

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 45.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

U. S. FOOD INSPECTORS HERE SATURDAY

SHORTAGE OF WHEAT IS ALARM- ING ENOUGH FOR DRASTIC AC- TION.

U. S. Food inspectors Warner and Pierce of Lansing, were in town Saturday looking over the grocery stores of Northville and near-by towns. Thos. Couch was found to have been selling flour without the proper 50-50 substitutes and as a penalty he was ordered to cease the sale of any flour during the month of June.

The flour and wheat regulations are very strict and the government intends to enforce them to the very letter. A second offense on the part of any one means the closing of such stores for a period of the duration of the war.

It may also be noted that it is not a very loyal act on the part of a purchaser to ask any wheat product without the substitutes. This wheat is needed to feed our soldier boys, right now and there will be a shortage until after the next harvest.

NOTABLE EVENT FOR NORTH- VILLE TEMPLARS.

Tuesday was an eventful day in the history of Northville commandery No. 35. The Order of the Temple was conferred upon two candidates. Guests present for the evening were Mark A. Gardner P. C. of Damascus Commandery No. 39, William H. Wetherbee, Grand Sword Bearer of the Grand Commandery of Michigan; Albert L. Smith P. C. and David L. Young, Commander of Howell Commandery No. 28 and Fred Hussy, and six members of Pontiac Commandery No. 2.

Very Eminent Sir Wetherbee acted as Prelate for William Harlan and the part was so beautifully presented as to win the unstinted praise of everyone present. A very fine dinner was served at 6:30 p. m. and several visitors responded to toasts.

TO LIBRARY PATRONS.

The trustees of the Library request the Record to emphasize the fact that the evening Library hours are from 6:30 to 8:30, and the doors will positively be closed hereafter to patrons at the latter hour. Card-holders should bear in mind that the ladies of the board work entirely without pay to keep the institution running as a public benefit, which costs the people the merely nominal price of less than one cent a week for the privilege of reading a book each week, a sum which will not meet the running expenses by many dollars. Please be considerate of the librarians' convenience and get there before 8:30 by the town clock. They are surely entitled to the privilege of getting out at least that early to do their Saturday night errands. They dislike very much to lock anyone out, but will be obliged to do so if patrons are late.

THIRD COMMUNITY CHORUS.

The program for Northville's third Community chorus Sunday afternoon, at the High school auditorium, which everybody is urged to attend, is as follows:

Star Spangled Banner, Audience Selection by Band
Song—"Liberty," Chorus
Address—U. S. S.
Keep the Home Fires Burning.
Over There, Audience
Song—"Old Glory," School
Selection, by Band
Address.
Song—Selected, Audience
Battle Hymn of Republic, Audience

ANOTHER BAD STORM.

Northville was again fortunate in getting but a small share of the Monday noon storm, which reached almost cyclonic proportions only a mile or two north and west of town. At Joe Miller's a fine maple was uprooted near the house and other trees in the neighborhood destroyed, while at the Dingman farm on the Base Line nearly half the trees in the woods were leveled. In Salem township William Tousey lost six fine cows by lightning, the animals having taken shelter under a tree.

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

A man who can afford to do so and refuses to subscribe to the Patriotic war relief fund, is regarded by the U. S. government as a "slacker." If you do not aid the United States in this great war work, and you can do so, you are contributing aid and comfort to the German government.

"KU KLUX" AT FARMINGTON.

Lyman Bush, a comfortably well-off Farmington farmer who had become known as a "slacker," or worse, was taken in hand Saturday night, by a dozen or fifteen masked men, supposed to be from Detroit, and subjected to a mild form of "Ku Klux" treatment. The party, coming in several automobiles, brought Bush to the town hall grounds about nine o'clock and, after tying him into a chair, proceeded to cut off his long hair and whiskers and decorate his cheeks, forehead and the back of his head with brilliantly painted red crosses. They then departed, leaving him tied to a telephone pole. After freeing himself Bush went to a store, complaining vigorously of his wrongs and boasting that he had never paid even a small subscription he had been persuaded to make for the first Red Cross drive. His remarks and threats brought him warning that he would probably fare much worse next time, but he started for home still vowing vengeance. He had been armed with a pistol, which was taken from him after being helplessly discharged in the struggle, and is reported to have vowed to "get" somebody next time. His talk and actions, convinced the Farmington boys that he hadn't had enough yet, and after he had departed for home a local "bunch" started out after him with autos. They failed to find him, however, although the search was not given up until two o'clock in the morning. The man had bought a small Liberty bond, but practically under compulsion by the county committee.

SUNDAY EVENING MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The annual Memorial Sunday evening in the Presbyterian church was largely attended, although only nine G. A. R. veterans were able to be in line. The auxiliary society, the Woman's Relief Corps, was present about 60 strong, as escort of honor to the old soldiers. The decorations were especially appropriate and beautiful. Five vacant chairs, the largest number ever required at the local observances, were draped in black and adorned with white flowers, the center one holding an evergreen wreath. Many favorable comments were heard for Mr. Belles' splendid address, the fine music by the church choir, assisted by Ray Van Valkenburg as tenor, and for the effective decorative scheme.

DEATH OF LEONARD CHARTER.

Leonard Charter, Senior, who was Northville's oldest man, died Saturday May 25, at his home on Dunlap street, at the age of almost 92 years, after an illness of many months with the ailments incidental to his extreme duration of life.

Mr. Charter became a resident of Northville 60 years ago, soon afterward enlisting in Co. G, 14th Michigan Infantry, and serving his country during three years and eight months of the four years of civil war. With the wife, who was scarcely fifteen years old at the time of their marriage, he passed 60 years of wedded life.

Mr. Charter is survived by his wife, one son, Leonard B. Charter and a daughter, Mrs. Alice DesAutels, both



of Northville, seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren. He was a faithful soldier and a good and industrious citizen, respected by all who knew him.

Funeral services were held from the home Wednesday, conducted by Rev. E. V. Belles of the Presbyterian church and the interment was in Rural Hill cemetery, the local Post G. A. R., of which Mr. Charter was a member, attending in a body.

Two of the veteran soldier's grandsons are enlisted men in the service of the U. S. in the present war, one in the aviation branch and one in the radio department of the Navy.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

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

Ambler, Roy—Eng. Corps, A. E. F.
Bryant, Paris, France.

Bryan, Karl—Headquarters Co., Band,
U. S. N. G., A. E. F.

Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery
Corps, A. E. F.

Barber, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E,
18th Engineers, A. E. F.

Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S.
Engineers, A. E. F.

Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field
Hospital, Service, Fort Presidio,
San Francisco, Calif.

Curtis, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris
Island, S. C.

Cram, Chester—Co. E, 310th Engineers
Camp Custer.

Casterline, Orrin, Sergt., Eng. Camp
Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Casterline, Raymond, Corporal, Train-
ing Detachment, U. of M., Ann Arbor

Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F.
Dunham, Scott H.—A. E. F.

Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron,
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida.

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

Dubuar, James E.—First Sergt., Ex-
peditionary Forces.

DesAutels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park
Field, Billington, Tenn.

DesAutels, Leo—L. A. S., E. L. (Radio)
U. S. N. R. T., Co. 182, Reg. 9, U. S.

Naval Training Stn., Great Lakes,
Illinois.

Ely, Tracy, Sergt., Eng. A. E. F.
Foss, Walter—Co. H, 338th Inf., Bar-
racks 634, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm.—Co. N, 4th Regiment Camp
Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.

Fulkens, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C,
Light Tanks, Camp Colt, Gettys-
burg, Pa.

Garfield, Truman—Attached R. E. C.,
Toulmieres, Royston Herst, England.

Green, Lloyd—Co. C, U. S. M. G. Bn.,
American E. F.

Givard, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn,
via N. Y.

Greene, Norton T.—Co. D, 310th En-
gineers, Camp Custer.

Hutton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C.
A. C.—Cape Henry, C. B. Va.

Hall, Frank N.
Henry Thomas B., Major—Edgewood,
Md., Supt. Sanitary construction
work.

Hall, Lon O.—Co. 5, 2nd Bn., 160
Depot Brigade, 10th Eng. Barracks
293, Camp Custer.

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

Holts, Elmer—2nd Co Coast Artillery
Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.

Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck,
A. E. F.

Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th En-
gineers, Camp Custer.

Jordan, Ralph B.—Field Artillery,
A. E. F.

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

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

Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th
Aero Sq., Payne Field West Point,
Miss.

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

Kidd, Archie—A. E. F., France.

Kysor, James D., Corporal—328 Head-
quarters Co. Field Art., Camp Custer

Kysor, Asa B.—Co. 11, 3rd Reg. M.
M. S. C. Camp Green, N. C.

Lapham, Luther B.—11th Co 3rd Re-
placement Bn., Camp Gordon, At-
lanta, Ga.

Lyke, Ralph—Co. A, 2nd Bn., Heavy
Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettys-
burg, Pa.

Langfield, Conrad, Sergt., 1st Medical
Supply Dept., Camp Meade, Md.

Limbright, Robert A.—288 Aero Sq.,
Wilbur Wright Division, Dayton, Ohio.

Lanning, Orrin—Division, 11, care Post
master, Fortress Monroe, Va.

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

Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A.,
O. R. S., P. O. 711 Amer. Exp.

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

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

Martin, Edward Aero Squad., A. E. F.,
Battery E.

Miles, Elbridge—Co. D, Tel. Bn.,
care Postmaster, N. Y.

Moyer, John L.—P. S. Hospital, Ft.
Barry, Calif.

Newman, Alan—19th Rec. Squadron
Aviation Section, Camp McArthur,
Waco, Texas.

Perkins, Peter L.—Eng., Reg band, A.
E. F.

Ransom, Louis F.—31st Co. Marine
Barracks, Paris Island, S. C.

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

Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D., Field
Artillery, A. E. F.

Roche, Barney, Eng., A. E. F.
Roche, James—Eng., A. E. F.
Simmons, George, Sergeant—Co. E,
310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Med.
Dept., Camp Custer.

Schultz, Charles—Co. K, Motor Me-
chanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

Stage, L. D.—Bldg. 1808, Base Hos-
pital, Camp Custer.

Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. 4, American
E. F., France.

Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E.
F.

Teshke, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf.,
A. E. F., via N. Y.

Thibbitts, J. Harold—A. E. F.
Barracks 241, U. S. Navy Yard

Thompson, Clarence—Motor Amb. Co.
25, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Chiga-
mauga Park, Ga.

Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt.
Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.

VanSickle, Harry—Co. 4, 1st Bn. 160
Depot Brigade, Camp Custer.

Van Valkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler,
League Island, Philadelphia.

Van Valkenburg, Milo T.—Co. B, 6th
Eng., Camp Laurel, Md.

Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, 10th Bn.,
20th Engineers, Camp American Uni-
29th Eng., Washington, D. C.

Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechan-
ical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson,
Atlanta, Ga.

Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng.,
A. E. F.

Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field
Signal, B. N. Camp Custer.

Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co., Sanitary
Train, A. E. F.

White, Harry H.—Walter Reed San-
itorium, Tacoma Park, Washington,
D. C.

Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field
Artillery, A. E. F.

Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F,
322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman,
Chillicothe, Ohio.

Yerkes, Joseph A.
* Deceased.

Soldiers home for the week-end
from Camp Custer were Corporal Ray-
mond Casterline and Privates Frank Wilkin-
son, Paul Foss and Earl Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Wisdom have had
as their soldier-guest for a few days,
recently, Mr. Wisdom's nephew, Dr.
R. F. Ostrander of Fort Riley, Kansas.

CASTERLINE-KREAGER.

Corporal Raymond Casterline of
the U. of M. Training Detachment, U.
S. Service and Miss Anna Kreager of
Northville were married at eight
o'clock Wednesday evening, May 29,
by Rev. Edward V. Belles at the home
of the bride's parents, in the presence
of a few near relatives and friends,
after which a wedding supper was
served. Corporal and Mrs. Casterline
left for the bridegroom's home at
Marion, Mich., Thursday morning.
The young soldier expects to go
abroad very soon and his wife will
remain at Marion for a while.

McKINNEY-ANGELL.

Miss Irene Angell, a popular young
lady of this vicinity, became the bride
of Bert McKinney of Livonia, in De-
troit May 18. The bridegroom was
one of the selected men who left
Plymouth last Saturday morning for
Camp Wheeler, Georgia. Mrs. Mc-
Kinney is a graduate of the Northville
High school, and has been teaching
since her graduation.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The local committee for French Re-
lief Refuge work reports 188 garments
completed during May and sent to
headquarters at 425 Jefferson Ave., De-
troit. It is hoped to increase the
amount of work now that the house-
cleaning season is practically over.

Many inquiries have been made in
regard to a notice which appeared in
Detroit papers that no more garments
were wanted for this work. This
notice applied only to a one-week
"drive" held there to obtain second-
hand garments.

The refugee supply work is only
beginning. Any person who will examine
an up to date map and get an idea of
the immense territory that has been
devastated by the German armies, its
thousands of people left homeless and
without clothing, can form some slight
estimate of the awful destitution to be
relieved. No other nation can do it.
We must. It is a most important
branch of Red Cross work. "Be not
weary in well doing."

Secondary Red Cross headquarters
have been established in Bealton at
the home of Mrs. Horace Greene for
greater convenience to residents there.
Material for work can be obtained at
Mrs. Greene's from now on.

There is urgent need at the school
workroom for a cupboard in which to
keep yarn and knitted articles. Any-
one willing to loan one will be doing
good Red Cross work by notifying
Mrs. C. L. Dubuar.

