

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 52.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

## HAVE A FAIR OR WHY NOT

There is just one way to have a fair here again this fall and that is for the board of directors of the Driving club to announce and go ahead and advertise it. Other things will follow in their proper order.

Have a fair by all means. Seven or eight hundred dollars worth of stock was sold last year on the strength of having an annual fair and it is not a fair proposition to not have one.

The work for this year is already half done and the fair dates are advertised in all the south and east Michigan fair books including the State Fair catalog as Sept. 24-27.

Get together, gentlemen, lease your tents, get out your advertising and premium lists and the balance will take care of itself.

## MICHIGAN BORN MAN BUT BRITISH SUBJECT

A peculiar situation is revealed in the recent enlistment of a Northville citizen, M. F. Bates, with the Canadian Engineers' Corps.

Mr. Bates who was born in Michigan went to the Canadian Northwest some years ago to take up government land, which necessitated his being naturalized there. On his return to Michigan he neglected to again take out papers, and it now develops that, being a British subject and still under 45, Mr. Bates, although some years beyond the American age limit, would be subject to draft by Canada and could have been taken by the Canadian authorities as a "slacker." He had received no notification and of course was not registered, but on voluntarily reporting to the military authorities in Windsor, found the case to be as above stated. He immediately enlisted, passed examination and in a few days was on the way to New Brunswick, starting last week Wednesday. Mr. Bates states that being a native of Michigan he would have greatly preferred to serve under the Stars and Stripes but must be content with fighting for the same great purpose under another flag.

Mr. Bates has been working at the Ford plant in Detroit for some time past, but had recently secured a three months' layoff to work in a farm during the summer. He owns a pretty home on Wing street in this village, and is an industrious, quiet and reputable citizen. His family consists of the wife and two sons, one 16 and one 14 years of age.

This will make one more name for our local honor roll when the correct address is received at this office.

## IMPORTANT MEETING.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northville Loan & Building association will be held in the Library rooms next Friday evening, July 26, at 8:00 o'clock. It is important that all members be present, as action for the renewal of the association's charter must be taken.

## A COMMUNICATION.

To the Record:—

The half a hundred representative women of Northville who make up the membership of the Northville Woman's club are justly disappointed and indignant at the outcome of the worthy efforts of the club's committee on civic improvement to establish a public rest room and convenience station for women and children, as noted a short time ago in this paper. In response to a petition from the club, the village council agreed to establish such a station, and express promise was given that the place secured should be available for the use of women and children only. Supposing this promise to be made in good faith, the ladies requested the Record to appeal for furnishings for the room, which they purposed to decorate and make into a cosy and comfortable place for tired mothers coming here from out of town on public occasions or for shopping—a plan and achievement of which any small town might well be proud. But as the result of the ladies' petition and planning, instead of the fulfillment of their excellent intentions, the hotel building has contiguous toilets for men and women (which is not only everywhere regarded as a most objectionable arrangement and which is not even permissible in any public building in large cities), with no space left for the establishment of a rest room even if this could be done

under existing conditions, which would not be decently possible. Just where the blame is to be placed for the state of affairs is uncertain, but it is a matter not only of interest to the club and the general public, but to the taxpayers as well.

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB,  
(but not of the committee).

## A BAS LA SUGAR BOWL.

No more tempting sugar may adorn the tables in public eating places, but beef may be served once a day until further notice. Here is the U. S. Food Department's latest bulletin.

## Beef.

To Restaurants and Public Eating places:—

Beginning Monday, July 15, 1918, beef in any form may be served in public eating places one meal each day, either at the midday meal or at the evening meal at the option of the manager of the eating place. Veal and also beef products, including tongue, livers, hearts, tripe, ox tails, kidneys, brains. Corned beef may be served at any time.

## Sugar.

As an additional measure toward the conservation of sugar you are not to place upon your table or counter any receptacle containing sugar. It has been definitely proven that by not having sugar available to the consumer, a substantial saving has been effected.

Very respectfully,  
GEORGE A. PRESCOTT,  
Federal Food Administrator  
ELMER C. PUFFER, Chairman of  
State Hotel Committee.

## LETTER OF SYMPATHY COMES FROM FRANCE

The following letter was recently received by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall, whose son, Frank N., died in France April 26, 1918.

A. E. F., May 7, 1918

Mr. J. M. Hall, Northville, Mich.  
Dear Sir:— In behalf of our company, I want to express our profound sympathy to you in the loss of your son Frank. It brings a feeling of pride, however, to call your attention to the brave way in which he passed away. He had been sick, or feeling badly, for some time, but would not go to a doctor for fear he would be sent to the hospital and thus not be able to accompany us to our destination. After we had reached our destination, he gave his consent to be taken to the doctor who immediately sent him to the hospital, where he died in three days. Frank was buried by the men of his own company, with military honors, beside the son of a Major of the U. S. army, while an army chaplain read the last rites. We as a company share with you the loss, as his quiet, unassuming, honest way had won a place in all our hearts. His sacrifice for christianity, humanity and democracy should be an inspiration to all lovers of freedom, and it is the wish of us all that his memory and good deeds shall always live in the hearts of all who knew him. May the example he has set put more strength and courage in the hearts of those who follow him. Again, Dear Sir, let me express my deepest sense of feeling to you and your family. I shall be glad to see you personally, some day. Believe me, dear sir, to be  
Yours very sincerely,  
N. A. FRANCIS,  
Act. 1st Sergeant, Co. D., G. H. Q., A. E. F., France.

## RED CROSS NOTES.

Among the consignment of completed work sent to headquarters in Detroit Tuesday morning were 62 sweaters, and five more were finished which belonged to the local unit.

It is requested that all sweaters now in process of knitting for our own boys be turned in as soon as possible, as a number of outfits are to be immediately needed by several new soldiers.

All Refugee garments must be returned to headquarters at the school building this week as they are required for immediate use in France.

## CHAUTAQUA TICKETS.

Chautauqua tickets are now on sale, and may be obtained at the Murdoch, Carrington or Blackburn stores, or from any member of the committee. Season tickets, \$1.50, war tax, 15cts. Children's season tickets, 75 cents, with 8 cts war tax.

C. L. BLACKBURN,  
Chairman.

Northville Chautauquus  
July 28—Aug. 1.

## 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., via 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, 15th 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.

Buckley, Clifford—Ordnance Dept., Detroit.

Brassey, Wm. C.—Co. A, 301 W. S. T. Camp Holabird, Baltimore, Md.

Cowell, Wesley J.—Co. B, U. of M., R. D.

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

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

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

Casterline, Raymond—Corporal—Camp Holabird, Co. G, Md. M. R. S. Co. 7, Unit 306.

Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. Co. E, 15th Engineers, 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dickerson, James R.—Co. A, M. G. B., Camp Hancock, Ga.

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 F.—First Sergt., Expeditionary Forces.

DesAutels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park DesAutels, Leo A.—Co. M, Reg. 7

Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.

Danley, Morris L.—234 Battery Park Barge Office, care 6th Co., New York, N. Y.

Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng., A. E. F.

Fox, Walter—Co. H, 1st, A. E. F.

Foss, Paul, Corporal—Co. L, 338th Inf., Barracks, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm.—Co. 14, 4th Reg., Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.

Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.

Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Sqdn., care U. S. A. S., 35 Easton Place, London, England.

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

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

Greene, Norton, Corporal—Co. F, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

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

\* Hall, Frank N.

Hall, Lon O.—Co. D, 340th Inf. Camp Custer.

Henry-Thomas B., Major—Edgewood, Md., Supt. Sanitary construction work.

Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 380th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.

Hills, William—24th Co., Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

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

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

Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, 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, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Kestell, Stanley J.—Co. 323, Reg. 8, Bar. 379 W., Camp Decatur, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Kidd, Archie—A. E. F., France.

Kysor, James D., Corporal—328 Headquarters Co. Field Art., Camp Custer.

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

\* Klein, Homer.

Lapham, Luther R.—11th Co. 3rd Replacement Bn., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Langfield, Conrad, Lieut. care Olym-

pa, cor. 14th and Euclid, Washington, D. C.

Limbright, Robert A.—238 Aero Sq., Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Post master, Fort Monroe, Va. Battleship Michigan.

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

Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A. O. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.

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

Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 325th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.

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

Miles, Charles Elbridge—Chauffeur, Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Sig. Corps, A. E. F.

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 T.—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.

Richmond, Harold—24th Co., 2, N. Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Simmons, George, Sergeant—Co. E, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

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

Schultz, Charles—Co. K, Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

Stage, L. D.—Bldg. 1303, Base Hospital, Camp Custer.

Stinson, Ray—Truck Co. 4, American R. F. France.

Stimpson, Reid—Co. 30, Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Simmons, Harry M.—Co. C, 123rd Inf., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., 2nd Replacement Camp, Camp Lee, Va.

Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.

Thomas, George—16th Depot Brigade, 11th Co., 3rd Bat., Camp Custer.

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

Tibbitts, J. Harold—A. E. F.

Barracks 241, U. S. Navy Yard

Thompson, Clarence—Motor Amb. Co. 35, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Chicamunga Park, Ga.

VanValkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt. Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.

VanSickle, Harry—Headquarters Co., 323, Field Artillery, Barracks, 113, Camp Custer.

VanValkenburg, Floyd H.—338th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.

VanValkenburg, Lawrence M.—Dugler League Island, Philadelphia.

VanValkenburg, Milo T.—Co. E, 6th Eng., Camp Laurel, Md.

Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, 10th Bn., 20th Engineers, Camp American University, Arcadia, Ga.

Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical 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 Sanatorium, 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.

Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F Engineers.

A. E. F.

\* Yerkes, Joseph A.

\* Deceased.

A very interesting letter was recently received by Mrs. D. S. McCoy of this place from her brother, Gale Seaman of California, who is engaged at present in army Y. M. C. A. work, in England. Mr. Seaman was a passenger on one of the torpedoed ships and lost everything except his life and the clothes he was wearing. He expressly mentions the absence of excitement and hysteria among the passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel. Mr. Seaman also writes interestingly of his impressions of England and her people. He has been several times entertained in the homes of titled families, and found them especially hospitable and cordial.

Paul F. Wilber of Co. C, 305th Unit Q. R. C., Camp Jessup, Georgia, spent last Friday night with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wilber, getting the opportunity by having been one of 200 men sent to Detroit to take charge of one of the big motor trains which are constantly being sent to the coast from Detroit. These trips require from 4 to 6 weeks' time.

Louis J. Fair of Detroit, formerly a Northville boy, has enlisted in the U. S. Naval service and has been assigned to the position of drummer boy in the Detroit Naval band, and after touring the state for recruiting purposes will be sent to the Great Lakes training station for instruction under Sousa.

Another name which goes on Northville's honor roll this week is that of Stanley Kestell of Co. 323, Reg. 8, who has been assigned to the Naval training camp at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Private Harry VanSickle of the Headquarters Co. Field Artillery, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry VanSickle, for a few days last week.

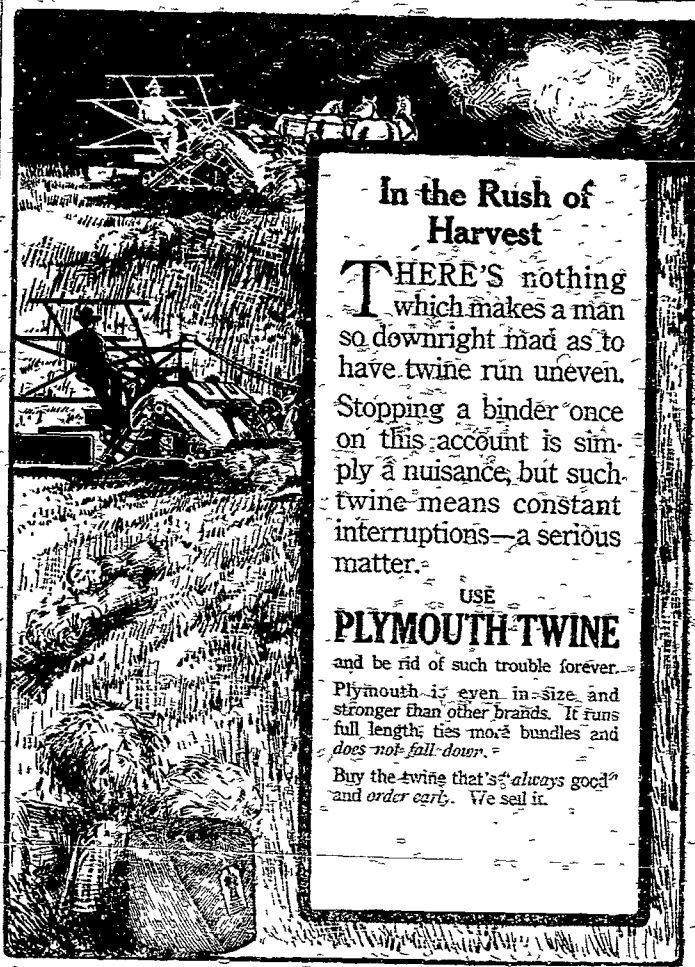
Don VanSickle and Carl Rorabacher are the latest Northville boys to be sent to Camp Custer. They are to leave early next week.

All the Northville boys who have been at Camp Custer for some time past are now on their way "somewhere."

Jay Pinckney of Plymouth, formerly of Northville, has been sent to Vancouver, Wash., in the U. S. service.

Louie Tollis, youngest son of Mrs. Charles Shipley of this place is one of the new soldiers at Camp Custer.

Wesley J. Cowell of Co. B, of the U. of M. Training department, visited his parents here over Sunday.



In the Rush of  
Harvest  
THERE'S nothing  
which makes a man  
so downright mad as to  
have twine run uneven.  
Stopping a binder once  
on this account is simply  
a nuisance, but such  
twine means constant  
interruptions—a serious  
matter.

## USE PLYMOUTH TWINE

and be rid of such trouble forever.  
Plymouth is even in size and  
stronger than other brands. It runs  
full length ties more bundles and  
does not fall down.  
Buy the twine that's always good  
and order early. We sell it.

ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE. WE AIM TO PLEASE YOU.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

## LIBERTY LOAN ANTICIPATION U. S. CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS DATED JUNE 25, 1918—DUE OCTOBER 24, 1918.

THE BANKS OF THIS COUNTRY HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON BY THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT TO PURCHASE CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS IN ANTICIPATION OF THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN. THIS BANK, BELIEVING IT TO BE ITS PATRIOTIC DUTY TO RESPOND TO THIS CALL, WILL TAKE ITS FULL QUOTA OF THESE CERTIFICATES FROM TIME TO TIME AS THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT NEEDS FUNDS TO FINANCE THE WAR.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS COMMUNITY, WHO HAVE RESPONDED SO LOYALLY IN PURCHASING PAST ISSUES OF LIBERTY BONDS AND WHO EXPECT TO TAKE BONDS OF THE FOURTH LOAN, AND TO THOSE WHO MAY DESIRE A SHORT-TIME GOVERNMENT INVESTMENT, WE RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF THESE CERTIFICATES, WHICH WE WILL SUPPLY IN DENOMINATIONS OF \$500, \$1,000 AND UPWARDS WITHOUT PROFIT TO THIS BANK.

