best-looking fat little pig is the one to go first every time. An almost certain indication is a little roll of fat around the neck. While there is no known cure for thumps, the trouble is quite easily prevented. Plenty of exercise for the pigs is the answer. In cold, stormy weather out-of-door exercise is impossible, but if a central farrowing house with an alleyway is used, get the little fat fellows into the alley and put in about ten or fifteen minutes three or four times a day chasing them with a buggy whip, until they are pretty well tired out. If this is impossible, try putting one or two of the little pigs at a time in a large barrel or hoghead, placed by the farrowing pen. The pigs will hear the old sow making a fuss and in running around the barrel hunting for a corner to climb out, generally will take the exercise necessary to ward off thumps. A considerable part of the battle is won if the litter gets past the first ten days or so with a good start.

Quality of Butter.

Uniformity in quality is the secret of success in holding customers for the product of the private dairy.

Value of Heifers.

A heifer is valuable in proportion to the smallness of the feed required by her to make a pound of butter.

DODDS' KIDNEY PILLS

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

Does Your Back Ache?

Do you find it difficult to hold up your head and do your work? Distressing symptoms caused by unhealthy conditions. Generally no medicine is required, merely local application of PISO's Tablets, a valuable healing remedy with antiseptic, astringent and tonic effects—simple in action and application, soothing and refreshing. The fame in the name PISO guarantees satisfaction.

PISO'S TABLETS

Sample Mailed Free—address postcard THE PISO COMPANY, 400 Pine Bldg., Warren, Pa.

Dr. 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.

When you "know" you have a stomach it's time to suspect your liver. You need Beecham's Pills. A lazy liver and overworked kidneys allow food poisons to circulate in the blood and irritate the entire body.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.



Advance Information.

"Bobbie, did you know I was going to marry your sister?"

"Why, yes; before you did."—Life.

OUR BOYS "OVER THERE" ENJOY TOASTED CIGARETTES.

Through the patriotism of the citizens of this country thousands of smoke kits are being distributed to American soldiers in France. Authorities agree that men in the trenches need cigarettes almost as much as food and munitions.

Doctors, nurses, and commanding officers all join in the demand which has awakened in this country a great movement to keep our boys supplied with smokes.

Millions of the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are "going over" all the time. There's something about the idea of the toasted cigarette that appeals to the men who spend their time in cold, wet trenches and billets.

Then, too, the real Kentucky Burley tobacco of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette gives them the solid satisfaction of a pipe; with a lot less trouble. Adv.

At Times.

Mrs. Riley—What a blessing children are. They didn't draft Mike because he had six.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition. The kidneys seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more dangerous kidney troubles.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a splendid kidney, liver and bladder medicine, and being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better get a bottle from your nearest drug store, and start treatment at once.

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.

Speaking of home rule, what's the matter with the first baby?

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 25 cents a bottle. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

Oh, Man!
Stubbornness we deprecate.
But firmness we condone.
The former is our neighbor's trait.
The latter is our own.

A Success indeed.
"Were your wife's new clothes a success?"
"I should say so. Made her look almost as fine as the girl who tried them on for us in the store."

Tripping Her.
She—You interest me strangely—as no other man ever has.
Officer on Leave—You sprang that on me last night.
She—Oh, was it you?

Thorough Anyhow.
Fair One—I hear your sister gave up manuring to be a carpenter engaged in war work.
The Kid—Yes, but she was so slow they fired her.
Fair One—You don't say?
The Kid—She thought she had her old job and tried to manure every nail.

Father's Views.
"We're all human."
"I know, but it is hard to take that view of some of the specimens my daughter encourages to call."

Easily Explained.
"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."
"But young man, you have no means of support."
"I know I haven't. That's why I wish to marry your daughter."

WHEN YOU THINK FLAGS
Think of Factory Price
Same price as before the war.
Then you will see for catalogues
AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., Easton, Pa.

A man's second love always owns more property than his first one.

Soothe Baby Rashes
That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

This world would be a gloomy old place for cats if women could purr.

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 Hair Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day eases the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Hair 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 1886 GOLD MEDAL Hair 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 Drop" as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Hair 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 Hair 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, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

A New Service Flag.
One of our jackies, Maurice Clement, the quartermaster on the U. S. S. Texas, thinks that the conventional service flag which is now flying from innumerable windows all over the country, has one defect. It does not tell what branch of the service each man has entered.

Now Quartermaster Clement is extremely proud of being in the navy, so, when he came to make a service flag for his own home, he framed the central white space with a piece of white line tied in attractive knots. At the top and bottom of the panel he made a double Carriel knot; at each side, at equal intervals, a figure eight knot, and then a square knot, thus making a balanced design.

This flag is not only very attractive, but it leaves absolutely no doubt as to what branch of the service it symbolizes.—Popular Science Monthly.

Economics.
"Your speeches are getting shorter and shorter."
"Of course they are," assented Senator Sorghum. "There are more ways of saving daylight than turning the clock back."

He who pokes his nose into everything will occasionally poke it between a thumb and forefinger.

One can be buried in oblivion without the aid of an undertaker.



NO WASTE IN A PACKAGE OF POST TOASTIES
says Bobby
Corn Food Good To The Last Flake

Some Things Concerning Stripes.



Stripes—satin and taffeta, combined with plain-georgette crepe, for afternoon gowns, are proving themselves an unfailing source of inspiration to the designers. Just the many variations that can be made in the arrangement of stripes gives much room for the play of fancy and for good management of lines. Speaking of stripes, stout women ought to take note that they are to be considered a special dispensation of Providence for their benefit. The modiste who knows how to manage them can do wonders for her stout patrons.

The pretty afternoon frock shown in the picture is just one more of the happy combinations of striped taffeta and plain-georgette that is different from any of the others. The dress is mostly of the striped satin and always the stripes run in a diagonal. The skirt is disposed of by making it plain with stripes running downward from left to right. It has a three-inch hem, is not quite ankle length, and for an older woman should be made a little longer.

The tunic is of accordion plaited georgette, with a wide bias border of the satin. It is uneven in length all round. The bodice is very cleverly

managed with the left side cut so that it is extended into a giraffe of the satin that is brought around the waist and fastens under the arm at the left. The sleeves are made of georgette crepe, with deep cuffs of satin, and there is a small shawl collar of the crepe. A lace collar partly overlays it, to provide a bit of white next the face.

This pretty frock is made with very little material; stripes make other decorations like plaits and tucks, unnecessary. It takes much cleverness to manage them just right, but the play is worth the candle, for they make very graceful gowns. They are all particularly useful for remodeling gowns, because they change the appearance of an old dress completely.

Use of Japanese Crepe.

A wonderfully pretty negligee may be fashioned from the new Japanese crepe which is inexpensive as well as beautiful. Six yards of bordered crepe are required to reproduce the negligee. It has perfectly straight lines and the cuffs and collar correspond with the border at the lower edge. Not to overdo the decorative scheme, the pockets are left plain.

Some Unusual Ideas in Hats.



"Safe and sane" is descriptive of the shapes of hats and the management of their trimmings this season. Those who buy them in quantities and where styles are originated, tell us that there were never fewer bizarre or extravagant ideas in millinery than at present. The task of the designer is made more difficult by this state of things. She must contrive little unusual and unexpected touches on these matter-of-fact shapes, in order to answer the demand for distinctive and original ideas, which women clamor for in their millinery.

In the three hats shown in the group above, the designers have met and overcome their difficulties. At the top there is a shape of black lisere braid in the crown and a brim of black malines that suggests a poke bonnet with its lifted point at the middle of the front. We might look for quaint flower trimming and ribbon streamers on this shape, but we find the unexpected in two fans of Japanese aligrette and six braid buttons and simulated buttonholes of braid across the front. This combination of picturesque shape and tailored finish will please the woman who is looking for a hat that can be worn almost anywhere.

At the left of the picture there is a Milan shape with drooping brim faced

with crepe georgette. It has an unusual look for split in the brim at the left side, that is odd and pretty. There is a band of blue crepe like the facing about the crown and above this a collar of narrow m-re ribbon tied with a bow at the front. Four jet ornaments on the side crown proclaim the return of jet in millinery.

At the right there is a small shepherdess shape, with a sash in black on a black hat faced with rose. The sash wanders over the back brim and is fastened under it in a bow set against a bandeau. The quills are the odd feature in this hat. They are shaded in rose-color and black and curve over the crown and about the right brim, following the lines of the shape as closely as possible. They are feathers, of course, but so highly enameled that they look as if they might be made of porcelain.

Julia Bottumley

To Flute Organdie.

To flute lace or organdie collars without a fluting iron heat a new curling iron not too hot and proceed. The effect is as good as though a new fluting iron had been used.

PLAY GAME FAIR WITH UNCLE SAM

Show Patriotism by Investing in a Third Liberty Bond or Two.

SECURITY IS BEST IN WORLD

Don't Wait for Somebody Else to Take Your Share of the Greatest Investment Open to a Patriot.

By IRVIN S. COBB.

Speaking of patriotism and our duty to our country—and those are the things of which most of us are speaking these days—why not buy a Third Liberty bond or two?

If ever a thing was well-named the Liberty bond is. It stands for liberty—for liberty not only for our own people but for all the peoples of the world—liberty from despotism, from imperialism, from militarism, and, most of all, liberty from Prussianism, which, summed up, is the other three isms rolled into one.

And, likewise, it is a bond—a bond of faith, a bond of honor, a bond of reliability, a bond of security, backed up by the government of the United States of America, its assets, its good name, its credits, its power, and its possessions of what's ever nature.

Flag Is Worth Defending.

This generation is just now engaging upon the tasks of preserving and perpetuating what our forefathers earned for us. If the heritage they handed down to us was worth taking, it is worth keeping; if the flag they fought under is worth living under, it is worth defending; if the government they established is a government that should endure, if its securities are staple and stable, it is our duty to invest in these securities, to prove the value of our own citizenship to ourselves by the confidence and the trust we show in our own institutions. The Liberty bond issue gives us that chance without entailing the slightest risk upon our part.

When we buy Liberty bonds we are helping our country, helping as right as a cause as ever sent a nation to battle, and at the same time we are safeguarding our savings and earning a decent rate of interest on our money. We can't lose; we are bound to win. Thieves may break in and moths may corrupt, but a Liberty bond is as solid as Plymouth rock and as honest as the Declaration of Independence. If it goes down, our government goes down with it, and then your money wouldn't do you any good anyway. If you had kept it stored up it would be confiscated by a gentleman in a spiked helmet with spiked mustaches, and a spiked way of saying "Verboten" to practically everything you wanted to do.

Backing Is the Best.

