

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX. NO. 5.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## POLITICS ARE SIZZLING JUST NOW

### SCRAMBLE FOR COUNTY OFFICES ASSUMES NEW ASPECT IN SALOONLESS MICHIGAN.

The scramble for offices in county affairs is assuming a new aspect this year with a saloonless county and state.

Heretofore the saloons have come very near controlling things. After election county officials were rather prone to wink at about everything except chicken fights. This year there are no saloons and that part of the organization is out of business.

The primaries take place next week Tuesday the 27th. The big prize is the county clerk's job at \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year. Milt Oakman is a candidate to succeed himself and Tommy Farrel who had held the office for some time previous, is out to get it back again, and is putting up a strong canvass for it.

Shieff Stein is opposed for the re-publication nomination by C. J. Coffin, for some years county detective, and by Mahfred Herrmann, who claims to be a "clean-up" man. The prospects are Stein will clean 'em both up as he will have a united front against a division.

For treasurer O. P. Gully has hopped in the race against Billy Green, the present official. Billy claims the Auditors have it in for him because of the Klocka expose and they are back of Gully's candidacy. Mr. Gully claims he is in for the only purpose of showing the people

The real big scramble is the four circuit judgeship jobs. That's a real scrap. There are a dozen or more candidates all more than willing to serve. Paul Voorhies of our neighboring town of Plymouth seems in the lead here with Joe Weiss the old ball player, next.

Walter J. Hayes of the American State bank, is a candidate for senator from this district and so is J. A. McCarthy.

For representative from this district Milo Johnson is unopposed for the nomination.

## TOWNSHIPS INTERVIEW ROAD COMMISSIONERS

Fifteen citizens of Novi and Commerce, headed by Supervisor Harry Bogart of Novi, went to Pontiac last week to find out from the county road authorities why the promised improvements on the Novi-Walled Lake road had not materialized. They were informed that the work must be deferred until next year because there is but a little more road money left than will be needed to complete the work already in progress. The difficulty seems to have come from the fact that more work was planned than there was money to carry out. The delegation was told that Novi has about \$22,000 coming from the million-dollar issue, and would certainly get it some time. The explanation of affairs seems to be one of those that don't explain, so far as the Novi-Commerce men were concerned and they appear to have returned home far from satisfied with the results of their mission.

There seems to be a shortage of funds for immediate use except up around Highland way. The Northville Auto club is co-operating with the Nov-Commerce people and the club's attorney is to take the matter up in an effort to ascertain if the rights of those towns are being conserved.

**WILL SUPPORT HINES.**  
Members of the Northville Auto club are very enthusiastic in their support of E. N. Hines for re-nomination and re-election for County Road Commissioner. Mr. Hines is deserving of the support of every lover of good roads.

**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.

The Bobker Ben-All Troupe of Arabs, pyramid builders and whirlwind tumblers are the greatest aggregation in their line of work in the world. See them in the Free attractions each afternoon, at the Livingston County fair at Howell, Mich., August 27, 28, 29, 30.

## DEATH OF FRANCES HORTON.

The heartfelt sympathy of many friends goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Horton and family and other near relatives in the sorrow that has come to them in the untimely death of their daughter, Frances, who was called to the farther life Monday, August 18. Although the young girl had been in poor health for nearly a year, the end came very suddenly, as there had not been, apparently, much change in her condition, and she was able to come to the village from the farm home north of town only two days previously.

Frances was an unusually bright and attractive girl, graduating from the Northville High school last June, at the age of only 16 years and seven months. She would have reached her 17th birthday next November.

The nearest surviving relatives are the parents, a sister and brother and the grandmother, Mrs. Frances Horton, at whose home on Main street in this village the funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, Rev. W. C. Francis officiating, with members of the graduating class of 1918 acting as pallbearers for their young comrade. The burial took place in Rural Hill cemetery.

## MRS. MARINDA WHITE.

Mrs. Marinda White, mother of Mrs. George Stanley, died at their home in Royal Oak Saturday, August 17, after a long illness. Mrs. White lived in Northville for many years and by her sterling christian character and refined and gentle manner won a large circle of friends. She was a faithful and valued member of the Presbyterian church and of the W. R. C. and W. C. T. U.

Funeral services were held from the home in Royal Oak Monday, conducted by Rev. J. E. Webber and the body was brought to Northville for interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

## MRS. NORMAN CLARK.

Mrs. Norman Clark, a resident of Northville for the past 12 years, died at her home in Northside Thursday, August 15, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Clark was a sister of the late Mrs. R. M. Johnson, wife of Dr. Johnson, and is survived by her husband and two sons. The funeral was held Sunday, from the home of her son, Robert, in Milford, with interment in the Milford cemetery.

## 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.

## OUR COMING FAIR.

About the busiest month in Michigan just now are the people composing the various committees for the second Northville Wayne County Fair. Pre-arrangements and plans are going on all along the line and everything seems to indicate an even greater success than that of last year, which is saying much. The Red Cross interests are to be strongly featured this year, and some very comprehensive plans for that department of our patriotic work are in formation.

## WILL VISIT NORTHVILLE.

One of the features of the State Good Roads convention which is to be held in Detroit in connection with the State fair will be an inspection of the celebrated Wayne roads by the visiting commissioners. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, 100 automobiles are to take the trip leaving the State fair grounds at three o'clock and go to the seven mile road, then to Northville, as the first part of the journey, and then to Plymouth, Wayne, Dearborn, etc. The trip will be under direction of Chairman E. N. Hines of the Wayne County Road commission.

## REOPENING OF THE COWELL BOARDING HOUSE.

After having been closed for the past 30 days, for the purpose of re-decorating and painting, the Cowell boarding house will be reopened to the public August 26, 1918. Thanking the public for its generous patronage in the past we solicit a further continuance of the same, guaranteeing the best of service to all. Transient trade especially solicited.  
W. J. COWELL.

"Bud" Fischer the greatest "Kid Jazz Drummer" in the world, will play with the "Ike" Fisher orchestra at the Livingston County fair at Howell on "Children's Day," August 28.

## 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.
- Beckman, Donald A.—Great Lakes Training Sta., Ill.
- 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, 10th Engineers, A. E. F.
- Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.
- Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
- Buckley, Clifford—Ordnance Dept., Detroit.
- Brassow, Wm. C.—Co. A, 301 W. S. T. Camp Holabird, Baltimore, Md.
- Bates, Miles F.—Sapper No. 2011702, Eng. Training Dept. St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.
- Ball, Don L.—37th Co., 10th Recruit Bn., Camp Syracuse, N. Y.
- Cowell, Wesley J.—Co. B, U. of M., T. D.
- Curias, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
- Gram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.
- Casterline, Orrin, Sergt.—Eng. Camp Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
- Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Camp Holabird, Colgate, Md. M. R. S., Co. 7, Unit 306.
- Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. Cole, Floyd—34 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, 1st Sergeant, Langley Field, Hampton, Va.
- Duffner, Charles C., Sgt., Camp U. S. Troops, A. E. O. 741, S. O. S., American E. F.
- Duffner, James E., First Sergt., Co. F, 10th Eng. (Forest) American E. F.
- DesAutels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.
- DesAutels, Leo A.—Co. M, Reg. 7 Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Dasley, Morris L.—Providence, Rhode Island, 223 Federal Bldg.
- Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng. A. E. F.
- Ely, Claude—37th Co., 10th Recruit Bn., Camp Syracuse, N. Y.
- Fox, Walter—Co. H, Intf., A. E. F.
- Foss, Paul, Corporal—Co. I, 358th Inf., 35th Div., A. E. F.
- Foss, Wm.—U. S. S. Orion, care postmaster, N. Y.
- Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Sumner, Pa. Toyhanna, 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, A. E. F.
- Hutton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C. A. C., Cape Henry, C. B. Va.
- Hall, Frank N.—
- Hall, Lon O.—Co. D, 390th Inf. Camp A. E. F., via New York.
- Henry, Thomas B.—Post Hospital, Aberdeen, Md.
- Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 280th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.
- Hills, William—Co. B, 106 Supply Bn., Buffalo, N. Y.
- Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.
- Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck, A. E. F.
- Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.
- 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, I. G. T. Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
- Kestell, Stanley, J.—Co. E, 3rd Reg., Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Kidd, Archie, A. E. F., France.
- Kysor, James D., Corporal—328 Headquarters Co. Field Art., A. E. F.
- Kysor, Asa B., Corporal—6 Co., 3rd Reg., Motor Mechanics Air Service, A. E. F., via New York.
- 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.
- Limbright, Robert A.—238 Aero Sq., Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.
- Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Postmaster, Fortness Monroe, Va. Battleship Michigan.
- Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th 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. 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.
- Martin, Edward Aero Squad., A. E. F. Battery E.
- Miles, Charles Elbridge—Chauffeur, Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Sig. Corps, A. E. F.
- Moyer, John L.—P. S. Hospital, Ft. Barry, Calif.
- Newman, Alan—15th Rec. Squadron Aviation Section, Camp McArthur,

- Waco, Texas.
- Perkins, Peter L.—Eng. Reg. band, A. E. F.
- Ransom, Louis T.—Headquarters Co., 13th Reg., Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.
- 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., 35th Div., A. E. F.
- Saiow, 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, Educational Department, Lakewood, N. J.
- Simpson, Ray—Truck Co. 4, American E. F., France.
- Stimpson, Reid—Co. 30, Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Simmons, Harry M.—Co. C, 123rd Inf., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., 2nd Replacement Camp, Camp Lee, Va.
- Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.
- Thomas, George—Co. C, 358th Inf., 35th Div., Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.
- Toshka, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via N. Y.
- Tribbits, Harold, J.—10th Machine Gun Bn., Headquarters American E. F.
- Turner, Harold—Marine Band, Headquarters, Detroit.
- Thompson, Clarence—325th Field Hospital, 307 Sanitary Train, P. O. 742, A. E. E.
- Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt. Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
- VanSickle, Harry—Base Hospital, No. Ward 34, Camp Merritt, N. J.
- Van Valkenburg, Floyd H.—338th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.
- Van Valkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler, U. S. N.
- Van Valkenburg, Milo T.—Co. F, 27th Engineers' band, Camp Leach, Washington, D. C.
- Wood, Harold E.—Co. C, 3rd Reg., Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Walber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.
- Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.
- Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal B. N., A. E. F.
- Williams, Ruei—Amb. Co., Sanitary Train, A. E. F.
- White, Harry H.—Walter Reed Sanatorium, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.
- White, Harold—Reg. 10, Camp Ross, Co. 503, Barracks 1063, Great Lakes, Illinois.
- Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
- Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. S. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
- Wheeler, Arthur F.—A. E. F.
- Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F Engineers, A. E. F.
- \* Yerkes, Joseph A. \* Deceased.