## Northville State Savings Bank

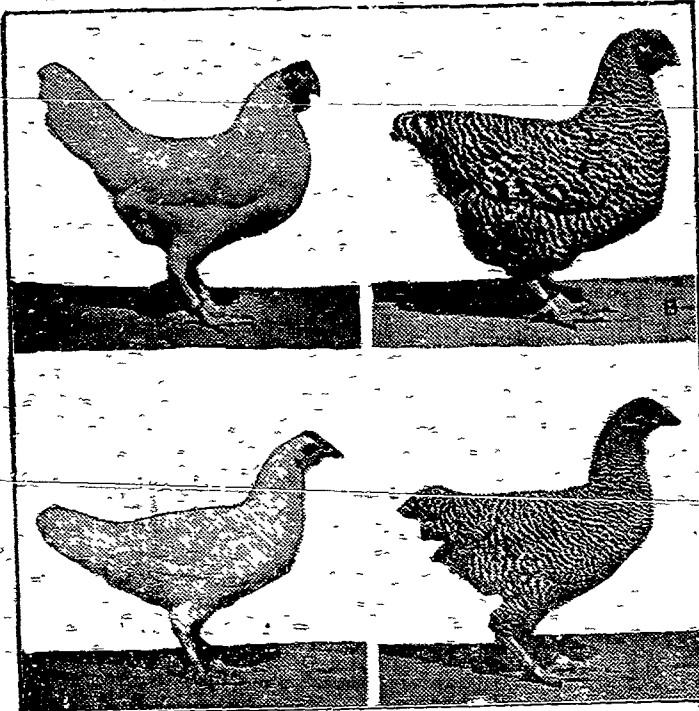
The Northville  
Furniture & Upholstering Co.  
Have opened a Store in the Fair Hotel Bldg.,  
with a Good Assortment of  
NEW AND USED FURNITURE  
of all kinds.  
Also a Good Line of 5c and 10c Goods.  
And Other Articles to numerous to mention.  
New and Used Furniture Bought, Sold and  
Repaired.  
Upholstering a Specialty.  
All work Guaranteed—Called for and Delivered.  
We have another 2 Dozen of the Superior  
Folding Arm Chairs, which we will sell Satur-  
day, at the Special Price of \$1.50. Come and  
See Them.  
Phone, 258-W. Northville, Mich.



## A Bird in the Hand

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

### PREPARE NOW TO RAISE POULTRY



A, Early Hatched White Leghorn; B, Early Hatched Barred Plymouth Rock; C and D, Late-Hatched Fowls.

## PURCHASE FOWLS IN FALL SEASON

Autumn Is Time for City Man to Begin Preparations for Operating Hen Yard.

### GOOD PULLETS ARE FAVORED

Advice of Experienced Poultry Raiser Will Greatly Assist Amateur—One of General-Purpose Breeds Is Preferable.

The best way for the city poultry keeper to procure hens is to purchase them in the fall. An effort should be made to obtain pullets rather than older hens, and the pullets selected should be well-matured, so that they will begin to lay before cold weather.

Evidences of the maturity of pullets are the development and red color of the comb and a size and growth which are good for the breed or variety. Hens will lay little or no eggs during the fall and early winter while they are molting. Well-matured pullets, however, should lay fairly well during this period, so that an immediate return is realized from the investment.

Advice Helps Inexperienced. When pullets are to be purchased, it is well if possible to go to some farmer or poultryman who may be known to the prospective purchaser. In some cases it may pay to make arrangements with the farmer to raise the desired number of pullets at an agreed price. Where the householder does not have an opportunity to go into the country for his pullets, he can often pick them out among the live poultry shipped into the city to be marketed.

The advice of someone who knows poultry should be sought to make sure that pullets or young hens are obtained and that the stock is healthy. Often local poultry associations are glad to help the prospective poultry keeper to get stock by putting him in communication with some of its members having stock for sale. Sometimes boards of trade or chambers of commerce are glad to help bring together the prospective purchaser and the poultry raiser.

#### Kind of Fowls to Keep.

Householders usually desire not only eggs for the table and for cooking, but also an occasional chicken to eat. For this reason one of the general-purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Rhode Island Red, or Orpington, is preferable to the smaller egg breeds, such as the Leghorns. Not only do the mature fowls of these breeds, because of their larger size, make better table fowls than the Leghorns, but the young chickens for the same reason make better friers and roasters, whereas chickens of the egg breeds are only suitable for the smaller broilers.

#### Don't Overstock Hen Yard.

The size of the flock which can be most efficiently kept will depend first upon the space available and second upon the amount of table scraps or other waste which is available for feed. It is a mistake to try to overstock the available space. Better results will be obtained from a few hens in a small yard than from a larger number. The backyard poultry flock rarely will consist of over 20 or 25 hens and in many cases of no more than eight or ten, or occasionally of only three or four. For a flock of 20 to 25 hens a space of not less than 25 by 30 feet should be available for a yard. Where less space is available, the size of the flock should

be reduced, allowing on the average 20 to 30 square feet per bird.

A few hens are sometimes kept successfully with a smaller yard allowance than this, but if the space is available a yard of the size indicated should be used.

#### Helping Village and Town.

Duty does not stop with the raising of poultry products sufficient to feed the home folks on the farm. Many village people will have to look to the nearby farm for poultry or probably go without. Many people in town have not even a back yard and cannot maintain a laying flock. These folks look to the farm for fresh eggs and chickens for the table. Dozens of people in near-by villages and towns would gladly have a backyard flock if it could be procured near home. The farmer should rear extra pullets to help fill this call from the village and town.

#### Clean Yards Imperative.

Cleanliness is imperative in backyard poultry keeping. Poultry in small back yards leave so much droppings on the land they occupy that unless the droppings are frequently removed the soil soon becomes foul. The backyard poultry keeper has to take as much pains to keep his yard sanitary as to keep the floor of the poultry house sanitary. Lack of thoroughness in cleaning and disinfecting small yards is responsible for much more disease and debility than insanitary interior ground spaces.

Measures to prevent lice and mites should also be followed systematically and thoroughly in backyard poultry keeping. While the neglected farm poultry house is often overrun with lice to the detriment of the flock, the hens on a farm have so much better opportunities than those in the small back yard to rid themselves of lice that a little sickness on the part of the keeper in measures to prevent lice is not likely to give the parasites such a start as the same negligence would in the case of a back yard flock.

#### Poultry Paragraphs.

Don't keep a male bird after the hatching season. Hens lay just as well without a male.

Don't overstock your land.

Purchase well-matured pullets rather than hens.

Make the poultry house dry and free from drafts, but allow for ventilation.

Keep the house and yard clean.

Grow some green crop in the yard.

Spade up the yard frequently.

Feed table scraps and kitchen waste.

Keep hens free from lice and the house free from mites.

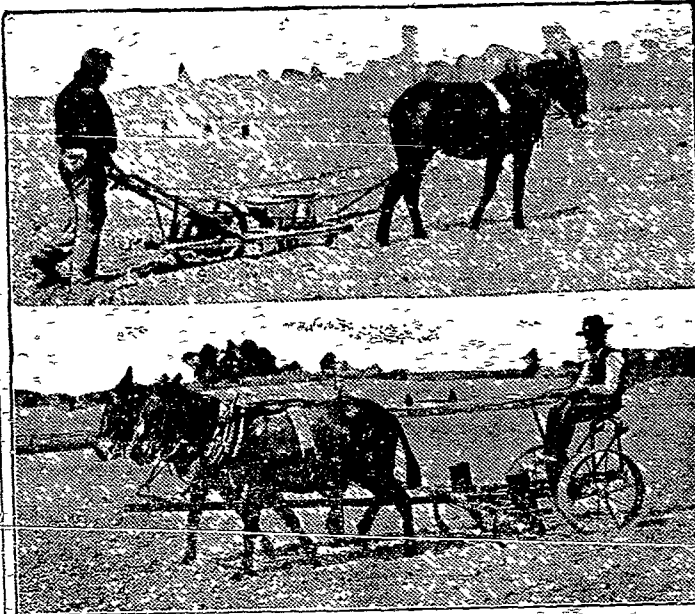
#### Determining Chickens' Ages.

A common way of testing the age of dressed poultry, as described by home economics specialists of the United States department of agriculture, is to take between thumb and finger the end of the breastbone, farthest from the head, and attempt to bend it to one side. In a very young bird, such as a "broiler" chicken or a green goose, it will be easily bent, like the cartilage in the human ear; in a bird a year or so old it will be brittle, and in an old bird, tough and hard to bend or break. Tricky dealers have been known to break the end of the breastbone before showing the bird, thus rendering the test useless.

## Our Part in Feeding the Nation

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

### MAKING MAN LABOR COUNT FOR MORE



Larger Implement Increases Work One Man Can Do.

## MACHINERY AIDS LABOR SHORTAGE

Use of Modern Implements Is One Way to Increase Crops in Time of Emergency.

### AIDS EFFICIENCY OF WORKER

United States Department of Agriculture Recommends That Farmers Co-operate in Purchase of Various Farm Outfits.

Work which is generally done in some part of the country with the aid of machines that greatly increase the efficiency of the man employed is still largely done by hand in other parts. Machinery for the most of the work in connection with preparing and tilling the soil is available in many sizes, and frequently two or more outfits, each requiring the time of one man, are seen working in the same field on operations for which implements of two or three times the size of those used could be employed with just as satisfactory results. There are few farm horses which a driver of ordinary intelligence cannot train to work in large teams in a few days' time, and most of the larger implements are little if any more complicated or difficult to handle than the small ones for the same work.

#### Machinery Profitable.

Where the farm is large, and it is not possible to procure sufficient labor, specialists of the United States department of agriculture say it is more profitable, as well as patriotic, to install machinery which will enable the operator to plant, cultivate, and harvest a full acreage of the crops best suited to his land and the needs of his country, than to let some of the land lie idle, or, at best, have it prepared and worked poorly, and the crops out of season.

In Farmers' Bulletin 989, "Better Use of Man Labor on the Farm," just issued by the United States department of agriculture, photographs of actual farm scenes are printed to show that in many cases work can be doubled by the use of larger implements and greater motive power, and sometimes the gain is considerably more than that. If the nature of the work and the machinery for doing it are such that the best implements will increase the efficiency of the worker by only 50 or 75 per cent their use may make possible an increase in acreage by just that amount and at least will enable the farmer to do his work in less time and allow him to take better advantage of good weather if the season is unfavorable.

#### Combining to Purchase Machinery.

Can all farmers afford to buy extra horses and larger implements to save man labor? Of course those whose farms require but one or two horses to do the ordinary work seldom can afford to do so. But they can secure this additional help by combining to purchase larger machinery, and doubling up their teams to operate it; or one, usually more skilled in operating machinery, or better able to purchase it, may own the larger implements, and do the work for several neighboring farmers, besides his own, to the advantage of all concerned. Both these methods have been tried out in many localities with mowers, harvesters, tractors, thrashing machines, and other farm machinery.

#### How Rats Migrate.

Migrations of rats from one locality to another probably are due chiefly to food conditions, say investigators of the United States department of agriculture. After years in which the pests are comparatively scarce in a rural neighborhood they suddenly be-

come exceedingly abundant and destructive. Rats migrate from places where food is scarce to places where it is plentiful. Abundant food in the new locality causes abnormal reproduction, the effect of which in a short time is that of a sudden invasion by a vast horde of rats.

Other movements of rats are local and seasonal in occurrence. An exodus takes place every spring from cities and villages to river banks and farmsteads in the surrounding country, and is followed by a return migration in the autumn. This phenomenon, which has been observed almost everywhere, explains why rats are more abundant in towns during the cold season and in larger numbers in the country during the summer.

That all rodent destruction is properly the business of the community, and that this must be recognized before substantial progress is made, is asserted by the department investigators.

### INVESTING IN MACHINERY

If two men, driving one horse each, can combine the two horses into one team which one man can drive, and this team can do as much or more work than the two did singly, isn't it wise to combine them and save one man's time?

And if the farm is large and conditions warrant, isn't it wise to combine two of these two-horse teams into one, and save another man's time?

But before making these extra investments it is wise for the farmer to consider well the cost and the probable gain. If extra horses and implements cost more than they will produce, of course it would be unwise to make the investment.

#### Maple Sugar Value Grows.

The value of the national production of maple sugar and maple sirup has grown from \$2,600,000 in 1889, when the census first ascertained it, to \$12,000,000 for 1918, according to the bureau of crop estimates, United States department of agriculture. The maple sugar and sirup of 1918 were worth five times the cranberry crop of 1917, one and one-third times the hop crop, three-fifths of the sorghum sirup made, one-half of the buckwheat or flaxseed or onion crop, one-third of the oranges, and one-quarter of the sugar beets.

The principal region of production extends from northwestern Ohio through New York to Vermont and includes parts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Outside of this region there is production of importance in the mountain country beginning with the southern counties of Pennsylvania and extending through western Maryland into scattered localities in West Virginia, and also in parts of Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana.

#### Weeds Never Rest.

The weed fight is one of the standard routine operations on the farm, and it represents a large proportion of the labor necessary to produce crops. No other single feature of farming requires such universal and unceasing attention as do the weeds.

#### Results From Thinning.

Do not let the vegetables remain too thick in the row. Too many beets to the foot in the row is just as bad as weeds. Get the maximum results from your ground by thinning and good care.

#### Plan for Storage House.

Early this season plans should be made and executed in the building of suitable farm storage houses or cellars. This usually can be done at relatively low cost if undertaken in time.

For honey combs and cellar wintering an eight-frame hive is commonly preferred.



## Meat Must Be Sold

Fresh meat is perishable. It must be sold within about two weeks for whatever it will bring.

A certain amount of beef is frozen for foreign shipment, but domestic markets demand fresh, chilled, unfrozen beef.

Swift & Company cannot increase prices by withholding meat, because it will not keep fresh and salable for more than a few days after it reaches the market.

Swift & Company cannot tell at the time of purchasing cattle, what price fresh meat will bring when put on sale. If between purchase and sale, market conditions change, the price of meat must also change.

The Food Administration limits our profit to 9 per cent on capital invested in the meat departments. This is about 2 cents per dollar of sales. No profit is guaranteed, and the risk of loss is not eliminated.

As a matter of fact, meat is often sold at a loss because of the need of selling it before it spoils.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

#### Powder Plant Planned.

The largest hydraulic power system in Europe is to be built in Bavaria and operated as a public utility, according to plans completed recently. The power is to be obtained from Wachen lake in South Bavaria, and will be transmitted by cable from Koechel to all towns and villages throughout Bavaria. A commission, which has been studying the undertaking for two years, has submitted a detailed memorial to the Bavarian diet estimating the cost of the enterprise at 78,000,000 marks. The cost of the system is to be borne proportionately by the Bavarian government and the municipalities benefiting by this great electrical plant.