As long as the Stars and Stripes float the Liberty bond will be aloft too. The Liberty bond is guaranteed by every inch of our soil, by every shred of our traditions, its promise to pay is predicated on every ship that flies our flag, on every pennyweight of railroad iron in our land, on every peppercorn in our granaries, on every dollar of our circulation, on every rod of navigable river, on every furlong of highway, on every gill of water in every American harbor, on every pebble in the Rocky mountains, on every blade of growing grain, on everything that we, as a people, own and ever have owned and ever shall own. And, while we are on the subject, I might add that it is predicated on something more besides. It is predicated on Bunker Hill, on Independence Hall, on the little apple tree at Appomattox, on the cornerstone of a building at Washington, D. C., called the national capitol. A man who wouldn't be satisfied with that collateral wouldn't risk a pewter dime for the hope of eternal salvation.

Don't wait for somebody else to take your share of the best investment that is open to a patriot. Our great Revolutionary granddaddies weren't that sort. Their motto wasn't, "Let George do it." They helped George do it!

Don't sell Uncle Sam short. Don't be a bear on the Old Glory market. Don't make your own country ashamed of you.

Buy a Liberty bond!

Home Defense League.

"My wife is the limit," groaned the American businessman, who was dining with a French visitor to this country. "Since the war began it's just one meeting after another—night and day. Tell me, does your wife go in much for club work?"

"No, ze club-nevaire," replied his guest. "One time—tree time she have slap me and pull ze hair, but mon Dieu! ze club-nevaire."—The Garçons.

Powderless Gun Deadly.

An American inventive genius has invented a powderless gun which may revolutionize land attacks. The gun, which might be taken for a large grindstone at a short distance, is revolved at great speed by an electric motor, and is capable of firing hundreds of shots a minute. The bullets are carried in small cups, which hold them until the gun reaches the proper position for their discharge by centrifugal force. The weapon is accurate at five miles, is cheap to operate and is noiseless.

WRIGLEY'S

Six reasons

WHY it's a good friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Three Flavors



Chew it after every meal

The Flavor Lasts!

Soft Soap Defined.
"Pop, why do people call jollying soft soap?"
"Because there is so much lie about it, soon."—San Francisco Chronicle.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Rubbing It In.

Cadger—"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"
Badger—"Certainly not. I didn't think you could be insulted."

\$100 Reward, \$100

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

Natural Propensities.

"Money is the root of all evil."
"Yes, and it seems to grow best by the grafting-process."

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

It's the limited express for the man who's stutters.

Probably some folks lie to you because they think too much of you to tell you the truth.

Do Your Cows Fail to Clean?
This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention.
Dr. David Roberts' Cow Cleaner
COW CLEANER
This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention. Read the Practical House Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on "Diseases of Cows." If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 200 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.



For Constipation
Carter's Little Liver Pills
will set you right over night.
Purely Vegetable
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

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The Northville Record.

Published by

NEAL PRINTING CO.

W. S. NEAL, Owner.
J. W. PERKINS, Manager.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAY 3, 1918.



This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.

Novi News.

W. D. Flint was a Pontiac visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. J. J. Potter is visiting in Detroit this week.

Ten Novi ladies were in Pontiac last Friday to attend a registrars' meeting.

Mrs. Percy Moyer took her son, Harold to Providence hospital, Detroit, Tuesday to be operated on for adenoids.

Women of Novi and vicinity who have not already done so can register at the town hall this coming Saturday, May 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and son and J. O. Munro and family motored to Ray, Indiana, Saturday to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Huffman. They returned Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Huffman's father, James L. Munro, who spent the winter there.

A party of Novi relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Leavenworth gave the newly married couple a miscellaneous shower Tuesday evening at their home near Northville. The young husband has been called to the colors and expects to leave for Camp Custer in a week or two.

Wixom Whisperings.

Miss Maude Patton was in Milford Monday.

Mrs. L. A. Golden left Tuesday for her home in Centralia, Illinois.

Chris Oldenburg has purchased the Fuller place and moved his family there.

George Hennessey of Toledo, spent the week-end with his wife's parents here.

Mrs. Fred Congdon and daughter, Margie, were home from Pontiac over Sunday.

Mrs. May Proud and daughter and Ellen Stevens were in Pontiac last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Vowrey have sold their farm at Sears and returned to Wixom to live.

Miss Jennie Rauch of Monroe, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Chambers recently.

John Shannon has secured a position in a factory in Detroit and left Monday to begin work.

The Misses Ruth Porter and Glady's Gillick took the teacher's examination at Pontiac, Friday and Saturday.

J. M. Lake and wife, who have been spending the winter in New York state, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Mary Stevens received from her son, a paper "The Stars and Stripes" printed in France for the American soldiers.

There were 34 ladies at the Red Cross work rooms Tuesday; 118 triangular bandages were finished besides hospital shirts, towels, tray cloths, etc.

The registration of women did not take place Tuesday, as the blanks failed to arrive. Miss Pittinger will be at the Red Cross rooms Saturday (providing the blanks arrive) to register all who come. Miss Sadie Bentley has charge of the registration in the Sanford district and Miss Vandusen will register all girls of 16, and Miss Belford will have charge of those who cannot register at the Red Cross rooms.

The Seniors will give an entertainment at the K. O. T. M. hall May 10 at 8:00 o'clock. Program: Class song, violin solo, Miss Mildred Gibson; solo, Maude Gillick; recitation, Audrey Parker; solo, Miss Martha Best of Holly; song, Iva and Irene Pratt; recitation, Enla Parker; piano duet, Miss Lucie Baum and Lucetta

Proud; recitation, Edna Stowe; solo, Miss Helen Hammond, of Northville; class play, "Wanted a Cook."

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "Little deeds and Great Motives." Please be on time if possible.

The topic for the evening will be, "The Jericho Road as a test for your Christianity." Some people have religion in a very mild form. No one need be afraid of taking it from them. In fact, they hardly know they have it themselves. The Jericho Road is a fine place to try whether we have the real thing or not. The Master tells of three men who took their down there and only one passed the examination. The pastor doesn't look for a very large crowd. Such subjects don't draw large crowds.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Rev. H. A. Halverson spent Sunday at Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Welch have moved to Pontiac.

Mrs. Burr Tuttle entertains the Red Cross this week Friday afternoon.

Mrs. M. L. Bradley entertained the W. C. T. U. Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Ruggles and children have gone to visit relatives near Milford.

A number of friends gave Miss Josephine Howard a surprise last Friday night.

Mrs. Carey Hosner and daughter of Pontiac spent the week-end with Mrs. H. F. Andrews.

Mrs. Will Rrel and daughter, Mildred, of Detroit spent Monday with Mrs. Earl Welch.

Floyd Howard, who enlisted some time ago, has sent word that he has arrived in France.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wedow entertained Mr. and Mrs. Mackey and children of South Lyon, Sunday.

There will be a box social in the I. O. O. F. hall Friday evening for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Charles Hawls spoke in the Baptist church last Sunday morning in the interest of Missionary movement.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Stanbro and Mrs. L. J. Haab of Salem spent Sunday at the home of Perry Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Carey, who have been the guests of relatives here for several days, have gone to Athens where they will reside.

Mrs. R. Kline of Pontiac is spending some time at the home of her parents here. Mrs. Kline has been very ill and will be remembered as Ruth Carey.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Sunday morning at 10 o'clock there will be a union service in the Methodist church to which all who believe in a clean, strong state and nation are cordially invited. Cyrus P. Keen, Associate State Superintendent of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, will speak, telling some of the things that have been done and some that remain to be done in Michigan's fight with booze.

In the evening at 7:30 the pastor will begin a series of sermons on "The Purposes of Christ's First Coming," leading up to a second series on "Christ's Second Coming." Most people believe that we are living in the most momentous period of history. Many are asking the question, "are we nearing the end of the age?" To consider some things of the past with their bearing on the present and the future, throwing over all the light of revelation, is the purpose of these studies. If you belong to those mentioned in Hebrews 9:28 you are especially invited.

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

The Naomi Circle will meet with Nellie Freydl on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Carrie Litsenberger will assist.

Union prayer meeting in our church next Thursday evening at 7:30.

Get ready for Mothers' Day, May 12.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
At the annual business and social meeting of the Epworth League, held Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the new League year: President, E. M. Bogart; 1st vice-pres., Lydia Clark; 2nd vice-pres., Mrs. E. M. Bogart; 3rd vice-pres., Mrs. L. B. Shipley; 4th vice-pres., Mrs. Geo. Groth; secretary, Muriel Parmelee; treasurer, James Sessens; pianist, Roy G. Clark;

assistant pianist, Mrs. C. R. VanValkenburg; chorister, Lee B. Shipley; chairman ushers, Floyd Salow.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

Monthly communion service Sunday morning.

The Wayne County Sunday School association meets in Detroit May 8 to 10. Further announcement by the Sunday school.

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers.)
Don't forget the senior dance next Friday night.

Arthur Scotten has left school on account of illness.

The First graders are very much interested in their gardens.

Mr. Misenar has signed a contract for the superintendency at St. Clair.

Miss Leighton has signed up for Kindergarten work at Plymouth for next year.

Because so many of the boys are busy at home on the farm and because of the fact that other schools are dropping spring athletics for this year, the athletics in our own High school will not be much more than inter-class of local contests. Ineligibility also enters into the situation.

Science students have made a careful study this week of the barberry plant against which the Federal authorities are waging a campaign of extermination. The common, high-bush barberry is a most active agent in spreading wheat rust. Every loyal citizen is asked to help in its

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

AUTO CASINGS—Vulcanized at Huff's Hardware. 39tc.

FOUND—An overcoat. Owner can have garment by proving property and paying 25c for this notice.

F. BARBER—House painting and paper hanging. Trial solicited. Telephone, 69-J. 40w4p.

NOTICE—Having purchased a large auto truck, I am in a position to give good service on all out-of-town cartage and moving. Also, have a house to rent on Northville. W. A. Parmenter, Northville. Phone 176-J for prices. 38tc.

L. B. RATHBUN—19 Main street, will take anything in the Building game, draw plans to suit, give estimates cheerfully. Prices reasonable. 37tc.

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-f-yr-p.

WANTED—Work on farm by High school boy, enrolled in Boys' Working Reserve. Call 41-M. 41w1p.

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Inquire Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Northville. 40w2c.

FOR SALE—Light team. Inquire of E. O. Blood, the Rawleigh man, Northville. 40w2p.

FOR SALE—Early seed potatoes. J. W. Cleaver, Phone 185 J-3. 41w1c.

FOR SALE—Invalid's wheel chair, good as new. Frank B. Shafer, Box 514. 41w2p.

FOR SALE—Having installed gas, will sell practically new Detroit vapor stove; burns kerosene; no wicks; Operates like gas. Apply F. E. Hills, Phone 50-J. 41w1c.

FOR SALE—Oats, Howard Greer Phone 190 R-2, Northville. 41w1c.

FOR SALE—Laurel range, will sell cheap to save storage. Phone 210-J. 41w1p.

