

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX. NO. 3.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED SATURDAY NIGHT

NUMBER OF NEBRASKA BOYS ON AUTO TRUCK TRAIN HERE.

ENROUTE FROM ALMA TO FRANCE WITH 45 REPUBLIC TRUCKS.

An auto truck train of 45 Liberty motored auto trucks enroute from Alma to the coast were camped at Novi Saturday night. A dozen or more of the soldier boys from what was a Nebraska regiment hiked over to Northville to see the town. Then the young people got busy and pulled off a very nice little dance in honor of the boys' visit. The foresters very kindly donated their hall and the genial Bob Dickau did the floor waxing in fine shape. Then along came Spence Heener and volunteered the music, and it was some music at that. The bunch of very charming young Northville ladies chaperoned by Mrs. Georgia Yerkes did themselves proud in their successful efforts to entertain a part of our nation's soldiers, who are soon to be on the battle lines in an endeavor to help make the whole world as safe a place in which to live as was Northville on that Saturday night.

The boys had just come from off the Mexican border and they voted this little entertainment just the real event of their lives since leaving home a year ago. They were a fine bunch of young men and their pleasing manner and their enthusiasm to help Uncle Sam, won them a host of friends here, and the hosts hope to have more visits of this kind when something on larger scale may be staged.

Among those who entertained the soldier boys were the Misses Norine Hogle, Mary Litsenberger, Hazel Newison, Margaret Yerkes, Frances Yerkes, Marie Stark, Aletha Yerkes, Alice Wagner, Marie Wilcox, Clara Wagner, Thelma Bennett, Mrs. Georgia Yerkes, Mrs. Hinkley, Mrs. Balden, Mrs. Yerkes, Mrs. Gills, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. W. A. Ely, Mrs. A. C. Balden, Mrs. Charles Hills, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. George Hills, Mrs. Tomlinson and Mrs. W. J. Thompson.

BIG EXHIBIT

IS PROMISED

NORTHVILLE'S FAIR MATTERS ARE HUMMING ALONG.

FLOYD NORTHROP WILL HAVE CHARGE OF THE CATTLE DISPLAY.

Northville's big exhibition—second annual fair—billed for September 24-27, is already assuming a shape that bids well for a successful outcome. The cattle display will be in the hands of Floyd Northrop as chairman with Ed Starkweather, Mark Seeley, Jess Hake, Geo. Hake, Glenn Richardson, Howard Warner, R. Burt, Frank Butler and Sam Pickett as assistants. That array of talent assures a hummer of an exhibit in the dairy way.

Mrs. Frank Harmon is the first chairman to get her premium lists in the printer's hands.

RED CROSS AND THE FAIR.

The Women's department of Northville Wayne County Fair is arranging for the greatest Red Cross demonstration ever made in this part of the country. Friday, September 27, will be known as Red Cross day, when a gigantic auction sale will be conducted on the grounds at which time there will be sold to the highest bidders all kinds of produce, food stuffs, merchandise and in fact almost anything that the public desires to bid upon, which has been previously solicited and donated by patriotic people interested in the great Red Cross movement.

SUNDAY BAND CONCERT.

Next Sunday (Weather permitting) the Northville band will give one of their popular concerts in the Park at 3:00 o'clock. This will be the last Sunday concert by the band for this summer, and possibly the last one entirely for some of our players. If chairs can be secured the band will try and furnish seats for all. Come out.

FRANK BROWN



Who is with the Coast Artillery Corps C. A. C. A. E. F.

"THE BEAST OF BERLIN."

"The Beast of Berlin" shown at the Alseum theatre this week was certainly a hummer in motion pictures. It was a typical illustration of the Kaiser's arrogant acts and pompous display of authority over those he could and would control. But things began to change at the entry of Uncle Sam into the world strife, which brought forth hearty cheering on the part of the audience. Manager Thompson is to be congratulated for securing this wonderful production which filled the local theatre to overflowing.

CLEAN-UP CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF

I am entering the contest for Sheriff as a clean-up candidate. This is a year when the citizens of Wayne county are looking for better methods in office.

I did not make the laws of the state of Michigan, but I know the meaning of the laws as they are printed in the statute books—and I have the will power to enforce them.

This pledge does not mean the enforcement of some laws and exercise of my private judgement as to others, but enforcement of all the laws—including the prohibition law and the gambling laws—without favor or differentiating between persons.

The office of the Sheriff of Wayne county is a big business office in addition to its duties. It needs a business man, and I have made a success in business.

I want to say that I am not only American born, but that my family for generations have been residents in the United States, and that my ancestors came to this country because they were dissatisfied with conditions on the other side of the ocean.

I do not pretend to be a "good fellow" in the generally accepted use of that term in politics. We have had too many "good fellows" in political office.

With regard to the conduct of the county jail, I have no sympathy for a crook, but I have enough of the milk of human kindness in me to treat prisoners humanely in my charge.

My entry into this contest is made in the belief that the people of Wayne county want a man in the Sheriff's office who is of good ability, and who will live up to his pledge of law enforcement within his bailiwick.

MANFRED H. HERRIMAN.
—Adv't.

STATE FAIR TICKETS

Tickets for the State fair will be on sale at this office as heretofore, and at the old price 35 cents each or 3 for \$1.00, up to August 29. Children's free tickets will also be obtained here, for the one date—Saturday, August 31. No war tax is levied on fair tickets.

That's So.

If everyone would mend one, all would be amended.

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, C. A. C., A. E. F.
Barber, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E, 16th Engineers, A. E. F.
Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.
Blowers, Elmer—Co. A, Field Hospital Services, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
Buckley, Clifford—Ordnance Dept., Detroit.
Brassow, Wm. C.—Co. A, 301 W. S. T. Camp Holabird, Baltimore, Md.
Bates, Muel—Sapper No. 261732, Eng. Training Dept., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.
Cowell, Wesley J.—Co. B, U. of M., T. D.
Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
Cram, Chester—Co. I, 310th Engineers Camp Custer.
Casterline, Orrin—Sgt., Eng. Camp Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
Casterline, Raymond—Corporal—Camp Holabird, Colgate, Md. M. R. S., Co. 4, Unit 306.
Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. Cals. Floyd 24 Co. 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dickerson, James R.—116th Machine Gun Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Dunham, Scott H.—A. E. F.
Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron, Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida.
Dubuar, Charles C., Sgt., Camp U. S. Troops, A. P. O. 741, S. O. S., American E. F.
Dubuar, James F., First Sgt., Co. F, 10th Eng., (Forest) American E. F.
DesAutels, Raymond—Cadet, Park Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.
DesAutels, Leo A.—Co. M, Reg. 7 Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.
Dalley, Morris L.—Providence, Rhode Island, 223 Federal Bldg.
Ely, Tracy, Sgt., Eng., A. E. F.
Fox, Walter—Co. H, Inf., A. E. F.
Foss, Paul—Corporal—Co. I, 338th Inf., Barracks, Camp Custer.
Foss, Wm.—U. S. S. Orion, care postmaster, N. Y.

Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Summerall, Tobyhanna, Pa.
Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Squad., care U. S. A. S., 35 Easton Place, London, England.
Green, Lloyd—C. C., U. S. M. G. Bn., American E. F.

Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.
Greene, Norton, Corporal—Co. F, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
Hutton, Charles—Co. 19, 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.—Post Hospital, Aberdeen, Md.

Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 380th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.
Hills, William—Co. B, 106 Supply train, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.
Jackson, Elmer—Sgt., 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. C. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Kestell, Stanley J.—Co. 323, Reg. 8, Bar 849 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. M. S. C. Camp Green, N. C.

Klein, Homer.
Lapham, Luther B.—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.—Sanitary Corps, Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.

Limbricht, Robert A.—238 Aero Sq., Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.
Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Post master, Fortresc Monroe, Va. Battleship Michigan.
Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 319th Eng., A. E. F. via New York.

Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A. O. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.
Malcomson, Leo, Corporal—Co. H 58th Inf., American E. F.

Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 323th 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.

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 Eng., 85th Div., A. E. F.
Salow, Ed—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.
Schultz, Charles A.—Corporal—12th Co., 15th Reg., Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

Stage, L. D.—General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.
Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. 4, American E. F., France.
Simpson, 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—Co. C, 333th Inf., 85th Div., Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.
Teshka, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via N. Y.

Tibbitts, Harold, J.—10th Machine Gun Bn., Headquarters American E. F.
Turner, Harold—Marine Band, Headquarters, Detroit.
Thompson, Clarence—Motor Amb. Co., 35, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Chica-manga Park, Ga.

VanValkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt., Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
VanSickle, Harry—Base Hospital, No. 5, Ward 12, Mineola, L. I.
VanValkenburg, Floyd H.—338th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.

VanValkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler, League Island, Philadelphia.
VanValkenburg, Milo T.—Recruiting Dept., 27th Eng., Camp Leech, D. C.
Wood, Harold, E.—Co. 35th, Reg. 9, Barracks 927 N., Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, Ill.

Wilber, Paul—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson, Wilkes, Ga.
Wilkinson, Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.

Williamson, 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, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Wheeler, Arthur P.—A. E. F.
Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, Engineers, A. E. F.
Yerkes, Joseph A.
* Deceased.

SOLDIER ITEMS.

L. D. Stage has been transferred from Camp Custer to General Hospital No. 9 for Convalescent soldiers at Lakewood, N. J. where he will instruct returned soldiers in the sheet metal work. Mrs. Stage will join her husband later.

Charles Stowe of Detroit, formerly of Northville, is one of the latest to be called into the service of his country. He left immediately for Camp Mills, L. I., and is at present stationed with the Headquarters Co. American E. F.

Word has been received from Ralph Ryder that he has been recently appointed instructor in a training school in France. He is the only private in his company to have this honor conferred upon him.

Pvt. John Couch of the Marines who recently returned from the hospital to the firing line after being wounded, was again injured by a shell on July 18. No bones were broken but he suffered painfully.

Sergeant Myron Beals, a Plymouth boy, who is with the Marines in France, is reported as wounded in Tuesday's casualty list.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simmons received a cablegram Tuesday from their son, George, announcing his safe arrival "over there."

Milo VanValkenburg has been transferred from Camp Meade, Md., to the Recruiting Dept. at Camp Leech, D. C.

Earl Montgomery is another soldier boy who has arrived safely on the other side.

Charles Hutton who has been stationed in Virginia, was in town this week.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the W. C. T. U., and all the many friends for flowers and fruit sent me during my recent "vacation" through accident.

HOWARD HUNT.

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

TIRE INSURANCE

HARTFORD

Why Not Minimize Your Tire Troubles?

There is one sure way to do this and that is to equip your car NOW with tires that are absolutely Right in design, workmanship and materials.

Hartford Tires on your car will insure

- a season of pleasure and tire satisfaction you've never experienced with any other make.
- Eliminate for this season your old friend "The Tire Bugaboo" and be content on

Hartford Tires

Try one Hartford Tire. You will buy more; it is ours until you are satisfied.

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

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

HIGH PRODUCTION OF ARMS AND MUNITIONS.

The attention of owners of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps is called to the following. They are financing the work.

On one day in June last approximately 27,000,000 cartridges of various descriptions were produced in the United States manufacturing plants for the United States government.

The daily average production of United States Army rifles was broken in the week ending June 29, an average of 10,142 rifles a day of a modified Enfield and Springfield type being maintained. In addition spare parts equivalent to several thousand rifles and several thousand Russian rifles were manufactured.

The Ordnance department has produced 2,014,815,584 cartridges, 1,886,769 rifles, and 82,540 machine guns since the United States entered the war. The daily output of cartridges is now 15,000,000.

Northville State Savings Bank

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 BOY'S CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE

THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily
8:15 and 8:45 p. m.