#### Danger to Gijibway Finger.

An Gijibway Indian would not point his finger at the moon, as fair Luna would consider it a great insult and instantly bite off the offending member.

A painful silence is unknown to men—but with women it's different.

#### Had His Indorsement.

Rev. William B. Barton tells of a rather disconcerting incident of his early ministry.

"It was a deeply impressive occasion," he says, "a general memorial service, I believe. I had reached the point in my discourse where I quoted 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away'."

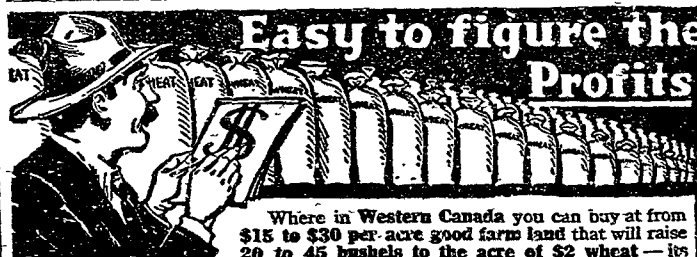
"Suddenly from the rear pew a derelict rose uncertainly to his feet and in a voice reminiscent of Poe's 'Raven' announced solemnly to the entire congregation:

"'Nothin' could be fairer! Nothin' could be fairer!' and sat down."

#### English Words on Increase.

The English vocabulary has grown to great size. The number of words found in old English literature does not exceed 30,000; recent dictionaries have listed more than 400,000.

A British scientist claims to have discovered a simple and inexpensive process for converting ordinary peat into a highly concentrated fertilizer.



Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2 wheat—its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

## Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. MacINNIS  
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Government Agent





**On-Second Thought.**  
A division of the N. M. N. G., while on duty at the Mexican border, sent out a scouting party. They took turns about cooking, and if one found fault with the cooking he had to cook. The cook one time too freely salted the beans. One of the boys tasted them and exclaimed: "Gee, these beans are salty!" Then, he thoughtfully added, "but they are good, though."

**In Thrift Language.**  
Bobby, age six, of Muncie, is collecting Thrift stamps and he talks in terms of them. The other day he took a party of young friends to a nearby refreshment stand and for a moment puzzled the clerk by asking for "a Thrift stamp's worth of pop for these kids."—Indianapolis Star.

**Naturally.**  
"There is one class whose employees are very anxious to have strike." "And who might they be?" "Baseball batters."

**Always Have Danger Signal.**  
From the beginning of railroads in Great Britain a red necktie has been part of the uniform of trainmen and station employees. The object was that every railroad servant might have always something at hand to improvise into a danger signal when a red flag was not available.

**Plenty of Room to Grow.**  
Australia, which is 23 times larger than the whole of the British Isles, has a population not exceeding that of London.

**GIRLS** Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Lotion. Dept. 2, Boston.

### SAW OMEN IN HAWTHORNES

Red Berries Growing in Place of White Had Deep Significance for This Irishman.

Even the humor of Ireland is given a new hue by the war. Nothing escapes its influence.

Two of us were seeing a bit of Dublin from the vantage point offered by a jaunting car. And no Irishman is more filled with the effervescent spirit of the old sod than the "garry" driver of Dublin.

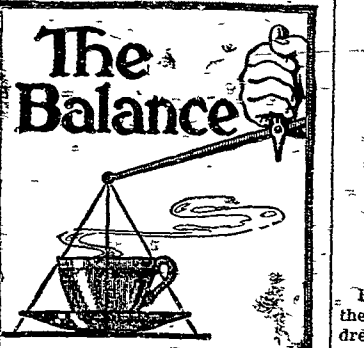
We crossed the river Liffey—a river once fragrant with the fragrance of a desirable. Now it is spic and span. The driver made comment. "Sure, it isn't to be so classic," he said, "with a brogue as broad as the clean-swept walk along the new 'classic' bank. 'They'll be catchin' salmon in the Liffey yet, it's that clean an' swate now.'"

We passed a square, all blooming with hawthornes. "Now look," said our driver, philosopher and guide. "The hawthornes are all red this year. I'm thinkin' it's an omen. They've been white in other years, but this year they're all red. Sure it's an omen. I don't know what it means, but it's an omen o' some kind."

His tone was lugubrious, but his melodious rounding of the turns in his pronunciation was delightful. The blooms were red—and, omen or no omen, they were beautiful.

**A Dime Worth Having.**  
Mary had a new pocketbook with a dime in it. She proudly showed it to a friend of the family, a man who adores children, and particularly adorable Mary. When Mary was not looking he put three new dimes in the pocketbook with the original coin, and when Mary found it she was so surprised that she jumped up and down and shouted: "Mother, mother, my dime's natched."

All men are born with wisdom and some never outgrow it.



as between POSTUM and other table beverages is in favor of the wholesome, healthful drink.

**POSTUM** is all this and more. Its most delicious. Besides there's no waste, and these are days when one should save. Try INSTANT POSTUM

## The Way of Sport Styles



Sport clothes, having come to stay, have their growing strength constantly reinforced by wonderful new developments. Designers can be as daring as they like so long as they know how to turn out beautiful, if startling, new things that are ingenious and full of style.

Stripes and checks, in strong contrasts of color, made up in combination with plain color, have occupied our field of vision this year, almost to the exclusion of the odd, brilliantly colored flannels that were strewn over the surface of sport clothes last year. These checks and broad stripes are most cleverly managed, and now we have hats and turbans made to match coats and skirts. One wonders where these new by-ways will lead, at any rate, they run in the direction of the smartest informal clothes that we have ever known.

The sport costume pictured leaves nothing to be desired in the way of

good style. It has a skirt of white shantung, with panels at the side showing broad bands of color—in this case a vivid green—on a white ground. The sleeveless jacket, with narrow belt and patch pockets, is in the same bright green, and large buttons on the skirt reveal how perfectly big buttons fit in with the character of sport clothes.

Large checks, broad stripes and fringes have joined forces with buttons to give those who think up sport clothes every possible chance of success. The slip-over styles in sweaters and blouses play into their hands, and other allies are the new heavy weaves in silk and the fancy shaded striped tricots. Long, wide scarfs that may be worn in several ways, and scarfs that are belted and pocketed to be worn in but one way, are made with companion pieces in hats that match them. A white blouse and skirt find themselves part of a sport suit in their company.

## Children's Frocks for Late Summer



For late summer and early fall wear the choice of fabrics for children's dressy frocks narrows down, as sheer goods are more or less eliminated from calculation. Wool has advanced until it has reached a point where silk may be considered on a par with it, so far as economy is concerned. For this and for patriotic reasons, the little miss may as well go in silk attire as in anything else.

Among the new model dresses there are taffetas, crepe de chine and foulards. The taffetas are shown in plain colors and in narrow stripes, the crepe de chine in uniformly plain colors and the foulards, with medium dark grounds, have small figures in white or in white and colors printed on them. But, of all silks, the taffetas fill the requirements of children's dress in the best manner. One of the prettiest taffetas is shown above and is an excellent example of good designing.

This frock has a skirt in which the fullness is arranged in five box plaits. It is set on to a short bodice, and by way of ornament it has suspenders of silk over the shoulders. They are split near the ends, where they extend below the bodice and fasten to the skirt with flat pearl buttons. Small silk-covered buttons might be substituted for these. This dress is in pure, plain blue taffeta, but the same design looks well in tan or brown, and in any case the French knots that provide the finishing touch are made of black silk twist.

There are some heavy cotton crepes, in all the attractive colors of silks, that will prove interesting as substitutes for wool frocks, when the time arrives to get school clothes ready. All dresses are simply made, with fancy stitching and French knots, or very simple embroidery providing their meager decorations. White organdie collars, and sometimes undersleeves of organdie, prove a means of freshening up these childish frocks.

**Capes in Vogue.**  
Capes are much in evidence and pleated ones on deep yokes are very good; the large collars roll over and all but cover the yoke. Yoke collars are cut to follow the yoke line exactly. Other capes are for afternoon wear and are of satin or heavy silks, and have vests of contrasting material at the front.

*Julius Bottanly*

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### BUILT ALONG MODERN LINES

Eastern Journal Gives Excellent Example of How Subdivision May Be Laid Out to Advantage.

We have recently received circulars describing one real estate development now under way which excellently illustrates a new stand of the employer. In this case the manufacturer had a tract of well-wooded land rising from a river bank in a gentle slope, acquired at a reasonable price several years ago, and offering every opportunity for enlightened treatment. Half a century ago this would have been defaced by the erection of primitive barracks overhanging the river, built as near each other as possible and run up into the air as many stories as the most exhausted employee could manage to climb at the end of the day's work. A pestilential expanse would have been created to dishearten those condemned to dwell within it, and to rebuke the town it defaced.

Under the new dispensation another motive prevailed. A first-class architect experienced in town planning was employed; the acreage available for the settlement it was desired to found was studied; a street plan based on the natural advantages of the site, and avoiding the wasteful and extravagant checkerboard system too prevalent in the past, was laid out; accessibility of the nearby city, the company's works and the established centers of public interest was considered; the exposures of the various lots received the weight they deserved and a comprehensive plan for the community was worked out. Art for art's sake was not encouraged, but art as an efficient handmaiden of practicality had a free hand. Monotonous uniformity of houses was avoided by modifications of the standard types adopted, based on the site chosen for each structure. Two principal thoroughfares crossing the tract were made broad enough for general traffic; the other streets are narrow as to roadway but well equipped as to tree-planting space, grass plots and sidewalks. The common error of attempting to make every residential street a boulevard was avoided; the not infrequent mistake of establishing alleys was not committed. Gingerbread, mock heroics, the "monumental works" of so many commercial suburban communities, were studiously evaded.—Boston Herald.

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## SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

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

Weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they have been a standard household remedy.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form; are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes. Adv.

Diary of a Gardener.  
Monday—Spaded up garden, leveled seed beds.  
Tuesday—Leveled up seed beds, planted radishes.  
Wednesday—Made new beds, planted radishes.  
Thursday—Killed Jones' hen, bled his eye.  
Friday—Jones' dog bit me, broke hoe on him.  
Saturday—Made new seed beds, planted radishes.  
Sunday—Rain, snow and sleet—Judge.

One thing that has saved many a man from hanging is the fact that the jury did.

**Ford Owners Attention!**  
A POSITIVE CURE FOR OIL PUMPS Ever-Tite Ford.

**SPECIAL PISTON RINGS** stop all carbon deposits and fouled spark plugs. Increase compression and speed. Increase fuel economy.

**SAVE FOR THE FUTURE** BY SAVING IN GASOLINE AND OIL. Guaranteed to do the work of your money back.

**\$8.00 PER SET OF 8 RINGS** Ever-Tite rings made in all sizes for Ford, Buick, Packard and Cadillac engines. Ask your nearest dealer or write to the Ever-Tite Piston Ring Company, Department E, ST. LOUIS, MO.

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitoes, house flies, etc. Made of metal, can't burn or tip over, will not soil anything. Green and white. Sold by dealers, or sent by express, prepaid, for \$1.00.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Book free. High-class references. Best results.

**SELDOM SEE** a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

**ABSORBINE** TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Details on request for special instructions, and Book's R. free. "ABSORBINE, JR." the anti-septic liniment for man and horse, reduces painful swellings, eliminates clots, weals, bruises, various venous ulcers, Pains and inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 29-1918.

## Cold Drinks Bad for Your Stomach

How to Avoid the Digestive Miseries That Hot Weather Brings

Cold drinks in hot weather are bad enough for any stomach but doubly so, in fact, dangerous—when the stomach is out of fix and you suffer from indigestion, acidity, food-repeating, heartburn, sour stomach, and that awful puffed-up, bloated condition after eating. In fact, all stomach and bowel miseries are greatly aggravated in hot weather. You can't be too careful. Stomach can be traced in many cases to poor digestion. Everyone should watch their



## The Northville Record.

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.  
P. S. NEAL, Owner.  
A. W. PERKINS, Manager.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JULY 19, 1918.



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

There are a whole big lot of folks in the U. S. who will fail to sympathize with the kickers who regard the proposed "luxury tax" as an unjust restriction on real "necessities." The writer of a recent editorial in a Detroit daily, for instance, probably doesn't realize that there would possibly be any real good and useful citizens in the U. S. who don't regard as necessities "automobiles, musical instruments, motorcycles" or who never buy men's suits costing over \$40, hats over \$4.00, shoes over \$5.00, women's coats over \$30, women's suits over \$40, women's hats over \$10, or shoes over \$6" etc. However, we know a good many excellent people who have never gone beyond or even up to some of those prices in their lives.

A Swiss newspaper remarks ironically, apropos of the slump in Germany's submarine operations that "it is prudent and safer to sink unarmed hospital ships than to attack an American troop ship." We agree.

The Eagles are now hatching out rapidly from the Ford nest at River Rouge.

### Wixom Whisperings.

J. G. Madison was a Northville visitor Wednesday.

Kathryn Burch returned home from Lapeer Wednesday.

Miss Avis Hopkins is visiting Ypsilanti friends this week.

R. B. Cummings and wife of Detroit were Wixom visitors Sunday.

Miss Jennie Rauch of Monroe is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Chambers.

Loyal Lee, who has been visiting his cousins here, returned to Wyandotte Sunday.

Mrs. I. Ryal of Pontiac and Mrs. Leon Clutz of Walled Lake were in Wixom Tuesday.

Mrs. C. H. VanWagoner, who had been visiting in Jackson, returned home Sunday evening, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Gillispie.

Mrs. Ora Hopkins returned Saturday from a visit with her parents at Cleveland, Ohio. His sister, Miss Florence Worden, accompanied her home.

Isabel Bryant returned from a three weeks' visit at Wyandotte Saturday evening, accompanied by her cousin, Gladys Lee, and also Margaret Arnold of that place.

### WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "A Fifty-Fifty Deal." You may doubt as to whether the bible treats upon so modern a topic, but never the pastor will produce the Now don't get nervous over the subject and stay away, for only the fifties will be absent next Sunday.

The C. E. topic will be favorite Psalms. The C. E. will use the regular preaching hour, from 8 to 9. Don't fail to get to this service.

Don't be afraid of measles. The cases are all well. Sin is more contagious, and far more fatal.

### Walled Lake Warbles.

Lloyd Young of Detroit spent Wednesday here.

Mrs. Kate VanGorden and daughter, Kathryn, spent Sunday in Milford.

Mrs. J. A. Deveraux and Mrs. Perry Austin were Pontiac visitors Tuesday.

The annual Coe reunion was held at the home of Eugene Coe Saturday. About 80 were present. A beautiful

dinner was served at noon and a ball game was one of the features of the afternoon sports.

Mrs. Clark Jones entertained her sister and niece last week, from Milford.

Mrs. Isaac Ryal of Pontiac visited her daughter, Mrs. Leon Clutz, last week.