FOR SALE—Horse, good for work or saddle. Cheap. Phone 41-M, after 6 p. m. 41w1p.

FOR SALE—Or Exchange—Bradbury square grand piano, in good condition. Call 186 J-3, Northville. 41w1p.

FOR SALE—Hard coal burner, Davenport and gas stove. Phone 195-R. 40w2p.

FOR SALE—Brood sow and pigs. Phone 244-J. 40w2c.

WANTED—100 Loads of manure. Phone 69-W. Wm. E. Matheson. 38tc.

FOR SALE—Part of my Watkins territory: Five townships in Oakland county. Fred Oldenburg. 40w2p (tt).

FOR SALE—Seven h. p. oil engine, nearly new. For information call 188 R-3. 39w2tc.

FOR SALE—House and ¼-acre of land, at the head of Main street. \$400; clear. Inquire at Record office. 39w2p.

FOR SALE—160-acre farm, very best soil, one-half mile from depot. F. E. VanAtta, Box 491, Northville. 39tc.

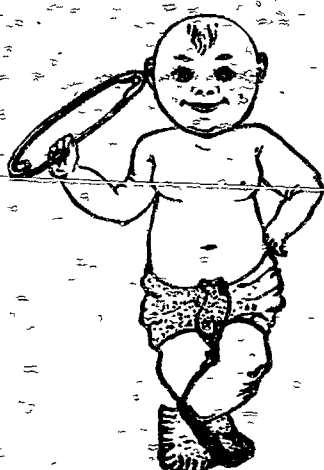
FOR SALE—One 1-h. p. Fairbanks-Morse engine; nearly new. George A. Rackham, Phone 307 J-4. 37tc.

FOR RENT—House on Plymouth Ave. Inquire Mrs. W. E. Cattermole, Phone 23. 41w1p.

destruction before it starts another year of wasted wheat.

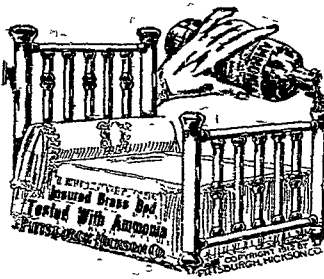
We have been sent by the Agricultural college about 100 pamphlets which contain menus for families of two and five. These cover every meal for one week, and are different for fall and winter and for spring and summer. So much do we value them that we will not distribute them but will give them out to those who request them. Send by your child for one. It must be that the housewife would, if she would, try it once, be glad to know each day exactly what she is to have for each meal and that it is scientifically selected.

Junior Red Cross work began Tuesday in the Northville school auxiliary. Much enthusiasm is shown, and it is felt that a great deal of work will be accomplished. The first graders are saving tinfoil; the second grade, rubbers. In grades Three and Eight, inclusive, shot bags and ashtrays are being made. Ninth grade girls are making comfort pillows; and girls of the three upper classes have head bandages and handkerchiefs to hem. In the lower grades the work is done partly in school, but High school students use none of their study hours, doing the work after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The school's certificate of membership came a few days ago, and will be mounted by the drawing class.



"SAFETY FIRST."

No matter what price you want to pay for Furniture; no matter what price others offer it to you; no matter what you think you can afford, our price is still lower, quality for quality, standard for standard. All we ask is a fair chance. Let us show you our stock and prices. Every article marked in plain figures. Nothing covered up. We appeal to reason, and your honest judgment. We have two Big Stores and we can in consequence buy cheaper than most firms and our small expense permits us to sell at very reasonable prices.



Brass Beds.

We have just received another Big Shipment and they are Beauties. Warranted not to tarnish and have stood the Ammonia test. Also Big Shipment of Iron Beds just in.

Kitchen Cabinets

We are still selling the Old Reliable Dutch Napanee Kitchen Cabinets.

From point of design, arrangement, construction, quality of materials and workmanship they are the Finest Kitchen Cabinets made. Yet they cost no more than ordinary cabinets. Let us Show You the Line.



Room-Sized Rugs!

Remember we have an immense stock of the real Rugs always on hand. Bear in mind these are not samples but we have a Large Stock of them on display ready for your room and just the size you want at a price that will surprise you. Also a Big Line of Linoleums and Color-Fast Matting, and Congoleum Rugs.

You buy the goods, we Deliver them free of charge, no matter where you live.

Schrader Bros

Furniture Dealers—Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE and PLYMOUTH.

SAVING WOOL IS NOT ALL.

We never could save enough to satisfy the needs of the boys at the front—we'll simply have to do without it. You know, they wear out about twice as many clothes as we do. Yes, the government is protecting them by taking over the raw wool supply and also a good many of the mills. That means that when the present stocks of clothing are gone we will have to get along here at home with much less wool than we are using now. Of course, a good many stores are selling cotton mixtures now, but I was over to Mabley's the other day and they still have

WASHING WITH AIR

actually describes cleaning as it is done with an

ELECTRIC CLEANER.

Air is used as the cleaning agent. Carpets and rugs are cleaned and freshened as effectively as though it were possible to wash them in water. The home that is truly sanitary and healthful is the air cleaned home. There is an Electric Cleaner designed to suit the requirements of every home.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT Grand River and Griswold

Northville News

This Case Has a Hint for Many Sufferers.

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

The proof of merit is here and can be investigated.

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

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Ruthruff had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Adv't. 56

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

FLOWERS

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

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

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.

UPHOLSTERING

and
REPAIRING

FULL UP-TO-DATE LINE OF UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

F. R. WOODWORTH

Phone 258-W. Opera House Bldg. Work Called for and Delivered.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE H. BRYANT, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings Bank, in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Saturday, the 15th day of June A. D. 1918, and on Thursday, the 15th day of August A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 15th day of April A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, April 15th, 1918.
FRED J. COCHRAN,
HARRY E. TART,
Commissioners

Northville Newslets.

K. of P. regular meeting next Tuesday night.

Regular monthly meeting of the Library board this coming Saturday at the accustomed time and place.

Dr. G. W. Wikander and family of Detroit have moved to Northville and are occupying the Hayes house on Randolph street.

The regular afternoon meeting of The King's Daughters will be held Tuesday afternoon, May 6, at the home of Mrs. Fred VanAtta.

Mrs. Mendham was called to Northville last week by the news of the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Hills. —Milford Times.

Farmington is to have a Boy Scout troop of her own. Several Farmington boys are now members of the Northville Scout organization.

Arbor and garden day this Friday, May 3. Have you planted your tree or your garden or dug up your barberry bush if it's the wrong kind?

The Knit-ahill Klub surprised Mrs. H. E. Taft at her home Wednesday morning with a May morning breakfast. The occasion being her birthday.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Alexander are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Frances Helen, Friday April 26. The young lady weighs just 7½ pounds.

The annual installation of officers of Orient Chapter O. E. S. will be held this Friday evening at 7:30, followed by a light lunch, for members of the order only.

Mr. and Mrs. Cass Chase have moved from Mrs. Parsons' house at the corner of Cady and Wing streets to their home in the new extension at the west end of town.

Mt. Clemens has long been on record in liquor statistics as one of the "wettest spots in Michigan outside Detroit." Well, why not, since its a water-cure town, why not?

John Walker returned last week from Ann Arbor and is gradually recovering from the effects of the operation for appendicitis, which was performed at the hospital there.

Word has been received of the arrival on April 13, of Robert Wright, a nine pound boy, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Evans at Hibbing Minn. Lloyd was a former Northville boy.

The insurance inspectors have brought orders to all agencies to increase rates 10 per cent. This highest business is certainly going the limit now it has got started. What next?

The First 500 Club was entertained last Friday afternoon at a luncheon by Miss Ruth Gillis, in honor of the "club bride," Mrs. Zoe Little Balden, who was presented, at the close of the afternoon, with a handsome cut glass dish.

John Barleycorn may be dead in Michigan, all right, but it is going to require strict censorship on the part of the representatives of the law to keep his ghost from appearing. That sort of "spirits" are prone to appear if not thoroughly watched.

South Lyon holds a big celebration this coming Saturday, May 4 in honor of having exceeded the village and township quota in the sale of Liberty bonds. Milford made last Friday "Liberty Day"—the occasion of a big celebration, that town going far over its quota.

The J. Shaw farm of 225 acres on the Waterford road—south of Peck's corners and the seven mile road has been sold, Leslie McAdams of Detroit representing the principals in the deal. The price is not made public but the value of the property is estimated at about \$35,000.

A new scheme for raising Red Cross money has been successfully used at Potteryville, Mich. in the form of "cuss-bags," so called. Little bags bearing the Red Cross symbol are distributed in factories and other business places, and anyone who hears another use a profane word is expected to call on the "cusser" to put a coin in the bag. \$30 in one week was the first result in Potteryville, besides the "eligibles" who got away.

Highway Commissioner Montgomery has let the contract for the new abutment work on the town line road bridge just south of Evert's corners and as soon as that is finished work will begin on the bridge at the electric light plant and then the one at the Stimpson-Globe factories will be put in shape again. Mr. Montgomery is finding difficulty in getting labor but says all the necessary highway work will be but little delayed in consequence.

Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips have both been ill with grip this week.

Mrs. C. R. Benton, who has been quite ill for the past three weeks, is gaining slowly.

Frank Bolton, who has been confined to his home for the past week, is gaining slowly.

The Northville band is engaged to play at South Lyon this coming Saturday when that village celebrates its "over-the-top" Liberty bond subscription.

It is reported that a number of automobiles are still to be seen in operation with 1917 license plates, and Marshal Lyke has been instructed to gather in any motorist who thus violates the state law.

Just previous to their start on the return journey to Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Harmon had the doubtful pleasure of being actually present at an earthquake "entertainment" such as beautiful California stages occasionally. There are some worse things than old Mich's sometimes unseasonable weather.

Many people who bought Liberty bonds of the first and second issue are asking why their names do not appear in the list. We explain that this list refers only to the third issue. At the time of the other sales, no list was published as at that time many buyers objected.

The "Kingdom News," issued by the International Bible Students' association is under Federal ban on the charge of containing matter harmful to the nation's war needs, and of attacking the department of justice. Members of the association may have the paper, but are subject to arrest if they sell or give copies to any other persons.

The Record was criticised in a friendly way for referring last week to the local Lutheran church building as the "German" church. We are informed by a member of the church that the designation "German" Lutheran is no longer used among them, having been officially dropped by action of the Synod. The denomination is now the American Lutheran.

BIG CELEBRATION
AT FARMINGTON

A crowd of approximately 1,000 people gathered in Farmington Saturday afternoon to assist in celebrating the raising of the Liberty Bond flag won by Farmington as the first Oakland county township to exceed its quota in the Third Liberty bond sale. A 100 foot pole was raised near the town hall and the bond flag, preceded by a big Star Spangled Banner, was flown to the breeze with appropriate ceremonies. Farmington's 26-star service flag—with its one sadly significant golden star—was raised, greeted with a storm of applause that demonstrated the patriotic pride of the town in her soldier sons.