Spandis Seats at 10-20-25c

Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture)
COMMUNITY FAIRS SPELL CO-OPERATION



The Schoolhouse Makes a Central Place to Hold a Community Fair.

COMMUNITY FAIR FOSTERS RIVALRY

Farmers and Families Co-operate With Neighbors in Exhibiting Best Products.

PEOPLE BROUGHT TOGETHER

First Step Is to Interest Leaders, Then Elect Officers and Appoint Committees—Ribbons Usually Awarded as Premiums.

John Jones' basket of potatoes takes the blue ribbon at the fair, and immediately every farmer in the community secretly plans to take that prize away from Jones next year. Alvin Jones, seeing Jim Brown's winning corn, resolves that next time he will add that premium to his other trophies.

And so on down the line of all exhibits, the community fair fosters the spirit of friendly rivalry. It calls not only for the exhibition of the best products that have been grown and the best work that has been done, but it includes as well games, athletic contests, pageants and other features which bring the men and women and the boys and girls together for wholesome recreation.

The first step toward holding a community fair is to interest the leaders of the community; the second is to call a meeting of the whole community to elect officers and appoint committees to have charge of the work. The fair should be well advertised, and effort should be made to secure exhibits from as many persons as possible, rather than to secure exhibits of exceptional quality. For premiums ribbons are usually awarded rather than cash payments. As most of the preparations for the fair are made by volunteer workers, the small amount of money required for incidental expenses can be raised by subscription or by the sale of advertising space in the catalogue or on the program. There should be no entry fees or admission charge.

Grouping the Exhibits. While it is to be expected that the exhibits at a community fair will receive special attention for the purpose of exhibition, nevertheless they should represent as nearly as possible the normal production of the community, for one of the purposes of holding a community fair is to stimulate a desire to increase the quantity and to improve the quality of the average product. Freak exhibits of all kinds are to be avoided.

Personal solicitation has been found to be the most effective means of inducing people to make exhibits. Each exhibitor should realize that he is in competition only with other members of the community and that it will not be possible for some stranger to take all the prizes.

Satisfactory results are usually obtained in community fairs by grouping certain classes of exhibits. Thus, in the live stock department, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, and pets are exhibited. In the farm products department are shown different varieties of grains and seeds, grasses and forage crops, field beans and peas, peanuts and potatoes, together with dairy products and bee products. The orchard and garden department includes such exhibits as fruits and vegetables, ornamental shrubbery, and flowers.

The woman's work and fine arts department includes prepared foods, canned goods, jellies, preserves, and pickles, and all kinds of needlework, together with such exhibits as paintings, metal work, raffia and reed basket work, pottery, painted china, and handmade jewelry.

The school and club department

cludes all exhibits from organizations in the community which wish to bring the results of their work before the community in this way.

The historical relics department includes letters, swords, caps, and other war relics, old looms, spinning wheels, and articles produced on them, old pictures, drawings, documents, Indian relics, family relics, geological specimens, and objects of interest from other lands.

Ribbons for Prizes.

Experience has proved that the awarding of money prizes not only makes the cost of a fair prohibitive, but, by placing the emphasis on money instead of on the honor of achievement, defeats the purpose of the fair. The best results have been obtained where ribbons have been awarded, the color of the ribbon denoting the grade of the prize. If money is available for printing the ribbons, each one should be so printed as to show the occasion, place, and date. Awards should be made on the basis of the excellence of the exhibit, and no premium should be awarded to a poor exhibit. Accordingly, for the information of exhibitors, it is well to publish for each class of exhibits the requirements that are to be considered by the judges in awarding premiums.

The managements of county fairs are beginning to realize the value of the community exhibit as a factor in making the county fair serve its purpose as an agricultural exhibition. Liberal premiums have been offered for these community exhibits, either in cash or in such form as to be of community use, as, for example, reference books on agricultural subjects to be kept in the community library, a watering trough conveniently located, or a drinking fountain. One state has recently passed a law providing for the holding of community fairs and appropriating money for the purpose of packing community exhibits and transporting them to the larger fairs.

EXHIBITS IN ONE COUNTY.

An interesting county fair, made up of 72 community exhibits, was recently held in a county in the Middle West. There were no races or side shows. The 10,000 people in attendance spent their time for two days in visiting and inspecting the exhibits and in wholesome recreation under the supervision of an expert recreational director from a neighboring city. The exhibits, occupying in all about 15,000 square feet of floor space, and 55,000 square feet of wall space, were housed in vacant buildings on the business street and in tents. Each community had its booths, and the several committees vied with each other in making attractive exhibits of the products of the farm, home and school.

Honey in Place of Sugar.

The simplest way of using honey is to serve it like jam or sirup with bread, breakfast cereals, boiled rice, pancakes, and other mild-flavored foods. As ordinarily used, on bread, an ounce of honey "spreads" as many slices as an ounce of jam. When it is to be used in the place of sirup some people dilute it by mixing it with hot water, which has the effect of making it not only less sweet but also easier to pour.

Honey or a mixture of honey and sugar sirup can be satisfactorily used for sweetening lemonade and other fruit drinks. Sirup of any kind is more convenient for this purpose than undissolved sugar, and when charged water is to be added it has a further advantage, since it has less tendency to expel the gas.

The fact that honey consists principally of sugar and water and is slightly acid suggests that it is a suitable substitute for molasses in cooking.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Oh for a book and a shady nook
Either in doors or out,
With the green leaves whispering over
head.
On the street cryers all about,
Where I may read all at my ease
Both for the new and old
For a jolly good book whereon to
look
Is better to me than gold.

MEATLESS DISHES.

Peanuts and peanut butter are foods which take the place of meat and are

cheap in price. Various other nuts, when reasonable in price and equally nutritious, should be used often to take the place of meat.

Peanut Loaf.—Soak a quart of fine bread crumbs in milk, mix with a cup of shelled peanuts finely ground, add an egg well beaten, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix as the usual meat loaf and bake about as long. Serve with tomato sauce. Cook a pint of tomatoes with half an onion, four cloves, a piece of bay leaf, sprig of parsley and a blade of mace. When well cooked, strain. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add a slice of onion, brown and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. When smooth add the tomato, season with salt and pepper and serve.

Pea Timbales.—Cook a pint of peas until tender, then mash through a colander and beat the pulp to a paste. To this add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted fat, onion juice, pepper and salt to season. When all blended, place in buttered molds and bake until done.

Peas on Toast.—Prepare a rich white sauce, stir in a few cooked peas, season well and serve on buttered toast. This is a simple and easy dish to prepare, but most wholesome and nutritious. Asparagus prepared in the same way with a hard-boiled egg or two is a well-relished dish and very sustaining.

Scalloped Cheese.—Cheese in its different forms is an excellent substitute for meat. Cottage cheese, which may be made in the home, is a most versatile one to use in many ways. Take any good flavored cheese, cut in small pieces and use in layers in a baking dish with small cubes of bread, repeat until the dish is full. Beat two eggs, add salt and pepper to taste and mix with put of milk. Pour this custard over the bread and cheese and bake until set. Serve hot as a lunch or supper dish.

A poem every flower is
And every leaf a line
The empty spit, her earnest wit,
Minerva loves the harder

USES FOR LEFT-OVER CHEESE.

Cheese is so nutritious, an ounce being equal to two ounces of meat, without its waste. Cheese is particularly good with starchy foods and foods lacking in fat and flavor. Cheese should be bought in such quantities that there need be no waste, as it molds very easily. Grate all the small pieces left over and put them in a glass with a tight cover; keep cool and dry. Cooking cheese at too high a temperature makes it difficult of digestion. When possible, cook it at a low temperature or in the hot mixture just long enough to melt it. A tablespoonful of cheese will add flavor to some dish, and not even a scrap should be thrown away.

Onions cooked and then baked as an escalloped dish with white sauce and cheese is a very fine dish. Cabbage cooked in the same way is also good. Fried Cheese Sandwiches—These are sufficiently sustaining to serve as a main dish with a salad. Take thin slices of cheese, sprinkle with pepper and salt or other seasoning if liked, put as a filling into sandwiches, then brown the sandwiches on both sides in a little hot olive oil.

Cottage cheese with raspberry jam makes a delicious sandwich filling. Crackers heaped with grated cheese and browned in the oven or heated until the cheese melts is a most tasty accompaniment to a cup of tea.

Cheese Balls.—Add a dash of tobacco sauce to a small amount of cottage cheese which has been well seasoned; make pink with paprika and roll into small balls. Roll the balls in finely minced black walnut meats. Serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Hashed Brown Potatoes With Cottage Cheese.—Chop cold boiled potatoes fine and season well with salt, pepper and onion juice. Mix with enough milk to help brown when turned into the pan, which is greased with some sweet fat or oil. Cook the potatoes slowly without stirring until they are brown underneath. Meanwhile mix cream with cottage cheese until it spreads easily, adding chopped onion, chives, parsley or pimentos, a little left-over ham, or chili sauce, and spread over the potatoes; then fold like an omelet and turn out on a hot platter at once. The acid flavor, if not liked in the cheese, may be removed by the addition of a pinch of soda when mixing the cheese with the cream.

Potatoes, onions and corn, all roasted in the ashes of the fire, develop untasted flavors.

Neenie Maxwell

Frocks for "The Awkward Age"



From about her seventh year until she is well along in the "flapper" stage, the growing girl usually requires some special attention to clothe her becomingly. This is "the awkward age" with some children, who are either too angular or too chubby, while others get through it without difficult lines that must be softened. But for all of them the straight line dress seems to be the safe choice—the thin little girl and the fat little girl, with perhaps a little variation in waist line, wear it with equal success.

New frocks for school, and other everyday wear this fall, have been presented and two of them, shown above, demonstrate how well the specialists who design children's clothes have managed the straight-line idea. These two refined and sensible dresses are pretty and no little girl will look awkward in them. They will interest the mother who must busy herself with her daughter's school frocks. Both these models are adapted to cotton or to wool materials and, both suggest ways for remodeling and "making over" worn clothes that it is the part of patriotism to pass along to grown-ups to the small fry during war

times—or any other times, for that matter.

Any substantial cotton or reliable wool fabric may be made up like the frock pictured of plain goods. The bodice has the effect of a short jacket, which buttons under a fly at the front, and the plain skirt—with flat saddle bag pockets applied—is gathered on to it. The sleeves are three-quarters length, and the dress is worn over a lawn or batiste blouse with a small turnover collar. The decoration is the simplest sort of needlework trimming—merely silk floss in outline stitch forming squares that border all edges in the bodice and on the pockets.

Plaid and plain gingham or plaid and plain serge will serve equally well for the other dresses. In this model the skirt is plaited and set on to a plain body. There are two narrow belts of the plaid goods, the lower one terminating under a narrow box-plait in the front of the skirt and the upper one fastening with a plain button. The white plique collar and cuffs are separate. Like the under blouse in the other dress, they are the means of freshening up the frock and teaching the little ones the invaluable lesson of dauntiness in appearance.

Morning Frocks and Aprons



Where the line lies that marks the division between morning house dresses and all-over aprons, it is a hard matter to determine. They are often very much alike. In house dresses, however, a much greater variety of materials is to be found and also greater variety of design. The prettiest ones are made of printed volles in stripes, plaids, checks and plain patterns, usually finished with collars and cuffs of organdie, dotted swiss or machine-made embroidered swiss. On white organdie collars and cuffs narrow hand-crocheted edges and leather-stitching, in the color that dominates in the dress, have come in as the most appropriate and prettiest finish. Dimity, flowered lawn, printed crepe, dotted swiss and, of course, calico are all available for these frocks. Aprons are of the heavier cottons, the ginghams, percales and calicoes in colors and in plain white cottons. They are made in the slim-over fashion, which appears to have a strong following in all sorts of garments, and in designs that fasten by devious ways—at the front. Instead of organdie and other sheer goods, figure

or other heavy cottons are requisitioned for collars, cuffs and pipings. They are all easy enough to put on and they are neat and attractive. The model shown in the picture is a good example which will serve either as a morning dress or an all-over apron.