## SOLDIER ITEMS.

Among the 59 men from Division No. 4, Wayne county, who will leave Plymouth at 7:45 o'clock next Monday morning, August 25 for Camp Custer are listed the following Northville boys: Franklin W. Van Valkenburg, Orson Taylor, Archie W. Long, Don VanSickle and Spencer J. Heeney. Herbert Booth of Farmington, son of Mrs. George Ford of this place, is also included in the list.

Forty-five of the boys on Northville's honor roll are now across the ocean, as indicated by the letters "A. E. F." and several others are no doubt on the other side whose friends have not yet notified the Record of the change of addresses.

Charles C. Sessions of Ann Arbor, a former Northville boy, has received his commission as second Lieutenant in the production section of the Air service.

Howell will have a "lady marshal" at its fair August 27, 28, 29, 30.

## NO BUNK PROMISES NECESSARY


JOSEPH M. WEISS HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRUE.

Today when certain Detroit interests are apparently seeking to dictate the selection of new Circuit Judges of this county to the people, it does one good to see a man like Joseph M. Weiss running for this office, standing alone and untraded while he is claved at from every quarter by those "higher up."

Mr. Weiss is an able lawyer, sensible, practical and ever mindful of the interests of the people of the townships. He has never been weakened and his past record and character are good reasons why he should be entitled to our vote on August 27.

## Sherwin-Williams Paints

*It's Cover the Earth. The Sherwin-Williams Paints Cover the Earth.*



### CLOSING OUT COLORS

Owing to a recent government order to manufacturing Paint companies, to conserve and make up less colors of Paints, we will close-out below list of Sherwin-Williams Paints at the old selling price.

All Fresh Stock, but we cannot get a supply of what we now have on hand:

Sherwin-Williams Paints	Qts.	1/2-Gals.	Gals.
No. 386—Teck Brown, Dark	5	7	
No. 481—Flesh	4	1	
No. 352—Dark Fawn	4	2	
No. 358—Green Stone	2	3	
No. 361—Lavender	4	2	
No. 364—Pink	6	3	1
No. 369—Blue	3		
No. 371—Lincoln Green	4	1	
No. 372—Olive Brown	3	2	
No. 392—Spruce	3	1	
No. 456—Salmon	3	1	1
No. 472—Tan Brown	6	1	
No. 478—Citron Green	5		
No. 482—Pale Brimstone	4		

Qts. \$1.00 1/2 Gal. \$1.90 Gallon, \$3.75

ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE.

### JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

## THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

The campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan will begin Sept. 28 and close Oct. 19. The result of the loan will be watched with keen interest in Europe, not only by our associates in the war against the Teutonic powers but by our enemies. It will be regarded by them as a measure of the American people's support of the war. The Germans know full well the tremendous weight and significance of popular support of the war, of the people at home backing up the Army in the field. As the loan succeeds our enemies will sorrow; as it falls short they will rejoice. Every dollar subscribed will help and encourage the American soldiers and hurt and depress the enemies of America.

The loan will be a test of the loyalty and willingness of the people of the United States to make sacrifices compared with the willingness of our soldiers to do their part. There must be and will be no failure by the people to measure up to the courage and devotion of our men in Europe. Many of them have given up their lives; shall we at home withhold our money? Shall we spare our dollars while they spare not their very lives?

## 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 finest 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.

## THEATRE.

# TEMPLE

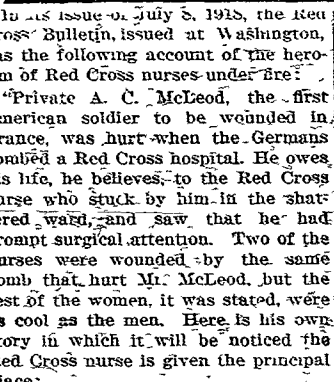
When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

## VAUDEVILLE

Two Performances Daily 8:15 p. m.

Standid Seats at 10-20-25c

# WHAT CAN WE DO?



In an issue of July 5, 1918, the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, has the following account of the heroism of Red Cross nurses under fire:

"Private A. C. McLeod, the first American soldier to be wounded in France, was hurt when the Germans bombed a Red Cross hospital. He owes his life, he believes, to the Red Cross nurse who stuck by him in the shattered ward, and saw that he had prompt surgical attention. Two of the nurses were wounded by the same bomb that hurt Mr. McLeod, but the rest of the women, it was stated, were as cool as the men. Here is his own story in which it will be noticed the Red Cross nurse is given the principal place:

"Our hospital, a British-American one in Flanders, was bombed the night of September 4, last. I was working in this hospital, at which I had been assigned to the transportation section. The patients who could do so went to the bomb-proof cellar when the air raid opened, but there were a number of soldiers so badly wounded that they could not be moved. A number of nurses stayed with the soldiers and I remained to help.

"Suddenly, a bomb made a direct hit and exploded nearby. It pretty nearly cleaned out the hospital. My legs were smashed to pulp and I was raving with pain. I won't describe the scene about me, for that would be too horrible. A nurse stayed by my side. She stuck to me and saw that I had prompt attention, and I probably owe my life to the immediate amputation which was ordered. The bombing of this hospital cost one nurse an eye, and another a foot. The rest of the nurses were as cool as the men. I can't say too much for the work of the American Red Cross in France."

Here is something from the Central Division Bulletin, published at Chicago, which needs to be considered just now:

**Willing Workers Only.**

"The growing seriousness of conditions respecting transportation housing, etc., prompt the suggestion

that the war countries of Europe are no place at present for persons with out definite business of actual value to war or war relief work.

"The war council of the American Red Cross announces that the Red Cross commissions abroad do not desire any person to enter into foreign service except upon the explicit understanding that they shall be ready at any and all times to undertake any service and in any place, subject to the control and direction of the Red Cross officials under whom they are serving; and that, until further order, by the war council, no person shall be sent to service with the Red Cross abroad for the purpose merely of inspecting the work, with the intention of using the results of such inspection for lecture or literary material."

**White Silk Veils.**

Pure silk veils in white, rather coarse mesh, come in large rectangular shape, to be thrown gracefully over the brim of summer sailiors; the mesh, quite open over the face and hat, groves finer at the bottom of the veil, and a sprangling dower design is woven into this finer mesh. These white silk veils give a dressy effect to the sport or semi-sport costume, and they are very graceful, floating about in a summer breeze. Best of all, they may be washed in soap and water and dried in one's room overnight. If pinned out while damp over a pillow they require no ironing.

**White Stock Favored.**

For, although the colored organdie collar-and-cuff set prevails, it is not the only type of neckwear in vogue at present. Very different from it but equally popular, perhaps, is the severe, high white stock now in fashion. This stock is made from heavy material—usually linen or duck; it is uncomfortable high, and is fitted with two strips at the back which are to be brought around to the front, looped over once and held in place with a stuck pin or snapper.

# HOME TOWN HELPS

## DRAINAGE AND PURE WATER

Two Essentials for the Wellbeing of Every Town, and All Too Often Neglected.

In the majority of towns there are now efficient drainage and sewerage systems, and proper means of disposal. There are yet many towns without an efficient system. Many large country villages also have no system, and the conditions are most unsatisfactory. These places do not bother about it; they seem content to go on in their own "sweet way." They will not hear of any scheme. Those responsible look upon themselves as economists; yet their economy is but false, and their interest a "pocket one," the welfare and wellbeing of the people being the last consideration. A pure and efficient water supply is another essential for all places, yet few have many small towns and villages without it. Water is taken from defective and impure sources while wells are close to cesspools and drainage from cattle yards, and other fouled surfaces have access to them. This is often due to the faulty construction of the well or cesspool. What appears to have happened is this—two holes were dug, and lined with dry-holes bricks, one being called the well and the other the cesspool. Can we wonder at disease being rampant? We also find the water supply taken from an open pond, full of mud and growth, and often a drain pipe discharging its contents into it. Many small towns and villages view with distaste and are up in arms if an efficient system of sewers, sewage disposal, or water supply is suggested. They will tell you that their arrangements have sufficed for the past and no ill results have occurred; the inhabitants, they say, live as long as they like; and yet facts prove otherwise. In places where proper systems have been installed the death rate is lowered, infant mortality reduced, infectious disease eradicated, or nearly so, and the general health bettered. From the Architect and Contractor-Reporter.