Abner E. Larned of Detroit gave the principal address, in the course of which he described his trip on the ill-fated Tuscania and his impressions of his visit to the front in Europe.

Speakers preceding Mr. Larned were L. W. Goodenough, a well known and enthusiastic patriotic worker, T. E. Millington of Orchard Lake and Ex. Gov. Fred M. Warner, who explained the unavoidable absence of Gov. Sleeper, and who also read letters from his son, Lieut. H. D. Warner and Howard Eisenlord, both of whom are at the front in France. Mr. Warner further evidenced his sincere patriotism by scoring those who are constantly criticising America's conduct of her part in the war. He said, in part: "By criticising now we are giving the lives of our own boys, because every knock prologs the war and every day of warfare is claiming our sons as victims. If you love your boys enough to want to see them again, you must stop kicking and pull for the rest of the struggle." He then explained the winning of the township flag.

Other features of the afternoon's program were several vocal and instrumental musical numbers and a talk by Mrs. Inda Hambleton, chairman of the local Woman's Committee of the National Defense Council, who showed what the women of Farmington had done and are doing in Red Cross and other war time work.

LIBERTY BOND FLAG HERE.

Northville's honor flag, presented by the U. S. government for the over-subscription of the third Liberty Loan quota, has been received, and as soon as the flagpole can be replaced on the village hall the Liberty flag will be raised thereon. A 22 foot steel pole has been ordered and is expected any day.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

E. J. Smythe.
Frank & Danzler Mfg. Co.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
MEETING NIGHTS
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT
EACH MONTH.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Meeting Nights,
April 12th and 26th.

Jas. Dickerson, F. Woodmansee,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. & A. M.
Regular May 13.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.

Regular May 8.

NORTHVILLE

COMMANDEY NO. 39 K. T.

Regular May 7.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.

Regular May 17.

CLEAN-UP WEEK.

Fire Protection campaign May 6 to May 11, 1918.

To the citizens of Northville. Aid us in the prevention of fires and loss of life, property, and food.

FRANK H. ELLSWORTH,
Com. of Insurance, Ex-Officio State Fire Marshal.
L. D. STAGE, Fire Chief.

BAND BENEFIT MAY 7.

The Northville band will give a big picture show in the Alseum theatre next Tuesday evening, May 7. This will be one of the best film entertainments seen here in a long time. Prices, 15 cents and 25 cents—no war tax. Everybody come.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts on the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics 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 catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Treasury Department,
Bureau of Publicity,
Liberty Loan.

LENDING THEIR BEST
CUSTOMERS.

The proceeds of the Liberty Loan, including the greater part of that loaned to our Allies, are being spent for American products—the products of our factories, our farms, our mines, and other industries. In lending to the United States the people of the United States are lending to their best and largest customers and obtaining the safest investment in the world. Buy Liberty Bonds.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EX-CHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

DEAR FRIENDS:

MICHIGAN IS A DRY STATE. I HOPE THE BOOZERS' FAMILY WILL HAVE A BETTER TIME NOW. THERE HAS CERTAINLY BEEN A GREAT TIME AMONG THE BEER AND WHISKY GUZZLERS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS. THEY CALL IT THE "LAST DAY" OR "THE END." BILL GRIERSON IS GOING TO RAISE CORN ON THE CREEK BOTTOM AGAIN. HE HAD SUCH BIG CORN LAST YEAR THE SUN ROSE AN HOUR LATER. LUKE METHUSELA SAT ON A JURY LAST WEEK. THE DEFENDANT WAS CHARGED WITH STEALING A HOG, BUT THE JURY DIDN'T BLAME HIM, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. DAVE WAS NOT ON THE JURY.

I HAVE LOTS OF GOOD THINGS TO SELL, AND WILL MAKE PRICES MEET YOUR POCKETBOOK. BRING IN YOUR EGGS—32 CASH OR 33 IN TRADE.

WILL HAVE LOTS OF GOOD POTATOES AT 75 CENTS PER BUSHEL. I WILL MEET ANY COMPETITION IN NORTHVILLE OR ANY PLACE ELSE. DO NOT FORGET THE 13 CENT BUTTERNUT AND MOTHER'S BREAD. ALWAYS FRESH AND NICE.

THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.



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ECONOMY-WITHOUT
MERE CHEAPNESS

ECONOMY, by all means! Let this be every man's clothesbuying watchword for Spring and Summer . . . Only first remember that economy resides—not in the cheapness of the price, but in the excellence of the goods . . . In our Kirschbaum Clothes you will find true economy, the economy of all-wool quality and durable service . . . \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40

WM. GORTON

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of
"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

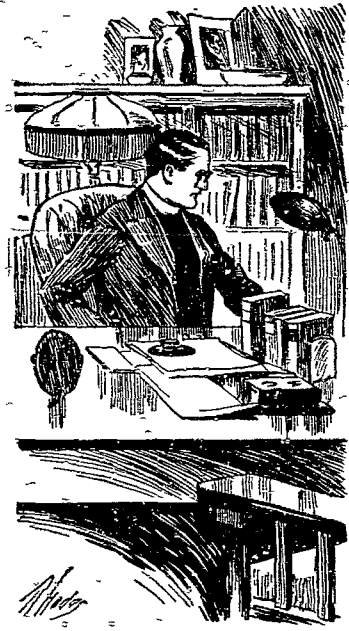
CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Connie's eyes were very bright. She looked hard a few times, choking back the rush of tears. Then with an impulsiveness she did not often show, she lifted her father's hand and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, father," she whispered, "I was so afraid—you wouldn't quite see." She kissed his hand again.

Carol looked at her sister respectfully. "Connie," she said, "I certainly beg your pardon. I just wanted to be clever, and didn't know what I was talking about. When you have finished it, give it to me, will you? I want to read it, too; I think it must be wonderful."

She held out a slender shapely hand and Connie took it quickly, clumsily,



Mr. Starr sat for a long time staring straight before him into space.

and the two girls turned toward the door.

"The danger in reading things," said Mr. Starr, and they paused to listen, "the danger is that we may find arguments we cannot answer; we may feel that we have been in the wrong, that what we read is right. There's the danger. Whenever you find anything like that, Connie, will you bring it to me? I think I can find the answer for you. If I don't know it, I will look until I come upon it. For we have been given an answer to every argument. You'll come to me, won't you?"

"Yes, father, I will—I know you'll find the answers."

After the door had closed behind them, Mr. Starr sat for a long time staring straight before him into space.

"The Connie problem," he said at last. And then, "I'll have to be better pals with her. Connie's going to be pretty fine, I believe."

CHAPTER XIII.

Boosting Connie.

Connie was past fifteen when she announced gravely one day, "I've changed my mind. I'm going to be an author."

"An author?" scoffed Carol. "You! I thought you were going to get married and have eleven children."

"Oh, I've plenty of time for them yet, when I find a father for them. Yes, I'm going to be an author."

"Can you write?"

"Of course I can write."

"What makes you think you can write, Con?" inquired Lark, with genuine interest.

"I have already done it."

"Was it any good?"

"It was fine."

Carol and Lark smiled at each other.

"Yes," said Carol, "she has the long-haired instinct. I see it now. They always say it is fine. Was it a masterpiece, Connie?"

"Well, considering my youth and inexperience, it was," Connie admitted, her eyes sparkling appreciatively. Carol's wit was no longer lost upon her, at any rate.

"Bring it out. Let's see it. I've never met a masterpiece yet—except a dead one," said Lark.

"No—no," Connie backed up quickly. "You can't see it, and—don't ask any more about it. Has father gone out?"

The twins stared at her again.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, but it's my story and you can't see it. That settles it. Was there any mail today?"

Afterward the twins talked it over together.

"What made her back down like that?" Carol wondered. "Just when we had her going."

"Why, didn't you catch onto that? She has sent it off to a magazine, of course, and she doesn't want us to know about it. I saw through it right away."

Carol looked at her twin with new interest. "Did you ever send 'em off?"

Lark fished a little. "Yes, I did, and always got 'em back, too—worse luck. That's why I gave it up."

"What did you do with them when they came back?"

"Burned them. They always burn them. Connie'll get hers back, and she'll burn it, too," was the laconic answer.

"You wait until she can't eat a meal, and then you'll know she's got it back. Many's the time Prudence made me take medicine, just because I got a story back. Prudence thought it was tummyache. The symptoms are a good bit the same."

So Carol watched, and sure enough, there came a day when the bright light of hope in Connie's eyes gave way to the sober sadness of certainty. Her light had failed. And she couldn't eat her dinner.

Lark kicked Carol's foot under the table, and the two exchanged amused glances.

"Connie's not well," said Lark with a worried air. "She isn't eating a thing. You'd better give her a dose of that tonic, Aunt Grace."

"I'm not sick," the crushed young author protested. "I'm just not hungry."

"You can see for yourself," insisted Lark. "Look at her. Isn't she sick?"

Many's the long illness Prudence stayed off for me by a dose of this magic tonic. You'd better make her take it, father. You can see she's sick."

"You'd better take a little, Connie," her father decided. "You don't look very well today."

And the aspiring young genius was obliged to swallow the bitter dose.

After the meal was over, Carol shadowed Connie closely. Sure enough, she headed straight for her own room, and Carol, close outside, heard a crumpling of paper. She opened the door quickly and went in. Connie turned, startled, a gully red staining her pale face.

Carol sat down sociably on the side of the bed, politely ignoring Connie's feeble attempt to keep the crumpled manuscript from her sight. She engaged her sister in a broad-minded and sweeping conversation, adroitly leading it up to the subject of literature. But Connie would not be inveigled into a confession. Then Carol took a wide leap.

"Did you get the story back?"

Connie gazed at her with an awe that was almost superstitious.

"I sure did," she said.

"Hard luck," said Carol, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Let's see it."

Connie hesitated, but finally passed it over.

"I'll take it to my own room and read it, if you don't mind."

More eagerly than she would have liked Connie to know, Carol curled herself upon the bed to read Connie's masterpiece. It was a simple story, but Connie did have a way of saying things, and—Carol laid it down in her lap and stared at it thoughtfully. Then she called Lark.

"Look here," she said abruptly. "Read this. It's the masterpiece."

She maintained a perfect silence while Lark perused the crumpled manuscript.

"Is it any good?" pursued Carol.

"Why, yes, I think it is. It's just like folks you know. They talk as we do, and—I'm surprised they didn't keep it. I've read 'em a whole lot worse!"

"Connie's disappointed," Carol said. "I think she needs a little boost. I believe she'll really get there if we kind of crowd her along for a while. We'll just copy it over, and send it out again."

"And if it comes back?"

"We'll send it again. We'll get the name of every magazine in the library, and give 'em all a chance to start the newest author on the rosy way."