Still more knitters are needed. Our
latest Northville boys have no sweaters.
The local unit has yarn now to
make these. Detroit headquarters,
also are now asking for sweaters, but
socks are wanted just the same. The
needles have been flying rapidly
but so many new soldiers are being
made that we must work harder, and
then, too the articles are all the time
being worn out.

Sewing classes at the school build-
ing every afternoon except Saturday,
and a class every Monday evening,
for those who can't go afternoons.
Everybody can help.

Familiar Misquotations.
"Where there's a will there are many
quabbling relations."

LINOLEUM REMNANTS.

All Heavy Grade Genuine Linoleum at Bargain Prices

This is probably the last opportunity our customers will have to purchase Genuine Linoleum Remnants, for some time, owing to the scarcity of raw materials and especially at these prices. Cash Payment with orders.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1 Piece 6-ft., 6-in. long by 6-ft. wide, | \$2.75 |
| 1 Piece 7-ft., 6-in. long by 6-ft. wide, (Slightly Dam-
aged), for | \$3.00 |
| 1 Piece 8-ft., 1-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$3.40 |
| 1 Piece 4-ft., 2-in. long, by 12-ft. wide, | \$3.75 |
| 1 Piece 5-ft. long, by 12-ft. wide, (Slightly Dam-
aged), for | \$4.00 |
| 1 Piece 6-ft. long, by 12-ft. wide (Damaged), | \$4.75 |
| 1 Piece 11-ft., 6-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$5.00 |
| 1 Piece 12-ft., 2-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$5.25 |
| 1 Piece 7-ft., 6-in. long, by 12-ft. wide, (Slightly
Damaged), for | \$6.50 |
| 1 Piece 15-ft., 7-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$6.70 |
| 1 Piece 7-ft., 6-in. long, by 12-ft. wide, | \$7.00 |
| 1 Piece 21-ft., 10-in. long, by 6-in. wide, (Very Slight-
ly Damaged), for | \$9.00 |
| 1 Piece 21-ft., 8-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$9.35 |
| 1 Piece 27-ft. long, by 6-ft. wide, | \$11.65 |
| 1 Piece 29-ft., 6-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, (Slightly
Damaged), for | \$12.00 |

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1 Piece 12-ft., 4-in. long, by 3-ft. wide, Woodoleum
Rug Border, | \$1.60 |
| 1 Piece 9-ft., 8-in. long, by 6-ft. wide, Feltoleum, | \$2.50 |
| 3 only, 6x9-ft. Congoleum Art Rug Patterns, each, | \$6.25 |

Don't forget we have a nice line of Refrigerators,
Lawn Mowers, Screen Doors, (Plain and Fancy), Cro-
quet Sets, Hammocks, Fishing Tackle, etc., etc.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



The man with money hides his
money in Our Bank
Where the walls are thick
and the locks are strong
Burglars know where the hidden
money is

Every time you read in the papers about a burglary you'll notice the
burglars GOT something. That's their BUSINESS. They first
find out where the money is hidden—THAT'S their business. And they
will KILL you if they must to get your money.

A Bank's business is to have thick walls and strong locks to PRO-
TECT your money. And when you need it, you can GET it just the same.

Put YOUR money in OUR bank. We pay 3% interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

HAND MADE

TOOTH BRUSHES

GIVE LASTING SERVICE

What do you most expect of a Tooth Brush?
Principally—lasting service.

The brushes we sell are hand made, each bris-
tle being carefully drawn and knotted. Only in
this way can a tooth brush be manufactured to
give such service.

MANY STYLES FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE
and among them the style that you prefer. An
extensive stock affords such variety that your
satisfaction is assured.

EVERY BRUSH IS STERILIZED
before leaving the factory, thus you are sure of
having your brush in a clean sanitary condition.
Next time you need a new tooth brush let us
show you our assortment.

By the way, to get the best result from ANY
tooth brush use an up and down motion, not
sideways.

All Our Hand Made Brushes Are Guaranteed.

A. E. STANLEY

The REXALL Store.

NORTHVILLE.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"You're the nicest old things that ever lived," said Lark, still laughing, but with great warmth and tenderness in her eyes and her voice. "But you can take the stockings back and save your money if you like—we love you just as much."

But this the happy donors stoutly refused to do. The twins had earned this wealth of hose, and finally, wiping their eyes, the twins began to smooth their hair and adjust their ribbons and belts.

"What's the matter?" "Where are you going?" "Will you buy the best of us some silk stockings?" queried the family, comic-opera effect.

"Where are we going?" Carol repeated, surprised, seeming to feel that anyone should know where they were going, though they had not spoken.

"We're going to call on our friends, of course," explained Lark.

"Of course," said Carol, jabbing her hairpins in with startling energy. "And we've got to hurry. We must go to Mattie's and Jean's and Betty's and Fan's and Alice's and—say, Lark, maybe we'd better divide up and each take half. It's kind of late—and we mustn't miss any."

"Well, what on earth?" gasped Prudence, while the others stared in speechless amazement.

"For goodness' sake, Carol hurry. We have to get clear out to Minnie's tonight, if we miss our supper."

"But what's the idea? What for? What are you talking about?"

"Why, you silly thing," said Carol patiently, "we have to go and tell our friends that we've got four pairs of silk stockings, of course. I wouldn't miss this afternoon for the world. And we'll go the rounds together, Lark. I want to see how they take it," she smiled at them benignly. "I can imagine their excitement. And we owe it to the world to give it all the excitement we can. Prudence says so."

Prudence looked startled. "Did I say that?"

"Certainly. You said pleasure—but excitement's very pleasing, most of the time. Come on, Larkie, we'll have to walk fast."

And with a fond goodbye to the generous family, the twins set out to spread the joyful tidings, Lark pausing at the door just long enough to explain gravely. "Of course, we won't tell them—er—just how it happened, you know. Lots of things in a parsonage need to be kept dark. Prudence says so herself."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Propose.

It took a long time for Carol to recover from the effect of Lark's disloyalty, as she persisted in calling it. For several weeks she didn't twinkle at all. But when at last the smiles came easy again, she wrote to Mr. Duke, her professor no longer, but now a full-fledged young minister. She apologized sweetly for her long delay.

"But you will forgive me when you have read this," she wrote. "Cupid is working havoc in our family. Of course no one outside the home circle knows yet, but I insisted on telling you because you have been such a grand good friend to us for so long. We may seem young to you, because you can't forget when we were freshmen, but we are really very grown up. We act quite mature now, and never think of playing jokes. But I didn't finish my news, did I?"

"It is Jim Forrest—he was in high school when we were. Remember him? Larkie and I were out to spend a week, and—but I needn't go into particulars. I knew you would be interested. The whole family is very happy about it; he is a great favorite with everyone. But how our family is going to pieces! Still, since it is Jim—I like him. Isn't he? But you wouldn't dare say no."

Carol's eyes glittered wickedly as she sealed this letter, which she had penned with greatest care. And a few days later, when the answer came, she danced gleefully up the stairs—not at all "mature" in manner, and locked the door behind her while she read:

Dear Carol: I am very interested, and I wish you all the joy in the world. Tell Jim for me how very much I think he is to be congratulated. He seems a fine fellow, and I know you will be happy. It was a surprise. I admit I knew he was doing the very devoted—but you have seemed so young to me always. I can't imagine you too grown up for jokes, though you do sound more "mature" in this letter than I have before. Lark will be lonely, I am afraid.

"I am very busy with my work, so you will understand if my letters come less frequently, won't you? And you will be too busy with your own happiness to bother with an old professor any more anyhow. I have enjoyed our friendship very much—more than you will ever know—and I want once more to hope you may be the happiest woman in the world. You deserve to be."

Very sincerely your friend,
DAVID A. DUKE.

Carol lay down on the bed and crushed the letter ecstatically between her hands. Then she burst out laughing. Then she cried a little, nervously, and laughed again. Then she smoothed the letter affectionately, and curled up on the bed with a pad of paper and

her father's fountain pen to answer the letter.

My Dear Mr. Duke: However in the world could you make such a mistake. I've been laughing ever since I got your letter, but I'm vexed too. He's nice, all right, he's just fine, but I don't want him! And think how annoyed Lark would be if she could see it. I am not engaged to Jim Forrest, nor to any one. It's Lark. I certainly didn't say it was I, did I? We're all so fond of Jim that it really is a pleasure to the whole family to court him one of us, and Lark grows more deliciously joyful all the time. But I know you're awfully busy, of course, and I hate to intrude, but you must write one little postal card to apologize for your error, and I'll understand how hard you are working when you do not write again.

Hastily, but always sincerely,
CAROL.

Carol jumped up and caught up her hat and rushed all the way downtown to the postoffice to get that letter started for Danville, Illinois, where the Rev. Mr. Duke was located. Her face was so radiant, and her eyes were so heavenly blue, and so sparkling bright that people on the street turned to look after her admiringly.

She was feverishly impatient until the answer arrived, and was not at all surprised that it came under special delivery stamp, though Lark lifted her eyebrows quizzically, and Aunt Grace smiled suggestively, and her father looked up with sudden questioning in his face. Carol made no comment, only ran up to her room and locked the door once more.

Carol, you awful little scamp, you did that on purpose, and you know it. You never mentioned Lark's name. Well, if you wanted to give me the news of my life, you succeeded. Of course, I don't want to lose my little chin, and I know very well that no man in his proper senses would allow his sweetheart to be as good a comrade to another man as I want you to be to me. Of course I was disappointed. Of course I expected to be busy for a while. Of course I failed to see the sterling worth of Jim Forrest. I see it now, though. I think he's a prince, and as near worth being in your family as anybody could be. I'm sure we'll be great friends, and tell Lark for me that I am waxing enthusiastic over his good qualities even to the point of being articulate. Tell her how happy I am over it, a good deal happier than I've been for the past several days, and I am wishing them both a world of joy. I'm having one myself, and I find it well worth having. I could shake you, Carol, for playing such a trick on me. I can just see you crouch down and giggle when you read this. You wait, my lady. My turn is coming. I think I'll run down to Mount Mark next week to see my uncle—he's not very well. Don't have any dates. Sincerely, D. D.

And Carol laughed again, and wiped her eyes.

The Rev. Mr. Duke's devotion to his elderly uncle in Mount Mark was a



Then She Smoothed the Letter Affectionately and Curled Up on the Bed.

most beautiful thing to see. Every few weeks he "ran down for a few days," and if he spent most of his time recounting his uncle's symptoms before the sympathetic Starrs, so one could be surprised at that. He and Mr. Starr naturally had much in common, both ministers, and both—at any rate, he was very devoted to his uncle, and Carol grew up very, very fast, and smiled a great deal, but laughed much less frequently than in other days. There was a shy sweetness about her that made her father watch her anxiously.

"Is Carol sick, Grace?" he asked one day, turning suddenly to his sister-in-law.

She smiled curiously. "No, no, I think not. Why?"

"She seems very sweet."

"Yes, she feels very sweet," was the enigmatic response. And Mr. Starr muttered something about women and geometry and went away, shaking his head. And Aunt Grace smiled again.

But the months passed away. Lark, not too absorbed in her own happiness to find room for her twin's affairs, at last grew troubled. She and Aunt Grace often held little conferences together when Carol was safely out of the way.

"Whatever do you suppose is the matter?" Lark would wonder anxiously. To which Aunt always answered patiently, "Oh, just wait. He isn't sure she's grown-up enough yet."

Then there came a quiet night when Carol and Mr. Duke sat in the living room, idly discussing the weather, and looking at Connie, who was deeply immersed in a book on the other side of the big reading lamp. Conversation between them lagged so noticeably that they sighed with relief when she finally laid down her book, and twisted around in her chair until she had them both in full view.

"Books are funny," she began brightly. "I don't believe half the written stuff ever did happen—I don't believe it could. Do girls ever propose, Mr. Duke?"

No one ever proposed to me," he answered, laughing.

"No?" she queried politely. "Maybe no one wanted you badly enough. But I wonder if they ever do? Writers say so. I can't believe it somehow. It seems so—well—unnecessary, some way. Carol and I were talking about it this afternoon."

Carol looked up startled.

"What does Carol think about it?" she queried.

"Well, she said she thought in ordinary cases girls were clever enough to get what they wanted without asking for it."

Carol moved restlessly in her chair, her face drooping a little, and Mr. Duke laughed.

"Of course I know none of our girls would do such a thing," said Connie, serene in her family pride. "But Carol says she must admit she'd like to find some way to make a man say what anybody could see with half an eye he wanted to say, anyhow, only—"

Connie stopped abruptly. Mr. Duke had turned to Carol, his keen eyes searching her face, but Carol sank in the big chair and turned her face away from him against the leather cushion. "Confide," she said, "of course no girl would propose, no girl would want to—I was only joking."

Mr. Duke laughed openly then. "Let's go and take a walk, shall we, Carol? It's a grand night."

"You needn't go to get rid of me," said Connie, rising. "I was just going anyhow."

"Oh, don't go," said Mr. Duke politely.