There has been a promising new departure recently in cotton dresses for morning wear. It is likely to be carried, by the high tide of the calico vogue, to a great success. New one-piece morning frocks have been designed in smart coat, or sweater coat, and shirt effects, that seem to be exactly fitted for summer outings. They would not seem out of place on country roads or village streets, or in camp or bungalow.

Julia Bottomley

Crepe meteor and georgette is another delightful combination for simple autumn frocks, which are made generally on the straightest of lines, with a brilliant dash of color produced by beading or embroidery.

The Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

Howell, Michigan



WILLIAM E. ROBB, Secretary.
The Man Who Pled the Shot That Brought Down the Price of Automobile Insurance to \$7.50 on the Average Car which stock companies were charging about \$30.00 Per Year For.

The farmers, business men, lawyers and bankers in the small cities and country districts of the State gave their support to the Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, of Howell, from the beginning.

The Company is now starting its fourth season and has written over 30,000 policies. Over 940 claims have been promptly paid and over \$130,000 paid, which covers fire claims, theft losses, and claims brought against the owner of the car due to injury to persons or property.

The Company has been well managed, and has been in good financial standing at all times. It has a new office building, completely paid for, with a surplus of about \$70,000. The members join on the mutual plan, and payments are made twelve months from the date of last assessment.

The wonderful growth of this Company enables the payment of from 40-50 claims per month.

But few owners of automobiles will drive a single day without automobile insurance. Bankers and lawyers tell their clients to insure in the Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, of Howell, as the Company is well established and strong enough to meet the shock of serious losses, and the rate is only \$1.00 for policy and 25c per H. P.

Why Lose Your Hair
The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy is Cuticura
All druggists, Soap, Ointment and 60c Talcum. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston."

PHTHISIS, AS DEADLY AS WAR

Expert Says That in Four Years It Has Killed as Many as Have Died in Battle.

The war has served effectively to disclose that during the four years of hostilities mortality from tuberculosis in the civilian population and in the armies of all the countries engaged has at least approximated the total number of soldiers killed in battle, according to Dr. Livingstone Farrand. As director of the American commission for the prevention of tuberculosis in France Doctor Farrand will resume his work overseas within a few days. He returned to the United States for graduation exercises of the University of Colorado, of which he is president. "To make our country really safe for democracy we must first make it healthy," is the slogan Doctor Farrand suggests.

Of the men called to the colors in this country's first draft summons 50,000 were found to be tubercular, his appeal states. This, it declares, is one of the striking indications of the prevalence of the disease in the United States.

Lives 200 Years!

For more than 200 years, Haas's Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headaches, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or sore in the bladder, you will almost certainly find relief in GOLD MEDAL Haas's Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one dose of five drops and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Since 1913 gold and silver valued at \$62,500,000 have been mined in Mexico.

Some people seem to think that loud talk makes a sound argument.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy
No stinging, no smarting, no discomfort, no cost as drugstore or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 2, 1918.



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

THE WATER SHORTAGE QUESTION.

Seemingly it is little less than a crime right now to have water restrictions if, as the Record is informed by members of the official council, it is only a question of expense for pumping. The cost of pumping would be about \$10 per day extra. Probably thirty days would cover all that would be necessary. That's \$300. For everybody to have all the water they may need for lawn, garden and street sprinkling purposes during these frightfully dry days would be worth many times \$10 a day to Northville's five hundred homes.

Lawns are drying up, gardens are being ruined and dust is flying to a considerable extent right now, all for want of water. The Sadler springs the Record is informed has an abundance of water all ready for use as soon as the electric pump is started. Next fall and next spring the clouds will furnish water in plenty, but today Northville is suffering nearly as much as Salem, Novi, Walled Lake or any other town where no water system prevails, except of course they lack the fire protection. When the Sadler springs were taken over and developed at some considerable expense to the taxpayers it was generally understood that Northville people would have water to use during dry season when it was needed most of all. In the meantime the electric pump is standing idle, the water from the Sadler springs is running to waste down the creek.

President Coldren has expressed himself as favoring the pumping plan if he can be assured the people want to foot the expense.

THE SOLDIER BOYS.

It was a splendid thing that a dozen or so young ladies did Saturday night in getting up a little impromptu party for the soldier boys enroute for France. All honor be theirs. That's the right spirit to show. They were all some mother's boy from the far west and they will carry with them from Northville the message of God-speed to the boys over there.

Won't it be a fine thing if when these Nebraska boys get over in France they happen to run across some Northville boys and they tell them of the fine time they had here? Stranger things than that have happened.

Out of every 100 tipped over in canoes, 50 are usually girls and 50 are young men—Orion Review. Isn't that strange? As if a girl would have two beans or a boy two girls. Must have been a 50-50.

Platonic Friendship.

"Do you believe in platonic friendship?" "Well, not altogether. My personal opinion is that I'd believe more in platonic friendship if it were carried on with the full knowledge and consent of the husband of the one and the wife of the other."—Detroit Free Press.

Suggestion for Insomnia.

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

Displaces Steam Roller.

To replace the familiar steam roller a gasoline machine has been developed which, in addition to economizing on fuel, gives its driver an unobstructed view of his work.

Walled Lake Warbler.

Clyde Smith is driving a new Ford.

Mrs. J. R. Champ and children spent Saturday in Detroit.

Miss Golda Holmes of Ypsilanti spent Sunday at her home, here.

Rev. C. B. Aanstad of Wixom occupied the Baptist pulpit Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Miller attended the wedding of Charles Miller in Lansing, Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah VanGorden of Milford visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bickling and baby of Farmington and Mr. and Mrs. Harland Bickling of Pontiac spent Sunday here.

The Misses Neomi and Grace Halverson and Edith Sherwood are home from Ypsilanti, where they attended summer school.

Wixom Whisperings.

Kathryn Burch is visiting at Lapeer this week.

The S. S. picnic will be held at Loon lake this Friday.

George Baker and wife went to Belle Isle Tuesday.

The Roach and Kitson families are home again after two weeks of camp life.

Mrs. Mary Stevens and Mrs. Carter were Pontiac visitors the forepart of this week.

Gladys Gillick returned Friday evening from Mt. Pleasant Normal summer school.

Miss Lillian Belford of Newark was here last Friday to attend the funeral of Harold Mowrey.

Gladys Lee and Margaret Arnold, who have been visiting here returned to their home at Wyandotte, Sunday.

An error was made in the announcement of the Wixom Farmers' club. The meeting will be August 14, instead of the 7th.

Mrs. J. B. Chambers, accompanied by her sister, Miss Jennie Rauch of Monroe, visited their brother at Washington, Mich., last week Wednesday. The former returned home Thursday and the latter remained for a longer visit.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "The Finding of an Old Relic," and the Joy that Came with It." Be sure and hear this subject. It may put you on track of some lost treasure.

The C. E. topic for Sunday evening will be, "Lessons from Nature's School."

Novi News.

Mrs. Will Mairs is still quite ill.

Mrs. Jessie Clark is visiting in Detroit.

Mrs. Will Melow entertained friends from Bay City Monday.

Mrs. L. Woodruff and Mrs. Lizzie Coates were in Redford, Monday.

Mrs. D. Donelson made a trip to her farm near Montrose, this week.

Sergeant Clare Woodruff of Camp Custer spent Saturday with his parents here.

Mrs. Harry Nichols spent last week with Detroit friends and also enjoyed an excursion trip to Bob-Lo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourne received a letter from their son, Huber, who is somewhere on the coast. He reports feeling fine.

Miss Lillian Melow spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents. She was accompanied home by Mr. and Miss Smithing.

Consoling.

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

A Study in Reflections.

A Kansas woman insists that the way to make windows shine is to scrub them with shampoo. This suggests an explanation of the polished surface of bald heads.

Nobody Will Deny It.

The easiest way to arouse a man's enthusiasm is to show him a way to get money without earning it.

Most Necessary.

A bridge for the tongue is a necessary piece of harness.

FROGS AND WAMPYRUS.

Crackers Thrive on Almost Any Form of Animal Life—Small Enough to Be Seized and Swallowed.

The food of the frog consists of earthworms, insects, spiders and any form of animal life small enough to be seized and swallowed. Large frogs will often devour their smaller relatives. The big bullfrog is an especially dangerous enemy to other members of its kind. It has been known even to eat small birds. Some frogs are fond of snails and will swallow them shells and all, says Boy's Life.

It is interesting to note that frogs can eat bees and wasps notwithstanding the sting. In seizing food it usually makes use of its curious extensible tongue, which can be thrust out of the mouth with surprising rapidity. The tongue is attached to the front of the jaw, its forked rear end free so that it can be slipped out of the mouth. It is supplied with a sticky secretion that picks up the food. The frog cannot see an object near to itself. Any dangling ball should, therefore, be at a distance of from two to three feet. Frogs may be caught by dangling small bits of red yarn before them on a hook and sometimes even without a hook. When the yarn is seized the animal may be jerked out of the water. Bullfrogs kept in captivity readily attempt to swallow one's fingers.

TIMES AND PLACE FOR SLEEP.

Churches and Street Cars Are Favored But the Cozy Bed Affords a Most Delightful Pastime.

There are lots of people who say they don't sleep well at night. But there are many who regularly go to sleep in the street car. Of course, those who go to sleep in church are not counted. That might be construed as libel, observes the Milwaukee News.

But why do perfectly healthy folks want to sleep in street cars? Is it a protest against the wistful-eyed straphanger who gazes at their large and apathetic laps? Is it mere whim, desiring to shut out the events of the day and snatch a quiet moment of dreaming as a respite?

It is often mere pique, just a rampant indigestion. It is also the bad air due to offices that deplete the worker compelled to breathe it eight hours. It is also due to the terrible habit of shutting all available car windows in dread of that fresh air which is the best friend a workman has.

Going to sleep is a delightful pastime—at night, in bed with the proper accompaniment of pillows and paraphernalia. It is exotic in the daytime, save as a mere relaxation for a few minutes after luncheon, which is a good habit, and seldom, therefore, followed.

Seer's Words Considered Infallible.

No one doubts the fortune teller in China. His word is regarded as infallible. When he becomes rich on the offerings of the credulous, the Chinese reader of the future installs himself in luxurious apartments. There, in a darkened room, the wealthy visit him just as the coolie did on the street.

Even a westerner becomes impressed with the sense of mysticism when he enters one of these chambers. About the wall hang red and black curtains, embroidered with Chinese characters. Strange, hideous faces of bronze idols peer from dim recesses; wavering lights flicker and cast portentous shadows. Spiral rings of incense ascend and evolve into mysterious shapes. In the center of the room sits the spectacled oracle. Before he talks some one in the distance begins beating tom-toms; there are ghostly cries as he consults the spirits, but as he begins to speak in a monotone other sounds discontinue and one can almost hear the knees of the superstitious patrons knocking together in the semidarkness.

Find Relics of Saxon Kings.

Capt. Vaughan Williams of Old Windsor has discovered what he believes to be the site of the palace of the Saxon kings and the pre-conquest town of Windsor. It is believed that there once stood at Old Windsor the palace of Edward the Confessor, but although several Saxon urns have been excavated here from time to time the actual position of the palace has never been decided.

Tighe and Davis, in their "Annals of Windsor," say that Old Windsor was probably selected by the Saxon kings as a residence for the same reason as it was subsequently repurchased by William the Conqueror, on account of its convenience for hunting in the forest. The lands of Windsor, granted by Edward the Confessor and exchanged by the abbot of Westminster with William, appear to have had reference to Old Windsor, and did not include the site of the present town or castle. King William held Old Windsor as his own demesne.