## TREES GIVEN PROPER CARE

Massachusetts Municipalities Praised by Writer in National Municipal Review for Good Work.

Springfield, Mass., is a striking example of the fine results of a municipality making it its business to care for its trees. Walk up State street from Main. Note the majestic elms on this broad highway. As you pass the intersecting streets, look north and south on each and see, as far as eye can reach to left and right, the towering rows of lofty trees waving their green tops in the breeze, the sun glinting through the verdant roof that forms an arch high above the road.

The like amplitude of stately old trees, some of them of century age, adorns all the older residence districts of Springfield; while "on the hill" where the city is spreading toward the east the newly opened streets are glorious with young trees. Both old trees and young are thriving. No tree that is dead, or unsightly past remedy, is allowed to stand. The city takes it down forthwith. The most sedulous care is bestowed on all trees, whether old or young. All this, remember, by the municipality itself, through its city forester. Appropriations for tree work are generous. The like policy prevails, in nearly all the municipalities of Massachusetts. — National Municipal Review.

## Keep Money in Town.

Plant your town so as to discourage the movement of the people into outside uncontrolled areas for purposes of buying supplies, so that the man who wants your people's trade must establish his store on your land and come with his family and clerks to live in your town. Make it, in other words, a self-contained and self-sufficient town by every legitimate device. If possible, make shopping attractive by the provision of a good store center, lights, arcades, etc., so as to draw trade from the neighboring villages and farms. Your commercial values will be your "trivet" and you can make your Main street frontages worth \$500 a front foot.

## Sensitive Instruments.

There are instruments made by the hands of men which surpass the eye in keenness and rival the nose. The spectroscope is generally considered one of the most perfect instruments. It will detect the presence of one hundred-millionths of an ounce of sodium. The electro-scope, however, is more than a million times more sensitive than the spectroscope, and will detect one thirty-five thousand-billionth of an ounce of radium, or one millionth of a millionth of a milligramme! The bolometer will register the heat of a candle a mile and a half distant.

## Where Palms Should Be Placed.

Palms are stately plants and should be used where stateliness and formality need emphasis. This is not for curved or winding streets or roadways. As the latter are necessarily informal they are always best planted with roadside groupings.

# AMERICAN PEOPLE GREAT SPENDERS

Millions of Dollars Thrown Away for Trifles That Ought to Set Nation Thinking.

## SOME WAYS MONEY GOES

Postcard and Cheap Souvenirs Take Big Sum Every Year—Billions Spent for Needless Telephone Calls and Telegrams.

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.

It seems incongruous that in this rich and wonderful land of ours it should be necessary to conduct mighty selling and advertising campaigns in order to raise money to crush our enemies—cruel and dangerous enemies who are bent on throttling the very liberty on which our country has been built. If we really felt the impulse we could raise six or eight billion dollars spontaneously and without the glare of salesmanship and publicity, and we would do it so easily that Germany and her allies would stand aghast at our overwhelming resources and purpose.

The trouble is that even yet we do not realize the tragedy that is over us. The war has not sunk into the American consciousness. With a million or more of our boys in France, and the casualty lists coming home every day, we still lack the pulsating fervor of intrepid courage—the courage that wells within one and stirs the soul.

**Fighting Impulse Needed.**

The one unquestionable evidence of courage is the willingness to sacrifice. A man who sees his child in deadly peril is instantly ready to sacrifice of his life. It takes no argument to "sell" to him the need of courage. He gets it from within. The fighting impulse dominates his every instinct. What we most need in America today is fighting impulse. Once we get it the doom of Germany, as a menace to ourselves and to the world, will be sealed. If we had this valorous, undaunted determination we could raise this evening year not merely six or eight billion, but as many billion as our country might need. Let us search our hearts, therefore, and discover why it is that brass-band methods are needed to sell us Liberty bonds. It seems all the more incredible that such should be the case when the money we are asked to contribute is merely money saved for ourselves.

Indeed, we could put through this fourth Liberty loan without even feeling it directly. I am not talking here about great sacrifices. With merely trivial and passing inhibition we can make this fourth loan a glorious manifestation of Americanism.

Never was there such a nation of spenders—we literally throw money to the winds. Cash runs out of our pockets into a hundred channels of extravagance. Tempted at every turn by something that appeals to our pleasure-saturated instincts, we hand out the dimes, quarters and dollars. We work hard, most of us, and we play hard. Many of us play with an amazing abandon that scarcely reckons the cost. And we gratify ourselves not only at plays, but we satisfy our luxury-loving tendencies and our vanity in many of the things that enter into our daily lives.

Let us consider here merely the millions that go for trivial things that do not count as permanent investments either for utility or luxury.

## Millions Spent for Cards.

For instance, take our post card mania. This habit, which perhaps we would not criticize in times of peace, is almost universal. A dealer estimates that 50,000,000 people spend an average of a dollar a year on the cheaper kinds of cards, and an additional sum of a hundred million dollars on postage. But on the fancy cards and more expensive sets, sold largely to tourists, the estimate is \$200,000,000, in addition to the postage. Including the cards that are kept by the purchasers, it is probable that the total is half a billion dollars. Many men have made fortunes in this business. I know of one former valentine manufacturer who retired with a lot of money.

It is certainly inconsistent that this great sum should go for such a trivial purpose when the nation is involved in this mighty war that calls for cash everlastingly. Here is one expenditure that could be eliminated almost wholly until the war is over.

Besides this amount put into Liberty bonds might mean something worth while to the people themselves.

Then there is another class of souvenirs that masquerade as merchandise and absorb an astonishing amount of money. Travelers and tourists especially waste their cash upon these things, and immense quantities are sold to the people everywhere. The bulk of this stuff is useless junk—at least in war time, when conservation is the high need. Why spend our money these days for fancy baskets, card trays, wooden cigar articles, cardknacks, trinkets, popguns, stuff and whim whams? The souvenir stores in Atlantic City, Asbury Park, Coney Island, Revere Beach near Boston, Venice near Los Angeles, and similar establishments take more than a hundred million dollars out of our pockets every summer. One small town concern in Atlantic City sells a hundred thousand dollars worth, on which the net profit is over fifty thousand. There are factories that turn out this sort of product in vast quantities, and much

of it is fraud stuff. Wooden articles are reputed to be made from trees that grow on historic spots, but are really bogus. Strings of beads are manufactured by the mile and sold to the public as the work of Indians. The same is true of moccasins, toy canoes and the like.

At best the bulk of these goods is rubbish, and our outgo for this purpose might well be cut off entirely during the war. To do this requires absolutely no sacrifice. The people engaged in this business will simply have to do what so many of us have already done, adjust themselves to war.

Aside from souvenirs, we are wanton spenders for actual merchandise that is inferior or worthless. There is a great class of people to whom cheapness or flashiness appeals, rather than utility and economy. A dealer in cheap goods told me that he netted \$25,000 a year from merchandise that was practically worthless. He found it easy to appeal to the spending instincts of his customers.

## Unnecessary Phone Calls.

Not many of us ever stop to think of the immense amount of money that is spent for unnecessary telephone calls. Wherever you go the telephone booths are occupied, and when you catch fragments of the conversations you usually find them unimportant. Reginald calls up his best girl to tell her he still loves her; Maude calls Albert to thank him for the chocolates. No matter how trivial the occasion, our first impulse is to step into a telephone booth.

If five million people would save one five-cent call a day it would mean a total of over ninety million dollars a year. Doubtless several times this sum could be saved very easily by the general public on local and long distance calls. We are wastefully extravagant in the use of the telephone. A know of business houses that talk several times a day between New York and Chicago, incurring tolls on each occasion that run from five to forty dollars or more. If there is one thing that the Americans haven't learned it is economy of talk—which in these days of war need might well mean millions of dollars in Liberty Bonds. The telephone wires are heavily overtaxed, anyhow.

Then there is the telegraph. We have this habit, too. With a little planning we could commonly use a three-cent stamp instead of a ten-word message. One large wholesale house requires all its traveling men to report daily by telegraph, an expenditure that might be eliminated. The telegraph tolls of some of the large industrial and commercial establishments are so big that they seem incredible.

The night letter is, in a measure, a luxury, at least we could do away with the social phase of it and much of the domestic. I happen to know one business man, who on his frequent and long absences from home gets a night letter from his wife every morning and sends one each night. Nor are these messages confined to fifty words, but often run several times that length. Baby had the colic; Freddy fell downstairs and skinned his knee; Jeannette had her hair washed.

I happen to be acquainted also with a young man who reveals in night letters to his fiancée. They are real letters, too, beginning like this: "Darling Sue—I love you more than ever. I couldn't sleep last night thinking of you. Do you love me still?"

A certain business man, the head of a large concern, goes away at intervals to rest for a week or two, but insists on having a night letter every morning, narrating the substance of the previous day's business. These messages run into hundreds of words every day.

I would not belittle the night letter, but in the present stress we need to cut whatever part of this expense may be unnecessary, and loan the money to the government.