"Don't go," echoed Carol pleadingly. Connie stepped to the doorway, then paused and looked back at them. Sudden illumination came to her as she scanned their faces, the man's clear-cut, determined, eager—Carol's shy and scared and hopeful. She turned quickly back toward her sister, pain darkening her eyes. Carol was the last of all the girls—it would leave her alone—and she was too old for her. Her lips quivered a little, and her face shadowed more darkly. But they did not see it. The man's eyes were intent on Carol's lovely features, and Carol was studying her slender fingers. Connie drew a long breath, and looked down upon her sister with a great protecting tenderness in her heart. She wanted to catch her up in her strong young arms and carry her wildly out of the room—away from the man who sat there—waiting for her—

Carol lifted her face at that moment, and turned slowly toward Mr. Duke. Connie saw her eyes. They were luminous.

Connie's tense figure relaxed then and she turned at once toward the door. "I am going," she said in a low voice. But she looked back again before she closed the door after her. "Carol," she said in a whisper, "you're a darling. I—I've always thought so."

Carol did not hear her—she did not hear the door closing behind her—she had forgotten Connie was there.

Mr. Duke stood up and walked quickly across the room and Carol rose to meet him. He put his arms about her, strongly, without hesitating.

"Carol," he said, "my little song-bird—and he laughed, but very tenderly, "would you like to know how to make me say what you know I want to say?"

"I—I" she began tremulously, clasping her hands against her breast, and looking intently, as if fascinated, at his square, firm chin so very near her eyes. She had never observed it so near at hand before. She thought it was a lovely chin—in another man she would have called it distinctly "bossy."

"You would try to make me when you know I've been grinning my teeth for years, waiting for you to get grown up. You've been awfully slow about it, Carol, and I've been in such a hurry for you."

She rested limply in his arms now, breathing in little broken sighs, not trying to speak.

"You have known it a long time, haven't you? And I thought I was hiding it so cleverly." He drew her closer in his arms. "You are too young for me, Carol," he said regretfully. "I am very old."

"I like 'em old," she whispered shyly.

With one hand he drew her head to his shoulder, where he could feel the warm, fragrant breath against the "lovely chin."

"You like 'em old," he repeated, smiling. "You are very generous. One old one is all I want you to like." But when he leaned toward her lips, Carol drew away swiftly. "Don't be afraid of me, Carol. You didn't mind once when I kissed you." He laid his hand softly on her round cheek. "I am too old, dearest, but I've been waiting for you since you were a little from-man, only I didn't know it for a while. Say something, Carol—I don't want you to feel timid with me. You love me, don't you? Tell me, if you do."

"I—I" She looked up at him hesitantly. "I—well, I made you say it, didn't I?"

"Did you want me to say it, dearest? Have you been waiting, too? How long have you—"

"Oh, a long time; since that night among the rose bushes at the parsonage."

"Since then?"

"Yes; that was why it didn't break my pledge when you kissed me. Because I was waiting then."

"Do you love me?"

"Oh, Professor, don't make me say it right out in plain English—don't tonight. I'm pretty nearly going to say now, and—"

She twinkled a little then, like herself, "you know what crying does to my complexion."

"But he did not smile. "Don't cry," he said. "We want to be happy to-night. You will tell me tomorrow. To-night—"

"Tonight," she said sweetly, turning in his arms so that her face was toward him again, "tonight," she lifted her arms, and put them softly about his neck, like a flower back and showing her pink dimpled cheeks. "Tonight, my dearest—"

She lifted her lips to him, smiling.

THE END.

DRIVING RIVETS SLOW WORK

Not Only That, but Enormous Number of Them Are Needed in a Steel Ship.

The largest single item in the labor of fabricating a steel ship is in the riveting of her hull; therefore the driving of rivets is taken as a standard of size and of progress by most of the shipbuilders. To build a 10,000-ton ship a week means this driving of about 650,000 rivets in that time. The Union shipyards of San Francisco, at present equipped and freed from labor troubles, can drive about 300,000 rivets, although in a record week it drove 411,000 rivets, the four next largest yards in America—at Fore River, Mass., at Newport News, Va., at Camden, and at Philadelphia upon the Delaware—can drive 200,000 to 275,000 rivets a week each. A half dozen smaller steel shipyards will drive from 50,000 to 150,000 each seven days.

Riveting, despite all the inventions devised to speed it up, remains hard work and slow work. A riveting gang consists of two men and two boys—the riveter, his "holder-on," the passer boy and the heater boy. The riveter drives from 300 to 375 rivets in the course of a ten-hour day and is tired at the end of it. But when you know that it takes four men all of a working day to drive an average of a little less than 350 rivets, you can begin to see the full size of the labor problem of driving at least 650,000 rivets a week necessary to turn out a 10,000-ton ship at the end of that length of time. In other words, you need 1,200 men for the riveting gangs alone.

Look at the matter from another angle, writes Edward Hungerford in Harper's. Ten ships a week—the tremendous program for 1918 to which we stand committed—means 6,500,000 rivets a week. And the rivet capacity of our five greatest yards—with a total working force of 50,000 men at the end of 1917—was but 1,550,000 rivets a week. And riveting represents only about 20 per cent in the construction of a ship.

Making Life Worth While.

To increase your earning capacity, you must be an energetic, live specimen of humankind. You should be throbbing with surplus power. You should possess a degree of strength that will give you confidence and courage and endurance. Then you can go on day after day, relates a writer, adding to your skill and knowledge and power in your profession. And when you have climbed to the highest point on one sphere of endeavor, you will be ready to look around for other work, and continue to experience the delights that come only with the daily struggle, required for the attainment of the objects one has in view. Do not forget the value of systematic effort. Do not waste your energies. Intelligent direction is all-important. Force, to be of value, must be applied at the proper place. Effort, to be productive of reward, must be directed by superior intelligence.

Most Expensive Wood.

The most expensive wood in the world is said to be the boxwood imported from Turkey for the use of engravers. The cost ranges from 4 to 10 cents a square inch for the best grade.—Brooklyn Standard-Evening.

OFFENSIVE HOUSE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

High on the bluff surrounding the busy city, were built its choicest homes. Very exclusive indeed, was that section named "Hillcrest." Here no house might be erected beneath a certain large stately elm, and each residence must have its accompanying number of acres.

Hillcrest was proud of its flaunted wealth, and its select society. One might ride along the perfect roads without fear of one displeasing sight, in all its ideal appointments there was but one glaring note—the farmhouse at the top of the hill. In vain, petitions had been offered for its removal, in vain, influential had sought its purchase—the offending house was not for sale.

Miss Perkins, the obstinate owner, had lived there since childhood and refused to part from the home of her fathers.

"Wild hollyhocks poking their heads over our stone wall," complained Mrs. Forrest, "giving one the appearance of having been planted on this side. And that woman's voice, screaming—for 'June-Rose,' at all times, it's maddening! What a ridiculous name for a girl, helper of whatever she may be!"

"It is her name," Miss Sylvia Forrest replied, "the delivery boy told my maid that the girl's proper name is June-Rose, and the first one, June! I wish she would whisper to me the secret of her peaches and cream complexion."

"My dear!" exclaimed her mother, "can you not think of some more interesting topic than the impossible people next door?"

Miss Sylvia laughed. "Well, yes," she said, "the great Beverly arrives this afternoon, Douglas Beverly, the famous artist. The Schuylers are giving the first reception."

Mrs. Forrest's eyes were alight with excitement. "The Beverlys are one of our oldest families, my dear," she enthused. "Long before Hillcrest was planned as a residence section, the Beverly place was the finest one in town. Douglas went abroad when you were a little girl. I believe his mother has been ambitious for a daughter-in-law from the British aristocracy, but Douglas comes home free and famous."

Mrs. Forrest paused. "You are exceedingly attractive Sylvia," she said suggestively.

"So are many Hillcrest girls," that young woman added. "Douglas Beverly later came to form the same opinion. So absorbed was he in contemplation of the prodigious old-fashioned flowers, that the offensive house escaped his notice; and when he did regard the quaint white building with green shutters, it was as a charming background, to his new masterly planned picture—'The Old Home Garden.' Then, like the spirit of the garden, June-Rose with her soft pink cheeks and her pink cambric dress, appeared before him."

When he was sure that the girl was not part of his imaginary brain picture, the artist advanced. "I would like to ask permission to make a sketch of your house," he said, "to be permitted to do a study of these wondrous flower colors."

"I will take you to my aunt," June-Rose smiled, and she led the way through the green-shuttered door.

"Your great Beverly like our men of genius is spoiled," Mrs. Forrest complained to her daughter. "No one seems to have found the royal favor. He ignores invitations; is he busy?"

Miss Sylvia curled her lip. "Why haven't you heard? He spends his waking hours, sketching that disreputable old house next door, the Hillcrest. Usually hovering in the background, Madame Beverly is frantic, and his father is trying to persuade Douglas to take another world tour. Can you imagine what it would mean, in their standing, if Douglas should take it into his head to marry that nobody? The very house has been an eyesore to them all along, but this penniless girl, who, of course, is playing the artist to win a fortune—"

Mrs. Forrest raised her hands in horror, then she laughed sharply. "Well," she said, "those Beverlys have been looking down on the rest of us all our lives and if it should happen but it won't," she ended decidedly, "the thing is impossible."

At this moment the artist was bending rapturously over the radiant face of June-Rose. "It was in just such a fragrant peaceful setting, that I had always hoped to find my princess," he told her. And June-Rose smiled.

"It is just such a wonderful prince as you, whom I dreamed would come sailing across the sea to claim me," she said. And publicly the next evening their betrothal notice appeared in the paper.

Mrs. Forrest gasped. "Miss Perkins," she read, "announces the engagement of her niece June-Rose, to Douglas Beverly." Smiling, grimly Mrs. Forrest turned to the telephone.

"Congratulations Mrs. Beverly," she called, "upon your son's intended marriage. We are all anxious to learn more of the young lady. A niece of the Miss Perkins I believe, who—er—lives in that old house?"

"Yes," came back Mrs. Beverly's clear tone, "and June-Rose is a charming girl! Mr. Beverly has just learned that it was her aunt who sold this section to the Hillcrest company for building purposes. That is why Miss Perkins insisted upon retaining her own property without change. Yes, she is a wealthy woman."

DAIRY FACTS

DAIRY PRODUCTS IN DEMAND

Essential to Well-Being of Nation and Effort Should Be Made to Maintain Supply.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The shifting demands due to the war have called for important changes in the dairy industry. Dairying is one of the largest of the agricultural enterprises of this country and the demands upon it will be in proportion to its importance. Dairy products are essential to the well-being of the nation and every effort should be expended to maintain the supply of this country and so far as possible to meet the increasing demands of the allies. Some of the principal advantages of dairying are:

1. The sale of dairy products furnishes a steady income throughout the year. The farmer who depends upon crop sales for his income usually makes the bulk of his sales during one or two months of the year, while during the rest of the year he has no cash income.

2. The market for dairy products fluctuates very little year by year as compared with other farm products.

3. Through the return of manure to the land the fertility and physical condition of the soil may be maintained at a high level and crops increased. Even after many years a properly maintained dairy farm has constantly increasing crop yields instead of decreasing.

4. In dairying labor may be utilized at a more uniform rate throughout the year. For example, may have to employ much additional labor at harvest time, but so far as the dairy is concerned the dairyman is about the same all year.

5. Through the dairy cow dairy products may be transformed into products from which cash may be realized. Grass, corn, clover and other roughage which may have a ready sale are economically utilized by the dairy cow. Land which is not suitable for cultivation may be utilized for pasturage for dairy cows.

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The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
EAT POTATOES EVERY MEAL.



Stuffing Potatoes, One of the Attractive Ways of Preparing Them.

POTATO RECIPES FOR FAMILY USE

Millions of Bushels of Good Food
Will Be Lost Unless Consumed Quickly.

MADE A DUTY AND PLEASURE

Some Menus Worked-Out by Experts
Without Allowing Them to Be-
come Monotonous—Others Are
Easily Obtainable.

You know that there are millions of bushels of potatoes in the United States in excess of the usual supply at this time of year, and that millions of bushels of potatoes are being wasted. Potatoes are bulky and heavy and cannot well be transported over seas. The United States must eat its own potatoes and release other foods for export.

Eating potatoes every day is a duty and eating potatoes every meal can be a pleasure. Following are some recipes worked-out by the cook experts of the United States department of agriculture covering every meal for two persons. Similar recipes, both economical and palatable, have been worked out covering every meal for a week.

Potato Omelet.
1 cup milk
1 cup potatoes
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup onion
1/2 cup corn
1/2 cup peas
1/2 cup carrots
1/2 cup mushrooms
1/2 cup tomatoes
1/2 cup celery
1/2 cup parsley
1/2 cup dill
1/2 cup chives
1/2 cup basil
1/2 cup oregano
1/2 cup thyme
1/2 cup rosemary
1/2 cup sage
1/2 cup marjoram
1/2 cup fennel
1/2 cup tarragon
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup oil
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup lard
1/2 cup suet
1/2 cup tallow
1/2 cup grease
1/2 cup fat
1/2 cup oil
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup lard
1/2 cup suet
1/2 cup tallow
1/2 cup grease
1/2 cup fat

Potato and Corn Chowder.
1 pint corn
1 pint potatoes
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup onion
1/2 cup carrot
1/2 cup celery
1/2 cup parsley
1/2 cup dill
1/2 cup chives
1/2 cup basil
1/2 cup oregano
1/2 cup thyme
1/2 cup rosemary
1/2 cup sage
1/2 cup marjoram
1/2 cup fennel
1/2 cup tarragon
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup oil
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup lard
1/2 cup suet
1/2 cup tallow
1/2 cup grease
1/2 cup fat

Browned Potatoes With Roast Beef.
Parboil potatoes for ten minutes. Remove the skins and place the potatoes on a roasting rack with meat. Bake them for about 40 minutes, or until the potatoes are tender, basting them occasionally with the juice in the pan.