Troops Defy Tropical Heat.

Recent experiments by the British government in India with ultra-violet rays, says the Electrical Experimenter, are interesting, not only to army men but to scientists. In the experiments an under officer of the English army was completely clothed in garments which had been previously treated to withstand the ultra-violet rays. It was found that he was able to stay in the sun of midsummer for hours without feeling disturbance or inconvenience in any way. Upon this and other experiments the English government has adopted this method for the protection of its Indian troops against the ravages of tropical sunlight.

HUNTED BY WILD ELEPHANT.

Carl E. Akeley, Naturalist, Relates Experience of Being Attacked by Man-eating South African Beast.

The hunter and taxidermist, Carl E. Akeley, who has spent a great deal of painstaking effort in preparing the wonderful animal groups at the American Museum of Natural History, is known throughout South Africa as an elephant hunter. He has had many thrilling experiences, one of which he describes in the New York Sun as follows:

Elephants are no more conspicuous in their own country than jack rabbits are in theirs. They are the color of the shadows in the forest and almost as indistinguishable. Intelligence and vindictiveness are two of their most prominent characteristics. When one knows he is being hunted he will lie in wait, still as a rock, and looking much like one, and will hunt his hunter as a dog hunts a rat.

I had cut a big bull out from a herd and was following his spoor, knowing well enough that he was lying in wait for me somewhere. The big beast, as it turned out afterwards, got my wind as I was stalking him, and was searching for me.

I must have got within ten or twenty feet of him, because I remembered afterward that I heard a swift rush but did not catch sight of him coming. The first I knew of his presence was a quick vision of his trunk as he knocked me down. Then I caught one glimpse of his little eyes as he curled in his trunk out of the way and tried to impale me with his tusks.

I had just time to grasp a tusk with my left hand and twist myself so that my body was between the two shafts of ivory. I felt the impact of his tusks as they dug into the ground on either side of me, and his heavy nose crushed against my chest. That is all I remember.

My hunter fortunately shot him dead as he was preparing for another thrust. I was unconscious as they carried me to the camp, where I lay for three months, with my chest so crushed that it was doubtful whether or not I should live.

CLOUDS ENVELOP AN ISLAND.

Mass of Rock Near New Zealand Is Nearly Three Miles in Circumference and Always Shrouded.

White Island, 30 miles distant from New Zealand, is probably the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising 900 feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds, which are visible for nearly a hundred miles, says a writer.

The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality; but, strange to say, sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small.

In the interior is a large fully fifty acres in extent, the vapor of which has a temperature of 110 degrees F., and is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark cloud which envelops the island.

Sour Milk by Violet Rays.

It has always been commonly believed that milk curdles owing to the change of temperature and that by using ice this difficulty would be overcome, according to Dr. Humbert Buzzoni in the Electrical Experimenter, but this precaution does not take away the primal cause. While germs in milk remain latent under the unfavorable environment of perhaps zero degree, they develop immediately upon being brought in contact with light and a more productive environment.

The moment ultra violet rays come in contact with the infinitesimal life development begins, and while it is true that some microbes are destroyed by the ultra violet rays, it has been found that the inferior organisms generally develop more rapidly under the influence of these rays.

Sea Fish Oppose Gelter.

Sea fish of all kinds has been found to oppose gelter in communities where gelter prevails extensively. Authorities have attributed the remarkable prevalence of gelter and cretinism or myxoedema (physical defect due to failure of normal thyroid gland function) in Switzerland to the scarcity of sea food in that inland country. And there is some ground for the idea that a more frequent use of sea fish in the diet tends to prevent or cure simple gelter, which is rather excessively prevalent in the great lakes basin. Sea fish contains iodine in assimilable form, and it is to this element that the food's value in cases of gelter is ascribed.

Royal Priestess.

The most aristocratic religious institution in the world is that located at Prague, Austria. Only a princess of the imperial family can be appointed as its abbess. In a few cases, when ladies of less aristocratic birth have been chosen for the position, they have always been of noble birth and have enjoyed the right to the title of royal highness. The abbess is installed in office by a solemn ceremony, which is attended by all the high dignitaries of the church and state and an archduke to represent the emperor at the service.

BIG SALARIES

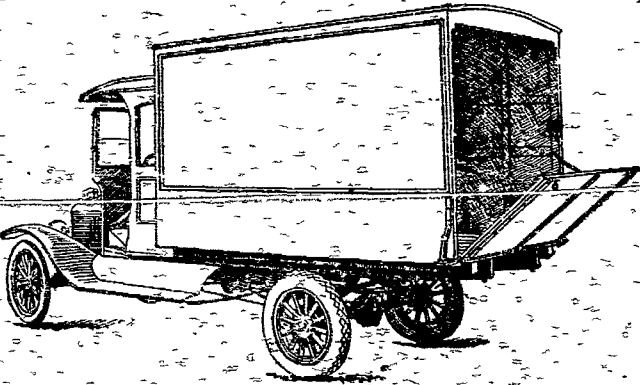
are being paid in Detroit, for competent once help. we will qualify you in a few months for a good position either in business or with our government. Modern courses, extensive curriculum, expert instructors, a record of 66 years preparing men and women for business, and an Accredited School. Send for free bulletin.

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
61-69 W. Grand River Ave.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

KEEP IT COMING
We must not only feed our Soldiers at the front but the millions of women & children behind our lines.
Gen. John J. Pershing
WASTE NOTHING

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.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR DETROIT SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 8 1918

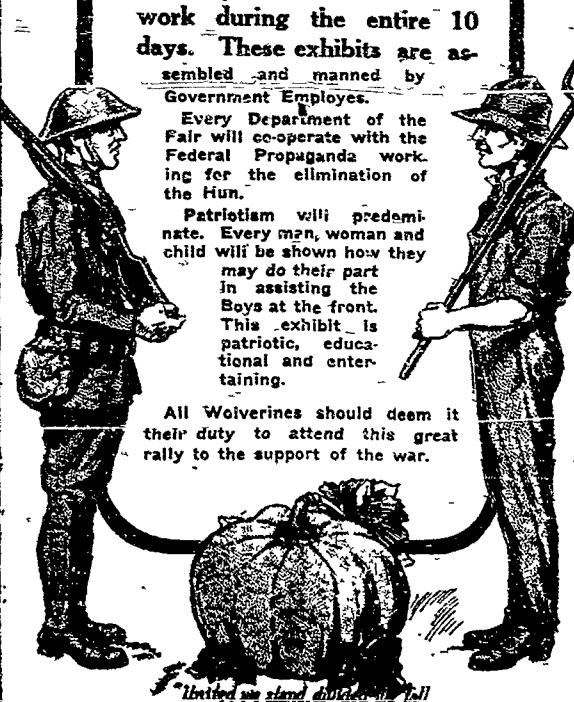
Huge War Exhibit BY U. S. GOVERNMENT

The Michigan State Fair has been selected by the Federal authorities as a gigantic war agency. Colossal displays will be made by the departments of War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture and Commerce and the Food Administration, covering 15,000 square feet of space. A special car of mine rescue machinery will give demonstrations of mine rescue work during the entire 10 days. These exhibits are assembled and manned by Government Employees.

Every Department of the Fair will co-operate with the Federal Propaganda work for the elimination of the Hun.

Patriotism will predominate. Every man, woman and child will be shown how they may do their part in assisting the Boys at the front. This exhibit is patriotic, educational and entertaining.

All Wolverines should deem it their duty to attend this great rally to the support of the war.



KIMBERLY LITTLER MEETING NIGHTS FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT EACH MONTH

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Special August 2nd
Dedication of Hall.
L. D. STATE, H. ARMSTRONG,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 184, F. & A. M.
Regular August 12.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, E. A. M.
Regular August 14.

**NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 33 K. T.**

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.
Regular Meeting Aug. 16.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours: 1:00 to 3:00 and 5:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

D. N. J. MALLOY, PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office on Main St.
Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m. and 2 to
4 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays by
appointment. Phone: Office, 252-J.
Residence, 252-M. 1tfc.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C.
CHIROPRACTOR.
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Ford Touring Cars \$450
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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.

T. E. Murdock
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 3:30 p. m. 9:25 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 11:45 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.

The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

Northville Newsless

Yes, its hot 'nuf.

Northville Fair Sept. 24-27.

When do you want water?

Hundred and eight or ten hot Wednesday.

Bottle up some of that heat for next winter.

Mrs. A. C. Harmon has been on the sick list this week.

Shortage of coal, shortage of sugar and a shortage of water.

Don't forget the regular O. E. S. meeting Friday, August 16th.

The Methodist Sunday school had an enjoyable time at Belle Isle Tuesday.

The Germans seem bent on whipping our boys by firing them out in their rain towards Herlin.

Thousands of people have taken advantage of the big swimming hole at Walled Lake this week.

Street Commissioner Austin has commenced the fill in along Griswold street just east of the P. M. bridge.

The Methodist Ladies Aid Society will meet next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. F. S. Neal.

Monday and Tuesday were said to have been just about the hottest days of the year. Up-to-date nobody has disputed it.

Miss Irene Dixon, who has spent 7 years in the florist business in Detroit, has resigned her position and will remain home during the winter.

Dr. Paul Alexander is so averse to labor that he isn't going to work next Wednesday afternoon. Therefore arrange for your Wednesday's toothache to come on Thursday.

Several heat prostrations occurred here Monday. Len Kimmel and Bert Clark were reported among the victims. The thermometer registered the highest in the mercury, 110.

Mrs. Geo. Hueston of Detroit has recovered her automobile which was stolen from in front of one of the theatres over six months ago. Although the car was camouflaged, it was recognized by Mrs. Hueston.

N. C. Schrader and wife returned from a northern auto trip Saturday. Schrader says that of all the bad roads he struck through the jack pines and by ways of Michigan's forest included, none were in worse condition than the Novi-Northville road, except a 30 mile stretch from Rose City to Standish.

According to official figures, the soldiers in the American Expeditionary Forces in France are consuming close to 1,000,000 pounds of chocolate every month. This does not include several hundred thousand pounds of other kinds of candy on sale in the canteens in France—Trench and Camp.

When the soldier boys were here Saturday night it was very noticeable that every one of them stood at attention at salute when the band played the Star Spangled Banner. A number of Northville men failed to remove their hats or wandered carelessly about the streets, thus thoughtlessly failing to show proper respect for the flag.

A letter rec'd from one of the soldier boys that had been entertained here Saturday night, states that the boys were so pleased with their reception that they are going to ask the government to send them back for more trucks to drive to the coast so they can have a chance to come to Northville again before leaving for France.

An airplane flying in a southwesterly direction passed over Holly Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock. A party of auto riders were so engrossed in watching it that they did not observe when a rear wheel of their machine came off on Maple street until they ran into the gutter.—Holly Advertiser. Which goes to show that you can't whistle and eat meal.

The Northville Record has commenced the forty-ninth year of publication under the ownership of Frank S. Neal, who has guided its destinies for over 30 years. The Record was started by the late Samuel A. Little, an eccentric character, who built the opera house in that village piecemeal. It took several years to get the building enclosed, and if we remember right, it was not until some years later the building was completed.—Rochester Era.

Artificial Wood From Leaves

Artificial wood from dried leaves—especially those of oak, beech or birch—is a new product, reported from Austria, using even cheaper waste material than the sawdust already similarly utilized. The leaves are finely ground, mixed with a suitable binder, shaped in molds under a pressure of 250 atmospheres, and dried by heat while still under pressure. The best binder is stated to be viscose, though this may be strengthened by the addition of a little glue, water-glass, casein, rosin, or other substance. The ground leaves are boiled with soda lye before mixing with the solution of viscose, and the viscose may be prepared from a portion of the leaf powder by treating with soda lye and then with carbon disulphide. Coloring matter may be added to the leaf powder or to the paste mixture. Some filler may be desirable for special purposes, and the materials suitable include asbestos, infusorial earth, wood flour and peat flour.