The Red Cross society have elected the following officers for the coming year: Chairman, Mrs. Lizzie Chafy; assistants, Mrs. Nell Carnes and Mrs. Helen Nook; secretary, Mrs. Kittie Tamlyn; treasurer, Miss Lute Hoyt.

### Novi News.

The Kerchoff family, who live on the former Jonah Sanford place, picked, and sold in Detroit this season \$120 worth of cherries from their orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Putnam were in Detroit Sunday to visit their brother-in-law, Frank Chapman, at the tubercular hospital. They found him somewhat improved in health.

The Methodist Ladies' aid and families held a delightful picnic Wednesday at Czenaqua Shores, Walled Lake. About one hundred persons participated, and the children took full advantage of the fine bathing facilities.

### A TIP WORTH HAVING.

Experiments have been tried at the Michigan Agricultural college in substituting corn syrup for sugar in making currant jelly and preserves. They find that the jelly and preserves will be just as thick and clear as with sugar; there will also be a larger amount of jelly as the bulk of corn syrup is greater than sugar. Use syrup in the same proportion as sugar, excepting when making jellies entirely of syrup, use a cup of syrup to each of fruit, because the syrup is not as sweet as the sugar. Saccharine should never be substituted for sugar in canning.

### TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

### Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

(After July 1, no "want" "for sale" advertisements, etc., except for regular business patrons will be put in type until paid for. This rule has become necessary because of so many people telephoning such advertising and forgetting to pay for it, which means a very considerable loss annually. We cannot afford to pay postage for sending statements for these many small sums. Liners sent in by mail or telephone must be paid for by Thursday noon at latest, to insure insertion.)

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

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.

NOTICE—About a dozen loads of stone can be had for the hauling. E. A. Benedict, cor. Yerkes St. and Huron Ave. 52w1p.

NOTICE—Having moved my upholstering shop to the Fair hotel, on Main street, I am in better shape to take care of your wants in the furniture and upholstering line. Used furniture, bought, and sold. F. R. Woodworth, Phone 258-W. 51w2c.

FOUND—The best place to buy poultry and stock feeds. Clement Curtis, Phone 324 R-2. 51w4p.

WANTED—Day's work, washing, ironing and cleaning. Mrs. O. Sear, North Rogers, St., Northville. 52-1p.

WANTED to Buy—You weigh and I'll pay 23c per lb. for rags; 5c for rubbers; 4c for tires and 75c per hundred for iron. Call H. Cohen, Plymouth. Phone 360. 50-4p.

WANTED—To rent a house in Northville. Address D. C. Bowen, Dexter, Mich. 49c.

FOR SALE—Good work mule, cheap, or will exchange for pigs. J. W. Cole. Phone 151 R-3. 52w2p.

FOR SALE—Young new-milch cow with heifer calf by side. E. A. Kohler, Phone 248 J-3. 52w2p.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Milwaukee binder, in first-class working condition. Inquire Mrs. Margaret Campbell, 1/2 mile north of Four Towns. Phone 311 R-3. 52w2c.

FOR SALE—House and lot. Bath, gas, furnace, electric lights. Can give immediate possession. Ruth E. Gillis, Northville. 49c.

FOR SALE—Choice of Massie Harris or Deering grain binder. Nearly new and in good running order. H. B. Clark. Phone 185-J. 51w2c.

FOR SALE—Platform, spring wagon, suitable for milk wagon. J. H. Woodworth, Rogers, St., North 51-2c.

FOR SALE—Range cook stove and milk safe in good condition. Chas. Shipley. 51w2p.

FOR SALE—Two work horses, cheap. Phone 130 J-3. 48c.

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. 45c.

## DOG SHOW

### AT STATE FAIR

The late James Watson, one of the greatest experts on the thoroughbred dog America has known, said time and again that the amateur makes the dog show. When the big A. K. C. licensed show will be given in connection with the Michigan State Fair on September 5, 6 and 7, the amateur will find particular attention paid to him.

"You can find a dog on practically every farm in Michigan. I believe that the farmer is just as much interested in getting animals that are thoroughbreds and useful as the city man is in having a fine looking dog romping about his yard but in the past the man who lives beyond the city limits has been unable to get a line on correct type of dogs because he was never given an opportunity to see a licensed dog show since they were always held in Detroit at a time when the farmer is busy working in his fields.

"This year he can bring his own dog to the big show and see how he stands up alongside the other thoroughbreds. There is a chance for him to win some prize money, ribbons and cups. It will cost him but very little and he will get plenty of pleasure out of the affair. There will be nearly every kind of dog known in the American fancier on exhibition and he can get a line on the various breeds and also gain all the information regarding the particular value of each kind.

### SCHOOL FOR BAKERS AND COOKS

Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. Sunday, June 9th, 1918.



### MENU

Vegetable Soup Oysterette  
Roast Duckling—Nut Dressing  
Roast Leg of Lamb Cold Ham  
Pickled Ox Tongue  
Creamed Asparagus Sliced Tomatoes  
Celery Lettuce Radishes  
Sweet Mixed Pickles  
Chow Chow Stuffed Olives  
Fruit Salad—Mayonnaise Dressing  
Ice Cream Strawberries  
Raisin Pie Marble Cake  
Bananas Oranges  
Bread Butter  
Coffee Lemonade  
Captain Patrick Dunne, Commanding Officer  
Sergeant John W. Merrill, Acting First Sergeant  
Sergeant First Class, Jewett Hawkins, Acting Mess Sergeant  
Private L. G. Simpson, Dining Room Orderly  
Student Cooks—T. P. Fox, A. Molino, O. Eyles  
Baker—Sergeant First Class Frederick G. Wolf

### COMFORTS PROVIDED DURING STATE FAIR

Thousands of Dollars Spent for Convenience of Patrons.

Physical comfort and personal convenience of the visitors at the Michigan State Fair for 1918, are receiving more attention by the fair association than ever before during any single year in the history of the organization. Thousands of dollars are being expended at the grounds on improvements, which, while having no direct bearing on the exhibits or the fair itself, will add materially to the pleasure derived by the patrons.

Over 40,000 square feet of pavement is under construction; 80,000 square feet of new sidewalk will be in readiness when the exhibition opens on August 30 in Detroit; additional comfort stations and retiring cloisters are being provided in every section of the grounds and hundreds of settees and benches are being placed in the shady nooks.

A 32-foot sidewalk, adjoining to a 12-foot sidewalk, is being constructed from the administration building to the grand stand. Patrons of the coming fair will have a solid sidewalk and pavement to travel from the time of leaving the car until seated in the grand stand.

A complete remodeling of the entire lighting system throughout the grounds has recently been inaugurated and will become effective before the fair opens. The old, obsolete platinum lamps have been discarded and the more modern nitrogen globes have been installed in all the old fixtures as well as many additional clusters which have been placed on the grounds. This new lighting equipment will not only increase the light during the exposition, but will be a large financial saving to the management.

Through salvaging the platinum in the old lamps and, with the current which will be saved by the modern bulbs, G. W. Dickinson, Secretary Manager of the fair, declares the reorganization will pay for itself within two years. Comfort and convenience of the visitors, Mr. Dickinson announces, is one of the primary motives of the fair management and during the ten days of the 1918 State Fair the equipment for this purpose will be greater than ever before.

## FOOD DEMONSTRATION

Miss Gladys Chapman, teacher of Domestic science at Medina, Ohio, will give a demonstration of the uses of substitutes in cooking, at the Blackburn store this coming Saturday, July 20, from 2:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 to 8:30 in the evening. Northville housewives should not miss this opportunity of learning how to make delicious eatables under conservation conditions.

### MICHIGAN FAIR DATES.

Detroit State Fair Aug. 30-Sept. 8.  
Howell, August 27-30.  
Milford, September 17-20.  
Northville, August 27-30.  
Fowlerville, October 1-4.  
Caro, August 26-30.  
St. Johns, September 17-21.  
Inlay City, October 1-4.  
Jackson, September 9-14.  
Albion, September 16-20.

### WEEKLY CALENDAR.

#### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Morning service at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11 o'clock. Junior Young People at 6:30 p. m.

Union service in the evening at the Presbyterian church.

The Ladies' aid will meet in the church parlors Wednesday, July 24, at 2:30 o'clock. At the close of the meeting the May and June ladies will serve ice cream and cake on the church lawn. All are invited.

#### METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

The regular morning preaching service will be held at 10 o'clock. The District Superintendent has promised to send an interesting speaker from Detroit.

The Sunday school will be held at 11:30 o'clock.

#### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Morning worship and sermon Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

Union service at 7:30 o'clock in the evening at our church, the pastor preaching.

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

### TRY A 15c LINER IN THE RECORD.

**KEEP COOL IN HOT WEATHER**

In the hot summer days an Electric Fan will bring cool invigorating breezes into the home—the office—the shop. For a small outlay you can buy a fan that will last a life-time and costs but a trifle to run. We have sizes and types to suit every requirement.

**THE DETROIT EDISON CO.**

**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.

**GLOBE FURNITURE CO.**  
NORTHVILLE.

**Fischer's Exposition Orchestra**

**The Chautauqua Offers Unusual Musical Attractions**

Music lovers are destined to a series of enchantments when the Chautauqua opens. Here are but a few of the harmony offerings of the week.

Fischer brings his wonderful Exposition Orchestra—the one unusual orchestra in America today—with its sweet melodies, crashing jazzes, and above all, its series of surprise numbers.

The Imperial Russian Quartette, in barbarically beautiful costumes, will perform on the wonderful Russian Balalaika—and on instruments more common to the American ear—some of the most beautiful as well as the most weird compositions by Slavic masters.

The Merrilees Entertainers, in a kaleidoscope of costume and color, will sing the songs of dainty Japan, quaint Holland and those of charming Colonial days.

The Hugh Anderson Operatic Quintet will render the most difficult, as well as the most popular selections from grand opera—all with costume effect.

And these are but a small part of what the Chautauqua has to offer to the lover of music.

**Imperial Russian Quartette**

**The Merrilees Entertainers**

**Get Your Season Ticket For the Chautauqua**



# Allen L. Lamphere, Attorney.

## STATE OF MICHIGAN, IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE, IN CHANCERY.

William H. Cort and Minnie F. Cort, his wife, Plaintiffs,  
vs.  
Edwin Maynard, Hannah Lambert, William Maynard and Carrie E. Maynard, his wife, William Dunlap, Alonzo Plumstead Warren & Loop, whose names are unknown but whose persons are well known, Alva G. Peck, Adelbert Maynard, Lettie E. Maynard, his wife, Alva Sessions and Hannah Sessions, his wife, Eva Jackson, Sarah Eliza Dormor, Elmer Sessions and Clara Sessions, his wife, Rosa L. Jones, the unknown wives of John Blue, Charles Maynard and Edwin Maynard, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, and assignees of each and every of them and of Lydia Sessions and Philena Peck, Defendants.

No. 64413.

At a session of said court held in the Court-house, in the City of Detroit, in said county and state, on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1918.

Present, the Honorable Harry J. Dingeman, Circuit Judge.

On reading and filing the Bill of Complaint in this cause duly sworn to by William H. Cort, one of the plaintiffs herein, from which it appears that the defendants hereto are necessary and proper parties and have some apparent or possible right, title, interest or claim to the premises described in said Bill of Complaint, and hereinafter described, which right, title, interest and claim of said defendants and each of them the said plaintiffs aver to be barred by the continuous, open, notorious, exclusive, adverse and hostile possession of said plaintiffs and their grantors for more than fourteen (14) years since the several rights to the possession thereof accrued in said respective defendants, which possession of said plaintiffs has been during all of said time and still is adverse and hostile to the right, title, interest and claim of the respective defendants, and that it is not known and could not be ascertained after diligent search and inquiry, whether the defendants, Edwin Maynard, Hannah Lambert, William Dunlap, Alonzo Plumstead, Warren & Loop, whose names are well known, the unknown wives of John Blue, Charles Maynard and Edwin Maynard, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assignees of said defendants and each of them, as devisees, legatees, grantors or assignees are living or dead, or where they reside, if living, or whether their right, title, interest or claim has been assigned to any person or persons, except as set out in the Bill of Complaint, hereto, or if dead whether they have personal representatives or heirs living or where they or any of them may reside or whether said right, title, interest or claim has been disposed of by law and that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable, after diligent search and inquiry, to ascertain the names of the persons who are included as defendants in said Bill of Complaint without being named.

On motion of Allen L. Lamphere, attorney for plaintiffs, it is ordered that defendants, Edwin Maynard, Anna Lambert, William Dunlap, Alonzo Plumstead, Warren & Loop, whose names are well known, the unknown wives of John Blue, Charles Maynard and Edwin Maynard, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, grantors and assignees of Lydia Sessions, Philena Peck, and said defendants, and any and all persons who are or may be entitled to claim any right, title or interest in, to said premises hereinafter described and all unknown persons who are or may be entitled to claim under them, or any of them, cause their several appearances to be entered herein in the manner prescribed by law within three (3) months from the date of this order, and that within twenty (20) days after the signing of this order, the said plaintiffs cause the same to be published in the Northville Record, once in each week for six (6) weeks in succession.

(A true Copy.)

HARRY J. DINGEMAN,  
Circuit Judge.

ALBERT BURNS,  
Deputy Clerk.

The foregoing suit is brought to correct errors in the description of the hereinafter described premises as set out in paragraphs thirteen, (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17) and eighteen (18), in plaintiffs' Bill of Complaint herein, and to reform said deeds so that the description of the land conveyed by the same shall be the premises hereinafter described and to quiet title to certain land and property situated in the township of Livonia, county of Wayne and state of Michigan, described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner, section twenty-seven (27), running thence south fifty-four and one-half (54½) rods to a point; thence west fifty (50) rods to a point; thence north fifty-four and one-half (54½) rods more or less to the east and west highway; thence east fifty (50) rods to the place of beginning, containing eighteen (18) acres more or less, all in T. 1, S. R. 3 E., the same being the premises conveyed by Alva G. Peck, widow, to William H. Cort and Minnie F. Cort, his wife, by deed dated February 17, 1917, and recorded February 26, 1917, in Liber 1257, page 31 of deeds in the office of the Register of Deeds, for Wayne County, Michigan.

ALLEN L. LAMPHERE,  
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

Business Address:  
625-26 Moffat Bldg.,  
Detroit, Mich.

# KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

## MEETING NIGHTS

### FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT EACH MONTH.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Meeting Nights

L. D. STATT, H. ARMSTRONG,

July 5th and 19th.

Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

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

Regular August 12.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 45, E. A. M.

Regular August 14.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.

Regular August 6.

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

Regular July 19.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMOEOPATHIC

Physician and Surgeon, Office

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Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00

Telephone.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Residence, Northville, Mich.

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SPRAYING MIXTURE

To Destroy Tomato Worms, Potatoes, Bugs, Blight, Insects of all

kinds, and all Fungus Diseases.

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NORTHVILLE CHEMICAL CO.

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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.