"It'll take a lot of stamps."

"That's so. Well, I have half a dollar," admitted Carol reluctantly.

After that the weeks passed by. The twins saw finally the shadow of disappointment leaving Connie's face, and another expression of absorption take its place.

"She's started another one," Lark said, wise in her personal experience.

And when there came the starry rapt gaze once more, they knew that this one, too, had gone to meet its fate. But before the second blow fell, the twins gained their victory. They embraced each other feverishly, and kissed the precious check a hundred times, and insisted that Connie was the cleverest little darling that ever lived on earth. Then, when Connie, with their father and aunt, was sitting in unsuspecting quiet, they tripped in upon her.

"We have something to read to you," said Carol beaming paternally at Connie. "Listen attentively. Put down your paper, father. It's important. Go on Larkie."

"My dear Miss Starr," read Lark. "We are very much pleased with your story."

"Connie sprang suddenly from her chair—"your story, 'When the Rule Worked Backwards.' We are placing it in one of our early numbers, and shall be glad at any time to have the pleasure of examining more of your work. We enclose our check for forty-five dollars. Thanking you, and assuring you of the satisfaction with which we have read your story, I am,

"Very cordially yours,"

"Trn, lalalalala!" sang the twins, dancing around the room, waving, one the letter, the other the check.

Connie's face was pale, and she

caught her head with both hands, laughing nervously. "I'm going round," she gasped. "Stop me."

Carol promptly pushed her down in a chair and sat upon her lap.

"Pretty good—eh, what?"

"Oh, Carol, don't say that—it sounds awful," cautioned Lark.

"What do you think about it, Connie? Pretty fair boost for a struggling young author, don't you think? Family, arise! The Chautauqua salute! We have arrived. Connie is an author—Forty-five dollars!"

"But however did you do it?" wondered Connie breathlessly.

"Why, we sent it out, and—"

"Just once?"

"Alas, no—we sent it seven times."

Connie laughed excitedly. "Oh, oh!—forty-five dollars! Think of it. Oh, father!"

"Where's the story," he asked, a little jealously. "Why didn't you let me look it over, Connie?"

"Oh, father, I couldn't. I—I—I felt shy about it. You don't know how it is, father, but—we want to keep them hidden. We don't get proud of them until they've been accepted."

"Forty-five dollars," Aunt Grace kissed her warmly. "And the letter is worth a hundred times more to us than that. And when we see the story—"

"We'll go through on the money, twins," said Connie.

The twins looked eager, but conscientious. "No," they said, "it's just a boost, you know. We can't take the money."

"Oh, you've got to go through. You ought to have it all. I would have burned it."

"No, Connie," said Carol, "we know you aren't worth devotion like ours, but we donate it just the same—it's gratis."

"All right," said Connie. "I know what you want, anyhow. Come on, auntie, let's go down town. I'm afraid that silver silk mull will be sold before we get there."

The twins fell upon her ecstatically.

"Oh, Connie, you mustn't. We can't allow it. Oh, of course if you insist, dearest, only—"

And then they rushed to find hats and gloves for their generous sister and devoted aunt.

The second story came back in due time, but with the boost still strong in her memory, and with the fifteen dollars in the bank, Connie bore it bravely and started it traveling once more. Most of the stories never did find a permanent lodging place, and Connie carried an old box to the attic for a repository for her mental fruits that couldn't make friends away from home. But she never despaired again.

And the twins, after their own manner, calmly took to themselves full credit for the career which they believed lay not far before her.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Millionaire's Son.

"If Jim doesn't ask for a date for the concert next week, Lark, let's snub him good."

"Oh, don't worry. He always asks. You have that same discussion every time there's anything going on. It's just a waste of time."

Mr. Starr looked up from his mail.

"Complexion and boys with Carol, books and boys with Lark, Connie, if you begin that nonsense—you'll get spanked. One member of my family shall rise above it, if I have to do it with force."

Connie blushed.

The twins broke into open derision.

"Connie! Oh, yes, Connie's above that nonsense."

"Connie's the worst in the family, father, only she's one of those reserved, supercilious souls who doesn't tell everything she knows."

"Nonsense. I wish father could have heard Lee Hanson last night. It would have been a revelation to him. 'Aw, go on, Connie, give us a kiss.'"

Connie caught her lips between her teeth. Her face was scarlet.

"Twins!"

"It's a fact, father. He kept us awake. 'Aw, go on, Connie, be good to a fellow.'"

"I—I—" began Connie defensively.

"Well, we know it. Don't interrupt when we're telling things. You always spoil a good story by cutting in. 'Aw, go on, Connie, go on, now.' And Connie said—" The twins rocked off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Connie flashed a murderous look at them.

"Well, I—"

"Give us time, Connie. We're coming to that. And Connie said, 'I'm going in now; I'm sleepy.'"

"I didn't—father, I didn't!"

"Well, you might have said a worse thing than that," he told her sadly.

"I mean—I—"

"She did say it," cried the twins.

"I'm sleepy. Just like that."

"Well, it would make you sick," declared Connie, wrinkling up her nose to express her disgust. "Are boys always like that father?"

"Don't ask me," he hedged promptly.

"How should I know?"

"Oh, Connie, how can you! There's father—now, he never cared to kiss the girls even in his bad and balmy days, did you, daddy? Oh, no, father was all for the strictly orthodox even in his youth!"

Mr. Starr returned precipitately to

his mail, and the twins calmly resumed the discussion where it had been interrupted.

A little later a quick exclamation from their father made them turn to him inquiringly.

"It's a shame," he said, and again: "What a shame!"

"Why, it's a letter from Andrew Hedges—an old college chum of mine. His son is going West and Andy is sending him around this way to see me and meet my family. He'll be here this afternoon. Isn't it a shame?"

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Carol.

"We can use him to make Jim Forrest jealous if he doesn't ask for that date!" And she rose up and kissed her father.

"Will you kindly get back to your seat, young lady, and not interfere with my thoughts," he reproved her sternly but with twinkling eyes. "The trouble is I have to go to Fort Madison on the noon train for that Epworth League convention. I'd like to see that boy—Andy's done well, I guess. I've always heard so. He's a millionaire, they say."

For a long second his daughters gazed at him speechlessly.

"Then, 'A millionaire's son,' Lark faltered feebly.

"But I have to go to Fort Madison. I am on the program tonight. There's the puzzle."

"Oh, father, you can leave him to us," volunteered Lark. "We'll be lovely, just lovely. A millionaire's son! Oh, yes, daddy, you can trust him to us all right."

At last he caught the drift of their enthusiasm. "Ah! I see! That fatal charm. You're sure you'll treat him nicely?"

"Oh, yes, father, so sure. A millionaire's son. We've never even seen one yet."

"Now, look here, girls, fix the house up and carry it off the best you can. I'll be gone until the end of the week, since I'm on for the last night, too. Will you do your best?"

After his departure, Carol gathered the family forces about her without a moment's delay.

"A millionaire's son," she prefaced her remarks, and as she had expected, was rewarded with immediate attention.

"Now, for darling father's sake, we've got to manage this thing the very best we can. We have to make this Andy Hedges, millionaire's son, think we're just about all right, for father's sake. We must have a generous dinner, to start with. We'll plan that a little later. Now I think, Aunt Grace, lovely, it would be nice for you to wear your lavender lace gown, and look delicate, don't you? A chaperone, auntie in poor health, is so aristocratic. You must wear the lavender satin slippers and have a bottle of cologne to lift frequently to your sensitive nostrils."

"Why, Carol, William wouldn't like it!"

"Wouldn't like it!" ejaculated the schemer in surprise. "Wouldn't like it! Why wouldn't he like it? Didn't he tell us to create a good impression?"

"But you are not?" Richard questioned.

"No, I am not," the girl admitted. She considered. "I have an engagement for this evening; would tomorrow afternoon do?"

He agreed with alacrity.

Dazedly Richard passed out of the glittering dining room. "How remarkable it had all been." Never before had he freely laughed and talked with any young woman. There had always been an uneasy desire for flight. Now his one desire was to see again this daintily lovely creature. If he might only persuade her to accompany him through various pleasure trips of the week to come. And the girl proved easy to persuade. One might almost imagine her as eager for companionship and free-hearted amusement as himself. Twice she had permitted him to call for her at the home where she was a guest. A home in a favored residential district it was, but all that Richard could learn of the girl was her name, Faith Stanton. Of her own home life she was reticent.

Richard had introduced himself by card. Miss Stanton did not further present him to her hostess. But of the girl's life or people Richard cared nothing. With the headlong impulsiveness of this his first adventure he had fallen irrevocably in love.

Then, before he himself knew what he was doing, Richard proposed.

"The girl's prompt and flat refusal brought him quickly to earth. 'You do not know me at all,' she sighed. 'I am very different from what you think.' Nothing could move her from her tearful determination.

The Grovetown home when he returned seemed duller than ever, the bank routine more distasteful.

Then, one day, a familiar tone at his window started his aching heart to hammer. When he looked over his mahogany railing into the face beneath he could only murmur, "You!"

The girl of his adventure stood thrusting a bank book before him.

"I told you that I was different from the dashing creature I played at being," Faith Stanton protested. "I knew you all along. You have cashed father's checks for me with scarce a glance, the Rev. Jabez Stanton, minister. We came here last month. I was in the city attending a school friend's wedding when I met you. I wanted to know how it would seem to live as other girls do, and she let me wear her clothes." Faith touched her prim hat with a grimace. "Mother makes me wear this style," she said.

Through the barred window Richard caught and held the girl's hands. "Oh! Glory!" he whispered. "Oh! Glory! I am coming to see you tonight!"

"It's a Shame," He Said, and Again: "What a Shame!"

Well, this is it. You'll make a lovely semi-invalid auntie. You must have a faintly perfumed handkerchief to press to your eyes now and then. It isn't hot enough for you slowly to wield a graceful fan, but we can get along without it."

"But, Carol—"

"Think how pleased dear father will be if his old college chum's son is properly impressed," interrupted Carol hurriedly, and proceeded at once with her plans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Room for Teddy Bears.

A woman with her little girl was looking through a flat that was for rent. The janitor said no dogs or animals of any kind were allowed. The little girl said to her mother: "Don't move here, I can't bring my Teddy bear."

HIS LITTLE FLING.

By JACK LAWTON.

(Copyright, 1912, Western Newspaper Union.)

Richard had lived an uneventful life. Raised by two exacting aunts, method had been the keynote of his existence. Marion, his sister, had shared the same monotonous but comfortable fate. Any custom, but that of the little town's conformity was frowned upon; therefore, Richard passed duly and dutifully through high school, entered the Grovetown bank, became chief clerk, and continued passively his daily routine.

Marion taught eventually in the school and read at evening from books approved by the two dominating old ladies. Marion's life promised to blend exactly into what theirs was to day.