## The Taxicab Mania.

We Americans also have the taxicab mania. There is a very large class of men and women who ride in cabs habitually, and let go immense sums in the aggregate. They take taxicabs to go a few blocks. In a group of twenty leading cities there are about four hundred thousand of these vehicles, and if each of them absorbed ten dollars every day in unnecessary fares the aggregate would be over fourteen million dollars a year. What would be the total for the whole United States? It is a luxury to jump into a cab whenever one wants to move about, but these are stern times and we need to be more iron-minded. The boys in France do not ride in cabs, and the money we waste on this form of luxury might better go into gas masks for them.

We American men saturate ourselves with many kinds of soft indulgences—as in the barber shops. These places in the high class hotels, as well as the better shops outside, take from us immense sums—for what? Here is a typical list: Shave, 25c; haircut, 50c; shampoo, 35c; bay rum, 15c; face massage, 35c; manicure, 50c; shine, 10c; tips, 20c; total \$2.40. It is not uncommon for men to go through the whole list, and to pay additional money for hair tonics and other fancy trills.

When we analyze this list we find that the only item really necessary is the haircut—and perhaps the shave. Men can shave themselves at a cost of two or three cents, and save perhaps half an hour in time. Our soldier boys cannot indulge in these effeminacies. Many of them, in those good old days of peace, were in the class that patronized these shops, but today they are made of more Draconian stuff. Why should we ourselves indulge in these costly habits when the nation calls for cannon to back our troops abroad?

If a million men spend an average of

50 cents a day, unnecessarily in barber shops we have a total of \$182,500,000, under the actual figures, taking into consideration all classes of people. In the less exclusive barber shops one finds a continual stream of men, of the moderate salary class, who indulge in the items I have enumerated. We might guess the total ought to be at least half a billion dollars.

To have our shoes shined we spend at least \$100,000,000 a year and a million more than the market price for shoe laces because we wish to avoid the trouble of putting them in ourselves. Some of this expense undoubtedly is necessary, but while the war lasts we need not be ashamed of any form of Spartan economy. We can be tight handed and rigorous—with our nickels and dimes—without being open to the charge of stinginess—provided we use the money for government needs. We can shine our own shoes for a tenth of this hundred million dollars. There are in New York a number of men who have grown very wealthy from the shoe-shining business. Among them are some large tenement owners—one reputed to be worth millions. There are more than fifty thousand bootblack places in the United States, some of them employing a dozen or more men. The majority of these bootblacks are within the fighting age, at least they ought to be doing some sort of war service, instead of shining shoes while American blood runs so freely on the other side.

## Women Big Wasters.

But when it comes to this kind of self-hampering women spend far more money than men. Figures secured from one large department store give some interesting sidelights on possible economies. Its sales of toilet goods last year ran about 1.3 per cent of its total sales. Thus for every million dollars in sales its customers buy \$13,000 worth of toilet articles. Apply this rate to all the stores in the United States and you have a total of unnumbered millions. The term toilet goods is very elastic, including both necessary and unnecessary articles, but the conscientious war saver no doubt would class one-third of these items as partly dispensable, such as perfumery, certain soaps, powders, rouge, toilet waters, so-called beauty compounds, and the like.

America's women are highly scent-ent. We live in an atmosphere redolent with ambrosia. From almost every woman one passes on the "parade" streets of the cities there comes an aura of roses, or perhaps violets. Our girls demand scents, in infinite variety, not only in perfumery itself, but in hundreds of products. Merely to gratify our sense of olfactory luxury we spend tens of millions of dollars annually. Yet in France the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of our women and girls are sweating and fighting in noisome places amid the stench of disease and death. The odors they get are of gunpowder and blood. Surely we can spare some of our perfumery money in the cause for which we sent them abroad.

If it were possible to estimate the money spent by women in New York alone for hairdressing and beauty culture it would undoubtedly run into the tens of millions. One hairdresser in the metropolitan district states that within eighteen months, or since America entered the war, he has built up a business that nets him seven hundred dollars a month.

A woman proprietor of a so-called beauty establishment says that fifty customers bring her a revenue of \$30,000 a year, that she realized a clear profit of \$20,000 on powders, creams and perfumes, that she sold sets of cosmetics at seven hundred dollars each. Thousands of women pay fancy fees for hair waving, tinting and bleaching. One concern announces twelve colors, ranging from black to golden blonde. Much money also goes for removal of freckles, wrinkles, treatment, face bleaching and so on. The manure bill in New York is enormous, and the chiropody outgo large. These places are furnished in the utmost luxury. If only we could impress on women of this class the dreadful hardships our American youths are undergoing in the great cause!

The lesson ought to sink home to all women in America, who in greater or lesser degree, let their good money go for such futile vanities.

It is estimated that a million men and women throughout the country are giving to the Turkish baths an average of a dollar a day. Thus we have a total of \$365,000,000 a year. To this we can add perhaps half as much for massage, attendant fees, special treatment and incidentals.

Bathing is commended, but most of us, at least those who have the Turkish bath habit, can take our ablutions at home. The soldiers in Europe don't have Turkish baths. We imagine we need them here. We eat big dinners and fill ourselves with rheumatic deposits, poison ourselves by gormandizing. We contract colds because our systems are too badly clogged to throw off the germs. It is when we are stuffed with rich viands and all sorts of luxuries that we turn to the Turkish bath for relief. Why not discipline ourselves during the war and transfer all these millions of dollars into the fund that is going to beat autocracy and the German peril?

I have touched on merely a few of the items of unnecessary outgo. The list might be extended indefinitely. But there ought to be enough here to set us thinking, and we can make the extensions ourselves. There is no use denying the fact that the people have not yet put themselves on a war basis financially. We are still wasting millions on trifles. The war would be over now if we had taken ourselves in hand at the beginning.

## Equipped for Beach and Swimming



Little children take to the water like ducklings and ought to be given a chance to learn to swim, wherever their lot may be cast. This is an essential part of their education and might well be a part of public school instruction, as gymnastics are, since safety and assurance and pleasure in the water in after life depend upon it. Some youngsters learn so early that they hardly remember the time. Boys, who like to travel in gangs, shift for themselves if there is any water in walking distance that will give them a chance for water sports, and teach one another how to swim, often by heroic methods. Girls make fine swimmers, and certainly ought to be given a chance to learn at the earliest time possible.

Nearly all the bathing suits for girls under fourteen are made like the knitted wool suit shown in the picture. The body and the short and narrow but elastic skirt are in one piece—the body one-piece. Separate close-fitting trunks are stitched to the body, a little below the normal waistline, and he suit buttons on one shoulder with no rather large bone buttons. Caps to be worn in the water are of rubber cloth, and made in light colors and fanciful ways. They serve to distinguish their little wearers' heads among

many others when the beaches are crowded, as well as keep the hair dry. Many of the suits are blue, with bands in white and in strong colors. Bright green, banded with white, and bright orange banded with black are favorites this season. With these usually there are rubber caps to match, made in many ways, so that watching mothers may easily keep an eye on the particular head that is her care.

Most youngsters are barefooted unless the beach is rocky, in which case soft cloth shoes protect them. Some suits are provided with a knitted sash, matching its border in color, and finished with yarn tassels, but it is merely for ornament and not needed. It is a pretty embellishment, however, that gives tone to the plain little suit, as may be gathered from the picture.

*Julie Bottomley*

**Creating Space.**

By creating legitimate places for possessions that otherwise would be out of place one can gain an effect of spaciousness and order, and give even small city quarters the capacity to hold a great deal without seeming crowded.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of**

*Dr. J. C. H. Hitchcock*

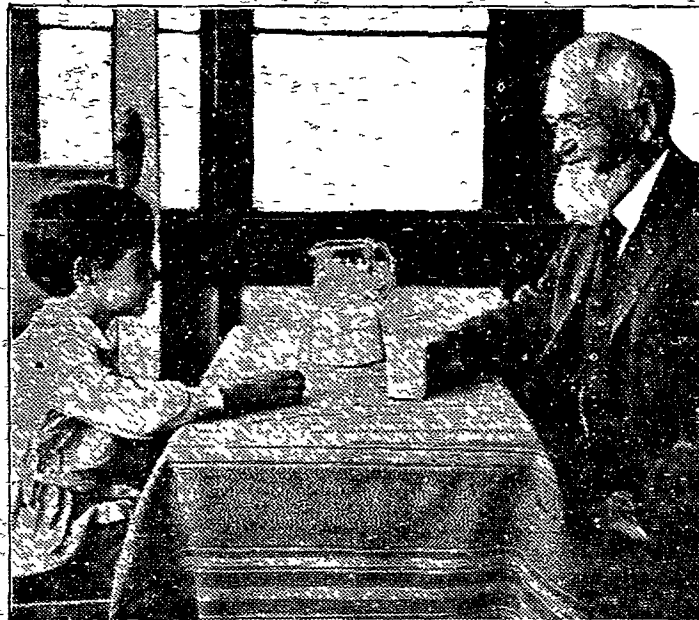
**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)  
GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD



Dairy Products Essential for Growth of Children and Health of Adults.

### DAIRY PRODUCTS VERY ESSENTIAL

America Depended Upon to Meet the Needs of All Allied and Neutral Countries.

### COW IS EFFICIENT PRODUCER

Great Law of Food Conservation Is to Turn Inedible Feeds Into Edible Foods in Cheapest Manner Possible—Cleanliness Urged.

Dairying—one of the largest of the agricultural enterprises of this country—has a big war job. Dairy products are essential to the well-being of the nation, and it has been urged by the United States department of agriculture that every effort be made to maintain the supply in this country, and so far as possible, to meet the increasing demands of the allies.