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NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

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.

If You Have a Printing Want

WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fair, but the best obtainable. If you are "from Missouri" give us a trial and we will

Show You

# Northville Newslets.

Lee VanAtta is driving a new Buick six.

Bought your Chautauqua ticket or tickets?

Mrs. Charles Filkins is chaperoning her Sunday school class on an outing at Walled Lake this week.

Alexander Milne is suffering with blood poisoning in one of his feet, from some unknown cause.

The soldier pictures so kindly loaned this office for publication in the Record may be called for at any time.

H. Jacobs and family have moved from the Irving flats to the Clara Sessions place on Main street, West.

The Rochester Clarion has raised its subscription price from \$1 to \$1.50 a year, in common with the majority of country newspapers.

South Lyon merchants are closing their stores this week during the afternoon and evening hours of the three-day Chautauqua.

A Caro man was arrested for shooting a robin in his strawberry patch, fined \$25 and his gun confiscated and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

That the local Red Cross work rooms will be closed and no classes held during the week of the Chautauqua, is announced by the committee.

Northville has at least one "Dollar-a-year man." A. E. Stanley, who has been made a member of the U. S. Shipping board by reason of his connection with the Express Co. work.

Mrs. R. B. Dusenbury and two sons of Detroit are house guests at the home of Mrs. Dusenbury's mother, Mrs. Yerkes, for the summer. Mr. Dusenbury will spend the week-ends with his family here.

The annual picnic of the Northville Woman's club was held last Friday afternoon at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes and family. It is needless to state that the occasion was thoroughly enjoyable.

The Presbyterian Sunday school is very grateful to its friends for their liberal help in making an excursion to Bob-Lo a success, and especially to those not connected with the school for their willingness to lend a hand.

A letter received at this office from Miss Margaret Weiler states that she feels very grateful to the seventh and eighth grades and to other friends here for flowers and letters sent her during her illness.

Plymouth, also has now gone "over the top" in the War Savings Stamp sale, having exceeded its \$40,000 quota. Northville enjoyed the distinction of being the first Wayne county town "over," and up to a few days ago was the only one reported.

Corporal Charles E. Woodgriff of Detroit, whose name appears in the list of soldiers killed in action in France, was a nephew of Attorney C. C. Yerkes and Mrs. L. C. Mead. The young man's father is captain of the Bella Isle steamer, Promise.

Many people are greatly elated at the birth of a grandson, but when you get two within three days of each other, and one makes his debut on your 52nd birthday, grand-dad should be pardoned, we think, if he develops a case of slightly "swelled head." Such is the experience of the editor of the Enterprise—Farmington Enterprise.

John McCully went to Toledo this week, leaving a card on the door of his shoe repair shop to that effect. In a short time the big window of his shop was covered with lettering denoting that he "Took a suit case and went via Monroe," was "Gone—but not forgotten, etc." It requires nerve now days to announce Toledo as a destination.

The following will be of interest to the many Record readers who are friends of the parties mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Kimmis expect to be absent at least a year. Milford friends of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power hear that they are enroute from their home in Lawrence, Kansas, to California and Seattle. They are making a leisurely trip by automobile, camping along the way, and are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Kimmis of Detroit.

No more fireworks, toy pistols, firecrackers, toy guns and cannons, blank cartridges, balloons using fire to inflate, in fact, any kind of explosives to be used for recreation purposes may be made, bought or sold in Michigan as long as the war lasts, according to the latest edict of the state fire marshal's department. The official figures showing the losses of property and the number of deaths and wounds from the above sources are almost unbelievable.

# Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

On account of the deserved popularity of the Paramount productions, these high-class films will be used on Saturdays as well as Thursdays, from now on. For this coming Saturday night, Pauline Frederick will appear in "A Love That Lives."

Next Tuesday night the Goldwyn picture "The Cinderella Man," featuring dainty Mae Marsh in a story which ranges in its film setting from Italy to America, and for which the pictures were made under some of the most varied and difficult conditions possible. Over 2,000 scenes were photographed for this play, and over 40,000 feet of film used. In the complete product, 307 scenes are shown.

Another fine Paramount film for next Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Grinnell have moved from F. J. Cochran's house on Main street, to Northside.

Wayne school patrons proved a shining example to the rest of the districts of the county when 300 of them attended the annual meeting the other night. They couldn't even all get into the assembly room. Of course there were reasons.

The West Northville Red Cross sewing circle will meet next Thursday afternoon, July 25, at the home of Mrs. Clay Calkins. All interested are invited to be present and help.

This circle has been formed for the women between Northville and Salem who are too far away to conveniently attend classes at either place. The work is done in connection with the Northville unit. The formation of such a class is certainly a splendid idea.

GOOD PROGRAM

FOR CHAUTAUQUA

The local Chautauqua leaders are anxious that folks hereabouts should not get the idea that because the Chautauqua this year is of more serious importance than ever before, the lighter side of the program has been slighted. For it is not the case. Better entertainment features have been provided than ever—and they are universal in their appeal.

On the first day the entire afternoon and a part of the evening is given over to the program of the remarkable young ladies who comprise the Meritless Entertainers. There is an unusual charm to their work, in a series of beautiful musical numbers in costume, transporting one to dainty Japan, quaint Holland and the graceful Colonial days. A feature of their work that never fails to enchant is their charming rendition of the stately minuet.

The second day brings Dean R. G. McGutchison, ably assisted by Miss Freda Hyatt, in their demonstration of that new musical art, "Community Singing." They will make the second day one long to be remembered.

On the afternoon of the third day, the Imperial Russian Quartette will render the full program and they will also provide a musical prelude for the evening. This clever group of Slavic musicians will bring to life the weird and mystic music of the great white realm.

The fourth day brings the famous Fischer's Exposition Orchestra prelude in the afternoon. This is the surprise orchestra of America—there never was another like it.

In addition, Miss Marvel Miller will present a program of dramatic and patriotic readings in the afternoon that will give Chautauqua goers a new idea of dramatic art.

And the last, or fifth day, crowns the entertainment of the week with the marvelous work of the Hugh Anderson Operatic Quintette. In the afternoon they provide the musical prelude, and at night they present charmingly costumed selections from "Il Trovatore" and the "Bohemian Girl."

BANDITS AT SOUTH LYON.

An attempted robbery of the South Lyon State Savings bank was foiled in the small hours of Wednesday morning, when by reason of a late visitor at a nearby home, men were noticed near the bank building.

Officers were notified and an exciting automobile chase ensued. Four of the occupants of the pursued car escaped by jumping out, only the driver being captured. The Ford car used by the supposed robbers was much camouflaged as to license plates and other means of identification, and was probably a stolen one. Dynamite fuses were found in the captured machine. The driver gave his name as James Moloney, and denied having any connection with the others except being engaged to drive the car, but as he had a bunch of skeleton keys in his pocket his statement did not look very reasonable.

# REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK AT NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

At the close of business June 29, 1918, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Commercial Savings.

Loans and Discounts, viz.: Secured by collateral, \$54,880.36 \$ 9,476.45

Unsecured, 94,262.94 15,163.34

Items in transit, 591.22

Totals, \$149,734.52 \$24,639.79 \$174,374.31

Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz.: Real Estate Mortgages, \$153,472.87

U. S. Bonds, and Certificates of Indebtedness in Office, \$22,369.00 1,311.25

U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness Pledged, 5,000.00

Other Bonds, 26,939.20 40,744.25

Totals, \$55,308.20 \$195,523.37 \$248,836.57

Reserves, viz.: Due from Banks in Reserve Cities, 20,258.41 22,899.36

U. S. Bonds and Cert. of Indebtedness carried in Reserve, 9,000.00

Currency, 3,719.60 632.00

Gold Coin, 4,006.00 12,367.50

Gold Certificates, 1,175.50 50

Silver Coin, 2,500.00

Silver Certificates, 416.7

Nickels and Cents, 416.7

Totals, \$30,694.58 \$44,899.36 \$75,593.94

Combined Accounts, viz.: Overdrafts, 115.00

Banking House, \$12,450.00

Furniture and Fixtures, 2,709.00

Outside Checks and other Cash Items, 951.82

Total, \$515,021.64

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, \$25,000.00

Surplus Fund, 8,000.00

Undivided Profits, net, 1,496.24

Commercial Deposits, viz.: to Check, \$69,721.59

Demand Certificates, of 131,800.98 \$201,522.57

Savings Dept, viz.: Bank Accounts Subject to Savings By-Laws, 258,002.83

Bills Payable, 20,000.00

Total, \$515,021.64

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

I, E. H. Lapham, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1918.

WILLIAM H. AMBLER, Notary Public.

My Commission expires August 29, 1920.

Correct Attest:

F. S. HARMON,

S. NEAL,

M. N. JOHNSON, Directors.

MEN OF THE BLOOD AND MIRE.

We whom the draft rejected;

We who stay by the staff;

We who measure our manhood

And find that it isn't enough;

We who are gray and hardened;

We whom the trades require

Will you permit us to join you,

Men of the Blood and Mire?

We of the thundering forum;

We of the pen and press;

We who are pouring our utmost

Into our land's success;

We of the Cross and Triangle,

Lofty in deed and desire—

God! how we shiver before you,

Men of the Blood and Mire!

—D. M. Henderson, in Detroit.

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

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DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

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

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of SELAH J. ECKLES, 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 residence of Clarence P. Eckles, Dunlap street, Northville, in said county, on Tuesday, the 10th day of September, A. D. 1918, and Saturday, the 9th day of November, A. D. 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 10th day of July, A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us



# Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

Author of "THE IRON TRAIL," "THE SPOILERS," "HEART OF THE SUNSET," Etc.

(Copyright, by Harper and Brothers)

## ESTEBAN AND HIS LITTLE BAND ARRIVE JUST IN TIME TO SAVE ROSA FROM HORRIBLE FATE

**Synopsis.**—Don Esteban Verona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth—money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban's wife dies at the birth of twins, Esteban and Rosa. Don Esteban marries the avaricious Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgy, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses. Cried by the loss of his daughter, Sebastian kills Don Esteban and is himself killed. Many years pass and Donna Isabel is unable to find the hidden treasure. Don Mario, rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from school in the United States. Johnnie O'Reilly, an American, who loves Rosa, wins her promise to wait for him until he can return from New York. Donna Isabel falls to death while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the insurgents is discovered and he and Rosa are compelled to flee. In New York, O'Reilly gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and urging him to rescue her. O'Reilly immediately returns to Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithful manager of the Verona estates, is aided in his efforts to find the hidden treasure and betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Marauders.

The surprise was easily effected, for Colonel Cobo's men were accomplished in this sort of work. Rosa, crouching upon her bench, heard nothing, saw nothing, until out of the shadows beside her human forms materialized. She screamed once, twice; then a palm closed over her mouth and she began to struggle like a cat.

Evangelina, who had waked at the first outcry, met the marauders as they rushed through the door. There were shouts and curses, loudly belated orders, a great scuffling and pounding of feet upon the dirt floor of the hut, the rickety bark-covered walls bulged and creaked. Over all sounded the shrieks of the negroes battling in the pitch-black interior like an animal in its lair. Then someone seized the dead palm leaves to the ridgepole, and the surroundings leaped into view.

Rosa saw a swarthy, thickset man in the uniform of a colonel of volunteers, and behind him Pancho Cueto. Tearing the hand from her lips for a moment, she cried Cueto's name, but he gave no heed. Rosa shrieked his name again; then she heard the officer say:

"Where is the young fellow?—I hear nothing but the squeals of that common wench."

Evangelina's cries of rage and defiance ceased, and with them the sounds of combat. From the blazing



She began to struggle like a cat.

boho ran two armed men, brushing sparks from their clothing. A third followed, dragging Evangelina by one naked arm.

Rosa felt herself swooning, and she knew nothing of what immediately followed. After a time she felt herself shaken, and heard the colonel addressing her.

"Come, come!" he was saying. "Where is your precious brother and that black fellow?"

Rosa could only stare dully. "It seems we missed them," said Cueto.

"More of your bungling," Cobo broke out at him, wrathfully. "Toot! I've a mind to toss you into that fire." He turned his attention once more to Rosa, and with a jerk that shook her into fuller consciousness repeated: "Where are they? Speak to me!"

"Gone!" she gasped. "Gone!" She struggled weakly toward Cueto, imploring him, "Pancho, don't you know?"

"Well, we've taught him a lesson," said Cueto, grinning apprehensively at Cobo. "We've accomplished something, anyhow, eh?" He nodded at Rosa. "She's all that I told you. Look at her!"

seemed as if daylight would never come.

Esteban suddenly reined in his horse. "Look!" said he. "Yonder is a light."

"What is Evangelina thinking about?" Asensio muttered.

"But—well, it grows brighter. There followed a moment or two during which there was no sound except the breathing of the horses and the creak of saddle leathers as the riders craned their necks to see over the low tree tops before them. Then Esteban cried:

"Come! I'm afraid it's our house." Fear gripped him, but he managed to say, calmly, "Perhaps there has been an accident."

Asensio, muttering excitedly, was trying to crowd past him; for a few yards the two horses brushed along side by side. The distant point of light had become a glare now; it winked balefully through the openings as the party hurried toward it.

But it was still a long way off, and the eastern sky had grown rosy before the dense woods of the hillside gave way to the sparser growth of the low ground.

Esteban turned a sick, white face over his shoulder and jerked out his orders; then he kicked his tired mount into a swifter gallop. It was he who first broke out into the clearing. One glance, and the story was told.

The hut was but a crumbling skeleton of charred poles. Strung out across the little field of malangas, yuccas and sweet potatoes were several hilarious volunteers, their arms filled with loot from the cabin. Behind them strode an officer hearing Rosa struggling against his breast.

Esteban drove his horse headlong through the soft red earth of the garden. His sudden appearance seemed briefly to paralyze the marauders. It was a moment before they could drop their spoils, unslinging their rifles, and begin to fire at him, and by that time he had covered half the distance to his sister. A bullet brought his horse down, and the boy went flying over its neck. Nothing but the loose loam saved him from injury. As he rose to his feet, breathless and covered with the red dirt, there came a swift thudding of hoofs and Asensio swept past him like a rocket.

Esteban caught one glimpse of the negro's face, a fleeing vision of white teeth bared to the gums, of distended yellow eyes, of flat, distorted features; then Asensio was fairly upon Colonel Cobo. The colonel, who had dropped his burden, now tried to dodge. Asensio slashed once at him with his long, murderous machete, but the next instant he was engaged with a trooper who had fired almost in his face.

Cobo's men, led by the terrified Pancho Cueto, turned and fled for cover, believing themselves in danger of annihilation. Nor was the colonel himself in any condition to rally them. For Asensio's blade had cloven one full dark cheek to the bone, and the shock and pain had unnerved him.

The field was small, the jungle was close at hand. A moment and the interlopers had vanished into it, all but one, who lay kicking among the broad malanga leaves, and over whom Asensio kept spurring his terrified horse, hacking downward with insane fury.