Rabbits of the World.

All of the domestic varieties of rabbits, except the Belgian hare, are descendants of the burrowing rabbits of the Old World, and the big European hare, almost as large as our western jackrabbit, is the ancestor of the so-called Belgian form, which is now quite popular as a domestic animal of profit and is becoming more so, observes an exchange.

In the Northern hemisphere of the New World we have many more species of hares than the Old World can boast of as the cottontail, the southern swamp hare, the Arctic hare or snowshoe rabbit and two species of Western jackrabbits or giant hares. Yet we have not successfully domesticated one of these forms, though this might be done as a matter of profit in the production of meat.

RECORD LINERS PAY TRY ONE.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

This coming Saturday night, the Lesky-Paramount production, "Her Strange Wedding," featuring the popular Fannie Ward, who is supported by an excellent cast. Miss Ward is given an opportunity in this picture to display many of her wonderful gowns.

Coming, Thursday, August 15, Madame Petrova, the celebrated Russian actress, in "The Nudying Flair." This is a picture of mystic Egypt and the costumes and settings are very elaborate. The jewels worn by Madame Petrova include some of the rarest in the world.

Drink Through Macaroni.

A stick of macaroni will serve in place of a glass tube for a patient who cannot sit up to drink or will sometimes induce a child to drink its milk when otherwise it would not.

Dyspepsia.

Eating when in the state of nervous exhaustion or great physical fatigue, prolonged mental strain or excessive grief may be sufficient to cause severe dyspepsia.

Acme of High Art.

"What were those rare plaques I noticed on your dining-room plate last night?" "My wife's first pies, sir."—American Cookery.

Woman's Worries.

A man worries for himself. A woman worries for her husband, for her children, for her relatives and the people of her neighborhood.

"WILD LIFE OF MICHIGAN" AT STATE FAIR

State Preparing Exhibit Which Will Include Every Animal, Bird and Fish Which Ever Roamed The Forests, Flew In The Air or Swam In The Streams of Michigan.



No. 1—Elk grazing on the Hanson game refuge. No. 2—"Wahhalla" the first perfect American bison bull born in Michigan in over 1,000 years. No.

Wild Life of Michigan, including all the indigenous birds, fish, and mammals, supplemented by a complete presentation of the migratory waterfowl which traverses the Great Lakes area in the spring and fall flights, will be shown at the Michigan State Fair in Detroit, August 30—September 8. The exhibit, which becomes this year for the first time an adjunct of the Fair through the courtesy of the Public Domain and Michigan Fish commissions, will be under the direction of John Baird, State Game Commissioner, Marcus Schaaf, State Forester and Seymour Bower, Sup't. of Fish Culture and Hatcheries.

In mammals, the mastodon, prehistoric monster which roamed the wilds of Michigan during centuries antedating the Indians, has been restored from well preserved remains found in Wayne and Oakland counties and will head the list for size. Following the bison or American buffalo, formerly a resident and again being bred in Michigan wilds, the moose, elk, caribou, white-tailed deer, black bear, wolverine, otter, fisher, marten, mink, muskrat, coon, badger, panther, wolf, coyote, fox, etc., down to the tiniest useful furbearer, the mole, will be shown.

Game and Food Fish.

Native and introduced species of game and food fish, resident in state waters, will be presented in the Michigan Fish commission's aquarium of twenty-nine tanks showing, in natural activities, New England, rainbow, chinook, land-locked, "Liberty" brown,

grayling and other trout. Propagation apparatus, working before the visitors eyes, will demonstrate the process of hatching and development from spawn to adult fish.

Mounted specimens of the passenger pigeon (now extinct), "Nashem," the terror of the north woods, a giant wolf credited with the killing of more than 300 tailed deer, captured by Slowfoot, Chippewa Indian after months of arduous and daily trailing, albino and black-freaks of mammals will be diverting features of the normal life.

Entertaining and Educational.

Elk and deer will roam at will in forest enclosures with ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, spruce hens and the new game acquisition, ringnecked pheasant. The pheasant exhibit from the State game farm, under immediate direction of A. Roess, gamekeeper, will display ringnecked, golden, Amer. crest, Reeves, Prince of Wales and many other diversions of the Mongolian parent of Michigan's sportsmen's hope. Wild turkeys, again being bred on Michigan game refuges, will companion the pheasants.

G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager of the fair association, asserts the wild life display will be one of the greatest educational exhibits ever present to the public. It will have all of the attractions of a circus menagerie for both children and adults and at the same time will reveal unlimited history and information of Michigan. The automobile building and adjacent parks will give cover to the display.

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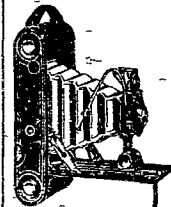
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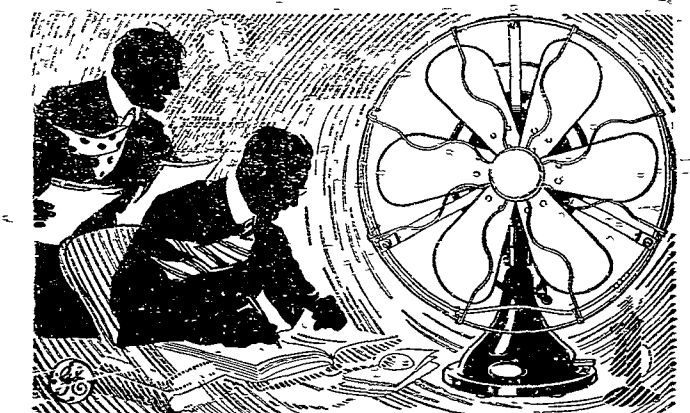


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**RAISE A PIG!
THIS MOTHER
IS RAISING
FOUR.**

"Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT, O'BRIEN

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat A. O'Brien)

AFTER WEEKS OF HARDSHIP O'BRIEN MEETS A FRIEND WHO OFFERS TO HELP HIM ON HIS WAY.

Synopsis.—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Momece, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying Corps on the Mexican border in 1915, 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. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawls through Germany and Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens. He is driven almost to desperation by hunger and, reaching Belgium, he risks defection by going in the middle of the night to the home of a Belgian family, where he obtains the first cooked food he had tasted in 18 days.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The knack of making fire with two pieces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it to a test and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to build a fire even if I had matches. In the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was usually out.

To have borrowed matches from a Belgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching anyone, it was just as easy to ask for food as matches.

It the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without everyone knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertising my whereabouts.

The villages in that part of Belgium through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about: keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry to-day before I could ever eat cabbage again and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets—especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that today even a small of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in bones that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery—vegetables which I really liked, but with the exception of once, when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as I walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently it was too late in the year for fruit, as all that I ever was able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I passed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as in the daytime. It occurred to me that it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some fish, but I had no means of cooking them and it was useless to fish for the sake of it.

One night in Belgium my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered twelve miles during the night, without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had picked the night before was gone and I planned, of course, to get enough to carry me through the following day.

The North Star was shining brightly that night and there was absolutely nothing to prevent my steering an absolutely direct course for Holland and liberty, but my path seemed to lie through arid pastures. Far to the

east or to the west I could hear faintly the striking of village bells and I knew that if I changed my course I would undoubtedly strike farms and vegetables, but the North Star seemed to plead with me to follow it and I would not turn aside.

When daylight came, the consequence was I was empty-handed and I had to find a hiding place for the day. I thought I would approach the first peasant I came to and ask for food, but that day I had misgivings—a hunch—that I would get into trouble if I did, and I decided to go without food altogether for that day.

It was a foolish thing to do, I found, because I not only suffered greatly from hunger all that day, but it interfered with my sleep. I would drop off to sleep for half an hour, perhaps, and during that time I would dream that I was free, back home, living a life of comparative ease, and then I would wake up with a start and catch a glimpse of the bushes surrounding me, feel the hard ground beneath me and the hunger pangs gnawing at my sides, and then I would realize how far from home I really was, and I would lie there and wonder whether I would ever really see my home again. Then I would fall asleep again and dream this time, perhaps of the days I spent in Courtrai, or my leap from the train window, or the Bavarian pilot whom I sent to eternity in my last air fight, or my tracer bullets getting closer and closer to his head, and then I would wake up again with a start and thank the Lord that I was only dreaming it all again instead of living through it!

That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that rather than look for vegetables I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant whom I came to.

It was about 8 o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a heavy stone and had bound it in my handkerchief and I was resolved to use it as a weapon if it became necessary. After all I had gone through, I was resolved to win my liberty eventually at whatever cost.

As it happened, I found that night the first real friend I had encountered in all my traveling. When I knocked timidly on the door, it was opened by



"You Can Hear and Talk If You Wish—Am I Not Right?"

a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head and pointed to my ears and mouth intimated that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my mouth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold

potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed me some milk on a small oil stove.

I ate ravenously and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half through he came over to me, touching me on the shoulder, and stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, he said in broken English: "You are an Englishman—I know it—and you can hear and talk if you wish—am I not right?"

There was a smile on his face and a friendly attitude about him that told me instinctively that he could be trusted, and I replied: "You have guessed right—only I am an American, not an Englishman."

He looked at me pityingly and filled my cup again with warm milk.

His kindness and apparent willingness to help me almost overcame me, and I felt like warning him of the consequences he would suffer if the Huns discovered he had befriended me. I had heard that twenty Belgians had been shot for helping Belgians to escape into Holland, and I hated to think what might happen to this good old Samaritan if the Huns ever knew that he had helped an escaped American prisoner.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could command of some of the experiences I had gone through and I outlined my future plans.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome the difficulty. He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the time—perhaps endeavoring to make absolutely sure that I was not a German spy, and then apparently deciding in my favor, told me what he thought it was best for me to do.

"If you will call on this man" (mentioning the name of a Belgian in a city through which I had to pass), he advised, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything he can to get you out of Belgium."

He told me where the man in question could be found and gave me some useful directions to continue my journey, and then he led me to the door. I thanked him a thousand times and wanted to pay him for his kindness and help, but he would accept nothing. He did give me his name and you may be sure I shall never forget it, but to mention it here might, of course, result in serious consequences for him. When the war is over, however, or the Germans are thrown out of Belgium, I shall make it my duty to find that kind Belgian if I have to go through again all that I have suffered already to do it.

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldiers.

What the Belgian told me about the need of a passport gave me fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before I succeeded in getting one?

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there who befriended me—I would proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I had not been quite as careful as I was at first. While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so early in the morning as before and I had sometimes started again before it was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, as the case might be. From now on, I resolved, however, I would take no more chances.

That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide and I was getting ready to swim it when I thought I would walk a little way to find, if possible, a better place to get to the river from the bank. I had not walked more than a few hundred yards when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drank to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground and moored the boat. It would have been a simple matter to have drifted down the river, but the river was not shown on the map and I had no idea where it might lead me. Very reluctantly, therefore, I had to abandon the boat and proceed on foot.

I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that

way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time. Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was a railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that that would make it any the less safe.

About three o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I emerged from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and seeing no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be no match for me even if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I wanted something to eat. She came out of the door and held for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a girl of eighteen. The old man came in from the garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me a piece of bread—a very small piece—which was quite a treat.

The house they lived in consisted of just two rooms—the kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was perhaps fourteen feet square, eight feet of one side being taken up by an enormous fireplace. What was in the bedroom I had no way of telling, as I did not dare to be too inquisitive.

I made the old couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-by and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the great density of the population in this section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned and where I was to procure a passport.