Before the war the United States received dairy products from 24 foreign countries. Now these supplies have been largely stopped and it has become necessary not only to replace them at home but to export large quantities.

**Turns Feed Into Food.**

Two facts stand out prominently as reasons for the increased production and use of milk. The first is that milk as purchased on the market usually supplies food material together with the growth-producing elements, more economically than either meat or eggs. The second reason is that the dairy cow is the most economical producer of animal food. One great law of food conservation is to turn inedible feeds into edible foods in the cheapest possible manner. The dairy cow will utilize coarse materials, inedible by humans, such as grass, cornstalks, hay, etc., and will turn them into milk, which is suitable for human food. Other farm animals also are converters of coarse roughage into edible food, but are not so efficient as the dairy cow.

So much for the war duty of the producer. To get the full benefit of the milk, care and attention on the part of the consumer is necessary.

**Consumer Must Be Careful.**

If the milk producer and the milk dealer have done their duty there is left daily at the consumer's door a bottle of clean, cold, unadulterated milk. By improper treatment in the home the milk then may become unfit for food, especially for babies. This bad treatment may consist of placing it in unclean vessels, exposing it unnecessarily to the air; failing to keep it cool up to the time of using it; or exposing it to flies.

Milk absorbs impurities—collects bacteria—whenever it is exposed to the air or placed in unclean vessels. Some of these may be the bacteria of certain contagious diseases; others may cause digestive troubles which in the case of infants may prove fatal. Cleanliness and cold are imperative for good milk.

Here are some suggestions from specialists of the United States department of agriculture:

Avoid milk kept in a can, open much of the time and possibly without refrigeration, at the bakery or grocery store.

The best way of buying milk is in bottles. Dipping it from large cans and drawing it from the faucet of a retailer's can are bad practices.

Take the milk into the house as soon as possible after delivery, especially in hot weather.

Keep milk in the original bottle until needed for immediate consumption. Keep the refrigerator cool and sweet. A single drop of spoiled milk or a small particle of neglected food may

contaminate a refrigerator in a few days.

All utensils with which milk comes in contact should be rinsed, washed and scalded every time they are used.

When a baby is bottle-fed, every time the feeding bottle and nipple are used they should be rinsed in lukewarm water, washed in hot water to which a small amount of washing soda has been added, and then scalded. Never use a rubber tube between bottle and nipple, or a bottle with corners.

If a case of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria or other contagious disease breaks out on the family, do not return any bottles to the milkman except with the knowledge of the attending physician and under conditions prescribed by him.

While efficient pasteurization destroys germs and affords a safeguard against certain dangers, it should not be regarded as an insurance against future contamination of milk, and the foregoing suggestions should be observed in the case of pasteurized milk as well as with ordinary milk. Do not keep milk over 24 hours, even if it seems to be sweet, as milk may become unfit for human food before it sours.

### MILK GOOD FOR ALL

Drink milk. Drink more milk. Pure, fresh rich milk is a food fit for the gods. Babies cannot live without milk; and growing children grow the faster for it. It gives vitality to youth, power to middle life, and to old age if it brings a goodly portion of the health and strength of former years. It should be used more largely by people of all ages, classes and conditions. Milk steadies the nerves and adds to the health, physical strength and mental energy of those who use it. It excels coffee, and with it tea is not to be compared. We may drink it at meals and between meals. It is delicious, refreshing, invigorating. It is one of nature's best gifts to man. Come, let us have another glass of milk.

### Bread and Milk.

What sunburned child, when hours of play have made him tired and hungry, does not delight in a bowl of bread and milk? What student, whose brain is weary from long hours of constant study, does not desire a lunch of bread and milk? The overburdened housewife, tired from her daily tasks, can quickly regain her strength by eating bread and milk. The man who labors with his hands, who works from early morn till night, can find no better food for his tired body than a supper of bread and milk. After hours of mental strain in a downtown office, the man of business may renew his strength and vitality by a single meal of bread and milk. All who are weary and overburdened with work or worry may find life and strength and pleasure in a good old-fashioned bowl of bread and milk.

### Silage Valuable for Sheep.

A good quality of silage is extremely palatable and can be fed to all classes of sheep with good results. It must be remembered, however, that silage which is either very sour, moldy or frozen should not be fed.

Use of this succulent feed for sheep has attracted the attention of most farmers only during the past few years. Much has been said of its bad effects upon sheep, but these have been due either to an inferior quality of silage or carelessness of the feeder and improper feeding.

Late summer and early fall is trying on sows and late-farrowed pigs. Unless there is green food it is likely to cost the feeder considerably.



## Help That Weak Back!

IN THESE trying times the utmost effort of every man and every woman is necessary. But the man or woman who is handicapped with weak kidneys finds a good day's work impossible, and any work a burden. Lame, aching back; daily headaches, dizzy spells, urinary irregularities, and that "all-worn-out" feeling are constant sources of distress and should have prompt attention.

Don't delay! Neglected kidney weakness too often leads to gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back to health. They should help you.

### Personal Reports of Real Cases

**A MICHIGAN CASE.**  
Mrs. James M. Murphy, 518 Maple St., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says: "Kidney trouble" came on me and I was so miserable from a steady ache across my back that I was often unable to attend to my work about the house. My kidneys were out of order. My feet and hands swelled and I suffered from headaches and dizzy spells. I felt all run down, until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. This medicine built me up in health, cured all the kidney symptoms and put me in the best of shape. By using Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally since I have kept in good condition."

**AN OHIO CASE.**  
Jesse H. Kaul, farmer, Mt. Washington, Ohio, says: "The action of my kidneys was irregular and the kidney secretions contained sediment. I suffered from rheumatic pains and for a year I had to walk with crutches. My limbs were swollen and sore and I became so bent over I had to lower my crutches. I had to have help in getting out of bed and I couldn't turn alone. I doctored and used different remedies, but they didn't do me any good. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a week was able to walk without crutches. I have not had to lose a day on account of rheumatic pains or backache since and I have gained thirty or forty pounds in weight."

# DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

60c a Box at All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Mfg. Chem.

### A Woman's Right

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

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

### Hay Fever-Catarrh

Prompt Relief Guaranteed

# SCHIFFMANN'S CATARRH BALM

ARE YOUR SYMPTOMS?

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
A toilet preparation of merit. Cleanses the scalp, dandruff, restores color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 a Druggist.

Consolation during the president's visit to his Riverside mansion, talked about certain war production disappointments.

"Consolation in these disappointments?" he said. "Well, I don't take much stock in consolation. It always seems to me rather unsatisfactory."

"Yes, consolation always reminds me of the judge who said consoling to the transgressor whom he had just sentenced to 28 years:

"Oh, well, you know, my man, we've all got to be somewhere."

**Why Bald So Young?**

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

A regular girl never thinks her photograph looks like her unless it doesn't look like her.

The longer a man lives the more lost opportunities he collects.

# Libby's

Savory hot sandwiches—Libby's Dried Beef, toast and cream sauce.

## Tender—Delicate Sliced Beef

THE tender delicacy of Libby's Sliced Dried Beef will surprise you. The care with which choice meat is selected, the skill with which it is prepared, give it the exceptionally fine flavor. Its uniform slices will please you, too. Order Libby's Sliced Dried Beef today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

# Help Save the Harvest

When Our Harvest Requirements Are Completed United States Help Badly Needed—Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for help to harvest the Canadian grain crop of 1918 meets with a request for all available assistance to GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

The Allied Armies must be fed and therefore it is necessary to save every bit of the crop of the Continent—American and Canadian.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Find Comfortable Homes

A card entitling the holder to a rate of one cent per mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return will be given to all harvest applicants.

Every facility will be afforded for admission into Canada and return to the United States.

Information as to wages, railway rates and routes may be had from the

# UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

DETROIT, GRAND RAPIDS, PORT HURON, TRAVERSE CITY

### REACHED END OF PATIENCE

Rookie Felt He Hadn't Enlisted in Army to Be Made Permanent Bird-Tender.

A western bishop, just back from France, where he spent some time at the front, tells the following anecdote as illustrative of the fighting spirit of the American soldier.

"Again and again, whenever his regiment had any orders for activity, it fell to the lot of one 'Tank' to take charge of a crate of carrier pigeons for one of the officers. Always the same private was selected for the monotonous, unexciting task. It became a standing joke in the regiment and the pigeon tender became more and more disgruntled. At last, on the eve of a battle, he again received orders to take charge of the pigeons. He could contain himself no longer. With an air of absolute resolve he walked boldly to the tent of the commanding officer and very firmly placed the crate of pigeons at the door. On the crate was a note:

"Here, take your damned birds—I am going to fight."

### TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down and-out. His weakened condition, because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

### Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists. Soap 25c, Ointment 5c & 10c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."

### JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation Board Tries EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.

Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a Commissioner of the U. S. Board of Mediation and Conciliation. It is natural for him to express himself in guarded language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC. Writing from Washington, D. C., to the Eaton Remedial Co., he says:

"EATONIC promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results."

Office workers and others who sit much are martyrs to dyspepsia, belching, bad breath, heartburn, poor appetite, bloating, and impairment of general health. Are you, yourself, a sufferer? EATONIC will relieve you just as surely as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others.

Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the body—and the Bloat Goes With It! It is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! Costs only a cent or two a day to use. Get a box today from your druggist.