This was the first hand-to-hand encounter Esteban's men had had, and their swift victory rendered them ferocious. Flung their guns aside, they went crashing into the brush on the trail of their enemies.

Rosa found herself in her brother's arms, sobbing out the story of the outrage and quivering at every sound of the chase. He was caressing her, and telling her to have no further fears; both of them were fairly hysterical. Evangelina, thanks to her thick skull, was not wowed. In the course of time under Rosa's and Esteban's ministrations she regained her senses, and when the other men returned they found her lying sick and dazed, but otherwise quite whole.

Then, there beside the ruins of the hut, was a strange scene of rejoicing. Asensio recovered now from his burst of savagery, was tearful, compassionate, his comrades laughed and chattered and bragged about their prodigious deeds of valor. Over and over they recounted their versions of the encounter, each more fanciful than the other, until it seemed that they must have left the forest filled with corpses.

Esteban was grave. He had heard of Colonel Cobo, and remembering that denim-clad figure out yonder in the trampled garden, he knew that serious consequences would follow. The volunteers were revengeful; their colonel was not the sort of man to forgive a deep humiliation. Doubtless he would put a price upon the heads of all of them, and certainly he would never allow them another encounter upon anywhere like even terms. Then, too, the narrowness of Rosa's escape caused the boy's heart to dissolve with terror.

After a conference with Asensio he decided that they must prepare for flight, and late that afternoon they all set out to seek a safer refuge. Evangelina in tears at leaving her precious

garden plot. Their last horse, one of those Lorenzo had captured, carried a pitifully light burden—only some tools, some pans and kettles, and a roll of charred bedclothes.

Johnnie O'Reilly had no difficulty in locating the residence of Ignacio Alvarado, but to communicate with him was quite another matter, inasmuch as his every step was dogged by that persistent shadow from Nuevitas.

One evening, several days after his arrival, a sudden rain storm drove O'Reilly indoors, and as he ascended to his room he saw that the lamp in the hallway flared and smoked at every gust of wind. It was very dark outside; he reasoned that the streets would be deserted. Hastily securing that book which Alvarado, the dentist, had given him, he took a position close inside his door. When he heard the spy pass and enter the next chamber he stole out into the hall and breathed into the lamp chimney. A moment later he was safely through the window and was working his way down the shed roof, praying that his movements had not been seen and that the tiles were firm. He nimbly scaled the wall, crossed an inclosure, climbed a second wall, and descended into a dark side street. Taking advantage of the densest shadows and the numerous overhanging balconies, he set out at a brisk trot.

A light showed through the barred windows of the Alvarado home, indicating that the family was in. After some fumbling O'Reilly laid hold of the latch; then, without knocking, he opened the door and stepped in.

His sudden appearance threw the occupants into alarm; a woman cried out sharply; a man whom O'Reilly

recognized as Ignacio Alvarado himself leaped to his feet and faced him, exclaiming:

"Who are you?"

"I'm a friend. Don't be alarmed," Johnnie summoned his most agreeable smile, then he extended the sodden package he had carried beneath his arm. "I come from your brother Tomas. He asked me to hand you this book and to say that he is returning it with his thanks."

"What are you saying?" Plainly the speaker did not comprehend; there was nothing but apprehension in his voice.

O'Reilly tore the wet paper from the volume and laid it in Alvarado's hand. "Look at it, please, and you'll understand. I didn't take time to knock, for fear I might be followed."

Alvarado stared first at the book, then at his caller. After a moment he made a sign to his wife, who left the room. Wetting his lips, he inquired, with an effort, "What do you want?"

O'Reilly told him in a few words. Alvarado showed relief; he even smiled. "I see, but—Caramba! You gave me a start. And this book! Ha! Tomas will have his jokes. It is well you took precautions, for I am under surveillance. I'll help you, yes! But you must not come here again. Return to your hotel and—let me think."

Senior Alvarado frowned in deepest thought; then he said: "I have it! Every morning at half past nine a man wearing a Panama hat and a gray necktie with a large gold pin will pass along the sidewalk across the street from the Isla de Cuba. You will know him. One day, I cannot promise how soon, he will lift his hat thus, and wipe his face. You understand? Good. Follow him. He will give you final directions. You know Manin, the druggist? Well, you can talk to him, and he will keep you posted as to our progress. Now go before someone comes."

O'Reilly wrung the Cuban's hand. Then he stepped out into the night, leaving a pool of water on the clean blue tiles where he had stood.

CHAPTER X.

O'Reilly's Plans Fail.

In the days that followed his call on Ignacio Alvarado, O'Reilly behaved so openly that the secret service agent detailed to watch him relaxed his vigilance. Manifestly this O'Reilly was a harmless person. But the spy did not guess how frantic Johnnie was becoming at the delay, how he inwardly chafed and fretted when two weeks had rolled by and still no signal had

come. Then, too, his money was running low.

At last, however, the day arrived when the man with the gray necktie raised his hat and wiped his brow, as he passed the Isla de Cuba. Johnnie could scarcely hold himself in his chair. By and by he rose, stretched himself, and sauntered after the fellow. For several blocks he kept him in sight, but without receiving any further sign.

Without a glance over his shoulder the man turned into a large, walled inclosure. When Johnnie followed, he found himself in one of the old cemeteries. Ahead of him, up a shady avenue bordered with trees, the stranger hurried; then he swerved to his left, and when O'Reilly came to the point where he had disappeared there was nobody in sight. Apprehending that he had made some mistake in the signal, O'Reilly hastened down the walk. Then at last, to his great relief, he heard a sibilant:

"Psst! Psst!"

It came from behind a screen of shrubbery, and there he found the Cuban waiting. The latter began rapidly:

"Our plans are complete. Listen closely. One week from today, at ten o'clock in the morning, you must be in Manin's drug store. Directly across the street you will see two negroes with three horses. At fifteen minutes past ten walk out San Rafael street to the edge of the city, where the hospital stands. The negroes will follow you. There is a fort near by—"

"I know."

"It commands the road. You will be challenged if you pass it, so turn in at the hospital. But do not enter the gates, for the negroes will overtake you at that point. They will stop to adjust the saron of the lead horse. That will be your signal; mount him and ride fast. Now, adios and good luck."

With a smile and a quick grip of the hand the messenger walked swiftly away. O'Reilly returned to his hotel.

At last! One week, and this numbing, heartbreaking delay would end; he would be free to take up his quest. But those seven days were more than a week; they were seven eternities. The hours were like lead; O'Reilly could compose his mind to nothing; he was in a fever of impatience.

The day of days dawned at last, and Johnnie was early at Manin's soda fountain, ordering insipid beverages and anxiously watching the street. In due time the negroes appeared, their straw saddles laden with produce which they innocently disposed of. O'Reilly began to consult his watch with such frequency that the druggist joked him.

Manin's banter was interrupted by a bugle call. Down the street came perhaps two hundred mounted troops. They wheeled into San Rafael street at a gallop and disappeared in the direction of the suburbs.

"Now, what does that mean?" murmured the druggist. "Wait here while I go to the roof, where I can see something."

O'Reilly tried to compose himself, meanwhile becoming aware of a growing excitement in the street. Thence from the direction of the fort at the end of San Rafael street sounded a faint-rattling fusillade, more bugle calls, and finally the thin, distant shouting of men.

"Rebels!" someone cried. "Dios mio, they are attacking the city!"

"They have audacity, eh?" The roofs were black with people now. Manin came hurrying down into the store.

"Something has gone wrong," he whispered. "They're fighting out yonder in the woods. There has been some treachery."

"It is ten-fifteen," said O'Reilly. "I must be going."

Manin stared at him. "You don't understand—"

"Those black fellows are getting their horses ready, I'm going."

The druggist tried to force Johnnie into a chair. "Madman!" he panted. "I tell you our friends have been betrayed; they are retreating. Go back to your hotel quickly."

For the first time during their acquaintance Manin heard the good-natured American curse; O'Reilly's blue eyes were blazing; he had let go of himself completely.

"I'm going!" he cried, hoarsely. "All the d—d Spaniards in Cuba won't stop me. Lord! I've waited too long—I should have made a break—"

"Idiot!" stormed the druggist. "You wish to die, eh?"

O'Reilly ripped out another oath and fought off the other's restraining hands.

"Very well, then," cried Manin, "but have some thought of us who have risked our lives for you. Suppose you should escape? How would our troops receive you now? Would they not think you had cunningly arranged this trap?"

A light of reason slowly reappeared in the younger man's eyes.

"No!" Manin pressed his advantage. "You must wait until—"

He broke off abruptly and stepped behind his counter, for a man in the uniform of a Spanish lieutenant had entered the store.

The newcomer walked directly to O'Reilly; he was a clean-cut, alert young fellow. After a searching glance around the place he spoke in a voice audible to both men.

O'Reilly finds himself blocked at every step in his efforts to find Rosa. Finally his hopes receive a crushing blow. Watch for the developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

Mirth is next to health. With mirth springs up from innocence and fun. 'Tis quite ahead of wealth! 'Tis joy that knows no pang when once begun.

### A FEW NEW WAYS WITH PEANUTS.

Peanut butter is so well known that it is not necessary to mention how wholesome it is. It may be used to bake with rice, for soup, salad dressing and also for sandwich filling.

**Peanut Potatoes.**—Take a cupful of mashed potato, a cupful of ground peanuts, one egg, well beaten, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, salt pork or bacon. Mix the mashed potatoes and seasoning with the peanuts, add a beaten egg, form into cakes or sausages, roll in meal or bread crumbs, and place in a greased pan with small pieces of salt pork on each. Bake in a hot oven until brown.

**Lettuce With Peanuts.**—Take crisp lettuce, sprinkle with coarsely chopped peanuts, a little shredded onion, and over all a French dressing, using three tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar.

**Peanut Loaf.**—Take a cupful of chopped peanuts, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of fat, one egg, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and one-half to three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Mix, using milk to make a moist loaf. Put into a buttered pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven, keeping covered the first half-hour. Baste once or twice with melted fat. Turn onto a hot platter and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

**Peanut Fondue.**—Grind one cupful of peanuts fine, add one cupful of dried bread crumbs, the yolk of one egg, beaten, one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, and a dash of paprika. Fold in the beaten egg and bake in a buttered baking dish 40 minutes.

**Peanut Brownies.**—Take a half cupful of corn syrup, one square of chocolate, three-fourths of a cupful of buckwheat, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of chopped nuts, a half teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in small gem pans.

**Peanut Salad With Bananas.**—Cut peeled and scraped bananas lengthwise and lay on lettuce; sprinkle or roll each section in chopped peanuts and serve with a boiled dressing.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily? Help to bear thy brother's burden. God will bear both it and thee. —Elizabeth Charles.

### DELICACIES FOR OCCASIONS.

So many delicious dishes may be prepared with gelatin as a foundation, making salads and desserts of various kinds.

With lemon jelly as a foundation, chopped vegetable tables such as green pepper, cabbage, onion and celery, stirred into the jelly and allowed to stand, may then be cut in squares, served on lettuce with a highly seasoned dressing. Lemon jelly may also serve as a dessert with chopped pineapple, cherries or strawberries and a few pecans, melted and served with sweetened whipped cream. Lay halves of canned peaches on lettuce leaves and place a ball of nicely seasoned cottage cheese on each; pour over a salad dressing in which a fourth of a cupful of cottage cheese has been carefully mixed. Canned pears may be served in the same way.

Take nicely seasoned rich cottage cheese, pack it in baking powder cans and put into ice and salt to freeze. Unmold and cut in slices, make a depression in the center of each and place therein a preserved fig, stem up.

**Baked Corn With Cheese.**—Take two cupfuls of corn, mix with two well beaten eggs, a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a half cupful of grated cheese and cayenne pepper, with a pinch of mustard and two teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce; add a cupful of bread crumbs, reserving a few for the top, which are spread over the dish after mixing well with two teaspoonfuls of melted fat.

The simplest of all desserts and those of which the majority are most fond, are the frozen dishes. Various fruit juices or combinations of them with the pulp of fruit, aging rich milk or thin cream, even buttermilk, makes delicious frozen desserts. The juice of two oranges, two lemons with two cupfuls of honey and a pint of thin cream frozen, is one worth trying. A little of the finely grated rind may be added, if liked, to vary the flavor.

Another combination well liked is the juice of one lemon, two oranges, three bananas, put through a potato ricer, sugar to sweeten, add a pint of cream, rather thin. Freeze as usual.

A honey to use in various ways is made by boiling together a cupful of whey and a half-cupful of corn syrup until it of the consistency of honey. This will keep indefinitely when bottled and is fine for waffles or griddle cakes.

NEELIE MAXWELL.



# "Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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## FROM THE WINDOW OF A TRAIN RUNNING 35 MILES AN HOUR, O'BRIEN MAKES LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

**Synopsis.**—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Monmouth, Ill., after seeing service in the American flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying Corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital, he is sent to a prison camp at Courtrai.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

One man—and I think he was the smallest eater in the camp—won it on three successive days, but it was well for him that his luck deserted him on the fourth day, for he probably would have been headed rather roughly by the rest of the crowd, who were growing suspicious. But we handled the drawing ourselves and knew there was nothing crooked about it, so he was spared.

We were allowed to buy pears, and being small and very hard, they were used as the stakes in many a game. But the interest in these little games was as keen as if the stakes had been piles of money instead of two or three half-starved pears. No man was ever so reckless, however, in all the betting as to wager his own ration.

By the most scheming and sacrificing I ever did in my life I managed to hoard two pieces of bread (grudgingly spared at the time from my daily ration), but I was preparing for the day when I should escape—if I ever should. It was just a sacrifice easily made either, but instead of eating bread I ate pears until I finally got one piece of bread ahead, and when I could force myself to stick to the pear diet again, I saved the other piece from that day's allowance, and in days to come I had cause to credit myself fully for the foresight.

Whenever a new prisoner came in and his German hosts had satisfied themselves as to his life-history and taken down all the details—that is all he would give them—he was immediately surrounded by his fellow-prisoners who were eager for any bit of news or information he could possibly give them, and as a rule he was glad to tell us, because, if he had been in the hands of the Huns for any length of time, he had seen very few English officers.

The conditions of this prison were bad enough when a man was in normally good health, but it was barbarous to subject a wounded soldier to the hardships and discomforts of the place. However, this was the fate of a poor private we discovered there one day, in terrific pain, suffering from shrapnel in his stomach and back. All of us officers asked to have him sent to a hospital, but the doctors curtly refused, saying it was against orders. So the poor creature went on suffering from day to day and was still there when I left—another victim of German cruelty.

At one time in this prison camp there were a French marine, a French flying officer, two Belgian soldiers, and of the United Kingdom one from Canada, two from England, three from Ireland, a couple from Scotland, one from Wales, a man from South Africa, one from Algeria, and a New Zealander, the latter being from my own squadron, a man whom I thought had been killed, and he was equally surprised when brought into the prison to find me there. In addition there were a Chinaman and myself from the U. S. A.