Use the left-over potatoes to make potato cakes. They are very good served for breakfast with crisp slices of bacon. Brown them in the bacon fat.

Potato Cakes.
Season cold mashed or rice potatoes to taste with salt and pepper, and mix with a little milk. Add egg, if desired. Mold with the hands into small round cakes. Fry on both sides in well-greased skillet, frying pan, or griddle, and serve hot.

For supper or lunch: Potato soup can make the largest part of the meal.

Potato Soup.
Boil three medium-sized potatoes and when soft rub them through a sieve. Slice a small onion and scald this and a little chopped celery or one

quarter teaspoonful celery salt in five cups of milk. Remove the onion and add the milk slowly to the potatoes. Mix one and one-half table-spoonfuls corn starch, one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, and a little cayenne pepper to a thin paste with two table-spoonfuls cold milk. Stir this mixture into the boiling soup. Continue to boil for one minute; strain and serve.

For dinner:
Stuffed Potatoes.
Bake potatoes in a hot oven for about 45 minutes, or until soft. Cut a slice from the side of each and scrape out the inside. Mash this and season with salt and pepper. Add enough heated milk to bring to the consistency of ordinary mashed potatoes. When partly-cooled add eggs. This may be left-over whites or yolks, or whole eggs, well beaten. Add not more than one egg to six medium-sized potatoes. Refill the skins, brush with melted fat, and put back in the oven for 5 or 10 minutes. Serve hot.

STAY SLENDER

Body fat is stored-up energy. Keep your energy in circulation—don't store it. Don't be afraid of potatoes. Eat plenty of them. Use up the energy they give you for your war work and stay slender.

Work Hard.
Be Patriotic.
Write the United States department of agriculture for new potato recipes.

Baking With Wheat Savers.
Wheat saving need not involve hardship. Nor is there danger of hunger for lack of bread. Abundant crops of other cereals are available to mix with wheat flour in making palatable and nutritious breads. If every housewife would use some substitute for wheat flour in whatever bread, biscuits, pastry, and so on she prepares, the necessary saving in wheat would be accomplished. In Farmers' Bulletin 955 of the department of agriculture complete directions are given for making bread, biscuits, muffins, cookies and various kinds of pastry in which wheat flour substitutes are used.

In yeast bread as much as 25 per cent flour or meal from other grains or from dried peas, beans, potatoes, nuts, and so on may well be used, the publication says, and as much as 50 per cent in "quick" or hot breads produces articles excellent in flavor and attractive in appearance. It is not necessary to use these substitutes always in the form of flour or meal. The use of boiled or baked potatoes, cornmeal mush, cooked rice, and so on, all produce breads which compare well with those made from the corresponding flours or meals. This enables the housewife to make good use of left-over food and to prevent waste.

Substitutes for Sugar.
Satisfactory substitutes for sugar may be used to a much larger extent. These include sorghum, corn and cane sirup, maple sugar and sirup, and honey. The maple sirup and sugar production can and should be increased in those areas in which maple trees are growing in sufficient numbers to warrant the expenditure of the necessary time and labor. Maple sirup and sugar are produced in 13 states, the annual output exceeding 14,000,000 pounds of sugar and 4,000,000 gallons of sirup. These figures can be increased. The production of sorghum sirup in 1917 exceeded that in 1916 by nearly 4,000,000 gallons. Sorghum sirup may be produced in nearly every state in the Union. An increased production of sorghum sirup will enable the public still further to conserve the sugar supply in the most available form for transportation to our soldiers.

Excellent succotash can be made with dried lima beans and dried corn.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



From Red Cross Briefs, published in Atlanta the following inspiring account of Red Cross work in France is taken:

The national headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington has just received a report from Major Perkins, Red Cross commissioner to France, on the work of civil relief and restoration done in France during the month of February.

During this one month, substantial aid was given to over a hundred thousand French refugees, repatriates and other war sufferers. This number included about twenty thousand persons in the devastated areas, seven thousand five hundred repatriates in provinces and nearly six thousand undernourished Paris school children. More than twenty-two thousand people were given hospital care during this one month, including thousands of repatriate children at Evian, and about a thousand tuberculous patients in Paris who were given supplementary rations daily.

Work is now being conducted by the Red Cross in 98 French cities and villages, not including the Friends' unit which has 21 relief stations, or the Smith College unit which works in 11 villages. Nine civilian hospitals with a total capacity of more than a thousand beds and 46 dispensaries give care to children, tuberculosis patients and refugees.

Grants of money to French organizations during the month totaled more than half a million francs, and, in addition, large quantities of clothing, food and household goods were distributed.

The Red Cross now has a staff of 490 workers in France, 66 having been added during February.

General Pershing has just called on the Army Medical department, to accept 100,000 convalescent uniforms made by American women and offered to the army. The general points out that the medical department is buying in the open market pajamas, operating gowns, bath robes and convalescent suits while the Red Cross stands ready to supply them. He tells the surgeon general at Washington that the work of the Red Cross is of immense value in keeping up the morale of the army, and that it also releases labor for use elsewhere.

Luncheon Favors.
Cut favors for a luncheon are little hats made of silk or ribbon. The brims are old-fashioned round pin pads and the crowns small stuffed pincushions fastened to them. Make them to harmonize with the color scheme of the luncheon, trim with tiny ribbon roses, and put a row of colored pins around the edge. Woman's Home Companion.

The Tea-Hour Frocks.
Tea-hour frocks for the most part are built from simple silk jerseys and soft satins. Some of the newest fancies heralding the happy days of spring are of the most ephemeral transparency. As adornment billowy frills of tulle dyed to match the negligee in coloring are much in favor.

Kid Linings.
Bright colored kid linings are a feature of some of the new gloves. Deep violet and rose and green, they are. Facing, they should more correctly be called. The colored part is turned back over the outside of white in a wide cuff.

The Last Suits of Summer



The last efforts of the designers in suits for this summer are eloquent of two influences. One of them is the adaptation of styles to silk fabrics—including several novel weaves—and the other proclaims the conservation of wool, carried to its limit, in suits of cloth for ordinary street wear. The result is a great difference in style between suits of silk and suits of wool. The wool suit must repress all ambitions in the direction of embellishments that use up cloth and must even curtail the length of coats and width of skirts. But the suits made of silk are under no such obligations. They may be as ample and elaborate as the designer's ideas.

The maker of the little cloth suit pictured has accepted the inevitable gracefully and, it appears, has used something less than the allotted four yards of goods. But he has managed to put a lot of youthful style into it. The short coat has a plain, unshaped body gathered into a wide belt, and a mere reminder of a skirt in the narrow pleated skirt. There is a narrow shawl collar open to the belt and plain sleeves with no cuffs. Narrow silk braid bindings and bone buttons tell the brief story of finishing touches. Plain as the skirt is, it is cleverly draped and finished. Two tabs, bound with braid, are set on at the sides and each has a small, slit pocket in it.

Pongee can never lose the allegiance of women. The handsome model, for a dressy suit, is made of pongee in the natural color and betrays the work

of experts in every particular. The skirt has a panel at the front and back formed by plaits that are not pressed in and is cut to ankle-length. It is simple enough; but there is nothing simple about the coat. It is the creation of a master designer who was able to carry out an elaborate inspiration. Its skirt is made in pointed panels of uneven length and large and small covered buttons serve to ornament it. The print and button ideas appear again in the cuffs. A suit like this gives its wearer the assurance of being well enough dressed whatever the demands may be.

Julia Bottomley

A Vogue for White.

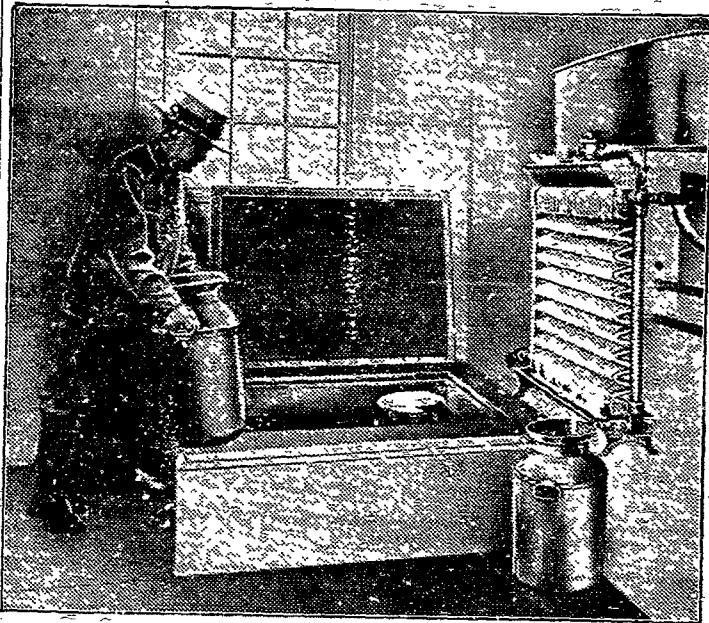
Quantities of delightful models, both imported and domestic, are developed in white—white wool, white silk, white linen and white cotton—and both the oyster white and ivory white are featured as well as the clear whites. In heavy crepe tissor of oyster white there are some admirable frocks and three-piece costumes, and the deep ivory whites are combined in especially felicitous ways with old blue and Chinese blue.

Puffy Pockets.

White wash satin skirts have very full puffy pockets.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
KEEP MILK BELOW FIFTY DEGREES.



Surface Cooler Over Which Milk Should Be Poured When Drawn, and the Tank for Keeping Cans Cold.

CONSERVE FOOD VALUE OF MILK

Constantly Clean and Cold Is
Formula for Making Best of
This Product.

SPOILED MILK VERY COSTLY

Put Bottles in Refrigerator Minute
After Milkman Leaves It at Door
—Every Dairy Utensil Should
Be Thoroughly Cleaned.

One quart of spoiled milk costs more than 25 pounds of ice.

That for persons who have to do with milk in small quantities—consumers. This for persons who have to do with milk in large quantities—producers:

One ten-gallon can of spoiled milk costs more than a thousand pounds of ice.

Besides, this fact for both classes: Milk is mighty good human food and ice isn't food at all.

There is no possible argument in favor of wasting ice, as there is no possible argument in favor of wasting anything. The creation of ice consumes coal and ammonia and other things needed toward winning the war. But there is the best possible argument in favor of making the best possible use of whatever ice is used and, since milk is probably the most important human food, taking into consideration all classes of people from infant to the aged, there is every argument, not necessarily for using more ice in connection with it, but for using a good deal more care in seeing that the milk never gets very far from the ice from the moment it is drawn from the cow to the moment it enters the human gullet. Spare the ice, but do not spare it at the expense of the milk.

Much Milk Lost.

Every summer multiplied thousands of gallons of milk are lost—poured into sink and sewer and run with the rivers to the sea—because people are not careful enough about bringing the bottle in to the refrigerator immediately after the milkman leaves it at the door. Milk should be kept always, at a lower temperature than 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Assuming that the man who milked the cow, the man who bottled the milk, and the man who made the delivery all did their part, all their effort is likely to be thrown away if the bottle is left on a hot doorstep for an hour, or even half an hour.

Get the milk on the ice the minute after the milkman leaves it at the door. And some rather keen eyes are open to see to it that the dairyman does his part toward keeping the milk cool as it should be from the time it is milked until it is delivered. With this article is a picture of a milk cooler that the United States department of agriculture recommends to—and urges upon—the dairyman. The coldest water obtainable—iced water, preferably, but in the absence of that, water direct from a cold spring or well—is to be used in it and the milk, immediately after it is drawn from the cow, is to be poured over the cooler. From ten to fifteen gallons of cold water is passed through the cooler for every gallon of milk cooled. The milk flows slowly over the cooler and is brought to within three degrees of the temperature of the water.

Iced Water for Milk.

After that the milk should go into a cooling tank. The tank recommended by the department of agriculture is made with a two-inch layer of cork between two shells of four-inch concrete. Three gallons of iced water should be used for every gallon of milk that goes into the tank. All milk should remain in the tank until it is

ready to ship, and it should be protected from heat during hauling with blankets or felt jackets.

Every vessel that milk touches in any way—cooler, cans, pails and bottles—should be sterilized and kept clean.

Constantly clean and constantly cold. That is the formula for getting the full benefit of the milk supply. Even brief lapses from cleanliness and cold cause the bacterial count to multiply and the milk to deteriorate.

PORK PRODUCTION HINTS.

A large, raw-boned sow, having plenty of capacity and size, but lacking in femininity and quality, is one of the poorest investments a breeder can make, for her pigs will be slow to develop, hard to fatten, and lacking both in number and in uniformity.

The modern hog is a highly specialized and efficient machine for the conversion of grain and roughage into edible meat, but to obtain the greatest efficiency, to make the most pork from a given amount of feed; to make the best pork, and to make that pork most economically, the machine must be kept running to capacity from birth to the time of marketing. Nothing is more important than this factor.

Slightly more rapid and economical gains in fattening hogs are made by using a self-feeder than can be obtained by the best of hand feeding.

Cleanliness and rational methods of management are relied upon by thousands of hog raisers to keep their herds in health and vigor. They are the marks of the good farmer and successful hog breeder.

What Cow-Testing Showed.