### Every Woman Wants Partine ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Frazee Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

### Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Munne for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "Drops" After the Movies, Motorcar or Golf Will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Munne when your Eyes Need Care. M-13

**Munne Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

### One for Each

Mrs. Houghan—Wan divorce would be no good; I want two av them.

—Lawyer—What do you mean?

Mrs. Houghan—Moike do be livin' a dooble loife.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### It takes a wise young man not to write a love letter.

It takes a wise young man not to write a love letter.

### THE Main Witness.

"There were a number of witnesses to prove that the plaintiff was assaulted by the defendant's goat. Did the latter have any rebutting witnesses?"

"Only the goat. He seemed to do all the rebutting."

### The Kind.

"They say the people in Saxony are eating dog meat." It must be a sort of white-r-wurst."

### ASTHMADOR

AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA

Begin Treatment NOW All Druggists Guarantee

### Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists. Soap 25c, Ointment 5c & 10c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."

### JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

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### Every Woman Wants Partine ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Frazee Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

### Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Munne for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "Drops" After the Movies, Motorcar or Golf Will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Munne when your Eyes Need Care. M-13

**Munne Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

### One for Each

Mrs. Houghan—Wan divorce would be no good; I want two av them.

—Lawyer—What do you mean?

Mrs. Houghan—Moike do be livin' a dooble loife.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### It takes a wise young man not to write a love letter.

It takes a wise young man not to write a love letter.

**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. 23, 1918.



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

**Walled Lake Warbles.**

Miss Golda Holmes of Ypsilanti spent Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. Lon Clutz spent Sunday in Pontiac, the guest of her parents.

Rev. and Mrs. Garrett and children of Detroit visited at the home of M. L. Bradley a few days last week.

Mrs. Ray Riley underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Pontiac hospital last Thursday and is recovering nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bentley and daughter, Edith, and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bentley and family spent Sunday at Belle Isle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Young and son, Floyd of Detroit were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Jacobs at their cottage for several days recently.

Mrs. J. A. Deveraux was removed from the Pontiac hospital for her home Sunday evening. Mrs. Deveraux underwent an operation for appendicitis three weeks ago.

The year and a half old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn died Sunday, after a few days' illness. The funeral was held Monday and the little body was taken to Clifford, where the burial will take place. The family moved here from Clifford a few months ago. Much sympathy is extended them in their bereavement.

The funeral of J. J. Tuttle was held from the home last Wednesday afternoon, Rev. F. A. Brass officiating. Mr. Tuttle had been ill for several weeks. He leaves one son, George W., and two daughters, Mae of this place and Blanch Quackbush of Grand Rapids. He was born July 26, 1838 and spent his entire life here, with the exceptions of three years in the Civil war.

**Wixom Whisperings.**

Mrs. H. A. Smith was in Lansing a part of this week.

Capt. Howard Pratt was home over Sunday from Camp Custer.

The Stevens family expect to move to Pontiac the last of this week.

Margaret Chamberlain of Pontiac is visiting Wixom relatives and friends.

The Pratt, Sturman and Pearsall families picnicked on Belle Isle Tuesday.

Mrs. O. E. Anstead and children are visiting in Toledo and vicinity this week.

Quite a number of Wixom people have attended the Chautauqua at Milford this week.

The Madison family have received the news of the safe arrival of their son, Frank, over seas.

R. D. Stevens and wife and the Smith and Furman families spent last Friday at Silver Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Clark of Detroit are visiting relatives here and at Walled Lake this week.

Mrs. Julia Phillips, Eugene Bullard and Miss Nettie Dunphy, all of Fenton, were Wixom callers Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Furman and daughters were Howell visitors the first of the week, returning home Tuesday evening.

Oscar Lemon, a former R. R. operator here, with his wife and son from Seattle, Wash., visited in this vicinity last week.

A number of people from this place and vicinity attended the Pomona Grange picnic at School House lake, last Friday.

**WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.**

The topic for Sunday morning will

be, "The Mask Removed." We desire a full house next Sunday. We shall endeavor to present both Sin and Righteousness in their every-day clothes. Satan runs the biggest clothing establishment ever known—and has the largest patronage. He has defrauded the world with shoddy for ages, still many continue to wear his goods. He has but one competitor in falsehood—his name is Kaiser Wilhelm.

The L. T. L. will give a splendid program Sunday evening.

**Novi News.**

Mrs. Charles Slack is ill.

Mrs. J. J. Potter was a Detroit visitor last week.

Rev. H. A. Huey and wife of Davison were Novi callers last Friday.

Miss Myrtle Seelye of Walled Lake spent last week with Mrs. Will Melow.

Floyd Hicks has secured a position with the Oakland Motor Car Co. in Pontiac.

Bernadine Verduyn returned from her visit in Dearborn Sunday, accompanied by a girl friend.

Mrs. O. J. Lyon and little son spent a part of last week with Mrs. Harry Finn and family, near Clio.

Mrs. D. Donelson is spending the week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. R. Bathrick, in Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Stella Miller and daughter, Marie, were Detroit visitors last week—the latter going from there to visit friends in Canada.

R. C. Coates and a boy friend, Clayton Begy of Detroit, have been spending the past two weeks with Mrs. Lizzie Coates and Mrs. Stella Miller.

About 75 persons from Novi and vicinity attended the Baptist Sunday school picnic at Silver Lake last Friday and all had the "best time ever" as both the day and place were ideal for a day of recreation.

Harry Bogart was the deceased "victim" of a complete surprise Wednesday when fifteen members of his Sunday school class arrived at his pleasant home, armed with all the necessary material for a lawn party, which was successfully and delightfully carried out with the hearty cooperation of all concerned.

The Lansing man, who was so terribly injured Monday in an automobile accident near the West Novi school house is still under the care of Dr. Holcomb at the Novi hotel. It is said that the car was being driven at a speed of 60 miles an hour and that when it struck a spot loose gravel it turned completely over three times. The other occupant of the car, a Mr. Elliott, escaped, miraculously with less serious injuries.

A very pleasant family gathering was held at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Briggs in Detroit, Sunday, it being their wedding anniversary. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Taylor and daughter, Mabelle, Mr. and Mrs. N. Dow Thompson and children of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, Mrs. Lester Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Salow and son, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Taylor and son, Mrs. Lizzie Coates, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kent and children and Miss Myrtle Taylor, all of Novi. The party from here were conveyed there by Glenn Salow in his new Ford.

All children under 12 years old admitted free on Children's Day, August 28, at the Livingston County fair at Howell, Mich., August 27, 28, 29 and 30.

**EDWARD F. STEIN**



FOR  
**Sheriff**

2nd Term

Primaries August 27

**PRUDEN-URGES PEOPLE LAY IN COAL SUPPLY NOW**

Farmers Will be Doing a Patriotic Service to Set Aside Hard Coal Burners and Use Wood.

Lansing.—The state fuel administrator while urging people in cities to buy coal now in order that another fuel famine such as was experienced last winter will not be repeated, calls upon farmers and others located where wood is easily accessible to lay in a store of that kind of fuel for several reasons.

It will relieve the fuel situation in those places throughout the state where wood is not obtainable at any price and will give the railroads an opportunity of transporting what coal there is obtainable to the larger industrial centers where huge munition factories are working night and day shifts getting out munitions of war.

In most rural districts there is a certain quantity of wood that can be easily obtained and at a slight expense, especially to the farmer, who has the means of hauling it. Rainy days during the spring when farming operations are at a standstill can well be used in gathering in next winter's wood supply or when that task is completed cutting a supply that neighboring towns may be furnished with fuel next winter in the event coal is not obtainable, which may be the case.

Attention is called to the shortage of anthracite coal this year. The government is using great quantities on its boats, thus cutting down the natural surplus that accrues during times of peace. This coal is needed badly by the government, being smokeless and furnishing heat for steam power boats used in transporting soldiers across the Atlantic. Every farmer will be performing a patriotic service by putting aside the hard coal burner the coming winter and burning instead, wood that can be secured from forests and wood lots.

The wood lot proposition in Michigan as outlined by experts calls for a cutting out and thinning process each year that the wood lots may become more thrifty. Much dead and down timber is found in these lots, of which a number may be found on almost every farm and the trees many times are left to rot for want of someone to cut them up into wood. In reality proper care of wood lots will prove a real conservation of the timber of that state.

Fuel users in cities are already finding themselves in the position of not being able to procure anthracite coal and even when they do secure any blank must be signed and sworn to, showing that they require a certain amount for next winter's use. Even then the coal dealer in any community is required not to furnish more than two-thirds of the customer's normal requirement and there is already a serious question whether fuel users in the cities will be able to secure their usual amount of anthracite coal.

Soft coal is being placed in cellars this spring where such coal was never before used and the supply of this variety of coal is already becoming scarce as far as some kinds are concerned. Old rail fences that abound in many sections of the state make good wood for fuel when cut up and the average farmer finds certain time during periods between farming operations to cut these fences into wood as is being done already in many sections of the state. Those living near state lands may easily obtain a supply of wood by getting in touch with the Public Domain Commission at Lansing, which state commission will be only too glad to authorize the cutting out of dead and down timber for fuel.

**WAR INQUIRIES ENORMOUS**

Government Prints Bulletin Every Day Concerning Important Orders, Etc.

Lansing, Mich.—Owing to the enormous increase of government war work the governmental departments at Washington ask Michigan residents to refrain from making inquiries on every conceivable subject concerning the war, as it has been found a physical impossibility for the clerks, though they number an army in themselves now, to give many of these inquiries proper attention and reply.