It was quite a cosmopolitan group, and as one typical Irishman said, "Sure, and we have every nation that's worth mentioning, including the darn Germans with us whites." Of course this was not translated to the Germans, nor was it even spoken in their hearing, or we probably would not have had quite so cosmopolitan a bunch. Each man in the prison was ready to uphold his native country in any argument that could possibly be started, and it goes without saying that I never took a back seat in any of them with my praise for America, with the Canadian and Chinaman chiming in on my side. But they were friendly arguments; we were all in the same boat and that was no place for quarreling.

Every other morning, the weather allowing, we were taken to a large swimming pool and were allowed to have a bath. There were two pools, one for the German officers and one for the men. Although we were officers, we had to use the pool occupied by the men. While we were in swimming a German guard with a rifle across his knees sat at each corner of the pool and watched us closely as we dressed and undressed. English interpreters accompanied us on all of these trips, so at no time could we talk without their knowing what was going on.

Whenever we were taken out of the prison for any purpose they always paraded us through the most crowded streets—evidently to give the population an idea that they were getting

lots of prisoners. The German soldiers we passed on these occasions made no effort to hide their smiles and sneers.

The Belgian people were apparently very curious to see us, and they used to turn out in large numbers whenever the word was passed that we were out. At times the German guards would strike the women and children who crowded too close to us. One day I smiled and spoke to a pretty girl, and when she replied, a German made a run for her. Luckily she stepped into the house before he reached her, or I am afraid my salutation would have resulted seriously for her and I would have been powerless to have assisted her.

Whenever we passed a Belgian home or other building which had been wrecked by bombs or our airmen, our guards made us stop a moment or two while they passed sneering remarks among themselves.

One of the most interesting souvenirs I have of my imprisonment at Courtrai is a photograph of a group of us taken in the prison courtyard. The picture was made by one of the guards, who sold copies of it to those of us who were able to pay his price—one mark apiece.

As we faced the camera I suppose we all tried to look our happiest, but the majority of us, I am afraid, were too sick at heart to raise a smile, even for this occasion. One of our Hun guards is shown in the picture seated at the table. I am standing directly behind him, attired in my flying tunic, which they allowed me to wear all the time I was in prison, as is the usual custom with prisoners of war. Three of the British officers shown in the picture, in the foreground, are clad in "shorts."

Through all my subsequent adventures I was able to retain a print of this interesting picture, and although when I gaze at it now it only serves to increase my gratification at my ultimate escape, it fills me with regret to think that my fellow prisoners were not so fortunate. All of them by this time are undoubtedly eating their hearts up in the prison camps of interior Germany. Poor fellows!

Despite the scanty fare and the restrictions we were under in this prison, we did manage on one occasion to arrange a regular banquet. The planning which was necessary helped to pass the time.

At this time there were eight of us. We decided that the principal thing we needed to make the affair a success was potatoes, and I conceived a plan to get them. Every other afternoon they took us for a walk in the country, and it occurred to me that it would be a comparatively simple matter for us to pretend to be tired and sit down when we came to the first potato patch.

It worked out nicely. When we came to the first potato patch that afternoon, we told our guards that we wanted to rest a bit and we were allowed to sit down. In the course of the next five minutes each of us managed to get a potato or two. Being Irish, I got six.

When we got back to the prison, I managed to steal a handkerchief full of sugar, which, with some apples that we were allowed to purchase, we easily converted into a sort of jam.

We now had potatoes and jam, but no bread. It happened that the Hun who had charge of the potatoes was a great musician. It was not very difficult to prevail upon him to play us some music, and while he went out to get his zither I went into the bread pantry and stole a loaf of bread.

Most of us had saved some butter from the day before, and we used it to fry our potatoes. By bribing one of the guards, he bought some eggs for us. They cost 25 cents apiece, but we were determined to make this banquet a success, no matter what it cost.

The cooking was done by the prison cook, whom, of course, we had to bribe.

When the meal was ready to serve it consisted of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, bread and jam, and a pitcher of beer which we were allowed to buy.

That was the 29th of August. Had I known that it was to be the last real meal that I was to eat for many weeks, I might have enjoyed it even more than I did, but it was certainly very good.

We had cooked enough for eight, but while we were still eating, another joined us. He was an English officer who had just been brought in on a

stretcher. For seven days, he told us, he had lain in a shell-hole, wounded, and he was almost famished, and we were mighty glad to share our banquet with him.

We called on each man for a speech, and one might have thought that we were at a first-class club meeting. A few days after that our party was broken up and some of the men, I suppose, I shall never see again.

One of the souvenirs of my adventure is a check given me during this "banquet" by Lieut. James Henry Dickson of the Tenth Royal Irish Fusiliers, a fellow prisoner. It was for 20 francs and was made payable to the order of "Mr. Pat O'Brien, 2nd Lieut." Poor Jim forgot to scratch out the "London" and substituted "Courtrai" on the date line, but its value as a souvenir is just as great. When he gave it to me he had no idea that I would have an opportunity so soon afterward to cash it in person, although I am quite sure that whatever financial reverses I may be destined to meet, my want will never be great enough to induce me to realize on that check.

There was one subject that was talked about in this prison whenever conversation lagged, and I suppose it is the same in other prisons too. What were the chances of escape?

Every man seemed to have a different idea and one way, I suppose, was about as impracticable as another. None of us ever expected to get a chance to put our ideas into execution, but it was interesting speculation, and anyway one can never tell what opportunities might present themselves.

One suggestion was that we disguise ourselves as women. "O'Brien would stand a better chance disguised as a nurse!" declared another, referring to the fact that my height (I am six feet two inches) would make me more conspicuous as a woman than as a man.

Another suggested that we steal a German Gotha—a type of airplane used for long-distance bombing. It is these machines which are used for bombing London. They are manned by three men, one sitting in front with a machine gun, the pilot sitting behind him and an observer sitting in the rear with another machine gun. We figured that, at a pinch, perhaps, seven or eight of us could make our escape in a single machine. They have two motors of very high horse power, fly very high and make wonderful speed. But we had no chance to put this idea to the test.

I worked out another plan by which I thought I might have a chance if I could ever get into one of the German airdromes. I would conceal myself in one of the hangars, wait until one of the German machines started out, and as he taxied along the ground I would rush out, shout at the top of my voice and point excitedly at his wheels. This, I figured, would cause the pilot to stop and get out to see what was wrong. By that time I would be up to him, and as he stooped over to inspect the machine, I could knock him senseless, jump into the machine and be over the tops before the Huns could make up their minds just what had happened.

It was a fine dream, but my chance was not to come that way.

There were dozens of other ways which we considered. One man would be for endeavoring to make his way right through the lines. Another thought the safest plan would be to swim some river that crossed the lines.

The idea of making one's way to Holland, a neutral country, occurred to everyone, but the one great obstacle in that direction, we all realized, was the great barrier of barbed wire, electrically charged wire which guards every foot of the frontier between Belgium and Holland, and which is closely watched by the German sentries.

This barrier was a three-fold affair. It consisted first of a barbed wire wall six feet high. Six feet beyond that was a nine-foot wall of wire powerfully charged with electricity. To touch it meant electrocution. Beyond that, at a distance of six feet, was another wall of barbed wire six feet high.

Beyond the barrier lay Holland and liberty, but how to get there was a problem which none of us could solve and few of us ever expected to have a chance to try.

Mine came sooner than I expected.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A Leap for Liberty.

I had been in prison at Courtrai nearly three weeks when, on the morning of September 9th, I and six other officers were told that we were to be transferred to a prison camp in Germany.

One of the guards told me during the day that we were destined for a reprisal camp in Strassburg. They were sending us there to keep our airmen from bombing the place.

He explained that the English carried German officers on hospital ships for a similar purpose and he excused the German practice of torpedoing these vessels on the score that they also carried munitions! When I pointed out to him that France would hardly be sending munitions to England, he lost interest in the argument.

Some days before, I had made up my mind that it would be a very good thing to get hold of a map of Germany, which I knew was in the possession of one of the German interpreters, because I realized that if ever the opportunity came to make my escape, such a map might be of the greatest assistance to me.

With the idea of stealing this map, accordingly, a lieutenant and I got in front of this interpreter's window one day and engaged in a very hot argument as to whether Heidelberg was on the Rhine or not, and we argued back and forth so vigorously that the German came out of his room, map in hand, to settle it. After the matter was entirely settled to our satisfaction, he went back into his room and I watched where he put the map.

When, therefore, I learned that I was on my way to Germany, I realized that it was more important than ever for me to get that map, and with the help of my friend, we got the interpreter out of his room on some pretext or another, and while he was gone I confiscated the map from the book in which he kept it and concealed it in my sock underneath my leggings. As I had anticipated, it later proved of the utmost value to me.

I got it none too soon, for half an hour later we were on our way to Ghent. Our party consisted of five British officers and one French officer. At Ghent, where we had to wait for several hours for another train to take us direct to the prison camp in Germany, two other prisoners were added to our party.

In the interval we were locked in a room at a hotel, a guard sitting at the door with a rifle on his knee. It would have done my heart good for the rest

of my life if I could have gotten away then and fooled that Hun—he was so cocksure.

Later we were marched to the train that was to convey us to Germany. It consisted of some twelve coaches, eleven of these containing troops going home on leave, and the twelfth reserved for us. We were placed in a fourth-class compartment with old, hard, wooden seats, a filthy floor and no lights save a candle placed there by a guard. There were eight of us prisoners and four guards.

As we sat in the coach we were an object of curiosity to the crowd who gathered at the station.

"Hope you have a nice trip!" one of them shouted sarcastically.

"Drop me a line when you get to Berlin, will you?" shouted another in broken English.

"When shall we see you again?" asked a third.

"Remember me to your friends, will you? You'll find plenty where you're going!" shouted another.

The German officers made no effort to repress the crowd, in fact, they



joined in the general laughter which followed every reply.

I called to a German officer who was passing our window.

"You're an officer, aren't you?" I asked, respectfully enough.

"Yes, what of it?" he rejoined.

"Well, in England," I said, "we let your officers who are prisoners ride first class. Can't you fix it so that we can be similarly treated, or least be transferred to second-class compartment?"

"If I had my way," he replied, "you'd ride with the hogs!"

Then he turned to the crowd and told them of my request and how he had answered me, and they all laughed heartily.

This got me pretty hot. "That would be a d— sight better than riding with the Germans!" I yelled after him, but if he considered that a good joke, he didn't pass it on to the crowd.

Some months later when I had the honor of telling my story to King George, he thought this incident was one of the best jokes he had ever heard. I don't believe he ever laughed harder in his life.

Before our train pulled out, our guards had to present their arms for inspection and their rifles were loaded in our presence to let us know that they meant business.

From the moment the train started on its way to Germany, the thought kept coming to my head that unless I could make my escape before we reached that reprisal camp I might as well make up my mind, as far as I was concerned, the war was over.

It occurred to me that if the eight of us in that car could jump at a given signal and seize those four Hun guards by surprise, we'd have a splendid chance of besting them and jumping off the train when it first slowed down, but when I passed the idea on to my comrades they turned it down. Even if the plan worked out as gloriously as I had pictured, they pointed out, the fact that so many of us had escaped would almost inevitably result in our recapture. The Huns would have scoured Belgium till they had got us and then we would all be shot. Perhaps they were right.

Nevertheless, I was determined that, no matter what the others decided to do, I was going to make one bid for freedom, come what might.

As we passed through village after village in Belgium and I realized that we were getting nearer and nearer to that dreaded reprisal camp, I concluded that my one and only chance of getting free before we reached it was through the window! I would have to go through that window while the train was going full-speed, because if I waited until it had slowed up or stopped entirely, it would be a simple matter for the guards to overtake or shoot me.

I opened the window. The guard who sat opposite me—so close that his feet touched mine and the stock of his gun which he held between his knees occasionally struck my foot—made no objection, imagining no doubt that I found the car too warm or that the smoke, with which the compartment was filled, annoyed me.

As I opened the window, the noise the train was making as it thundered along grew louder. It seemed to say: "You're a fool if you do; you're a fool if you don't—you're a fool if you do—and I said

to myself, "the noise have it," and closed down the window again.

As soon as the window was closed, the noise of the train naturally subsided, and its speed seemed to diminish, and my plan appealed to me stronger than ever.

I knew the guard in front of me didn't understand a word of English, and so, in a quiet tone of voice, I confided to the English officer who sat next me what I had planned to do.

"For God's sake, Pat, chuck it!" he urged. "Don't be a lunatic! This railroad is double-tracked and rock-balanced and the other track is on your side. You stand every chance in the world of knocking your brains out against the rails, or hitting a bridge or a whistling post, and if you escape those you will probably be hit by another train on the other track. You haven't one chance in a thousand to make it!"

There was a good deal of logic in what he said, but I figured that once I was in that reprisal camp I might never have even one chance in a thousand to escape, and the idea of remaining a prisoner of war indefinitely went against my grain. I resolved to take my chance now at the risk of breaking my neck.

The car was full of smoke. I looked across at the guard. He was rather an old man, going home on leave, and he seemed to be dreaming of what was in store for him rather than paying any particular attention to me. Once in a while I had smiled at him, and I figured that he hadn't the slightest idea of what was going through my mind all the time we had been traveling.

I began to cough as though my throat was badly irritated by the smoke and then I opened the window again. This time the guard looked up and showed his disapproval, but did not say anything.

It was then 4 o'clock in the morning and would soon be light. I knew I had to do it right then, or never, as there would be no chance to escape in the daytime.

I had on a trench coat that I had used as a flying coat and wore my knapsack, which I had constructed out of a gas bag brought into Courtrai by a British prisoner. In this I had two pieces of bread, a piece of sausage and a pair of flying mittens. All of them had to go with me through the window.

The train was now going at a rate of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, and again it seemed to admonish me, as it rattled along over the ties, "You're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you don't. You're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you do. You're a fool if you do!"

I waited no longer. Standing upon the bench as if to put the bag on the rack and taking hold of the rack with my left hand and a strap that hung from the top of the car with my right, I pulled myself up; shoved my feet and legs out of the window and let go.

There was a prayer on my lips as I went out, and I expected a bullet between my shoulders, but it was all over in an instant.

I landed on my left side and face, burying my face in the rock ballast, cutting it open and closing my left eye, skimming my hands and shins and straining my ankle. For a few moments I was completely knocked out, and if they shot at me through the window, in the first moments after my escape, I had no way of knowing.

Of course, if they could have stopped the train right then, they could easily have recaptured me, but at the speed it was going and in the confusion which must have followed my escape, they probably didn't stop within half of a mile from the spot where I lay.

I came to within a few minutes and when I examined myself and found no bones broken, I didn't stop to worry about my cuts and bruises, but jumped up with the idea of putting as great a distance between me and that track as possible before daylight came. Still being dazed, I forgot all about the barbed wire fence along the right of way and ran full-blown into it. Right there I lost one of my two precious pieces of bread, which fell out of my knapsack, but I could not stop to look for it then.