The average production of all dairy cows in the United States is 160 pounds of butterfat a year, according to estimates. The average production of all cows in 40 cow-testing associations studied by investigations of the United States department of agriculture was 247 pounds a year. Careful tabulations of the records of the 40 associations show that a production of 160 pounds of butterfat a year gave an income of \$23 over cost of feed, while the average income over cost of feed for all the cows in these associations was \$47, or a little more than twice as much.

Undoubtedly the dairymen who join cow-testing associations are more progressive than the average, and own cows and farms that are much above the average, but the fine showing made by association cows should be credited, in large measure, to association work. Certainly the cow-testing associations return many dollars more than they cost. It is encouraging also to know that the cow-testing association records indicate that the large-producing dairy cows are the least affected by the increased cost of feeds. Therefore, every dairyman should aim to keep them where they will continue the economical production of human food. Economical production can be obtained not only through careful selection of dairy cattle, but through intelligent breeding and skillful feeding.

Sheep on Every Farm.

That peaceful flock of sheep which ought to be on every farm is a powerful war machine. Wool for the soldiers. Meat to feed us.

Are your weeds just a nuisance, or are you and some sheep turning them into uniforms? A flock on every farm.—United States Department of Agriculture.

The value of a good clover pasture for young pigs should not be overlooked by hog raisers.

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
J. E. 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 31, 1918.



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

DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

Apparently, a whole lot of Northville people—and others—do not know the difference between our generally accepted national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner" and another of our old and favorite patriotic songs, "America." At any public gathering here, almost everybody will promptly stand up as soon as they hear the strains of "America," an honor that is supposed to belong to "The Star Spangled Banner," alone. This would be well enough, if it did not almost entirely destroy the significance of our national anthem, as such. The writer of this article has been "glared at" more than once for refusing to rise when "America" was played, just because everybody else got up. If you want to show the utmost mark of respect and reverence for the recognized if not official national anthem of your country—and this is especially necessary in these days—reserve the highest honor for that only.

FLAG DESECRATION.

Jealously as we watch, in these troubled days, lest some discourtesy be shown our beloved Star Spangled Banner, instantly resenting anything that even approaches an insult to the flag that means more to us all than ever before, yet there is one form of thoughtless desecration practiced by some people, business firms and municipalities that is a real insult to our national emblem, although in most instances entirely unintentional, it is to be hoped. This is the practice of allowing our beautiful Red, White and Blue to be exposed to all kinds of weather conditions, uncared for in any way until it becomes a dirty rag, almost unrecognizable as the flag of the free.

If a flag cannot be properly protected and kept in a reasonably decent condition, it were far better not to display it at all. Instances of this kind of flag desecration are all too frequent, and especially so in Detroit. We have even been guilty of it in Northville before now.

Appropos of the proposed changing of the nomenclature of sauer kraut to "Liberty cabbage," what is to be done about Limberger cheese? (And at that, either one of 'em "by any other name would smell as blank-ety-blank bad.")

The birth rate in Germany has fallen off 40% since the beginning of the war, but the rest of the world isn't worrying for fear that country is going to commit race suicide.

SUBDUCE THE SUBMARINE BY SUBSTITUTING.

Service for Sneers
Economy for Waste
Fish for Beef and Bacon
Cooperation for Criticism
Production for Pessimism
Marketing for Telephoning
Performance for Argument
Conservation for Conversation
Vegetable Oils for Animal Fats
Perishable for Preservable Foods
Common Sense for Common Gossip
The Garden Hoe for the Golf Stick
Patriotic Push for Peevish Puerilities
Cornmeal and Oatmeal for White Flour
Knowledge of Prices for Gossip about Profits
The Beef you Do Not Eat for the Rife You Can Not Carry
CANADIAN FOOD BULLETIN.

SEE A LINE IN THE RECORD.

Wixom Whisperings.

Hazel Furman was home from Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. May Proud and daughters were Pontiac visitors Saturday.

Geo. Spencer spent a part of last week with his brother at Midland.

Mrs. Nora Holmes of Pontiac visited at B. L. Clark's Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon of Northville was the guest of her sister last Friday.

Frank Carmer of Lansing visited his sister, Mrs. Ed Martin a part of last week.

Mrs. Henry Perry and sister Dorothy Madison were in Milford last Friday.

Chas. Bryant of Flat Rock visited his nephew, Ellsworth Bryant last Thursday.

Mrs. Claire Hopkins and Miss Sadie Hopkins of Pontiac visited at the A. C. Hopkins home Saturday.

Married at the home of the bride's parents, Saturday, May 25, Rollin Porter to Miss Edith Pittenger.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore and Mrs. John Shaw of Northville visited their uncle, John Pattan and family last Thursday.

B. Kitson, wife and daughter and H. Perry, wife and children, were callers at the home of Carl Parker at Farmington, Sunday.

Alec Kay and wife of Detroit were Wixom visitors Sunday. Their mother, Mrs. Cornelia Madison, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Thompson returned home with them.

The West Novi school closed Friday May 24th, with a picnic on Grant Barrett's lawn. About 60 friends attended. The pupils organized a War Savings Society and have purchased stamps to the amount of \$73.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "What form of Government will Remain when God has Finished 'Shaking the Heavens and the Earth'?"

Baccalaureate services in the evening. Sermon by the pastor.

Novi News.

Novi now has several cases of measles.

Miss Lillian Melow was home from Detroit over Sunday.

Perry Taylor was home from Camp Custer last week Sunday.

Miss Stuart of Ypsilanti visited Novi friends over Sunday.

Mrs. D. Donelson was a Flint and Montrose visitor part of last week.

Miss Margaret VerDuyn spent a part of last week with Wayne friends.

Mrs. Ethel Sanderson of Detroit visited at the Martin home last week.

Rev. H. A. Huey and wife of Davison were Novi visitors the latter part of last week.

Miss Clara Lanco of Detroit is spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Lizzie Coates.

Mrs. Celinda Coates and sons, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowan and little daughter all of Detroit, visited Mrs. Lizzie Coates recently.

Rev. and Mrs. Jenkinson of Arlington Heights, Chicago, have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Flint and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Banks.

Mr. Henry Schen who has been living at the Walter Coates home the past two years, is in failing health, having had several slight paralytic strokes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and son motored to Lansing for the week-end accompanied by Mrs. Clara Rice, who remained for a longer stay with her son Charles and family.

The many friends of Huber Bourne are very glad to have him among us again, and to know he has so far recovered from his critical illness while at Charleston N. Carolina.

F. D. Burch and wife of Milford

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists. 7c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CARROLL DUBUAR

or the U. S. Enlisted Ordnance Corps now stationed at Augusta, Ga.

were Sunday callers at the Donelson home.

Mrs. Eugene Root entertained guests from Detroit the latter part of last week.

L. D. Putnam is recovering from his operation for appendicitis. He was in the hospital but eight days.

Fred Hake and twin daughters, of Pontiac and Anthony Hake and wife of Detroit were visitors for over Sunday at the home of their mother, Mrs. Minnie Hake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Seebalt of Detroit, visited Mrs. Lizzie Coates last Tuesday afternoon and evening. The former leaves this week for Macon, Ga., to enter the Aviation Field in Uncle Sam's service. Mrs. Seebalt will join him in September to remain for the winter.

Mrs. James Leavenworth died Saturday, May 25, in Harper hospital, Detroit, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Leavenworth was formerly Grace Biery, and was a graduate of the Northville High school and also of the Ypsilanti Normal college. She leaves, besides her husband and two little sons, her mother, a sister and five brothers. Funeral services were held from the home at Farmington, Tuesday afternoon, and burial took place in the Novi cemetery.

Suggestion for insomnia.
If troubled with sleeplessness try holding the eyes open instead of keeping them closed. In a short time the lids will droop. Do not allow them to close at once, but hold open until they become tired. Very often so d sleep will come.—People's Home Journal.

1918 STATE FAIR TO BE PATRIOTIC ONE

Patriotism will be the keynote of the 1918 Michigan State Fair Assistance to the nation through the education of the people in conducting the great war will constitute the fundamental object of every exhibitor. This idea has been preeminent in the mind of G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager of the Fair, throughout the preparation of the plans for the coming exhibition.

The management of the Fair has been spurred on in this work through the active interest taken by the United States Government which will ship a monstrous exhibit to the Fair for the purpose of instructing the people how they can do their "bit" at home. Equal interest is being shown by the state, the Counties, the Good Roads Association, the Red Cross and other organizations whose activities will directly affect the outcome of the war. National anthems and patriotic airs will constitute the major portion of the musical program rendered by a dozen bands. Old Glory will be in evidence on every hand and each afternoon a patriotic concert ending with a military salute to the flag, will be given. The army and the navy will be represented by battalions of troops and military drills and maneuvers will be a feature of the program, afternoons and evenings. Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps will be used in paying a portion of the premiums to the winners in the Boys and Girls Classes.

In conformity with this idea, the most elaborate patriotic pageant ever staged in the State will be presented the opening night of the Fair. Hundreds of people and thousands of dollars worth of fireworks will be used in this display which will consume nearly two hours and will close one of the most elaborate and spectacular patriotic tableaux presented in America.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Hyde Smith has been on the sick list for the past week.

Miss McMillian of Detroit is spending some time at her cottage here.

Mrs. Rockwell of Pontiac is caring

for Olive Holmes, who remains quite ill.

Rev. H. E. Sayles has been chosen pastor for the Baptist church this year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McKnight were week-end guests of their brother, R. E. McKnight.

Several from here attended the funeral of Elmer Rice held at Milford last week.

Miss Bernice Smith who teaches at Grosse Pointe, spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Leta Lepley has gone to Farmington where she has a position in the telephone office.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cronk of Milford have been guests of their granddaughter, Mrs. Earl Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Deveraux of St. Johns were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux.

Miss Neomi Halverson closed her school in the Welch district Wednesday with a picnic at Straits Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Haab and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark of Salem spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Chapman have been spending several days in New York, the guests of their son Dr. Aaron Chapman.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

The board of review for the township of Novi will be in session at Novi town hall Tuesday and Wednesday, June 4 and 5, and Wednesday, June 12, 1918. Taxpayers deeming themselves aggrieved will be given a hearing at said time. H. M. BOGART, Supervisor.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. J. W. Perkins wishes to express her sincere gratitude to the societies and individuals who have so kindly remembered her with flowers during her illness.

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.

WANTED—Butter customers. Mrs. Roy VanSickle. Phone 227-R. 44w2c.

WANTED—To buy second-hand refrigerator. Les Hammond. Phone 300 R-3. 45w1c.

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 house to rent on Northside. W. A. Parmenter. Northville. Phone 176-J for prices. 38ffc.

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

FOR SALE—Four high-grade Holstein cows, due to freshen soon; also 8 yearling heifers. Yerkes & Pickard. Phone 188 R-5. 42ffc.

FOR SALE—Extension table, upholstered chairs, couch. All good. Upholstering shop, old opera-house building. 45w1c.

FOR SALE—Carload of new milk cows, and young cattle. Phone 310 R-3. 42ffc.

FOR SALE—At Huff's Hardware. Pyrex, for all kinds of spraying. 42ffc.

FOR SALE—Two ton clover hay, one single buggy harness, set of two ton springs. Ed Sessions. 42ffc.

FOR SALE—Seven h. p. oil engine, nearly new. For information call 188 R-3. 39w2ffc.

FOR SALE—Five rolls slate surface roofing, cheap. Fred Foreman. 45-1p.

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 8-yr-old, wt. 1,350-lbs.; 1 gray mare, 8-yr-old, wt. 1,500-lbs. Ed Sessions. Phone 223-J. 45ffc.

FOR SALE—Baseburner, \$10, if taken at once. W. J. Cowell's boarding house. 45w1p.

FOR RENT, on shares—Cheap—Five acres in Northville. Phone 56-J. 45w1p.

FOR RENT—Six-room apartment: sitting- and dining rooms, 2 bedrooms, kitchen and large store room, electric lights, gas for cooking. Irving W. Barnhart or A. M. Randolph. 45w1c.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of FRANK H. JOHNSON, 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 Lapham State Savings Bank, in Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 22nd day of July A. D. 1918, and on Saturday, the 21st day of September 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 22nd day of May A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated, May 22nd, 1918.
ASA STEVENS,
PETER HANSON,
44-47, Commissioners and App'rs.

WANTED—SCALE AND REPAIR MEN AC-CUSTOMED TO PORTABLE, DORMANT AND WAGON SCALE WORK. MUST BE COMPETENT. STEADY WORK; HIGHEST WAGES. WEBER & PITCHER, RANDOLPH & WOODBRIDGE, DETROIT, MICH. 45w1c.

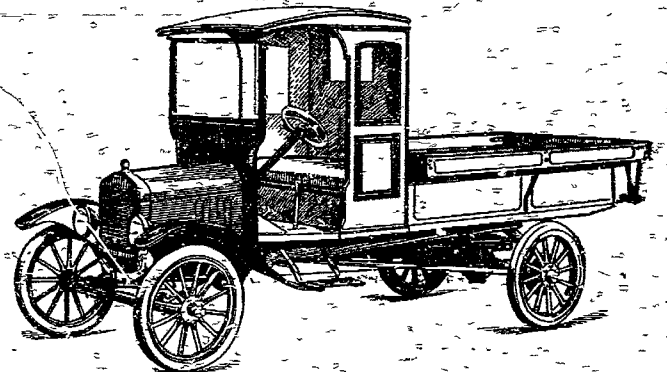
SAVING WOOL IS NOT ALL.

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.