The Grovetown schoolgirls of his day, had grown up, and, greeted him, smilingly now upon the streets; there his interest ended.

Perhaps it was the first breath of spring that turned him to rebellion, or perhaps the sentence of a story read the previous night.

"One must have his little fling," the story had insisted, and Richard realized suddenly and indignantly that he had never had any "fling" at all. Everything had been arranged and ordered for him.

"Going to spend my holiday week in the city," he told the banker abruptly, and departed. By long-distance phone he later notified his astounded family.

"Do you suppose he has gone to see the dentist?" Marion asked.

"Urgent and private banking business, undoubtedly," declared the elder aunt.

"But Richard had gone to 'have his little fling.' His vision of an untrammeled good time was rather hazy. There would be vaudeville shows of course, famous movies and meals at the biggest hotels. He regretted having no acquaintance in the city; enjoying things alone was not satisfactory. "If one knew a companionable man or—Richard actually blushed—" an exceedingly attractive girl like those of the stories—and at this part of his meditation, an exceedingly attractive girl, seated herself at the opposite side of the hotel table.

"May I have the salt, please?" she asked, and the ice was broken. It seemed a natural thing after that to fall easily into conversation.

"The war! How terrible it was! The play at the Strand—had he seen it?—so very good," etc.

Richard's eyes spoke open admiration of the girl's modish spring suit.

"Good-by," said the girl as she clasped her white gloves, but Richard arched with surprising temerity.

"Oh, please," he begged, "couldn't you take pity on a lonely fellow and go over to the show with him?"

"Why," she objected, "I might be married."

"But you are not?" Richard questioned.

"No, I am not," the girl admitted. She considered. "I have an engagement for this evening; would tomorrow afternoon do?"

He agreed with alacrity.

Dazedly Richard passed out of the glittering dining room. "How remarkable it had all been." Never before had he freely laughed and talked with any young woman. There had always been an uneasy desire for flight. Now his one desire was to see again this daintily lovely creature. If he might only persuade her to accompany him through various pleasure trips of the week to come. And the girl proved easy to persuade. One might almost imagine her as eager for companionship and free-hearted amusement as himself. Twice she had permitted him to call for her at the home where she was a guest. A home in a favored residential district it was, but all that Richard could learn of the girl was her name, Faith Stanton. Of her own home life she was reticent.

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The Kitchen Cabinet

Don't you ever stop to realize that no one is wholly indispensable in this world? Someone can take our places if we drop out. Why not accept all that is offered to us and get the most out of life we can?

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

The fresh rhubarb is an always welcome spring fruit which may be served in various ways.

Rhubarb Sponge.

Clean and cut in half-inch pieces without peeling young, tender rhubarb, that which has a pink or rose skin preferred. Srew until tender, adding one-fourth cupful of boiling water to a pound of the rhubarb; cook until tender. Sift one ounce of granulated gelatin in a third of a cupful of cold water. Strain the cooked rhubarb, pressing out all the juice and add enough boiling water to make three cupfuls. Mix three-fourths of a cupful of sugar with a half a teaspoonful of ginger, stir in the juice and gelatin, when the gelatin is dissolved add the grated rind and juice of a lemon and set the mixture to chill. When it begins to thicken fold in the beaten whites of three eggs. Mold. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Head Cheese. Boil three hocks of a pig until the meat falls from the bones, season as desired and drain and cool. Chop coarsely, add a chopped onion, pepper, salt and nutmeg, with the liquor, in which the hocks were cooked. Mold and when cold serve in slices.

Belgian Hash. Soak a half cupful of prunes and a half cupful of currants overnight, add two finely chopped hocks of a pig cooked until the meat

The Yukon Trail

An Alaskan Love Story

By William Macleod Raine

Copyright, William Macleod Raine.

MACDONALD WINS FIRST MOVE IN BATTLE WITH ELLIOT FOR SHEBA'S FAVOR

Synopsis.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger, whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly. Landing at Kuskak, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba. Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge, his right-hand man, to Kamatlah to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation. Elliot also leaves for Kamatlah and, wandering from the trail, believes that he faces death. Selfridge, on his arrival at Kamatlah, has his agents abduct Gideon Holt, old-time miner, who knows too much about Macdonald's activities. Holt wanders into the camp where Holt is held a prisoner. The two men, overpowering the kidnappers, return to Kamatlah, where Elliot learns the truth about the coal land deals.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Elliot glanced at the woman behind whose skirts the youngster was hiding. "She's not bad looking, if that's what you mean," he said after they had taken up the trail again.

"You ain't the only white man that has thought that," retorted the old miner significantly.

"No?" Gordon had learned to let Holt tell things at his leisure. It usually took less time than to try to hurry him.

"Name of the kid mean anything to you?"

"Can't say it did."

"Hm! Named for his dad. First syllable of each of his names."

The land inspector stopped in his stride and wheeled upon Holt. "You don't bear Colby Macdonald?"

"Why don't I?"

"But—Good Lord, he isn't a 'graw man, is he?"

"Not in the usual meaning of the word. She never cooked and kept house for him. Just the same, little Colmac is his kid. Couldn't you see it sticking out all over him? He's the spit 'n' image of his dad."

"I see it now you've pointed it out. I was trying to think who he reminded me of. Of course it was Macdonald."

"Mac met up with Metcote when he first scouted this country for coal five years ago. So far I know he was square enough with the girl. She never claimed he made any promises or anything like that. He sends a check down once a quarter to the trader here for her and the kid."

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wanted an invitation to dinner. Yet she hesitated.

"My phone can't be working well," Gordon told her gaily. "You must have asked me to dinner, but I didn't just hear it. Never mind, I'll be there. Seven o'clock, did you say?"

Diane laughed. "You're just as much a boy as you were ten years ago, Gord. All right. Come along. But you're to leave at ten."

"No, I can't hear that. My phone has gone bad again. And if I had heard, I shouldn't think of doing anything so ridiculous as leaving at that hour. It would be an insult to your hospitality. I know when I'm well off."

"Then I'll have to withdraw my invitation. Perhaps some other day."

"I'll leave at ten," promised Elliot meekly.

He could almost hear the smile in her voice as she answered. "Very well. Seven sharp. I'll explain about the curfew limit some time."

Macdonald was with Miss O'Neill in the living room when Gordon arrived at the Paget home.

Sheba came forward to greet the new guest. The welcome in her eyes was very genuine.

"You and Mr. Macdonald know each other, of course," she said after her handshake.

The Scotsman nodded his lean, grizzled head, looking straight into the eyes of the field agent.

"Yes, I know Mr. Elliot now. I'm not sure that he knows me yet."

"I'm beginning to know you rather well, Mr. Macdonald," answered Gordon quietly.

If the Alaskan wanted to declare war he was ready for it. The field agent knew that Selfridge had kept reports detailing what had happened at Kamatlah. Up to date Macdonald had offered him the velvet glove. He wondered if the time had come when the fist of steel was to be doubled.

"Did you have a successful trip, Mr. Elliot?" asked Sheba innocently.

Paget grinned behind his hand. The girl's question was like a match to powder, and everyone in the room knew it but she. The engineer's interests and his convictions were on the side of Macdonald, but he recognized that Elliot had been sent in to gather facts for the government and not to give advice to it.

"Did you, Gordon?" echoed his hostess.

"I think so," he answered quietly. "I hear you put up with old Gideon Holt. Is he as cracked as he used to be?" asked Macdonald.

"Was he cracked when you used to know him on Frenchman creek?" countered the young man.

Macdonald shot a quick, slant look at him. The old man had been talking, had he?

"He was cracked and broke, too," laughed the mine owner hardily. "Cracked when he came, broke when he left."

"Yes, that was one of the stories he told me," Gordon turned to Sheba. "You should meet the old man, Miss O'Neill. He knew your father at Dawson and on Bonanza."

The girl was all eagerness. "I'd like to. Does he ever come to Kuskak?"

"Nonsense!" cut in Diane sharply. She flashed Gordon a look of annoyance. "He's nothing but a daff old idiot, my dear."

The dinner had started wrong, and though Paget steered the conversation to safer ground, it did not go very well.

Gordon was ashamed of himself. He could not quite have told what were the impulses that had moved him to carry the war into the camp of the enemy. Perhaps, more than anything else, it had been a certain look of quiet assurance in the eyes of his rival when he looked at Sheba.

He rose promptly at ten.

"Must you go so soon?" Diane asked. She was smiling at him with bland mockery.

"I really must," answered Elliot. His hostess followed him into the hall. She watched him get into his coat before saying what was on her mind.

"What did you mean by telling Sheba

that old Holt knew her father? What is he to tell her if they meet—that her father died of pneumonia brought on by drink? Is that what you want?"

"I suppose I wanted Holt to tell her that Macdonald robbed her father and indirectly was the cause of his death."

"Absurd!" exploded Diane. "You're so simple that you accept as truth the gossip of every crack-brained idiot when it suits your purpose."

He smiled, boyishly, engagingly, as he held out his hand. "Don't let's quarrel, Di. I admit I forgot myself."

"All right. We won't. But don't believe all the catty talk you hear, Gordon."

"I'll try to believe only the truth." He smiled, a little ruefully. "And it isn't necessary for you to explain why the curfew law applies to me and not to Macdonald."

She was on her dignity at once. "You're quite right. It isn't necessary. But I'm going to tell you, anyhow, Mr. Macdonald is going away tomorrow for two or three days, and he has some business he wants to talk over with Sheba. He had made an appointment with her, and I didn't think it fair to let your coming interfere with it."

Gordon took this facet with his smile still working.

"I've got a little business I want to talk over with you, Di."

She had always been a young woman of rather a hard finish. Now she met him fairly, eye to eye. "Any time you like, Gordon."

Elliot carried away with him one very definite impression. Diane intended Sheba to marry Macdonald if she could bring it about. She had as good as served notice on him that the girl was spoken for.

The young man set his square jaw. Diane was used to having her own way. So was Macdonald. Well, the Elliots had a will of their own, too.

CHAPTER XI.

Sheba Says, "Perhaps."

Obedient to the orders of the general in command, Peter took himself to his den with the excuse that he had blueprints to work over. Presently Diane said she thought she heard one of the children crying and left to investigate.

The Scotsman strode to the fireplace and stood looking down into the glowing coals. He seemed in no hurry to break the silence and Sheba glanced at his strong brooding face a little apprehensively. She knew of only one subject that would call for so formal appropriate talk between her and Macdonald, and any discussion of this she would very much have liked to postpone.

He turned from the fire to Sheba. It was characteristic of him that he plunged straight at what he wanted to say.

"I've asked to see you alone, Miss O'Neill, because I want to make a confession and restitution—to begin with," he told her abruptly.

She had a sense of suddenly stifled pulses. "That sounds very serious," the young woman smiled faintly.