There is published daily at Washington, under authority and by direction of the President, a government newspaper—the official U. S. Bulletin. This paper prints every day all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., as they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the National Capitol. This official journal is posted each day in every postoffice in the state of Michigan and may also be found in all libraries, boards of trade, chamber of commerce, the offices of mayors, and government and other officials.

By consulting these files most questions will be readily answered; there will be little necessity for letter writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be appreciably relieved; the railroads will be called upon to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments at Washington will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essentially important war-work, and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public.

SCOTT H. DUNHAM



Northville Honor Roll Soldier Now in France.

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



**Orrin P. Gulley**  
—for—  
**County Treasurer**

Fast Efficiency is a guarantee of future worth.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

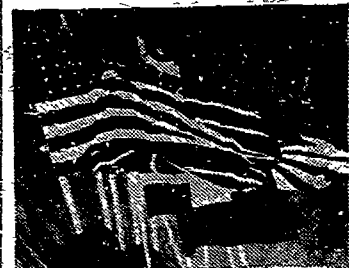
**BIG SALARIES**

are being paid in Detroit, for competent office 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**

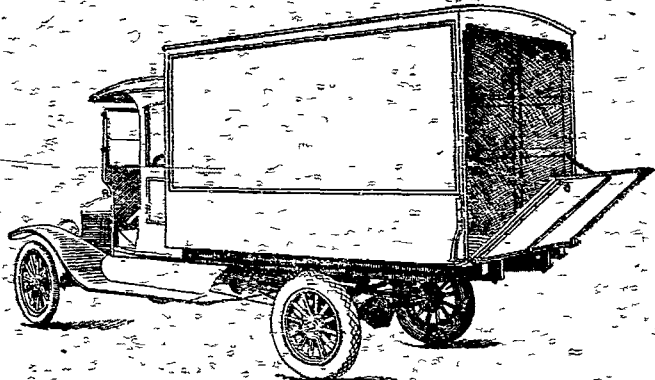
61-69 W. Grand River Ave.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.



**BEAT GERMANY**  
Support EVERY FLAG that opposes Militarism. Eat less of the food fighters need. DENY yourself something. 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**

10 DAYS 10-NIGHTS  
**PREMIER AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND LIVE STOCK EXHIBITIONS OF THE UNITED STATES**  
The World's Celebrated Amusements

**BETTER BABIES CONTEST**

Promoting The Government's National Survey of Children. A \$25.00 examination given to every entrant free of charge and a valuable chart disclosing the Child's physical status. In four years this department has come to be one of the largest and best features of the Fair. Presided over by the Highest Authorities on Child Welfare.

**FIREWORKS**

"The World's War," considered the most Elaborate Pyrotechnical Display in America, will be staged each evening. Depicts the boys in the trenches of France, located in a little French village. Two hundred fifty soldiers used in the setting. Special Daylight Fireworks every afternoon.

The Michigan State Fair is one of the five largest in the world. On Labor Day, 1917, 117,411 visitors passed through the gates.



"United we stand, divided we fall"

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. 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. 186, F. & A. M.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55 R. A. M.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next block west of Park House on Main street.

DR. 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. 11tc.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C. CHIROPRACTOR. 595-6 Woodward Bldg. Cor. Woodward and Clifford Aves. DETROIT, MICH. Residence office, Redford, Mich.

FORD AGENCY NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN. Ford Touring Cars \$450 Ford Runabouts, \$435 Ford Sedan, \$695

We Feature. PENSLAR Remedies and Toilet Preparations. because after careful investigation we have found them to be most efficient and also the best value for the money of any to be had.

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 Pentac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 7:30 a. m., and every hour thereafter until 8:30 p. m.

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit. Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 8:20 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.

DIAMOND DAIRY NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY. Everything in a Strictly Sanitary Condition. All Milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

Northville Newslets.

Mrs. Pearl Balch is a new employe in the local postoffice.

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

Miss Marie Wicox has secured a position in the office of the Lincoln Motor Co., in Detroit.

Next Tuesday, August 27, is a legal holiday on account of the primary elections, and the banks will be closed all day.

The Foresters are giving another of their popular old-time dances this (Friday) evening in their new hall in the Princess rink building.

Eighty new houses are to be immediately built at Wyandotte to accommodate the large force of apple employed in government shipbuilding work.

A grass fire on the Beckham farm east of town caused an alarm to be sounded here Sunday afternoon. The fire was put out before much damage resulted.

This war business is encroaching on everything. The U. S. Agricultural department is now teaching farmers how to kill bear and pea weevils by gas attacks.

The management is preparing to erect a goodly sized grand stand at the Fair grounds, something which needed and something that should be well patronized.

Marie Elithe, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Fuller former residents of Northville, passed away at the Homeopathic hospital at Ann Arbor, August 13.

Dr. G. W. Wikander, the chiropractic physician who has been living here for a few months past, has purchased a home in Redford and moved there this week.

A barn on the Frank Eckles farm a few miles southeast of town was destroyed by fire Sunday night. The loss included a horse, a cow and a quantity of farm produce.

Northville's new superintendent of schools, Prof. D. C. Bowen, has moved his family here from Dexter, Mich., to the Stewart house at the corner of Cady street and First avenue.

The Baptist Ladies' aid will hold its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Levi Eaton Wednesday, August 28. The July and August ladies will serve refreshments. All are invited.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 28, a social is to be held in Livonia Center, on the Evangelical Lutheran church lawn. Ladies, kindly bring box of lunch. Ice cream will be an sale. Everybody welcome.

Speaking of our every-Sunday "motor parade"—one Northville lady counted 137 cars passing her home in 20 minutes last Sunday. Nearly a dozen more were in sight when the 20 minutes were up.

If you should notice a lot of "perverse and stiffnecked" folks around town, you may conclude that they got it when they were in Detroit Tuesday and Wednesday "rubbering" at the wonderful airplane exhibition which took place there.

The famous disappearing island of Lake Orion made its first appearance this season on Sunday, August 4, and continues to rise day by day. It is the only island not for sale and is inhabited by muskrats in winter and birds seeking food in summer.—Orion Review.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. VanAtta was the scene of a very delightful gathering last Saturday, August 17, when a company of about 80 relatives met for the sixth annual reunion of the VanAtta family. Besides those from Northville and the adjacent farming country, guests were in attendance from Detroit, Ann Arbor, Pontiac and South Lyon.

A series of thefts of money has occurred in town during the past few weeks, one or two houses being broken into. In one case \$25 was taken from a house that was left with unlocked doors, in broad daylight. Moral: lock your doors when you go away. Moral No. 2, don't leave money in the house.

The special village election to grant a franchise to the Detroit Edison Co. to furnish electricity to the community will long be remembered on account of the unanimity of the vote, there being 85 votes cast and 85 marked in the "yes" square. Not a "no" registered. This is the first

Hear the celebrated "Ike" Fischer orchestra and vocal soloist at the Livingston County fair at Howell, Mich., August 27, 28, 29, 30.

time, according to the Edison Co. that such a thing has happened in over 200 town elections for similar purposes in this state.—Carleton Times.

"Mrs. W. J. Thompson has been very sick for the past week or two.

Eugene Palmer has been unable to work for the past ten days or so on account of burns received while working at the Bell Foundry.

There will be a special meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary society in the Methodist Church next Tuesday afternoon, August 27.

Every day we drive our "fiver" it becomes more valuable. Another 10 per cent tax will bring the price up to \$500. But then, we'd sell ours for that.—South Lyon Herald.

The handling of sugar certificates being wholly a volunteer work, the U. S. Food Department asks those requiring canning pledge cards to call at the local Administration offices during office hours as far as possible.

The annual reunion of the 22nd Michigan Infantry is to be held at Pontiac, August 28 and 29, in the supervisors' room in the court house. An interesting program has been prepared, including the presence of the old war flag and the historic cowbell. L. C. Mead of Northville is secretary and treasurer of the reunion association.

Women and children on farms can make good wages from June to September by gathering and curing sumac, as a side line, the United States Department of Agriculture says. To assist in establishing the industry of gathering this plant—a source of tannin used in tanning and dyeing—the department is soon to publish in a bulletin helpful suggestions to gatherers and dealers.

The Best Traps. The trapper who has to buy traps, baits, and other trapping supplies should be sure to get the best that can be had, for while the first cost may seem higher, the best goods are much the cheaper in the end.

Girls' Hat Halts Traffic. Old Boreas is no respecter of persons, especially near the tall buildings. Besides showing the male portion all the latest designs in hosiery, he not infrequently steals the dome covering of some fair one who is negotiating a crossing. That is what he did recently, but at the same time there was an exhibition of chivalry, which showed that it was not buried when knight-hood passed away. At one of the Broadway corners, notes a New York correspondent, where traffic is especially heavy, a gust of wind caught in its whimsical grip the headgear of a young lady who was crossing the street and caused it to roll merrily past a car and close to the hoofs of a passing team, before the warning hand of the big bluecoat guardian had been raised all traffic was voluntarily halted and he was given opportunity to rescue the undamaged piece of millinery and return it to its embarrassed but grateful owner. A wave of the cop's arm and every vehicle continued its journey, which had been momentarily halted by the girl's mishap. All of which proves that the days of chivalry are still with us.