The one thing that was uppermost in my mind was that for the moment I was free, and it was up to me now to make the most of my liberty.

Traveling at night and hiding by day, subsisting on raw vegetables—stolen from gardens, O'Brien crawls through Germany and Luxembourg toward Belgium. Some of the terrible hardships that he endured and the perils that he encountered are described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### Spanish Cedar Sawdust.

Some curious uses are found for the better kinds of sawdust. One of these pertains to the Spanish cedar sawdust, which is of extreme lightness. It is employed for packing cheap chemicals contained in glass and shipped for long distances. In this relation there must be taken into consideration the question of weight and freight charges, and so Spanish cedar sawdust enters the equation.

#### Vibrations Ear Can Detect.

The ordinary human ear can detect a tone whose vibration rate is at least 25,000 vibrations a second, while the whistle will produce 50,000 a second. This upper limit varies with the age of the individual to such an extent that, if the upper limit at sixteen years of age were 50,000 vibrations, at sixty years of age it would be about 25,000 a second.



From a Photograph Taken in the Courtyard of the Officers' Prison at Courtrai, Which Lieutenant O'Brien Preserved Throughout His Perilous Journey. O'Brien is Shown Standing Behind the German Guard, Who Sits at the Table in the Center of the Group.



VISITORS HERE  
AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Harry Taft is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Dey, at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Groner are visiting their daughter at Clear Lake, Ind.

J. G. Madison of Wixom visited relatives here Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Rhoe Force of Detroit is visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Mrs. A. E. Stanley is visiting friends at Royal Oak, Birmingham and other points.

Miss Julia Holton of St. Johns is a house guest at the Archie Morris home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Requa of Flint visited relatives here the first of this week.

Mrs. J. B. Cook spent last Friday and Saturday with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Edwards were Sunday guests of North Farmington friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Larkins spent last week with friends at Howell and Lansing.

Miss Clara Beard entertained Mrs. Ethel Livinghouse of Detroit as a week-end guest.

J. S. Johnson of New York City was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Newton for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ottmar and children visited at the latter's parental home here over Sunday.

A. E. Stanley, Harry Taft and Dr. P. R. Alexander are at Houghton Lake for a two weeks' outing.

Miss Shirley Harmon and Miss Lula Weil of Detroit are spending a few days with Northville friends.

Darwin and Kenneth Edwards are spending the week with their cousin, Albarn Salow, at Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Morris and Miss Julia Holton spent the week-end with A. W. Olde and wife in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cole and Mrs. Charles Hayner motored to Mt. Clemens Sunday to visit Sergeant Hayner.

Scott Montgomery left last Monday for Rose City, Mich., where he will make an extended visit with relatives.

A. L. Phillips and Miss Florence Greshaw of Detroit were entertained Sunday at the Gleason home at Meadowbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotter of Alma were visitors at the James Clark home the first of the week. Mrs. Cotter is a niece of Mrs. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lanning and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Montgomery enjoyed a trip to Flint Sunday in the Lanning automobile.

Miss Maime Warner has returned to her home at Mt. Clemens, after a two weeks' visit with Miss Ruth Henry of Wing street.

Mrs. Julia Brigham has returned to her home in Beaufort, after spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. B. H. Rea, at Kenton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrie Richardson of Grand Rapids and Chas. Richardson of Holly were Sunday guests at the home of Wm. Richardson.

Mrs. Margaret Crawford of Milford was called to Northville a few days ago on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. M. J. Montgomery.

Miss Esta Sprangler and Robert Weiner of Albion and Morris Hodas of New York City, were guests of Miss Gertrude Brown over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook left Monday for an automobile trip to their old home town, West Branch, Mich., where they will spend six weeks with relatives and friends.

Miss Ruth Crawford of Milford, who attended school here, is expected home soon from Chicago, where she has been taking a two years' business college course in stenography.

Mrs. W. J. Cowell and daughter, Mrs. D. L. Dey were in Ann Arbor Wednesday to visit their son and brother, Wesley Cowell who is taking military training at the U. of M.

Mrs. Frank Thompson accompanied her husband back to Ludington after his recent visit at their home here, the journey being made by auto. They report a most delightful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thompson are spending a couple of weeks at Walled lake with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson, who have been occupying a cottage there for some time past.

SOME MORE LETTERS  
FROM "OVER THERE"

AT LEAST ONE NORTHVILLE BOY HAS SHARED IN THE GLORY WON BY OUR MARINES.

The following letters from John V. Couch are of especial interest from the fact that between the times of writing the two John "went over the top" and was wounded by shrapnel, but not dangerously as will be seen by the second letter:

Somewhere in France, May 29, 1918.

Editor Record and Friends: I receive the Record regularly and have greatly enjoyed the letters from other Northville boys. The list of our names published every week with an occasional letter helps us to keep track of one another. Your patriotism as evidenced by the work being done in Northville, and the whole U. S. A. as well, is very encouraging to the A. E. F. Having been away so long (10 months), I don't suppose I can half realize how great a change has taken place since I saw the Statue of Liberty disappear on the horizon. I receive my mail within 20 days after it is mailed, so I guess the transportation problems are solved. When we came over the sub-

marine we had to choose from and when we came in sight of land two of them tried to get their noses above water but the shells dropped so close to the ripple made by the periscope that they shoved off in search of something easier to tackle.

Since our arrival we have, besides receiving instructions in trench warfare, unloaded transports of supplies for about two months. We handled everything imaginable from magazines and reading material up to railroad engines. And then after a couple of months of military police duty we had a chance to ride behind one of those big engines. You should have heard us shout when we first heard the old familiar whistle instead of the shrill screech of the French locomotive. The balance of our time here has been spent at drill, except for 60 days, during which time we had some of the real stuff. The casualty list of Marines wasn't published until a few days ago. I have enclosed a clipping from Atlanta, Georgia, which is the only official news I've read pertaining to our hitch in the trenches.

We had so much rain and mud during March and April that Sunny France seemed to be a fake expression, but since then we have all taken on a good coat of tan. I would like to trade an overseas cap for a straw hat. I feel that way every time I see on the road a French farmer adorned with a broad brimmed straw hat.

When we were in the dugouts day and night were just the same, 35 feet below the ground and one can sleep without daylight waking him in the morning. But now we hear the roosters crow, the donkey he-haw, the gander quack and the turkey gobble.

Just wait, though, our time is coming and we are getting in shape. I believe we are in the pink of condition now for that matter. Someday we will get orders to go and the natives will think by the smiles on our faces and the enthusiastic movements that we are going back to the States. But we won't go back 'til its over over here. With best wishes to all, Private JOHN V. COUCH, 17th Co. 5th Reg. U. S. M. C.

Somewhere in LaBelle France, June 21, 1918.

"Dear Mother:—I am feeling good once more and am glad to know myself capable of recuperating so quickly. Again your prayers have been answered. I have only a scratch from shrapnel and a bruise on the side of my face from bark clipped from a tree by a Boche bullet.

"Of course for the past few days I've been sleeping in a fine soft bed with no duty to do. I can eat beef-steak, chicken or eggs, with milk, coffee or chocolate, or good water, thanks to the fact that I sold a Looger automatic revolver which I took from a German prisoner. I received \$20 for it, from a Red Cross Top Sergeant. We didn't get our pay or I wouldn't have needed the money. We took many machine guns and I used one of them to stop a counter attack, also went over the top with one and fed them a little of their own medicine.

"Since my experience in battle, I certainly have faith in prayer coupled with action. I used both, believe me. May God bless and keep you for your son. JOHN."

Another former Northville boy who seems to be giving a good account of himself over yonder is Paul Penfield. We append portions of a letter to his parents:

On the Western Front, May 24, 1918.

"Dear Folks: I had hardly thought

to write you so soon of a glorious air fight behind the German lines, in which I participated within four months of my arrival in France! The thing came off yesterday afternoon, and I am greatly elated as well as duly thankful, at the outcome. As I wrote you, I had been given the chance to be the first of us Americans to go across. When the call came I grabbed my map, etc., and "beat it" over to the hangars where the mechanics were tuning up the big motors of my plane—No 13, by the way, which I believe must be my lucky number."

After describing very interestingly the journey over the German lines, the young aviator continues:

"When flying over the lines the observer needs about a thousand eyes. He must stand upright and look everywhere, as hostile machines can appear out of a clear sky in an incredibly short time."

"Standing thus, at the nose of the machine, for an hour and a half as I had to do is a fierce strain. One is exposed to the full pressure of the wind which is tremendous at the speed of our plane—considerably over 100 miles an hour. My machine gunner, being experienced, directed the course, ordinarily the duty of the observer."

Then after a graphic account of the opening of the attack on their plane by seven enemy machines, he says, "It certainly seemed that our time had come, as they were seven to one, and that all we could do was to put some of them out of business before they downed us. Our guns were working beautifully, however, and, while we were greatly outnumbered it must be remembered that the Boche planes were of the one-man type in which the machine guns are fastened rigidly, while our bigger plane carries three men and movable guns which can be fired at every angle, but at that they didn't show much nerve. In the report we were credited with two Boche planes, probably shot down. It was indeed a glorious scrap! When we got back we found several bullet holes in our plane, one having passed about two or three inches from my head and down through my map. You can take it from me that the man who gets into this sort of thing for the first time is going to be good and scared—and I was no exception—but if he expects to live to tell it he has to do the right thing at the right time."

"My gunner and pilot said a lot of nice things about me, and we were congratulated heartily. If it is officially confirmed that we brought to earth one or more of the planes we will each receive the Croix de Guerre, and be cited in the orders of the Army to which our Escadrille is attached. PAUL PENFIELD.

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## A Message of True Americanism for Chautauqua



ANDREW H. HARNLY

If you're a good American, get the spirit of the lecture of Andrew H. Harnly, "The Trenches in America," and his lecturette, "Carry On."

Mr. Harnly comes to the Chautauqua with a special message on the war. He was a delegate to the National Lecturers Conference at Washington, obtaining accurate inside information from governmental sources. And he is able to give this message. For he is a patriot, a lecturer, a publicist. He has been a farmer, teacher, editor and knows the big heartthrobs of all classes of men and women. His varied but not checkered career has touched life vitally at many points. His sympathies are large, his interests broad, and his belief in God and man has made him an incurable optimist. He is one of the great lecturers—and his present message is the most vital he has ever given. Mr. Harnly appears the afternoon and evening of the fifth day of the Chautauqua.

## "The White Chinaman" in Great Illustrated Lecture



DR. FREDERICK POOLE

The incense of the Orient will be wafted before Chautauqua audiences when Dr. Frederick Poole, returned from a quarter of a century among the Chinese, delivers his lecture on "The Birth of an Oriental Nation."

Dr. Poole knows his Chinaman—how he dreams of his place in the sun among the powers of the earth. Dressed in the rich and stately robes of a Chinese Mandarin, the directness of his allusions, quaintness of his discourses, and the clearness of his descriptions, have made Dr. Poole a great Chautauqua favorite. His beautifully illustrated lecture will be a feature of the second evening of the local Chautauqua.

## PIANIST TO ASSIST IN COMMUNITY SINGING



MISS FREDA HIATT

Miss Freda Hiatt, pianist and pianologist of exceptional ability, who will assist R. G. McCutchan, Dean of De Pauw University School of Music in leading Community Singing at the Chautauqua.

## Buy Mabley Clothes with Confidence.

Compare Mabley quality and style and value with any other merchandise anywhere and you'll find the fullest measure for your money right here! With the increasing scarcity of woolsens and rapidly rising cost prices, we'd advise every man to BUY NOW, but we urge you to BUY RIGHT, if you want to effect a real economy!—Come and see!

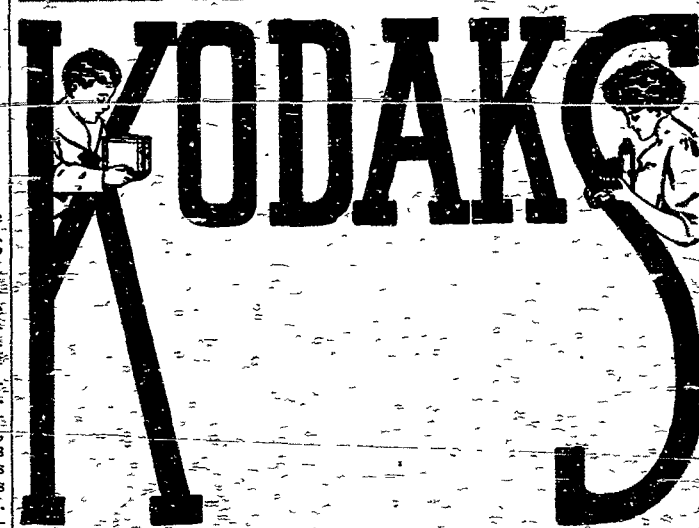
SPECIAL VALUES IN OUR BOYS' CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner

DETROIT.

Grand River and Griswold.



Are an Expensive Luxury, to the average person. This can be remedied by developing and printing your own films, which is the most interesting part of Kodaking.

With the aid of the Kodak Tank anyone can develop their films and printing outfits can be obtained at very small cost.



Enlarge your own Negatives with a Brownie Enlarger, at about one-fifth the usual cost. We have complete outfits as low as—

\$1.50.

A. E. STANLEY

The REXALL Store.

NORTHVILLE.

That's So. If everyone would mend one, all would be amended.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

Regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon at the Methodist church parlors at 2:30. Good program. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody who wishes to attend.

## \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease, that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that it is curable. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



## THE DETROIT Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, July 22nd.

Examinations for glasses made at private residences by appointment, without extra charge. City Optical service right at your own home and everything guaranteed. I will come to Northville sufficiently often to give satisfactory service. I keep your glasses in order.

—Adv.

Do You Know 'Em? Some men insist on so much system, observes Elbert Severance, that they are always behind with their work keeping up their system.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Jim Hartwell.

J. J. Simmons.

W. A. Neuman—S.

Mrs. Pearl Samson.

Mrs. Willie Mornagrine.

Northville Chautauqua July 28—Aug. 1.

ALBERT E. SHERMAN

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

at the August 27

Primary for

CIRCUIT JUDGE

Mr. Sherman has been active in the practice of law in the City of Detroit for ten years and was School Inspector for four years. Graduate of Michigan State Normal school; Detroit College of Law and thoroughly believes the judiciary should be selected by the people. There are four to be nominated; look him over. Primaries August 27.

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.



When you buy a Ford car you buy an established quantity, a proven quality—a motor car that is giving satisfaction in practically every form of service under every condition where an automobile can be used. A car that may be depended on in every circumstance. No one will dispute this fact. Then why not place your order for a Ford at once? Runabout, \$435; Touring Car, \$450; Coupelet, \$560; Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$695; One Ton Truck Chassis, \$600. These prices f. o. b. Detroit. Your order will have prompt attention.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS,  
Northville, Michigan.

Northville Chautauqua July 28—Aug. 1.