His face of chiseled granite masked all emotion. It kept under lock and key the insurgent impulses that moved him when he looked into the blue eyes charged with reserve. Back of them, he felt, was the mystery of purity, of maidenhood. He longed to know her better, to find out and to appropriate for himself the woman that lay behind the fine veil of flesh. She seemed to him delicate as a flame and as vivid. There would come a day when her innocent, passionate nature would respond to the love of a man as a waiting harp does to skillful fingers.

"My story goes away back to the Klondike days. I told you that I knew your father on Frenchman creek, but I didn't say much about knowing him on Bonanza."

"Mr. Strong has told me something about the days on Bonanza, and I knew you would tell me more soon," day—when you wanted to speak about it."

"Your father was among the first of those who stampeded to Bonanza. He and Strong took a claim together. I bought out the interest of your father."

"You told me that."

His masterful eyes fastened to hers. "I didn't tell you that I took advantage of him. He was not well. I used that against him in the bargaining. He wanted ready money, and I tempted him."

"Do you mean that you wronged him?"

"Yes. I cheated him." He resolved to gloss over nothing, to offer no excuses. "I didn't know there was gold in the claim, but I had what we call a hunch. I took the claim without giving value received."

"But—I don't understand." Her brave, steady eyes looked directly into those of Macdonald. "If he felt you had done him a wrong—why did he come to you when he was ill?"

"He was coming to demand justice of me. On the way he suffered exposure and caught pneumonia. The word reached us, and Strong and I brought him to our cabin."

"You faced a blizzard to bring him in. Mr. Strong told me how you risked your life by carrying him through the storm—how you wouldn't give up and leave him, though you

were weak and staggering yourself. He says it was a miracle you ever got through."

"I'm not heartless," said Macdonald impatiently. "Of course I did that. I had to do it. I couldn't do less."

"Nor more," she suggested. "You may have made a hard bargain with him, but you wiped that out later."

"That's just what I didn't do. Don't think my conscience is troubling me. I'm not such a mush-brained fool. If it had not been for you I would never have thought of it again. But you are his daughter. What I cheated him out of belongs to you—and you are my friend."

"Don't use that word about what you did, please. He wasn't a child. If you got the best of him in a bargain, I don't think father would think of it that way."

The difficulty was that he could not tell her the truth about her father's

When he said good-by it was with a warm, strong handshake.

"I'll be back in two days. Perhaps you'll have good news for me then," he suggested.

The dark, slithering of her eyes lifted shyly to meet his.

"Perhaps," she said.

During the absence of Macdonald the field agent saw less of Sheba than he had expected, and when he did see her she had an abstracted manner he did not quite understand. She kept to her own room a good deal, except when she took long walks into the hills back of the town. Diane had a shrewd idea that the Alaskan had put his fortune to the test, and she not only let her cousin along herself, but fended Gordon from her adroitness.

The third day after the dinner Elliot dropped around to the Pagets with intent to get Sheba into a set of tennis. Diane sat on the porch darning socks.

"Sheba is out walking with Mr. Macdonald," she explained in answer to a question as to the whereabouts of her guest.

"Oh, he's back, is he?" remarked Gordon moodily.

"He came back this morning. Sheba has gone up with him to see the Lucky Strike."

"You're going to marry her to that man if you can, aren't you?" he charged.

"If I can, Gordon." She slipped a darning ball into one of little Peter's stockings and placidly trimmed the hole.

"It's what I call a conspiracy."

"Is it?" Diane smiled.

Gordon understood her smile to mean he was jealous.

"Maybe I am. That's not the point," he answered, just as if she had made her accusation in words.

"Suppose you tell me what the point is," she suggested.

"He isn't good enough for her. You know that perfectly well."

"Good enough!" She shrugged her shoulders. "What man is good enough for a nice girl, if you come to that? There are other things besides sugary goodness. Any man who is strong can make himself good enough for the woman he loves."

"Generally speaking, yes. But Colby Macdonald is different."

"Thank heaven he is," she retorted impatiently. Then added after a moment: "He isn't a Sunday-school superintendent if that's what you mean."

"That isn't what I mean at all. But there's such a thing as a difference between right and wrong, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes. For instance, Mr. Macdonald is right about the need of developing Alaska, and the way to do it, and you are wrong."

"I'm not talking about essential right and wrong. Miss O'Neill is idealizing Macdonald. I don't suppose you've told her, for instance, that he made his first money in the North running a dance hall."

"No, I haven't told her any such thing, because it isn't true," she replied scornfully. "He owned an opera house and brought in a company of players. I dare say they danced. That's very different, as you'd know if you didn't have astigmatism of the mind."

"Not the way the story was told me. But let that pass. Does she know that Macdonald beat her father out of one of the best claims on Bonanza and was indirectly responsible for his death?"

"What's the use of talking nonsense, Gordon. You know you can't prove that," his friend told him sharply.

"I think I can—if it is necessary."

Diane looked across at him with an impudent little tilt of the chin. "I don't think I like you, as well as I used to."

"Sorry, because I'd like you just as well, Diane, if you would stop trying to manage your cousin into a marriage that will spoil her life," he answered gravely. "The happiness of Miss O'Neill is of very great importance to me."

"Do you mean—?" Wide-eyed, she looked her question straight at him.

"That's just what I mean, Diane. She darning for a minute in silence. It had occurred to Diane before that perhaps Gordon might be in love with Sheba, but she had put the thought from her because she did not want to believe it.

"That's different, Gordon. It explains—and in a way excuses—your coming here and trying to bully me. She stopped her work to flash a question at him. "Don't you think that maybe it's only a fancy of yours? I remember you used—"

He shook his head. "No chance, Diane. I'm hard hit. She's the only girl I ever met that suited me. Everything she does is right. Every move she makes is wonderful."

The eyes with which she looked at him were softer, as those of women are wont to be for the true romance.

"You poor boy," she murmured, and let her hand for a moment rest on his.

"Meaning that I lose?" he asked quickly.

"I think you do. I'm not sure."

Elliot leaned forward impulsively.

"Be a good sport, Diane. Let me have my chance, too. Why do you take it easy for Macdonald and hard for

me? Isn't it because the glamor of his millions blinds you?"

"He's a big, splendid man, but I don't like him any the less because he has the power to make life easy and comfortable for Sheba," she defended sturdily.

"Yet you turned down Arthur West, the best catch in your set, to marry Peter, who was the worst," he reminded her. "Have you ever been sorry for it?"

She returned to the previous question. "Sheba knows more about Mr. Macdonald than you think. And about how he got her father's claim, for instance—she has heard all that."

"You told her?"

"No. Colby Macdonald told her. He said he practically robbed her father, and he gave her a check for nearly two hundred thousand to cover the clean-up from the claim and interest."

"Bully for him. On the heel of this he hung a question at her. 'Did Macdonald ask her to marry him the night of the dinner?'"

A flash of whimsical amusement lit her dainty face. "You'd better ask him that. Here he comes now."

They were coming down the walk together, Macdonald and Sheba. The young woman was absorbed in his talk, and she did not know that her cousin and Elliot were on the porch until she was close upon them. But at sight of the young man her eyes became warm and kind.

"I'm sorry I was out yesterday when you called," she told him.

"And you were out again today. My luck isn't very good, is it?"

He laughed pleasantly, but his heart was bitter. He believed Macdonald had won.

"We've had such a good walk," Sheba went on quickly. "I wish you could have heard Mr. Macdonald telling me how he had a chance to save a small Eskimo tribe during a hard winter. He carried food five hundred miles to them. It was a thrilling experience."

"Mr. Macdonald has had a lot of very interesting experiences. You must get him to tell you about all of them," answered Gordon quietly.

The eyes of the two men met. The steel-gray eyes of the older man answered the challenge of his rival with a long, steady look. There was in it something of triumph, something of scornful insolence. If this young fellow wanted war, he did not need to wait long for it.

"Time enough for that, man. Miss O'Neill and I have the whole Arctic winter before us for stories."

The muscles in the lean jaws of Gordon Elliot stood out like steel ropes. He turned to Sheba. "Am I to congratulate Mr. Macdonald?"

The color in her cheeks grew warmer, but her shy glance met his fairly. "I think it is I that am to be congratulated, Mr. Elliot."

Diane took her cousin in her arms. "My dear, I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said softly.

The Irish girl fled into the house as soon as she could, but not before making an announcement.

"We're to be married soon, very quietly. If you are still at Kuskak we wait you to be one of the few friends present, Mr. Elliot."

Macdonald backed her invitation with a cool, cynical smile. "Miss O'Neill speaks for us both, of course, Elliot."

The defeated man bowed. "Thanks very much. The chances are that I'll be through my business before then."

As soon as his fiancée had gone into the house, the Scotsman left. Gordon

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Mr. Truck Owner

The finest Motor Truck Bodies are built at our factory, and you are cordially invited to see what we have to offer.

If you wish a Special Type of Body for carrying fruit, garden or dairy product we can give you the right equipment.

If you need a Stake Body for light or heavy duty, an Express Body or any other style you will serve your best interests by conferring with us.

Do not delay for the rush season will soon be here.

GLOBE FURNITURE CO.
NORTHVILLE.

NOT MUCH EXCITEMENT.

Having been at least ostensibly and theoretically and approximately "dry" for some time previously, Northville made little demonstration of rejoicing—or otherwise—over the demise of J. Barleycorn May 1, 1918. Of course a few of the most devoted followers of King Alcohol made themselves even more than ordinarily ridiculous by several days' spree in advance, as if that would help any in quenching subsequent thirst, but there was no particular celebration either way, except the ringing of the Baptist church bell at midnight to emphasize the rejoicing of the W. C. T. U. as an organization. The thing to do now is to "watch out."

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Central 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 8:30 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 6:40 a. m. daily except Sunday.
Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:30 a. m. and hourly to 5:30 p. m., then 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., and 11:00 p. m. Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30 a. m., 6:42 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

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

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at Stark Brothers' store in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June A. D. 1918, and on Saturday, the third day of August A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 1st day of April A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated, April 4, 1918.

WILBER H. STARK,
ABRAHAM PIERER,
38-41, Commissioners.

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 April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of FRANK H. JOHNSON, deceased.
An instrument in 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 twenty-second day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument.

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,
40-42, Register.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE PILLS FOR THE DRUGGIST. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills. They are the only pills that are sold in this country. They are the only pills that are sold in this country. They are the only pills that are sold in this country.

LETTER BRINGS

SAD COMFORT

The following letter from France, loaned the Record by Harmon Yerkes and family, explains itself:

On Active Service with the A. E. F. March 15th, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Yerkes: I am writing you some meagre details of your son's funeral, thinking that you may be glad to know them even though they cannot but accentuate the grief which you will be feeling already, because of the cable received from the government, telling of his all too premature death by pneumonia. He was buried this afternoon along with eight others, who like himself were not permitted to reach the front and actually engage in hostilities, but gave his life here only on the threshold of the land that he thought would be the scene of his extended labors. The day was beautiful and spring-like and there was a large military escort through the thronged streets of the city to the beautiful cemetery where the bodies were interred with fitting religious ceremony, and in the presence of many respectful French citizens.