Village after village intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them wherever possible I realized that I would never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a detour of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

As I approached it, I passed numbers of peasants who were ambling along the road. I was afraid to mingle with them because it was impossible for one to talk to them and it was dangerous to arouse suspicion even among the Belgians. For all I knew, one of them might be treacherous enough to deliver me to the Germans in return for the reward he might be sure of receiving.

About 9 o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police station—I knew it from its red lights—and on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision: if I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached these soldiers, he must think I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal.

I was now within a few feet of them. Another step and—They didn't turn a hair! I passed right by them—heard what they were saying, although, of course, I didn't understand it, and went right on. I can't say I didn't walk a little faster as I left them behind, but I tried to maintain an even gait so as not to give them any idea of the inward exultation I was experiencing. No words can explain, however, how relieved I really felt to know that I had successfully passed through the first of a series of similar tests which I realized were in store for me—although I did not know then how soon I was to be confronted with the second.

As it was, however, the incident gave me a world of confidence. It demonstrated to me that there was nothing in my appearance at any rate to attract the attention of the German soldiers. Apparently I looked like a Belgian peasant, and if I could only work things so that I would never have to answer questions and thus

give away my nationality, I figured I would be tolerably safe.

As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the airdrome back in Ypres.

In this happy frame of mind I covered the next three miles in about an hour and then came to another little village. My usual course would have been to go around it—through fields, back yards, woods or whatever else lay in my way—but I had gained so much time by going through the last village instead of detouring around it and my appearance seemed to be so suspicious that I decided to try the same stunt again.

I stopped humming and kept very much on the alert, but apart from that I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of alarm.

I had proceeded perhaps a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the curb.

Again my heart started to beat fast. I must confess, but I was not nearly so scared as I had been an hour or so before.

I walked ahead, determined to follow my previous procedure in every particular.

I had got to about fifteen feet away from the soldiers when one of them stepped onto the sidewalk and shouted: "Halt!"

My heart stopped beating fast—for a moment, I believe, it stopped beating altogether! I can't attempt to de-



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant O'Brien Before His Capture. With Him Is His Chum, Lieutenant Rancy.

scribe my feelings. I thought that the jig was up—that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with the feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself willing as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me—that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons, then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a few feet of us.

Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this soldier could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in searching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime" of smuggling potatoes.

The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except under the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, it was one of the principal vocations of the average poor Belgian to buy potatoes out in the country from peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clandestinely at a high price.

To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. Had he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand, it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

He said something in German, which, of course, I did not understand, and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all

right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment, I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

After I walked a few steps, I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me re-join his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The fuse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would have at least aroused his suspicion and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity and all my shaming of fearfulness would have availed me nothing.

As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized how essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that night, I saw in the distance what appeared to be an arc light, and as I neared it that was what it turned out to be. Beneath the light I could make out the forms of three guards, and the thought of having to go through the same kind of ordeal that I had just experienced filled me with misgivings. Was it possible that I could be fortunate enough to get by again?

As I slowed up a little, trying to make up my mind what was best to do, I was overtaken by a group of Belgian women who were shuffling along the road, and I decided to mingle with them and see if I couldn't convey the impression that I was one of their party.

As we approached the arc light, the figures of those three soldiers with their spiked helmets loomed before like a regiment. I felt as if I were walking right into the jaws of death. Rather than go through what was in store for me, I felt that I would infinitely prefer to be fighting again in the suit with those four desperate Huns who had been the cause of my present plight—then, at least, I would have a chance to fight back, but now I had to risk my life and take what was coming to me without a chance to strike a blow in my own defense.

I shall never forget my feelings as we came within the shaft of light projected by that great arc light nor the faces of those three guards as we passed by them. I didn't look directly at them, but out of the corner of my eye I never missed a detail. I held a handkerchief up to my face as we passed them and endeavored to imitate the slouching gait of the Belgians as well as I could, and apparently it worked. We walked right by those guards and they paid absolutely no attention to us.

If ever a fellow felt like going down on his knees and praying, I did at that moment, but it wouldn't have done to show my elation or gratitude in that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely.

After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty! At least, that was what I hoped.

O'Brien is promised help in getting across the frontier to Holland, but just as he is rejoicing over the prospect of early freedom, he is rudely awakened from his dream. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wood Grapple Saves Work.

The handling of logs by means of a crane equipped with a good grapple is not only more spectacular than the old method, but it effects an immense saving in labor and has made it possible to pile logs to a great height. Similar outfits are used in handling ties, posts, pulp wood, etc. The grapple is made like a clamshell bucket except that the scoops are replaced by curved steel tines, in the grasp of which a large number of logs can be held at once.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Roman catacombs are 536 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

Rainbow's End *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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O'REILLY, BACK IN CUBA AT LAST, HEARS BAD NEWS ABOUT ROSA AND ESTEBAN

Synopsis: Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, step-mother of the Varona twins, Esteban and Rosa, searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurrection is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa, telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithful manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cueto. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but, badly wounded and half-conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp. Rosa, with the faithful servants who had remained with her, is forced to obey the concentration order of General Weyler, the Spanish commander, and seek refuge in Matanzas. O'Reilly returns to Cuba with a band of filibusters, which includes Norine Evans, an American girl who has dedicated her fortune and services as nurse to the Cuban cause.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Evening came, then night, and still the party was jerked along at the tail of the train without a hint as to its destination. About midnight those who were not dozing noted that they had stopped at an obscure pine-woods junction, and that when the train got under way once more their own car did not move. The ruse was now apparent; owing to the lateness of the hour, it was doubtful if anyone in the forward coaches was aware that the train was lighter by one car.

There was a brief delay; then a locomotive crept out from a siding, coupled up to the standing car, and drew it off upon another track. Soon the "excursion party" was being rushed swiftly toward the coast, some twenty miles away.

Major Ramos came down the aisle, laughing, and spoke to his American proteges.

"Well, what do you think of that, eh? Imagine the feelings of those good deputy marshals when they wake up. I bet they'll rub their eyes."

Miss Evans bounced excitedly in her seat; she clapped her hands.

"You must have friends in high places," O'Reilly grinned, and the Cuban agreed.

"Yes, I purposely drew attention to us in Charleston, while our ship was loading. She's ready and waiting for us now; and by daylight we ought to be safely out to sea. Meanwhile the Dauntless has weighed anchor and is steaming north, followed, I hope, by all the revenue cutters hereabouts."

It was the darkest time of the night when the special train came to a stop at a bridge spanning one of the deep Southern rivers. In the stream below,



Ten Minutes Later He Found Himself at the Steering Oar.

dimly outlined in the gloom, lay the Fair Play, a small tramp steamer; her crew were up and awake. The new arrivals were hurried aboard, and within a half-hour she was feeling her way seaward.

With daylight, caution gave way to haste, and the rusty little tramp began to drive forward for all she was worth. She cleared the three-mile limit safely and then turned south. Not a craft was in sight; not a smudge of smoke discolored the skyline.

It had been a trying night for the filibusters, and when the low coastline was dropped astern they began to think of sleep. Breakfast of a sort was served on deck, after which those

who had berths sought them, while the less fortunate companions stretched out wherever they could find a place.

Johnny O'Reilly was elated. Already he could see the hills of Cuba dozing behind their purple veils; in fancy he felt the fierce white heat from close-walled streets, and scented the odors of "manly" swamps. He heard the ceaseless sighing of the royal palms. How he had hungered for it all; how he had raged at his delays! It had seemed so small a matter to return; it had seemed so easy to seek out Rosa and to save her! Yet the days had grown into weeks; the weeks had aged into months. Well, he had done his best; he had never rested from the moment of Rosa's first appeal. Her enemies had felled him once, but there would be no turning back this time—rather a firing squad or a dungeon in Cabanas than that.

CHAPTER XIII.

The City Among the Leaves and the City of Beggars.

The night was moonless and warm. An impalpable haze dimmed the starlight, only the diffused illumination of the open sea enabled the passengers of the Fair Play to identify that blacker darkness on the horizon ahead of them as land. Major Ramos was on the bridge with the captain. Two men were taking soundings in a "blind" search for that steep wall which forms the side of the old Bahama channel. When the lead finally gave them warning, the Fair Play lost her headway and came to a stop, rolling lazily.

Major Ramos spoke in a low tone from the darkness above, calling for a volunteer boat's crew to reconnoiter and to look for an opening through the reef. Before the words were out of his mouth O'Reilly had offered himself.

Ten minutes later he found himself at the steering oar of one of the ship's launches, heading shoreward. There was a long night's work ahead; time passed, and so O'Reilly altered his course and cruised along outside the white water, urging his crew to lustier strokes.

A mile—two miles—it seemed like ten to the taut oarsmen, and then, a black hiatus of still water showed in phosphorescent foam. O'Reilly explored it briefly; then he turned back toward the ship. Soon he and his crew were aboard and the ship was groping her way toward the break in the reef. Meanwhile, her deck became a scene of feverish activity; out from her hold came cases of ammunition and medical supplies; the fieldpiece on the bow was hurriedly dismounted; the small boats, of which there was an extra number, were swung out, with the result that when the Fair Play had maneuvered as close as she dared everything was in readiness.

O'Reilly took the first load through, and discharged it upon a sandy beach. Every man tumbled overboard and waded ashore with a packing case; he dropped this in the sand above high-tide mark, and then ran back for another. It was swift, hot work. From the darkness on each side came the sounds of other boat crews similarly engaged.

Daylight was coming when the last boat cast off, and the Fair Play, with a hoarse, triumphant blast of her whistle, faded into the north, her part in the expedition at an end.

Dawn showed the voyagers that they were indeed fortunate, for they were upon the mainland of Cuba, and as far as they could see, both east and west, the reef was unbroken. Men were looting about, exhausted, but Major Ramos allowed them no time for rest; he roused them, and kept them on the go until the priceless supplies had been collected within the shelter of the brush. Then he broke open certain packages and distributed arms among his followers.

The three Americans, who were munching a tasteless breakfast of pilot bread, were joined by Major Ra-

mos. "I am dispatching a message to General Gomez headquarters, asking him to send a pack train and an escort for these supplies. There is danger here; perhaps you would like to go on with the couriers."

O'Reilly accepted eagerly; then, thinking of the girl, he said doubtfully, "I'm afraid Miss Evans isn't equal to the trip."

"Nonsense! I'm equal to anything. Norine declared. And indeed she looked capable enough as she stood there in her short walking suit and stout boots."

Branch alone declined the invitation, vowing that he was too weak to budge. It was the faintest prospect of riding to the interior he infinitely preferred to await the opportunity, he said, even at the risk of an attack by Spanish soldiers in the meantime.

It took O'Reilly but a short time to collect the few articles necessary for the trip. Indeed, his bundle was so small that Norine was dismayed.

"Can't I take any clothes?" she inquired in a panic. "I can't live without a change."

"It is something you'll have to learn," he told her. "An insurrection with two shirts is wealthy. Some of them haven't any."

"Isn't it likely to rain on us?"

"It's almost sure to."

Miss Evans pondered this prospect; then she laughed. "It must feel funny," she said.

There were three other members of the traveling party, men who knew something of the country round about; they were good fighters, doubtless, but in spite of their shiny new weapons they resembled soldiers even less than did their major. All were dressed as they had been when they left New York; one even wore a derby hat and pointed patent-leather shoes. Nevertheless Norine Evans thought the little cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as it filed away into the jungle.

The first few miles were trying, for the coast was swampy and thickly grown up to underbrush; but in time the jungle gave place to higher timber and to open savannas deep in guinea grass. Soon after noon the travelers came to a farm, the owner of which was known to one of the guides, and here a stop was made in order to secure horses and food.

Johnny, who was badly fagged from the previous night's work, found a shady spot and stretched himself out for a nap.