All-Wool Suits for as low as \$20.00.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

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.

NOTICE!

Having recently rented the store formerly occupied by J. H. Steers, and Stocked the same with an up-to-date line of Heavy and Shelf Hardware, I am in a position to offer you anything in the Hardware Line at Very Reasonable Prices. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Repair Work and Eave Troughing.

HARRY ELLIOTT

(Successor to J. H. Steers).

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



The Ford is an honest car in the fullest sense of the term—built on an honest design with honest materials, sold at an honest price with the assurance of honest performance and an equally honest, efficient after-service. Besides, it has been proved beyond question that the Ford is most economical, both to operate and maintain. It is one of the utilities of daily life. Your order solicited. Efficient after-service is behind every Ford car. Runabout, \$430; Touring car, \$450; Coupelet, \$560; Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$695; One-Ton Chassis, \$600. All f. o. b. Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS

Northville, Mich.

CORN CULTIVATORS

If you are in need of a Cultivator, call on me before purchasing. I have on hand the Gale, John Deere and Iron Age.

Also have Good Lawn Mower for Sale.

H. S. DOERR

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

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.

Lester D. Stage, F. Woodmansee, Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 184, F. & A. M.

Regular June 10.

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

Regular June 12.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, E. T.

Regular June 2.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.

Special on June 7th, with Supper at 6:30 o'clock.

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.

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.

Detroit News Liner Ads

received at the Northville Record Office.

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. and 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 5:45 a. m. and hourly to 7:45 p. m., and 11:05 p. m. Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30 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.

Northville Newslets.

E. W. Lockwood is the new assistant at the Gorton clothing store.

Total eclipse of the sun next week Saturday. Get your smoked glass ready.

South Lyon's second annual three-day Chautauqua is dated for July 17, 18 and 19.

Library board meeting at the usual time and place this coming Saturday, June 1st.

Little Evelyn Kimmel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Len Kimmel, is ill with scarlet fever.

O. E. S. members are requested to keep in mind the special meeting next week Friday, June 7. Supper at 6:30.

Miss Flora Miller closed a successful year as teacher of the Pierson school, with a picnic at Walled Lake Tuesday.

Thirty-seven 2 year-old black Angus steers were shipped to Detroit from Milford last week Tuesday, the bunch bringing \$215.55.

Miss Hester Power returned home Monday from Ann Arbor, where she had been taking hospital treatment for a few weeks past.

"Uncle Dan" Craft, one of Northville's well known civil war veterans who has been ill for some time past is reported very low.

The Record greatly appreciates the promptness with which correspondents responded to the request that items be sent in early this week.

Mrs. Jane Sessions is now welcoming her friends in her own home, after spending the winter and spring at her son's residence next door.

The Clover Whist club enjoyed a porch party and picnic supper at the home of Mrs. Ray Richardson Monday afternoon. The annual election of officers took place at this time.

The many Northville friends of Mrs. Fred Wheeler will be glad to learn that she is slowly recovering from a serious operation, recently performed at Maplehurst Hospital in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Lorena Beebe, better known as "Grandma" Beebe, of Orion, has the distinction of being the oldest woman in Michigan to register for war work. She celebrated her 103rd birthday anniversary Saturday—Rochester Clarion.

Thomas Erhart, who had been employed on a farm northwest of town, was taken into custody Saturday by an official from Watertown, N. Y., accompanied by Marshal Lyke of this village. Erhart was wanted for wife desertion.

So far as we can judge, in the future there will be fewer Schmidts hereabouts and more Smiths.—Oxford Leader. Amen! Also—to continue prediction—many Schneiders will become Sydners, Fishers will lose the "c" and plain "Bush" will replace "Busch."

Mrs. T. B. Henry was given a very pleasing surprise Monday evening by her Sunday school class of ten boys. The youngsters accompanied by two of the mothers, Mrs. C. C. Yerkes and Mrs. E. A. Northrup appeared at Mrs. Henry's home, bringing refreshments in the form of cake and ice cream, and a beautiful pair of glass candlesticks, as a parting gift to their efficient teacher.

A carrier pigeon came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller Monday evening. The bird carried a message wrapped around his right leg, but was so shy they were unable to get near enough to him to remove it. He seemed very tired, and was lame in the leg carrying the message. They fed him several times while there and he disappeared Tuesday evening.—Plymouth Mail.

Cheering news comes in a late dispatch, that Great Britain is to raise a record-breaking acreage of crops this summer, enough, according to present indications, to make the United Kingdom self-supporting as far as bread stuffs are concerned, for at least three-fourths of the year. At present even with all the U. S. can do to help, the English are on very short rations.

Northville has lost another much esteemed family, Mr. and Mrs. Rob McCully having moved to Detroit Tuesday of this week. They have been residents here for 26 years, having bought the lot at the corner of Center street and the Base line and built their home there in 1892. They regret to leave Northville nearly as much as their many friends regret to have them go, but as both the daughters and Mr. McCully have good positions in the city it seems the better thing to do. They will not rent their home here, at least for the present. Their Detroit address is at 197 Seabald Ave.

Let Him Live

As long as flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears,
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.

I would let him live on a dinner each day,
Served from silver on a golden tray—
Served with things both dainty and sweet—
Served with everything but things to eat.

And I'd make him a bed of silken sheen,
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down and fillets of lace,
And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet when to its comfort he would yield
It would sink with the rot of the battlefield,
And blood and bones and brains of men
Should cover him, smother him—and then
His pillows should cling with rotten cloy—
Cloy from the grave of a soldier boy.
And while the waves the white sands sweep,
He should never, never, never sleep.

And through all the days, through all the years,
There should be an anthem in his ears,
Ringing and singing and never done
From the edge of light to the set of sun,
Moaning and moaning and moaning wild—
A ravaged French girl's bastard child!

And I'd build him a castle by the sea
And lovely a castle as ever could be;
Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
As fine a ship as ever could be,
Laden with water-cold and sweet,
Laden with everything good to eat;
Scarce may he reach his eager hands,
Than a hot and hellish molten shell
Should change his heaven into hell,
And though he'd watch on the wave-swept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise no more!

In "No Man's Land," where the Irish fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;
In every wound I'd pour ground glass;
I'd march him out where the brave boys died—
Our past the lads they crucified.

In the fearful gloom of his living tomb
There is one thing I'd do before I was through;
I'd make him sing in a stirring manner
The wonderful words of "The Star Spangled Banner"

And I'd build him a castle by the sea
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Report of the condition of the

LAPHAM

STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business May 19, 1918.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$171,937.34

Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, 255,613.52

Overdrafts, 50.40

Banking House, 12,450.00

Furniture and Fixtures, 2,700.00

Items in Transit, 2,466.59

Due from Banks in Reserve Cities, 50,554.89

Cash and Cash Items, 27,439.48

Total, \$523,712.22

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, 25,000.00

Surplus Fund, 8,000.00

Undivided Profits, 6,699.31

Bills Payable, 20,000.00

Deposits—Commercial, \$207,426.91

Savings, 256,586.00 \$464,012.91

Total, \$523,712.22

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. Harmon, President.

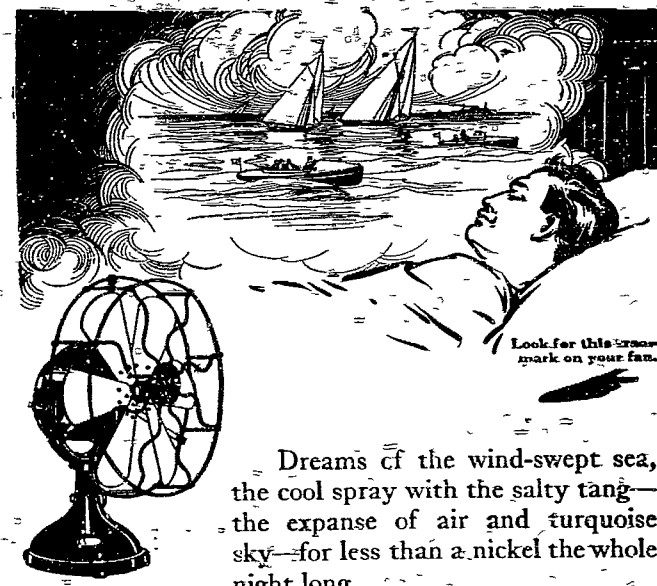
F. E. Harmon, R. Christensen, R. Christensen, Vice-President.

F. E. Bradley, Frank S. Neal, E. S. Neal, Vice-President.

M. N. Johnson, F. G. Terrill, E. H. Lapham, Cashier.

E. H. Lapham, Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.



Dreams of the wind-swept sea,
the cool spray with the salty tang—
the expanse of air and turquoise
sky—for less than a nickel the whole
night long.

Cool comfort insures pleasant dreams. However
hot the night you can rest comfortably in the breeze
of a fan. Its operation costs but a fraction of a
cent an hour—its first cost is also low.

A telephone call will bring one
to your home or office.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

For those theatergoers who enjoy
plays that are clean and wholesome,
there is a decided treat in store at the
Garrick theatre, Detroit, next week,
when the Bonstelle company will
present "Mary's Ankle," a clever and
original comedy, which has been seen
in Detroit at top notch prices, but it
is doubtful if, even with the New York
cast, it was given a more convincing
and delightful interpretation than that
with which Miss Bonstelle and her
associate players will delight Garrick
patrons.

The story revolves around three im-
pecunious college boys, and the sending
of a fake wedding invitation by
one of them in order to extract wed-
ding presents from their close-fisted
relatives.

It would not be fair to tell too much
of this clever tale, but let it be said
that there will be plenty of unusual
comedy and surprise to make this play
one of the most popular of the sea-
son's offerings.

Miss Bonstelle will be seen in the
title role and the other members of
the company will be well fitted to the
occasion.

REGISTRATION OF ALL MEN

Notice is hereby given that there
will be a registration of all men who
have attained the age of 21 years since
the 5th day of June, 1917, at Plymouth
Town Hall, on Wednesday, June 5th,
1918, from the hours of 7:00 o'clock
in the forenoon to 9:00 o'clock in the
evening of said day.

ERNEST E. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

DANCE

at

SOUTHWOOD INN

on Plymouth Road
Near Wilsey

THE YUKON TRAIL

Copyright, William Macleod Raine.

An Alaskan Love Story

By William Macleod Raine

CHAPTER XVIII.

-10-

A New Way of Leaving a House.

The surge of disgust with which Sheba had broken her engagement to marry Macdonald ebbed away as the weeks passed. It was impossible for her to wait upon him in his illness and hold any repugnance toward this big, elemental man. The thing he had done might be wrong, but the very openness and frankness of his relation to Metetse redeemed it from shame. He was neither a profligate nor a squaw-man.

This was Diane's point of view, and in time it became to a certain extent that of Sheba. One takes on the color of one's environment, and the girl from Drogheda knew in her heart that Metetse and Colman were no longer the real barriers that stood between her and the Alaskan. She had been disillusioned, saw him more clearly; and though she still recognized the quality of bigness that set him apart, her spirit did not now do such complete homage to it. More and more her thoughts contrasted him with another man.

Macdonald did not need to be told that he had lost ground, but with the dogged determination that had carried him to success he refused to accept the verdict. She was a woman, therefore, to be won. The chabli of victory was so strong in him that he could see no alternative.

The motor-car picnic to the Willow Creek camp was a case in point. Sheba did not want to go, but she went. The picnic was a success. Macdonald was an outdoor man rather than a parlor one. He took charge of the luncheon, lit the fire, and cooked the coffee without the least waste of effort. In his shirt sleeves, the neck open at the throat, he looked the embodiment of masculine vigor. Diane could not help mentioning it to her cousin.

"Isn't he a splendid human animal?" Sheba nodded. "He's wonderful."

"If I were a little Irish colleen and he had done me the honors to care for me, I'd have fallen fathoms deep in love with him."

The Irish colleen's eyes grew reflective. "Not if you had seen Peter first, Di. There's nothing reasonable about a girl, I do believe. She loves—or else she just doesn't."

Diane fired a question at her point-blank. "Have you met your Peter? Is that why you hang back?"

The color flamed into Sheba's face. "Of course not. You do say the most outrageous things, Di."

They had driven to Willow Creek over the river road. They returned by way of the hills. Macdonald drew up in front of a cabin to fill the radiator.

He stood listening beside the car, the water bucket in his hand. "Something unusual was going on inside the house. There came the sound of a thud, of a groan, and then the crash of breaking glass. The whole window frame seemed to leap from the side of the house. The head and shoulders of a man projected through the broken glass."

The man swept himself free of the debris and started to run. Instantly he pulled up in his stride, as amazed to see those in the car as they were to see him.

"Gordon!" cried Diane.

Out of the house poured a rush of men. They too pulled up abruptly at sight of Macdonald and his guests.

A sardonic mirth gleamed in the eyes of the Scotsman. "Do you always come out of a house through the wall, Mr. Elliot?" he asked.

"Only when I'm in a hurry," Gordon pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at some glass-cuts on his face. "Don't let us detain you," said the Alaskan satirically. "We'll excuse you, since you must go."

"I'm not in such a hurry now. In fact, if you're going to Kuskak, I think I'll ask you for a lift," returned the field agent coolly.

"And your friends in a hurry—do they want a lift too?"

Big Bill Macy came swaying forward, both hands to his bleeding head. "He's a spy, curse him. And he tried to kill me."

"Did he?" commented Macdonald evenly. "What were you doing to him?"