The cemetery is beautifully kept and already the lilies and other early flowers were much in evidence and encourage our hearts to think of the new and glorious life beyond the portals of the grave. Flowers were furnished, as usual, by the Y. M. C. A., and after the services were over and while the troops were still at attention pictures were taken by the city photographer which I wish it were possible to send to you. This may not give you much comfort, tho I trust it will.

After my work in the Y. M. C. A. is over I often go to the hospital to see the very sick patients and it is one of my greatest pleasures when I can help them to find peace of mind, and also calm them into a condition for a restful night.

It may be some comfort to you to know that a friendly hand was soothing his forehead and an earnest prayer was being said in his behalf, before his end came. His was the laying down or life for others, and it will not be lost. May this help you as you recall it in your dreary hours.

May God's grace also abound unto you to console in my earnest prayer.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER E. SMITH,
Acting Chaplain.

KREAGER-BREASOW.

Herman Kreager of the Kreager farm west of town and Miss Martha Prasow of Farmington were married Wednesday, April 24, in St. Paul's church, Clarenceville, by Rev. K. Lorenz. A large reception was held at the close of the ceremony, and many handsome presents received by the bridal pair.

CARD OF THANKS.

Frank Perkins desires to express through the Record his sincere gratitude to The King's Daughters and other friends for the beautiful flowers received during his illness.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for services rendered during our recent bereavement; for flowers from The King's Daughters, W. C. T. U., F. of A., Presbyterian Elders, Ladies' Aid and Missionary societies, neighbors and friends, also for automobiles so kindly furnished.
C. E. RYDER AND FAMILY.

THE DETROIT TIGER BASE BALL DATES.

Following is the 1918 Tiger base ball schedule and the names of the team with whom they play in Detroit: April 25, 26, 27, 28, with Cleveland.

May 2, 3, 4, 5, with Chicago.
May 6, 7, 8, 30 (2) 31, with St. Louis.
June 1, 2, 3, 4, with Boston.
June 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, with Washington.
June 10, 11, 12, 13, with Philadelphia.
June 14, 15, 16, 17, with New York.
June 21, 22, 23, with St. Louis.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Raymond Thompson of South Lyon was a guest at the Tremper home Sunday.

Miss Della Stoffer of Salem was a visitor Monday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Gilla.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Harmon arrived home Sunday night from their extended visit to the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Addie Simonds has returned to her home here after spending the winter with relatives in Plymouth.

Mrs. F. J. Taylor of Walled Lake was a Sunday guest at the home of her niece, Miss Grace Tremper and mother.

H. H. Harmon and daughter, Frances, of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Harmon for the week-end.

Ray Johnson of Los Angeles, Calif., who is visiting his parents here, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner in Detroit.

Mrs. J. E. Nimmo and little grandson, Bennie Groon of Detroit, spent Wednesday and Thursday with the former's sister, Miss Ostrander, at the Tremper home.

Mrs. Lillian Wilson of Detroit, the trained nurse who was recently in charge of Frank Perkins, was summoned here Wednesday to care for little Arthur Sessions.

Mrs. L. D. Stage is spending the week at Battle Creek, visiting her husband, who is again out of the hospital, although not yet able to perform regular military duty.

The Misses Iris Balch and Aline Thompson were guests for the week-end at the home of the former's aunt, Mrs. Geo. Hueston, who motored out from Detroit Friday afternoon for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stimpson are spending the week at the Ely home. They leave next week for Savin Rock, Conn., where Mr. Stimpson will play ball with the New Haven club of the Eastern league.

Mrs. Frances Horton, with her sister, Mrs. B. A. Wheeler as her guest for the occasion, attended the annual banquet and reunion of the Mt. Holyoke Seminary association in Detroit Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Treat arrived Monday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Nora VanSickle, after spending the winter in Colorado for Mrs. Treat's health. Mrs. Treat was greatly fatigued by the long journey and is not yet able to be up.

FUNERAL OF ROBERT WILSON.

The body of Robert H. Wilson was brought here from South Lyon Wednesday and funeral services were held in the Baptist church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. N. Riley. Mr. Wilson was a well known and respected resident of this vicinity for 39 years, retiring from his farm on the Base line a few years ago because of failing health. He was 75 years of age, and was a member of the Northville Baptist church which he served as a deacon for many years.

He is survived by his widow, two sons and two daughters. The interment took place in Rural Hill cemetery.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
At the last regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. four ladies attested their loyalty to the Comrades of the G. A. R., having been taken into full membership in our order. Let the good work go on.

It was voted to hold all meetings in the evening hereafter, and our next regular meeting will be held Wednesday, May 8, at 7:30. In addition to the regular order of business, two new members will be added to our numbers.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Review for the village of Northville, will meet in the village hall, Northville, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14th and 15th, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll of said village. Taxpayers deeming themselves aggrieved may be heard at that time.

Dated, Northville, Mich., May 1, 1918.
CHARLES A. SESSIONS,
CHAS. VAN ALKENBURG,
FRANCIS G. TERRILL,
41-42, Board of Review.

SOLDIER LETTERS FROM FRANCE

The following is a part of an interesting letter recently received by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williams from their son in France:

March 18.
Dear Mother and Father: Am working hard, as usual, consequently in some good health and spirits. The weather is fine. France is certainly

a pretty place just now. Spring has arrived to stay, I think. Trees are budding and the air is filled with bird-song. Spring has called upon old Mother Nature to do her share, and she is responding nobly.

The main industries here are along agricultural lines, a home-loving people, seemingly content to lead this simple life from generation to generation. A farm house is a rare thing, as the people live in small towns and farm the surrounding country. There are no fences, the land being divided up into small sections, each family being given a section to work. The farming is done in a very crude way. Just now one sees only women and old men starting out with their hoes and spades. The people of France are sacrificing much.

In the homes, the same crude methods are used. In many, the big iron kettle and fire place are still in use. The washing is all done in public wash places, with cold water. Another unique picture is a horse and an ox or an ox and a small burro hitched to a two-wheeled cart.

Some towns still have a "town crier" who stops and beats his drum and when the people gather around him he reads the latest edict of the town mayor.

I must tell you how I spent Sunday—St. Patrick's day. Had to work in the morning, but the afternoon—well, can you imagine anything nicer than a hammock in a nice cool grove, with a good magazine to read? To have seen you would not have thought there was a war; but to remind us, some "Doughboys" were having target practice close by. Where did we get that hammock? They were brought to the town by some French Marines. Trust Amb. Co. 168 for the rest, for "a good soldier is a good forager."

I will close now, trusting in the One who rules all to keep you safe until my return. With love,
RUEL

Private Edward Martin of the 102nd U. S. Aero squadron writes to Northville friends from France as follows: in part:

"Dear Friends:—Received your package January 27. I didn't think fruit cake could be so good. I am glad you remembered my sneaking into the kitchen after raisins. The things arrived in perfect condition. You can't get such eats here unless you talk French and are invited to a Frenchman's house. Some of the boys are lucky because they talk it good.

Your letters aren't censored. I don't know where you got that idea. Packages are opened coming over, but that is all. You can also send me records or clippings.

This is a very picturesque country. There are miles and miles of old stone walls as fences, while in England it is all hedges.

From the clippings you sent I guess they have told you something about the good the Y. M. C. A. is doing in every camp. They are doing all the boys say, and more. One secretary in England when some of us were financially embarrassed, gave us some shillings and refused to take payment when we were paid. We also organized a bible class with a select bunch, and it not only did us good morally but drove lonesomeness away. When we return I shall never regret anything I may donate to the Y. M. C. A.

The French people are very friendly and helpful. Not speaking their language is a great inconvenience but we can all say a few words of it now.

Tell Mrs. Hemple that your house is the first place I hit when we're home, to get another of her unexcelled meals. Also give my regards to Mr. Hemple and best wishes to all Northville people I know."

FARM LABOR

The Wayne County Farm Bureau, in connection with the War Service Committee, can now provide every farmer with all of the labor desired to speed up crop production. If farmers who are in need of more labor will make their wants known, the same will receive prompt attention. DO NOT wait until the last day, but send in application at once. No charge for this service. We have a large number of strong young men, 18 to 20 years of age, many raised on farms, who want to return this season for patriotic reasons. Write for information to O. I. Gregg, county agricultural agent, Dearborn, or Milton Carmichael, 37 W. Congress street, Detroit, chairman Labor Committee of Wayne County Farm Bureau.



When you buy a Ford Sedan you buy the service and essential comforts of the high-priced limousine—without the big first cost and large operating expense. The Sedan is like the other more than two million Fords in use—low in cost, high in quality and the most economical car to run that was ever built. The Ford Sedan is essentially a family car for every day in the year, meeting all social demands, being easy, and safe for women who drive. Sedan, \$685, f. o. b., Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS
Northville, Mich.

Sale of Motor Trucks

New, Slightly Used, Factory Overhauled Trucks, good as new. Three months guarantee.

Time payments to reliable parties. 1½—3½ and 5 ton with stake or dump bodies. Worm drive.

These Trucks are a better buy than new trucks at the present prices. We now have a 1½ ton worm drive truck just right for the milk business or a fruit farm. It will be worth your time to see.

BEACH & FOREMAN

DETROIT. (Glendale 1616). 811 Woodward Ave.
Factory at Detroit.

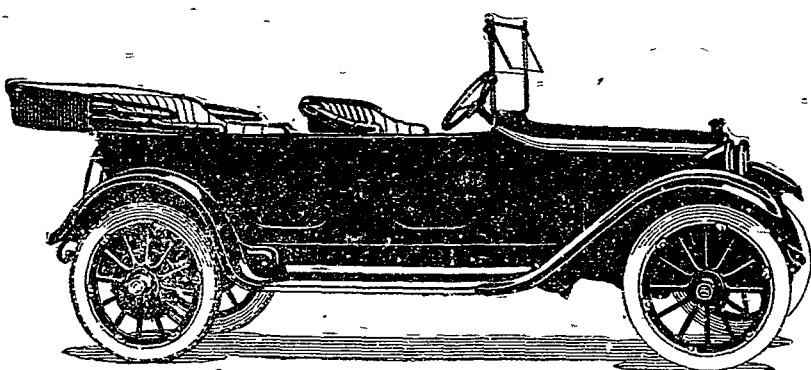
Notice!

We have for sale as Stock Feed 1,000 Bushels of Yellow Dent Ear Corn shipped here by the War Preparedness Board.

We also have a Full Line of all kinds of Garden and Field Seeds.

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