The shade was grateful. O'Reilly enjoyed his sleep.

The party had penetrated to the foothills of the Sierra de Cubitas, and as they ascended, the scenery changed. Rarely is the Cuban landscape anything but pleasing. It is a smiling island. It has been said, too, that everything in it is friendly to man: the people are amiable, warm-hearted; the very animals and insects are harmless. But here in the Cubitas range all was different. The land was stern and forbidding; canyons deep and damp raised dripping walls to the sky; bridge paths skirted ledges that were bold and fearsome, or lost themselves in gloomy jungles as noisome as Spanish dungeons. Hidden away in these fastnesses, the rebel government had established its capital. Here, safe from surprise, the soldiers of Gomez and Maceo, and Garcia rested between attacks, nursing their wounded and recruiting their strength for further sallies.

It was a strange seat of government—no nation ever had a stranger—for the state buildings were huts of bark and leaves, the army was uniformed in rags. Cook fires smoldered in the open glades; cavalry horses grazed in the grassy streets, and wood smoke drifted over them.

The second evening brought O'Reilly and Miss Evans safely through and at news of the expedition's success a pack train was made ready to go to its assistance. Norine's letter from the New York Junta was read, and the young woman was warmly welcomed. One of the better huts was vacated for her use, and the officers of the provisional government called to pay their respects.

There were other Americans in Cubitas, as O'Reilly soon discovered. During his first inspection of the village he heard himself hailed in his own language, and a young man in dirty white trousers and jacket strode toward him.

"Welcome to our city!" the stranger cried. "I'm Judson, captain of artillery, departamento del Oriente; and you're the fellow who came with the quinine lady, aren't you?"

O'Reilly acknowledged his identity, and Judson grinned. "Have you met the old man," he inquired—"General Gomez?"

"No; I'd like to meet him."

"Come along, then; I'll introduce you."

Gen. Maximo Gomez, father of patriots, bulwark of the Cuban cause, was seated in a hammock, reading some letters; O'Reilly recognized him instantly from the many pictures he had seen. He looked up at Judson's salute and then turned a pair of brilliant eyes, as hard as glass, upon O'Reilly. His was an irascible, brood-

ing face; it had in it something of the sternness, the exalted detachment, of the eagle; and O'Reilly gained a hint of the personality behind it. Maximo Gomez was counted one of the world's ablest guerrilla leaders; and indeed it had required the quenchless enthusiasm of a real military genius to fuse into a homogeneous fighting force the ill-assorted rabble of non-descripts whom Gomez led, to school them to privation and to render them sufficiently mobile to defy successfully ten times their number of trained troops. This, however, was precisely what the old Porto Rican had done, and in doing it he had won the admiration of military students.

With a bluntness not unkind he asked O'Reilly what had brought him to Cuba.

When O'Reilly explained the reason for his presence the old fighter nodded.

"So? You wish to go west, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I want to find Colonel Lopez."

"Lopez? Miguel Lopez?" the general inquired quickly. "Well, you won't have to look far for him." General Gomez leathery countenance lightened into a smile. "He happens to be right here in Cubitas." Calling Judson to him, he said, "Amigo, take Mr. O'Reilly to Colonel Lopez; you will find him somewhere about. I am sorry we are not to have this young fellow for a soldier; he looks like a real man and quite equal to five quintos, eh?"

It was the habit of the Cubans to refer to their enemies as quintos—the fifth part of a mail. With a wave of his hand Gomez returned to his reading.

Col. Miguel Lopez, a handsome, animated fellow, took O'Reilly's hand in a hearty clasp when they were introduced; but a moment later his smile gave way to a frown and his brow darkened.

"So! You are, that O'Reilly from Matanzas," said he. "I know you now, but—never expected we would meet."

"Esteban Varona told you about me, did he not?"

The colonel inclined his head.

"I'm here at last, after the devil's own time. I've been trying every way to get through. The Spaniards stopped me at Puerto Principe—they sent me back home, you know. I've been perfectly crazy. I—You—" O'Reilly swallowed hard. "You know where Esteban is? Tell me."

"Have you heard nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. That is, nothing since Rosa, his sister. You understand, she and I are engaged."

"Yes, yes; Esteban told me all about you."

Something in the Cuban's gravity of manner gave O'Reilly warning. A sudden fear assailed him. His voice shook as he asked:

"What is it? Not bad news?"

There was no need for the officer to answer. In his averted gaze O'Reilly read confirmation of his sickliest apprehensions.

"Tell me! Which one?" he whispered.

"Both!"

O'Reilly recoiled; a spasm distorted his chalky face. He began to shake weakly, and his fingers plucked aimlessly at each other.

Lopez took him by the arm. "Try to control yourself," said he. "Sit here while I try to tell you what little I know. Or would it not be better to wait awhile, until you are calmer?" As the young man made no answer, except to stare at him in a white agony of suspense, he sighed:

"I will tell you all I know—which isn't much. Esteban Varona came to me soon after he and his sister had fled from their home; he wanted to join my forces, but we were harassed on every side, and I didn't dare take the girl—no woman could have endured the hardships we suffered. So I convinced him that his first duty was to her, rather than to his country, and he agreed. He was a fine boy! He had spirit. He bought some stolen rifles and armed a band of his own—which wasn't a bad idea. I used to hear about him. Nobody cared to molest him. I can tell you, until finally he killed some of the regular troops. Then of course they went after him. Meanwhile he managed to destroy his own plantations, which Cueto had robbed him of. You know Cueto?"

"Yes."

"Well, Esteban put an end to him after a while; rode right up to La Joya one night, broke in the door, and mached the scoundrel in his bed. But there was a mistake of some sort. It seems that a body of Cobo's volunteers were somewhere close by, and the two parties met. I have never learned all the details of the affair, and the stories of that fight which came to me are too preposterous for belief. Still, Esteban and his men must have fought like demons, for they killed some incredible number. But they were human—they could not defeat a regiment. It seems that only one or two of them escaped."

"Esteban? Did he—"

Colonel Lopez nodded; then he said gravely: "Cobo takes no prisoners. I was in the Rubi hills at the time, fighting hard, and it was six weeks before I got back into Matanzas. Naturally,

when I heard what happened, I tried to find the girl, but Weyler was concentrating the pacifies by the time, and there was nobody left in the Yuma; it was a desert."

"Then you don't know positively that she—"

"Wait. There is no doubt that the boy was killed; but of Rosa's fate I can only form my own opinion. However, one of Esteban's men joined my troops later, and I not only learned something about the girl, but also why Esteban had been so relentlessly pursued. It was all Cobo's doings. You have heard of the fellow? No? Well, you will."

The speaker's tone was eloquent of hatred. "He is worse than the worst of them—a monster! He had seen Miss Varona. She was a beautiful girl."

"Go on!" whispered the lover.

"I discovered that she didn't at first obey Weyler's edict. She and the two negroes—they were former slaves of her father, I believe—took refuge in the Pan de Matanzas. Later on, Cobo's men made a raid and killed a great many. Some few escaped into the high ravines, but Miss Varona was not one of them. Out of regard for Esteban I made careful search, but I could find no trace of her."

"And yet you don't know what happened?" O'Reilly ventured. "You're not sure?"

"No, but I tell you again Cobo's men take no prisoners. When I heard about that raid I gave up looking for her."

"This—Cobo," the American's voice shook in spite of his effort to hold it steady.

"Yes, sir. I want to find Colonel Lopez."

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Home Town Helps

WOODEN SHINGLES ALL RIGHT

Leading Cities Throughout the Country Have Refused to Forbid Their Use.

There are only a dozen or so of the larger cities where the use of wooden shingles is specially barred. At least 35 of the largest cities, including New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, San Francisco, Dallas, Tex.; Detroit, Mich., and so on down the list even to the national capital, permit the use of wooden shingles within their corporate limits outside of the congested zones.

"This," an architect says, "is sufficient proof that the advantages of the wood-shingle roof in residential districts are still recognized. It is rather unfortunate for the logic of some of those most strongly opposed to the use of wooden shingles that they house their own families under such a roof."

An investigation revealed further that some cities after enduring the results of an anti-shingle ordinance until their patience became exhausted by the harmful results in the retarding of building operations, either have repealed or are planning to repeal such ordinances. Houston, Tex., for example, after having passed through nine months of building stagnation, repealed its anti-shingle ordinance. In that city it was found that the effect of the ordinance was to retard just 40 per cent of the building of small homes as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year.

In refutation of the claim by the makers of substitutes that wooden shingles frequently cause great conflagrations, investigation shows that of the 47 fires involving losses of more than \$500,000 in 1917 throughout the country, only one occurred in a residence section where wooden shingles predominate. Exchange.

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W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



THE DETROIT Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, August 12th. 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't.

FLOWERS

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

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

Present Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES GIBSON, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of George Gibson, administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of distribution.

It is ordered, that the twentieth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition; and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy)
EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate
FRANCIS MAHON,
1-3. Deputy Probate Register

F. J. Cochran, Attorney, Northville. MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made by Samuel J. Brown and Samuel S. Babcock of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, to Byron S. Stapleton of Cleveland, Ohio, which said mortgage is dated the first day of August, 1891, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 278 of Mortgages, page 246, on August 3rd, 1891, which said mortgage was assigned by the said Byron S. Stapleton on the twelfth day of February, 1896, to Carrie E. Brown; said assignment being recorded the fifteenth day of February, 1896, in Liber 42, assignments of mortgages, page 165; and the said Carrie E. Brown assigned said mortgage to John H. Wilke on the nineteenth day of January, 1917, said assignment having been recorded April 24, 1917, in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 67 of assignments of mortgages on page 168, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of ten thousand five hundred and fifty-three, and 60-100 dollars, and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted to recover said moneys, or any part thereof; now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday, the ninth day of September, 1918, at twelve o'clock, noon, (Eastern Standard time), I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County building in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, the premises described in said mortgage (or so much of them as have not heretofore been released from the terms of the above described mortgage) or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid on said mortgage together with six per cent interest and all legal costs allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, the following described premises situate in the city of Detroit, in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan as follows, to-wit:

Lots numbered one hundred and forty-one (141), one hundred and forty-two (142), one hundred and fifty (150), one hundred and fifty-one (151), one hundred and fifty-two (152), one hundred and eighty-three (183), one hundred and ninety (190), two hundred and four (204), two hundred and five (205), two hundred and twelve (212), of Brown and Babcock's subdivision of the westerly 1/4 2-3 acres of quarter section 29 and westerly 25.06 acres of quarter section 32, ten thousand acre tract according to the plat of said sub-division as recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 16, page 15, of plats.

JOHN H. WILKE,
Attorney for Mortgagee. 47-5.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Capt. E. P. Waid of Salem was a recent visitor in Northville.

Jesse Clark and wife of Detroit were in Northville Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Gillis spent last week at her daughter's home in Detroit.

Miss Jessie Craigan of Detroit spent Sunday with Miss Lucile Lanning.

Mrs. Conelia Blair of Detroit is spending the week with Mrs. Eva Clarkson.

Mrs. George Carson and children, Harriet and Percy, were Sunday visitors at Redford.

Mrs. Eliza Tremper and daughter, Grace, are on a two weeks' camping trip at Walled Lake.

The Misses Elizabeth Ostrander and Rose Blondell are spending a couple of weeks in Tillsonburg, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas of Detroit were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shafer.

Dr. and Mrs. Will Hart and daughter of Highland Park were Sunday guests at the Northville home.

Mrs. Bruno Freydl and daughter, Nellie left Saturday for Mt. Vernon, O. for a two weeks' stay with friends.

R. R. Darwin, superintendent of the H. P. and N. railroad at Parkin, Arkansas, was in town last week.

Mrs. Harry Taft arrived home Saturday, after several weeks' visit at her parental home at Houghton Lake.