"He can't sneak around our claim under a false name," growled one of the miners. "We'll beat his head off."

"I've had notions like that myself sometimes," assented the big Scotsman. "But I think we had all better leave Mr. Elliot to the law. He has Uncle Sam back of him in his spying, and none of us are big enough to buck the government." Crisply Macdonald spoke to Gordon, turning upon him cold, hostile eyes. "Get in if you're going to."

Elliot met him eye to eye. "I've changed my mind. I'm going to walk."

"That's up to you."

Gordon shook hands with Diane and Sheba, went into the house for his coat, and walked to the stable. He brought out his horse and turned it loose, then he took the road himself for Kuskak.

A couple of miles out the car passed him trudging toward. As they flashed down the road he waved a cheerful and nonchalant greeting.

Sheba had been full of gaiety and life, but her mood was changed. All

the way home she was strangely silent.

The days grew short. The last river boat before the freeze-up had long since gone. A month earlier the same steamer had taken down in a mail sack the preliminary report of Elliot to his department chief. One of the passengers on that trip had been Selfridge, sent out to counteract the influence of the evidence against the claimants submitted by the field agent. An information had been filed against Gordon for highway robbery and attempted murder. Wally was to see that the damning facts against him were brought to the attention of officials in high places where the charges would do most good. The details of the story were to be held in reserve for publicity in case the muckraker magazines should try to make capital of the report of Elliot.

Kuskak found much time for gossip during the long nights. It knew that Macdonald had gone on the bond of Elliot in spite of the scornful protest of the younger man. The case against the field agent was pending. Pursuit of the miners who had robbed the big mine-owner had long ago been dropped. Somewhere in the North the outlaws lay hidden, swallowed up by the great white waste of snow.

The general opinion was that Macdonald was playing politics about the trial of his rival. He would not let the case come to a jury until the time when a conviction would have most effect in the States, the gossips predicted. They did not know that he was waiting for the return of Wally Selfridge. The whispers touched closely the personal affairs of Macdonald. The report of his engagement to Sheba O'Neill had been denied, but it was noticed that he was a constant guest at the home of the Pagets. Young Elliot called there too. Almost any day one or other of the two men could be seen with Sheba on the street. Those who wanted to take a sporting chance on the issue knew that odds were offered on the return of the Pay Streak saloon of three to one on Mac.

Sheba rebelled impotently at the situation. The mine-owner would not take "No" for an answer. He wooed her with a steady, dominant persistence that shook even her strong will. There was something restless in the way he took her for granted. Gordon Elliot had not mentioned love to her, though there were times when her heart fluttered for fear he would. She did not want any more complications. She wanted to be left alone. So when an invitation came from her little friends the Hustedes, signed by all three of the children, asking her to come and visit them at the camp back of Katma, the Irish girl jumped at the chance to escape for a time from the decision being forced upon her.

Sheba pledged her cousin to secrecy until after she had gone, so that Miss O'Neill was able to slip away on the stage unnoticed either by Macdonald or Elliot. The only other passenger was an elderly woman going up to the Katma camp to take a place as cook.

Later on the same day Wally Selfridge, coming in over the ice, reached Kuskak with important news for his chief. He brought with him an order from Winton, commissioner of the general land office, suspending Elliot pending an investigation of the charges against him.

Oddly enough, it was to Genevieve Mallory that Macdonald went for consolation when he learned that Sheba had left town. He had always found it very pleasant to drop in for a chat with her, and she saw to it that he met the same friendly welcome now that a rival had annexed his scalp to her slender waist. For Mrs. Mallory did not concede defeat. If the Irish girl could be eliminated, she believed she would yet win.

His hostess looked up at him with a mocking little smile.

"Rumor says that she has run away, my lord. Is it true?"

"Yes. Slipped away on the stage this morning."

"That's a good sign. She was afraid to stay."

It was a part of the fiction between them that Mrs. Mallory was to give him the benefit of her advice in his wailing of her rival. She seemed to take it for granted that he would at last marry Sheba after wearing away the rigid Puritanism of her resentment.

Macdonald had never liked her so well as now. Her point of view was so sane, so reasonable. It asked for no impossible virtues in a man. There was something restful in her genial, derisive understanding of him. She had a silent divination of his moods and ministered indolently to them.

"Do you think so? Ought I to follow her?" he asked.

She showed a row of perfect teeth in a low ripple of amusement. The situation at least was piquant, even though it was at her expense.

"No. Give the girl time. Catch her impulse on the rebound. She'll be bored to death at Katma and she will come back docile."

Her scarlet lips, the long, unbroken lines of the sinuous, opulent body, the challenge of the smoldering eyes, the warmth of her laughter, all invited him

to forget the charms of other women. The faint feminine perfume of her was wafted to his brain. He felt a besetting of the blood.

Stepping behind the chair in which she sat, he tilted back the head of lustrous bronze, and very deliberately kissed her on the lips.

For a moment she gave herself to his embrace, then pushed him back, rose, and walked across the room to a little table. With fingers that trembled slightly she lit a cigarette. Sheathed in her close-fitting gown, she made a strong, calm appeal to him, but there was between them, too, a close bond of the spirit. He made no apologies, no explanation.

Presently she turned and looked at him. Only the deeper color beneath her eyes betrayed any excitement.

"Unless I'm a bad prophet you'll get the answer you want when Sheba comes back, Colby."

He thought her reply to his indiscretion superb. It admitted complicity, reproached, warned and at the same time ignored. Never before had she called him by his given name. He took it as a token of forgiveness and renunciation.

Why was it not Genevieve Mallory that he wanted to marry? The mine-owner carried with him back to his office a sense of the futile irony of life. A score of men would have liked to marry Mrs. Mallory. She had all the sophisticated graces of life and much of the natural charm of an unusually attractive personality. He had only to speak the word to win her, and his fancy had flown in pursuit of a little Puritan with no knowledge of the world.

In front of the Seattle & Kuskak Emporium the Scotsman stopped. A little man who had his back to him was bargaining for a team of huskies. The man turned, and Macdonald recognized him.

"Hello, Gid. Aren't you off your usual beat a bit?" he asked.

The little miner looked him over impudently. "Well—well! If it ain't the big mogul himself—and wantin' to know if I've got permission to travel off the reservation."

"Track you travel where you want to, Gid—same as I do."

"Mayhew. I shouldn't wonder if you'd find out quite soon enough what I'm doing here. You never can tell," the old man retorted with a manner that concealed volumes.

Those who were present remembered the words and in the light of what took place later thought them significant.

"Anyhow, it is quite a social event for Kuskak," Macdonald suggested with a smile of irony.

Without more words Holt turned back to his bargaining. The big Scotsman went on his way, remembered that he wanted to see the cashier of the bank which he controlled, and promptly forgot that old Gid existed.

The old man concluded his purchase and drove up to the hotel behind one of the best dog teams in Alaska. Gideon asked a question of the porter.

"Second floor. That's his room up there," the man answered, pointing to a window.

"Oh, you, seven—eighteen—ninety-nine," the little miner shouted up.

Elliot appeared at the window.

"Well, I'll be hanged! What are you doing here, Old-Timer?"

"Once I knew a man lived to be a grandpa winding his own business,"

grinned the little man. "Come down and I'll tell you all about it, boy."

In half a minute Gordon was beside him. After the first greetings the young man nodded toward the dog team.

"How did you persuade Tim Ryan to lend you his huskies?"

"Why don't you take a paper and keep up with the news, son? These huskies don't belong to Tim."

"Meaning that Mr. Gideon Holt is the owner?"

"You've done, guessed it," admitted the miner complacently.

He had a right to be proud of the team. It was a famous one even in the North. It had run second for two years in the Alaska Sweepstakes to Macdonald's great Siberian wolfhounds. The leader, Butch, was the hero of a dozen races and a hundred savage fights.

"What in Halifax do you want with the team?" asked Elliot, surprised.

"The whole outfit must have cost a small fortune."

"Some dust," admitted Gideon proudly. He winked mysteriously at Gordon. "I got a use for this team, if anyone was to ask you."

"Haven't taken the government mail contract, have you?"

"Not so you could notice it. I'll tell you what I want with this team, as the old saying is." Holt lowered his voice and narrowed slightly his little headlike eyes. "I'm going to put a crimp in Colby Macdonald. That's what I aim to do with it."

"How?"

The miner beckoned Elliot closed and whispered in his ear.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the Dead of Night.

While Kuskak slept that night the wind shifted. It came roaring across the range and drove before it great scudding clouds heavily laden with sleety snow. From dark till dawn the roar of the wind filled the night. Before morning heavy drifts had wiped out the roads and sheathed the town in virgin white unbroken by trails or furrows.

With the coming of daylight the tempest abated. Kuskak got into its working clothes and dug itself out from the heavy blanket of white that had tucked it in. By noon the business of the town was under way again. That which would have demoralized the activities of a Southern city made little difference to these Arctic Circle dwellers. Roads were cleared, paths shoveled, stores opened. Children in parkas and fur coats trooped to school and studied through the short afternoon by the aid of electric light.

Dusk fell early and with it came a scatter of more snow. Mrs. Selfridge gave a dinner-dance at the club that night and her guests came in furs of great variety and much value. The hostess outdid herself to make the affair the most elaborate of the season. Nobody in Kuskak of any social importance was omitted from the list of invited except Gordon Elliot. Even the grumpy old cashier of Macdonald's bank—an old bachelor who lived by himself in rooms behind those in which the banking was done—was persuaded to break his custom and appear in a rusty old dress suit of the vintage of '95.

The grizzled cashier—his name was Robert Milton—left the clubhouse early for his rooms. It was snowing, but the wind had died down. Contrary to his custom, he had taken two or three glasses of wine. His brain was excited so that he knew he could not sleep. He decided to read "Don Quixote" by the stove for an hour or two.

Arrived at the bank, he let himself into his rooms and locked the door. He stooped to open the draft of the stove when a sound stopped him halfway. The cashier stood rigid, still crouched, waiting for a repetition of the noise. It came once more—the low, dull rasping of a file.

Shivers ran down the spine of Milton and up the back of his head to the roots of his hair. Somebody was in the bank—at two o'clock in the morning—with tools for burglary. He was a scholarly old fellow, brought up in New England and cast out to the uttermost frontier by the malign tragedy of poverty. Adventure offered no appeal to him.

But though his knees trembled beneath him and the sickness of fear was gripping his heart, Robert Milton had in him the dynamic spark that makes a man. He tiptoed to his desk and with shaking fingers gripped the revolver that lay in a drawer.

The cashier braced himself for the plunge, then slowly trod across the room to the inner, locked door. The palsied fingers of his left hand could scarce turn the key.

It seemed to him that the night was alive with the noise he made in turning the lock and opening the door. The hinges grated and the floor squeaked beneath the fall of his foot as he stood at the threshold.

Two men were in front of the wire grating which protected the big safe that filled the alcove to the right. One held a file and the other a candle. Their blank, masked faces were turned toward Milton, and each of them covered him with a weapon.

"What are you doing here?" quavered the cashier.

"Drop that gun," came the low, sharp command from one of them.

Some old ancestral instinct in the bank cashier rose out of his panic to destroy him. He wanted to lie down quietly in a faint. But his mind asserted its mastery over the weakling

body. In spite of his terror, of his flaccid will, he had to keep the faith. He was guardian of the bank funds. At all costs he must protect them.

His forearm came up with a jerk. Two shots rang out almost together. The cashier sagged back against the wall and slowly slid to the floor.

The guests of Mrs. Selfridge danced well into the small hours. The California champagne stimulated a gaiety that was balm to her soul. She wanted

"There has been murder done. I'll get a light. Don't move from here, Jones. I want to look at things before we disturb them. There's no danger. The robbers have been gone for hours."

By the light of another match the mine-owner crossed the room into the sitting-room of the cashier. Presently he returned with a lamp and let its light fall upon the figure lying slumped against the wall. A revolver lay close to the inert fingers. The head hung forward grotesquely upon the breast.

The dead man was Milton. His employer saw nothing ridiculous in the twisted neck and sprawling limbs. The cashier had died to save the money entrusted to his care.

Macdonald handed the lamp to the marshal and picked up the revolver. Every chamber was loaded.

"They beat him to it. They were probably here when he reached home. My guess is he heard them right away, got his gun, and came in. He's still wearing his dress suit. That gives us the time, for he left the club about midnight. Soon as they saw him they dropped him. I wouldn't have had this happen for all the money in the safe."

"How much was there in it?"

"I don't know exactly. The books will show. I'll send Wally down to look them over."

"Shot right spang through the heart, looks like," commented Jones, following with his eye the course of the wound.

"Wish I'd been here instead of him," Macdonald said grimly. His eyes softened as he continued to look down at the employee who had paid with his life for his faithfulness. "It wasn't an even break. Poor old fellow! You weren't built for a job like this, Robert Milton, but you played your hand out to a finish. That's all any man can do."

He turned abruptly away and began examining the safe. The silver still stood sacked in one large compartment. The bank notes had escaped the hurried search of the robbers, but the gold was practically all gone. One sack had been torn by the explosion and single pieces of gold could be found all over the safe.

Macdonald glanced over the papers rapidly. The officer picked up one of dozens scattered over the floor. It was a mortgage note made out to the bank by a miner. He collected the others. Evidently the bandits had torn off the rubber, glanced over one or two to see if they had any cash value, and tossed the package into the air as a disgusted gambler does a pack of cards.

The bank president stepped to the door and threw it open. He explained the situation in three sentences.

"I can't let you in now, boys, until the coroner has been here." He went on to tell the crowd. "But there is one way you can all help. Keep your eyes open. If you have seen any suspicious characters around, let me know. Or if anyone has left town in a hurry—or been seen doing anything during the night that you did not understand at the time."

A man named Fred Tague pushed to the front. He kept a feed corral near the edge of town. "I can tell you one man who munched out before five o'clock this morning—and that's Gid Holt."

The eyes of Macdonald, cold and hard as jade, fastened to the man. "How do you know?"

"That dog team he bought from Tim Ryan—Well, he's been keeping it in my corral. When I got there this morning it was gone. The snow hadn't wiped out the tracks of the runners yet, so he couldn't have left more than fifteen minutes before."

"You don't know that Holt took the team himself?"

"Come to that, I don't. But he had a key to the barn where the sled was. Holt has been putting up at the hotel. I reckon it is easy to find out if he's still there."

Macdonald's keen brain followed the facts as the nose of a bloodhound does a trail. Holt, an open enemy of his, had reached town only two days before. He had bought one of the best and swiftest dog teams in the North and had let slip before witnesses the remark that Macdonald would soon find out what he wanted with the outfit. The bank had been robbed after midnight. To file open the grill and to blow up the safe must have taken several hours. Before morning the dog of Holt had taken the trail. If their owner were with them, it was a safe bet that the sled carried forty thousand dollars in Alaska gold dust.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Reason Why.

"In this railroad case, I want to ask that man a direct question."

"Don't ask him anything direct. Don't you know he's a director?"

Machinery and equipment for a tannery capable of handling 100 hides daily is needed in China.



"Drop That Gun," Came the Low, Sharp Command.



For a Moment She Gave Herself to His Embrace.

The Wrong Impression.
"Would you seriously object to lending me \$50 for a few days?"
"Oh, no."
"Really? That sounds encouraging."
"You misunderstand me. I meant that I wouldn't entertain such a proposal seriously."

TAKING NO CHANCES.



First Break—None of the hotels would accommodate the "human kangaroo." I wonder why?
Second Break—I guess they were afraid he would jump his board.

So It Goes.
We codify our laws.
But some get by 'em.
Our work is lost because
They just defy 'em

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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

Carter's Iron Pills

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

Cash for Old False Teeth. Don't matter if broken, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to L. Meier, Dept. B, 2001 N. 4th St., Philadelphia.

I Want to Hear From Owner of a Farm or improved land for sale. Mrs. W. Booth, Piquette, Pa.

NO TIME TO SELECT WEAPON

Bridget Had Little Trouble in Explaining Why She Had Used Poker on Her Hubby.

Bridget was before the magistrate upon the charge of beating her husband, who stood near the desk with his head bound up in a mass of bandages and surrounded by an odoriferous cloud of iodine, indicating that he had undergone extensive treatment at the hospital. The magistrate called the wife to the bar of justice.
"Now, madam," he said, "can you explain to me why you struck your husband over the head with the poker?"
Bridget laid her hand on the bar and leaning far over so she could impress her answer upon the attentive officer of the law, replied:
"Shure, I hit him with the poker, your honor, because at that moment I couldn't lay my hands on the broomstick that I most generally uses."

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out prominently as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.
Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.
However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

A Hot One.
Was it at a meeting of our aircraft officials? Perhaps it was and perhaps it wasn't. Anyway, a member was protesting vigorously against the small-like progress in turning out things that were sorely needed. A "scene" ensued and the chairman tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.
"Mr. Blank must remember," said he, "that Rome wasn't built in a day."
"I know it wasn't," retorted the protesting member, "and if this board had had the work to do it wouldn't be built yet."—Boston Transcript.

Have a Clear Skin.
Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap and assist it now and then by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soothe, soothe, and heal. For free samples address: "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The Reason.
"Your patient certainly does keep up, nurse." "That's natural, doctor. He's an aviator."

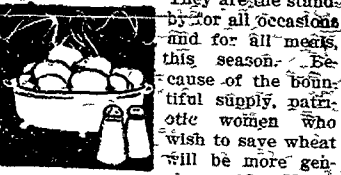
The KITCHEN CABINET

In the cause of friendship, I would brave all dangers. Dickens.

If your friend has got a heart,
There is something fine in him;
Cast away his darker part,
Cling to what's divine in him.

LET US EAT POTATOES.

Someone is originating a new way of serving potatoes almost every day.



They are the staple for all occasions and for all meals, this season. Because of the bountiful supply, patriotic women who wish to save wheat will be more generous with the potato. Because of the high cost and scarcity of animal fats, deep frying is not so popular as formerly, neither is sautéing, for both methods take fat. Vegetable fats are still on the list of admissible fats and they make most satisfactory ones to use in various ways; they are not very expensive and are common in the market. Corn oil, olive oil, and many of the cottonseed products are all good.

Potato Patties.—Select potatoes of uniform size, pare, cut off a slice then hollow out to make cups. Let stand in cold water till time to prepare, then wipe dry and fry in deep fat. The shells should cook tender in eight to ten minutes. Drain on tissue paper in the oven door, sprinkle inside with salt. Use these shells to hold creamed peas, sweetbreads, or any other desired creamed dish. Creamed fish or chicken are especially good and the shells are eaten with its contents.

Yellowstone Potatoes.—Select large, smooth potatoes, scrub well and bake until done. Make two cuts in the form of a cross on the top of each; take up with a towel and crush to loosen the potato and let out the steam. Set on a hot surface on a hot plate. Place a generous piece of butter in the opening and fleck with paprika.

Oak Hill Potatoes.—Cut five hard-boiled eggs and five cooked potatoes into slices a quarter of an inch in thickness. Make a sauce of four tablespoons each of sweet fat and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, and two cupfuls of good milk. In the bottom put a layer of potatoes and cover each layer until all are used with a layer of the sauce. Cover the top with the sauce and finish the top with a cupful of buttered crumbs. Set in the oven to brown. Serve very hot.

The summer hath so many songs
That set my heart a singing,
Such gladness to her reign belongs,
For me joy-bells are ringing.
When robins carol clear and gay,
When brooklets dance along the way,
It's good to live—just live, I say,
With summer over the land.
—L. Mitchell.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE FAMILY.

A most satisfactory griddle cake may be prepared by using sour milk, soda, a beaten egg and corn flour to thicken. Add the soda, a half teaspoonful, to a cupful of sour milk, then add a beaten egg, a little salt and corn flour to make the batter of the consistency liked. A little baking powder sifted into the corn flour will improve the cakes.

Buttermilk Drops.—With a pint of buttermilk, add three eggs, a tablespoonful of fat, a teaspoonful of salt, and corn flour enough to make a batter, stiffing a teaspoonful of baking powder to each cup, adding a small amount of soda if the buttermilk is at all sour. Bake in a hot oven.

Beet Piquante.—Take two cupfuls of boiled beets cut into cubes; two table-spoonfuls of butter, two of flour (barley) and one-half cupful of water in which the beets have been cooked, one-fourth cupful of vinegar, one-fourth cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt. Melt the butter, add the flour and when well mixed add the beet liquor and cream. Then add the vinegar slowly and cook until the flour tastes cooked. Add salt and pepper and then the beets. Serve hot.

Baked Bananas, Belgium Style.—Remove the peel from six or eight small bananas, scrape each banana to remove all coarse fibers and lay them side by side in a baking dish suitable to serve them. Grate over them the rind of an orange and half a lemon; mix the juice of the half lemon, the orange and three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, pour this over the bananas and bake in a quick oven until soft throughout. Serve from the baking dish, one banana being a portion. This is a nice dish to serve with game or lamb, veal or fowl.

Use junket tablets for dessert. They are simple to use, make good, wholesome desserts, especially for the little people. When topped with sweetened whipped cream they are still more nutritious.

Nellie Maxwell

Foresight.
"You don't seem deeply interested in investigation."
"I am interested," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I can't help regretting that the time and trouble used in the average investigation could not have been applied to averting the trouble in the first place."

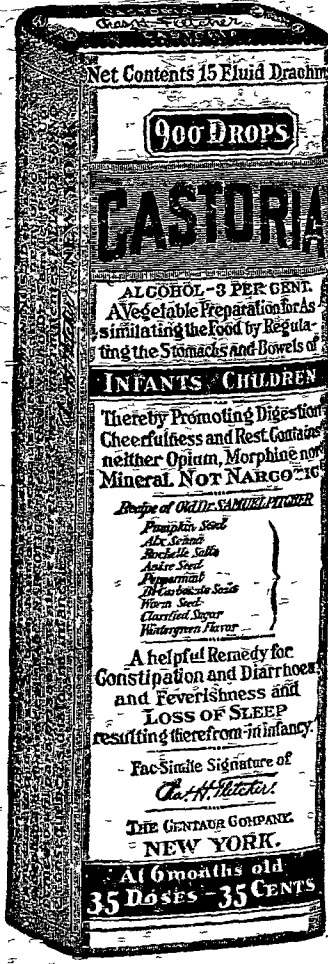
A Word of Precaution.

JUST wherein lies the reason for the use of vegetable preparations for infants and children?

Why are any but vegetable preparations unsafe for infants and children?
Why are Syrups, Cordials and Drops condemned by all Physicians and most laymen?

Why has the Government placed a ban on all preparations containing, among other poisonous drugs, Opium in its variously prepared forms and pleasing tastes, and under its innumerable names?

These are questions that every Mother will do well to inquire about.
Any Physician will recommend the keeping of Fletcher's Castoria in the house for the common ailments of infants and children.



Children Cry For



Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

B. J. Briggs & Co., of Providence, R. I., say: "We have sold Fletcher's Castoria in our three stores for the past twenty years and consider it one of the best preparations on the market."
Mansur Drug Co., of St. Paul, Minn., says: "We are not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines, but we never hesitate to say a good word for Castoria. It is a medical success."
Hegeman & Co., of New York City, N. Y., say: "We can say for your Castoria that it is one of the best selling preparations in our stores. That is conclusive evidence that it is satisfactory to the users."
W. H. Chapman, of Montreal, Que., says: "I have sold Fletcher's Castoria for many years and have yet to hear of one word other than praise of its virtues. I look upon your preparation as one of the few so called 'patent medicines' having merit and unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe household remedy."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS BEARS

the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Population of the Earth.
In 1787 the population of the earth, according to Busching, was about 1,000 millions; in 1800, according to Fabri and Stein, only 900 millions; in 1833, according to Stele and Hirschelmann, 872 millions. In 1858 Dietrich estimated it at 1,208 millions and Kolb, in 1865, at 1,220 millions. According to the latest calculations the earth is inhabited by 1,400 million happy (?) human beings.

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.
The kidneys and bladder are the causes of female afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.
New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.
There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarlem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Letting Out a Secret.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy): "Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady."
Boy: "That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum."
"Told you to whistle?"
"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

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 on their own. 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.

Flattery is the bridge some men walk over to reach the good graces of others.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Part of Her Costume.
Bessie came running to her grand mother holding a dry, pressed leaf, obviously the relic of a day long gone by. "I found it in the big Bible, grandma," she said. "Do you suppose it belonged to Eve?"—Boston Transcript.

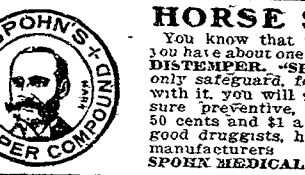
Gold Dust.
"He says he is the dust at my feet."
"How does the dust assay?" asked the other girl.

Some people are like cider—sweet enough until it is time to work.

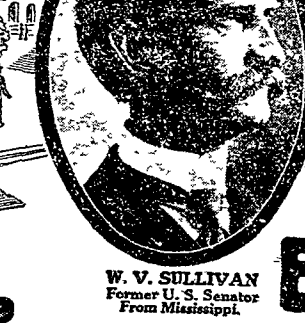
WHEN
Your head feels like a basket of broken bottles—you need
BEECHAM'S PILLS

Stomach or bowel disorder poisons the blood and thus irritates the rest of the body.

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



SPONH'S STOMACH DISTEMPER



W. V. SULLIVAN
Former U. S. Senator
From Mississippi

Take Care of Your Horses!
Nothing else will do so much to keep them in fine condition as
Dr. David Roberts' **PHYSIC BALL and HORSE TONIC**.
Once every three months—makes a sleek coat, prevents worms, etc. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c

BLACKS' OPTICIANS
ESTD. 1850-DETROIT
156 WOODWARD AVE.

PARKER'S HAIR PALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 22-1918.

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

How Ex-Senator Banished Stomach Trouble
A Wonderful Testimonial Endorsing EATONIC

Gentlemen:
I have used EATONIC tablets in my family and find it a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and all forms of indigestion. Yours respectfully,
W. V. SULLIVAN

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)
At All Druggists

Quickly Removes All Stomach Misery—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sour, Acid and Gassy Stomach
Here's the secret: EATONIC Drives the Gas out of the body—and the Bloat goes with it. Guaranteed to bring relief or money back. Get a box today. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it.



Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.

Join Now!
APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM

Men who wear this emblem are U.S. MARINES

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE
Placed anywhere, Daisley Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of water, one 4-oz. bottle will kill and destroy everything that flies. Guaranteed satisfaction. Ask for Daisley Fly Killer sold by dealers, or 5 cents by express, Daisley, Inc., 100 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS Men or Women
Liberal Commission
Uncheckable Varnish & Enamel Co.
31st & Robey Sts., Chicago

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