Miss Margaret Weiler of Mayville, who is much improved in health, is spending the week here with friends.

Mrs. Mae Lanning and daughter Helen, are enjoying a trip to Caro and other northern points for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. LaRue and son returned last Friday from a month's stay at Lakeview and St. Louis, Mo.

A. M. VanTassell went to Battle Creek Wednesday to join his wife, who was called there several days previously by the illness of her daughter.

Mrs. W. E. Ambler and her sister in law, Mrs. Annie Buck, went to Chatham, Ont., Monday with the latter's sick daughter, Miss Margaret Buck of Brantford, who had been visiting here. Mrs. Ambler returned Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Coella Hamilton of Plymouth and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cranson left Sunday morning on a two weeks' automobile trip to northern Michigan, making Alpena, Petoskey, Charlevoix and Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Green of Toledo and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Green and children of River Rouge, were guests of Northville friends Sunday. Mr. Green, Sr., is proprietor of one of Toledo's big restaurants and his son, Eugene is owner of the River Rouge Auto Service station.

Mrs. R. M. Dixon and brother, Wm. Smith of San Souci, spent Wednesday and Thursday at the J. M. Dixon home. They then left for Chicago accompanied by Miss Irene Dixon, and from there they will take a two weeks' lake trip on the boat "Harvester," of which Mr. Smith is captain.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cogswell and children of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knoop and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Schuchette and children of Saginaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Netting, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stock of Detroit, Mrs. Ed Frank, Mrs. Grace Frank, Clyde Frank and wife and Nell Ella Frank, of Wayne were all visitors to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cogswell on Sunday.

Mrs. James Conroy of Canton O., visited her brother in law George P. Conroy and family Monday afternoon. Mrs. Conroy is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas at Farmington and was accompanied by her cousin, Mrs. Reed Mableton, of that place, and Jas. Conroy, who is well known here as Superintendent of the Central Gas and Electric power plant at Canton O.

Back to the Land.
Mr. Valentine Davis, a prominent vegetarian, declares that if the soil of England was cultivated as was done half a century ago it would feed 24,000,000 people and find employment for 750,000 men.

Airquakes.
An English astronomer of prominence has advanced the theory that there are airquakes, entirely independent of earthquakes, that are caused by the explosion of meteors in the atmosphere.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

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

Sunday morning services at 10. Subject "Watch Your Step."

Union service at night in the Methodist church, Rev. A. N. Riley, preaching.

Union prayer meeting on Thursday night in the Presbyterian church.

The third division of the Methodist Ladies' aid will serve lunches at the Northville Fair, September 24-27.

The Epworth League will have their August meeting Wednesday evening, August 14, at 8:00 o'clock, at the home of Miss Jessie Clark on Main street. A good social time is promised. Come and have a good time.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning service at 10:00 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m.

Union services in the evening in the Methodist church.

SAVING AND SERVING.

By economizing in consumption and by the resultant saving purchasing the government's war securities, the American citizen performs a double duty. The citizen and the government can not use the same labor and material; if the citizen uses his material and the labor can not be used by the government. If the citizen economizes in consumption, so much material and labor and transportation space is left free for government uses. And when the saving effected is lent to the government more money is thus placed at the disposal of the government.

The more the people save the more money, labor and materials are left for the winning of the war, the greater and more complete the support given to our fighting men.

COMMUNITY FAIRS TEACH CONSERVATION.

County home demonstration agents are making it possible for many community fairs to serve as real conservation schools for the women who attend them. In some cases special buildings have been provided for women's work, which not only house the exhibit prepared by the women in the community but afford places where modern household equipment and labor savers are shown and where demonstrations are given. At many of these local fairs the agent arranged for demonstrations in canning and drying, in making bread, cheese, butter, and soap, in dressmaking, in laundrying, and in fuel saving.

Proof Positive.
"Riches has wings," said Uncle Eben. "If you don't believe it, look at de feathers in de millinery store."

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. Letters 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.

FOUND—Lady's hat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying 25c for this notice. Wm. E. Matheson, Northville. 3wlc.

ESTABLISHED—23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms; also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., 9th house from Grand River, Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield, 1137. 3i-17p.

WANTED—Moderate-sized home with modern conveniences and garden, near Methodist church. Will pay cash. State price. Calvin M. Thompson, Hudson, Mich. 145 Lafayette St. 3wlp.

WANTED—For school year, 2 warm unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 326 R-5. 1-2p.

FOR SALE—Chicken Feed. Everything in the line of poultry supplies. Save a dollar by calling Clement Curtiss. Telephone 324 W-2. 3-4p.

FOR SALE—or Rent, House and lot on Southside. Mrs. Cadwell. Phone 199-W. 2w2p.

FOR SALE—Dandy building lot. Address box 118, Northville. 1wlc.

OH BOY! OH JOY!—A Harness shop in town. Doerr's implement store. 1wlc.

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

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 8-yr-old, wt., 1,350-lbs.; 1 gray mare, 8-yr-old, wt., 1,500-lbs. Ed Sessions. Phone 923-J. 45c.

MORE LETTERS FROM "OVER THERE"

An interesting letter written to a member of the Record force by a soldier boy in France, follows:

June 29, 1918.
Dear Mrs. H.: Received your very welcome letter together with mother's the other day, and it was good of you to write when I owed you a letter. Of course there is not much new stuff to write about and it is hard to write anything.

"We had nearly a week of the weather. Last week it rained most of the time we worked in gum boots and slickers. Have been on K. P. twice this last week, once it was my turn and the next time I traded with a fellow for I smashed my toe a little and was rather lame, but am nearly O. K. now."

"I have not seen Garnet yet and doubt if I will for some time, but rest assured that I'll give him your best regards as you wish; also any other Northville boys. I guess you know that I saw Edridge Miles. We are corresponding regularly now."

"Our band received a dandy compliment from Lieut. Col. Kerr, in the shape of a special order, thanking us for the work we have put into it and the good we have done, playing in town and camps. Tomorrow afternoon we play another concert in the Public Gardens here. This is a wonderful place, just like Belle Isle, minus the canals and canoes, and we have a fine bandstand to play in. They served us refreshments on the stand last time and treat us great at nearly every place we play. A week ago last Wednesday we gave our weekly concert at the American hospital and they gave us a great feast; coffee, roast beef sandwiches, honest-to-goodness chocolate frosted cake and canned peaches."

"Well, I must close as I only drew 12 letters in the last bunch of mail, and they have all got to be answered. Write soon, please."

Sincerely,
Private PETER L. PERKINS,
23rd Eng Reg. Band, A. E. F."

EXCHANGE OF LIBERTY BONDS.
The issue of registered bonds of the Third Liberty Loan has progressed so far that transfers and exchanges of registered for coupon bonds will be made on and after August 1 until August 15. The registry books will be closed on the later date in order to prepare checks for interest payments on September 15. Bonds may be presented during such period for transfer or exchange, but such transaction will be effected after September 15 and the September interest paid to whomsoever was holder of the bonds on August 15.

Coupon bonds presented after August 15 for exchange for registered bonds should have the September interest coupon detached; the registered bonds issued upon such exchange will bear interest from September 15.

STREET CAR FARES TO GO UP.
To the Editor—You have, I am sure, read the award of the U. S. War Labor Board in what is known as the "Detroit" case, but I am taking the liberty of supplementing the stories, with the following, inasmuch as the award affects our entire system.

The Board granted wage increases which bring the rate of pay up to 43, 48, and 48 cents an hour for the three classes of employees.

"While we have not as yet received the official copy of the War Labor Board's award no doubt the newspaper reports giving the text of the award are correct. There may be some points upon which there will have to be an official interpretation but in the main, the award is clear.

To comply with the award, as its provisions are now understood by us, our revenue must be largely increased. It is practically certain that fares on all of the city lines or our system will have to be increased to six cents and a charge of one cent made for transfers and that rates on the interurban lines will have to be increased to two and one-half cents per mile."

Yours truly,
A. D. B. VANZANDT,
Publicity Agent D. U. R.

When this order goes into effect the fare to Detroit will be about 65c instead of 35c.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Not Because I'm Proud of My Looks



—but because it's only fair to show you what the clean-up candidate for Sheriff of Wayne County looks like.

I was born in Philadelphia—where my family had lived for generations.

When I was old enough to move to a live town, I came to Detroit, my mother's birthplace, and have been in business here for years as a builder.

I made a success by doing good work and keeping my word.

That's the policy I propose to carry out in the Sheriff's office.

I'm not a "good fellow" in the political sense, and I know how to say "No."

If you elect me, my deputies will have to earn their pay by their work and not by their influence.

I will acknowledge only two bosses—Wayne County and Uncle Sam.

Manfred H. Herrmann

Republican Candidate for Sheriff of Wayne County

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday, August 5, 1918.

Present—Charles H. Coldren, President; Trustees—Stanley, Kohler.

There being no quorum present the meeting was adjourned to Tuesday, August 6, 1918.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

An adjourned regular meeting of Village Council was held in the village hall Tuesday, August 6, 1918.

Present—Charles H. Coldren, President; Trustees—Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery, Balden, Kohler.

Quorum present.

Minutes of meeting of July 1, 1918, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Northville Band	\$70.00
Detroit Edison Co., sts. June	287.00
Detroit Edison Co., power, June	25.98
Perry Austin, highway	199.85
Leo Lawrence, highway	20.40
Harry Austin, highway	101.50
Harland Wilcox, highway	20.56
Charley Ehrwin, highway	25.65
Irving Austin, highway	58.97
Dan Shafer, rest room	29.50
Will Waiter, rest room	21.00
John McEnany, rest room	10.50
John McEnany, highway	49.00
M. R. Seeley, w. w.	57.86
Harold Balles, w. w.	5.00
Joe Weston, w. w.	19.40
Jas. Hollis, highway	1.50

S. Montgomery, highway	28.00
Don VanSickle, rest room	25
G. Crocker, rest room	20.00
Jack Blackburn, w. w.	2.62
T. W. Wood, hall	15.50
Perry Austin, park	7.00
Perry Austin, w. w.	2.00
Will Thomas, w. w.	12.50
Archie Bradner, park	10.00
Northville Band	17.50
John Cooper, w. w.	2.50
Joe Weston, w. w.	6.00
M. R. Seeley, w. w.	24.75
Harland Wilcox, w. w.	50
John McEnany, highway	21.00
Irving Austin, highway	21.00
Harry Austin, highway	42.00
S. Montgomery, highway	59.50
Leo Lawrence, highway	60.00
Perry Austin, highway	179.00
Crane Co., rest room	28.18
Ainge Elec. Shop, rest room	11.00
Fire Dept.	3.96
Detroit Edison Co., Eaton, July	3.30
Detroit Edison Co., hall clock	287.00
Detroit Edison Co., sta., July	70.50
Detroit Edison Co., power	1.25
P. S. Palmer, w. w.	39.48
J. A. Huff, rest room	243.24
Township of Northville, 50%	75.00
electric light bridge	4.20
C. C. Yerkes	98.73
Neal Pig CO., w. w.	27.79
F. W. Lyke, w. w., rest room	27.79
C. L. Dehuar	27.79

Moved by Stanley and supported by Montgomery that bills be allowed and ordered paid.
Yeas—Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery, Balden, Kohler, Nays—None. Carried.
On motion council adjourned.
THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Too Much of Good Thing.
"I tell you," said the agent, "there isn't a finer residence development on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery." "The scenery is all right," replied the man who was looking for a home. "The only trouble is there's too much of it between here and the city."

ALBERT E. SHERMAN

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

at the August 27

Primaries

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.

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 for examination and allowance. Dated July 10th, 1918.

WM. J. LANNING, CHARLES TIFFIN, Commissioners.

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.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist or write to CHICHESTER PILLS, 259 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.