Alibis Cheerfully Furnished. There are tricks even in the sailor boy's trade. Consider the one of this young man whose war vessel is anchored somewhere near New York. He came into a hotel in West Forty-second street one night at 3 o'clock, writes a New York correspondent, the clerk pushed the register around and the seaman signed his name. He did not speak. He took his room key and went to his room. Next morning at 11 o'clock he came downstairs in a rage. To the clerk he told the story of having left a call for 5 o'clock and of not having been called. Then to the manager he rushed. "I have not been called by your clerk, and I am six hours late reporting at my post of duty. It is the fault of the hotel and I demand a written letter from you, the manager, to the commander of my ship, saying the blame is yours, that I was not called when I should have been." The manager didn't even smile. He knew the sailor's game, and hurriedly dashed off a letter, assuming all blame for the young patriot's failure to arrive at his post on time.

The Sound of Guns. Conflicting statements have been made from time to time as to the distance at which the guns can be heard. On a still night, when an easterly breeze is prevailing I have heard the dull thud quite distinctly in South London, observes a writer in the London Chronicle. It is this disquieting sound, not less than the din of an occasional air raid, which gives Londoners an idea how near the conflict really is. Now records are being prepared which show the extent of the distance at which the guns are heard. Scientists at University college declare they can be distinguished at a range of 200 miles. This would include places like Warwick, Hull, Cromer, Brighton and Weymouth. Sound travels at a rate of about 1,090 feet a second, so that the sound of the guns in Flanders reaches London about twelve and a half minutes after the explosions occur.

Features at the New Aseium Theatre.

This coming Saturday brings Vivian Martin in "At First Sight"

For next week's attractions see billboards.

You'll Know Him. Sometimes Trouble masquerades as Joy, but we recognize him before he plays one tune on the fiddle, for the fiddle strings snap, and the dancers fall down, and darkness drowns the lights.

Lings to Be Remembered. As good 'almost kill a man as kill a reasonable creature, God's image; he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.—Milton.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Morning services at 10 o'clock

Sunday school at 11:00 o'clock.

The closing Union service for the summer will be held in this church in the evening.

Monthly Covenant meeting Thursday, August 29.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.) Wednesday evening, Aug. 28, the local W. R. C. will again resume its duties at the regular meeting place (Forester's hall), after their annual vacation. The next four months should be active ones, with a good attendance of officers and members. Let each member consider herself a committee of one to help in making the remainder of the year a success.

Good ball games at the Livingston County fair at Howell, Mich., on August 28, 29, 30.

PRIMARY ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that a Primary Election, for all Political parties, for the township of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, will be held in the Village Hall, Northville, Tuesday, August 27th, 1918, at which time the following officers are to be nominated: Governor; Lieutenant Governor; United States Senator; Circuit Judges; Representative in Congress; State Senator; Representative in the Legislature; Probate Judges; Sheriff; County Treasurer; Register of Deeds; Prosecuting Attorney; Circuit Court Commissioners; Coroners; Surveyor; County Road Commissioner and County Drain Commissioner.

The polls of said Election will be opened at 7:00 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon, unless the Board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at 12:00 o'clock, noon, for one hour.

ERNEST MILLER, Township Clerk Dated, Northville, Mich., August 1st, 1918. 4w2c

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MOSHIMER, 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 Wm. J. Lanning, in Northville village, in said county, on Thursday, the 17th day of October A. D. 1918, and on Tuesday, the 17th day of December 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 17th day of August A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, August 17th, 1918. WILLIAM J. LANNING, CASSIUS R. BENTON, Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the nineteenth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen:

Present—Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MOSHIMER, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Oscar Moshimer, administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and the charges of administering said estate.

It is ordered, that the twenty-fourth day of September 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.) HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate. FRANCIS MAHON, Deputy Probate Register.

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT at this bank and receive interest on your deposit for the full time. No better way of showing ones patriotism than to form the habit of saving regularly and thus be in a position to do our share in financing the war. Your banking needs given careful attention. LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK Northville, Mich.

Wash Electrically The Family Washing must be done regardless of how hot the weather may be. Let The Electric Washing Machine Do your Washing for you. It will pay for itself in the saving of labor, time and the cost of a laundress. It also saves wear and tear on clothes because it washes without rubbing. Let us show you what this Machine will do—in our store or in your home. THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

School Days WILL SOON BE HERE. Already we have the books in stock for the Northville Schools. A great many people expect the prices of School Books to be much higher this year. We wish to correct this wrong impression. After looking over over the prices on all books used in Northville, we find only two advances and these are on books used in the grades and are only eight and ten cents respectively. All School Books and Supplies are Sold for Cash Only. Please do not ask us to charge these goods. A. E. STANLEY The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Clear Cut Issue of Temperance and Americanism State Senate Contest, First District EDWARD J. MCCARTHY Pronounced opponent of liquor traffic, will vote right on all prohibition questions and is very well qualified to represent his district. He was urged to enter this contest by some of the best citizens of the district interested in decency and good government. He is being viciously opposed by the united liquor strength, because he refuses flatly to pledge protection to the liquor traffic. HERMAN L. KOEHLER Present State Senator has always voted with liquor element on prohibition questions. Born and educated in Germany; organizer of local German-American societies, which, like the National German-American Alliance has always opposed prohibition. The National organization was recently exposed by a United States Senate committee as guilty of vicious enemy propaganda in America financed by the brewers, and its charter has therefore been revoked by Congress. Because of this clear cut issue of temperance and Americanism at a time when these issues are vital to the winning of the war, Mr. McCarthy's friends are relying on the hope that all good citizens will unite their support of him in the primary next Tuesday. Anti-Saloon League of Michigan, By FOREST KIM, Associate State Superintendent.

# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### Five Days in an Empty House.

The five days I spent in that house seemed to me like five years. During all that time I had very little to eat—less in fact than I had been getting in the fields. I did not feel it so bad, perhaps, because of the fact that I was no longer exposed to the other privations which before had combined to make my condition so wretched. I now had a good place to sleep, at any rate, and I did not wake every half hour or so as I had been accustomed to do in the fields and woods, and, of course, my hunger was not aggravated by the physical exertions which had been necessary before.

Nevertheless, perhaps because I had more time now to think of the hunger-pains which were gnawing at me all the time, I don't believe I was ever so miserable as I was at that period of my adventure. I felt so mean towards the world I would have committed murder, I think, with very little provocation.

German soldiers were passing the house at all hours of the day. I watched them hour after hour from the keyhole of the door—to have shown myself at the window was out of the question because the house in which I was concealed was supposed to be untenanted.

Because of the fact that I was unable to speak either Flemish or German I could not go out and buy food, although I still had the money with



I Rummaged the House Many Times.

which to do it. That was one of the things that galled me—the thought that I had the wherewithal in my jeans to buy all the food I needed and yet no way of getting it without endangering my liberty and life.

At night, however, after it was dark, I would steal quietly out of the house to see what I could pick up in the way of food. By that time, of course, the stores were closed, but I scoured the streets, the alleys and the byways for scraps of food and occasionally got up courage enough to appeal to Belgian peasants whom I met on the streets, and in that way I managed to keep body and soul together.

It was quite apparent to me, however, that I was worse off in the city than I had been in the fields, and I decided to get out of that house just as soon as I knew definitely that Huyliker had made up his mind to do nothing further for me.

When I was not at the keyhole of the door I spent most of my day on the top floor in a room which looked out on the street. By keeping well away from the window I could see much of what was going on without being seen myself. In my restlessness, I used to walk back and forth in that room and I kept it up so constantly that I believe I must have worn a path in the floor. It was nine steps from one wall to the other, and as I had little else to amuse me I figured out one day after I had been pacing up and down for several hours just how much distance I would have covered on my way to Holland if my footsteps had been taken in that direction instead of just up and down that old room. I was very much surprised to find that in three hours I crossed the room no less than 5,000 times and the distance covered was between nine and ten miles. It was not very gratifying to realize that after walking all that distance I wasn't a step nearer my goal than when I started, but I had to do something while waiting for Huyliker to help me, and pacing up and down was a natural outlet for my restlessness.

While looking out of the top floor window one day, I noticed a cat on a window ledge of the house across the street. I had a nice piece of a broken

mirror which I had picked up in the house and I used it to amuse myself for an hour at a time shining it in the cat's eyes across the street. At first the animal was annoyed by the reflection and would move away, only to come back a few moments later. By and by, however, it seemed to get used to the glare and wouldn't budge no matter how strong the sunlight was. Playing with the cat in this way got me into the habit of watching her comings and goings and was indirectly the means of my getting food a day or two later—at a time when I was so famished that I was ready to do almost anything to appease my hunger.

It was about 7 o'clock in the evening I was expecting Huyliker at 8, but I hadn't the slightest hope that he would bring me food, as he had told me that he wouldn't take the risk of having food in his possession when calling on me. I was standing at the window in such a way that I could see what was going on in the street without being observed by those who passed by, when I noticed my friend, the cat, coming down the steps of the opposite house with something in his mouth. Without considering the risks I ran, I opened the front door, ran down the steps and across the street, and pounced on that cat before it could get away with its supper, for that, as I had imagined, was what I had seen in its mouth. It turned out to be a piece of stewed rabbit, which I confiscated eagerly and took back with me to the house.

Perhaps I felt a little sorry for the cat, but I certainly had no qualms about eating the animal's dinner. I was much too hungry to dwell upon niceties, and a piece of stewed rabbit was certainly too good for a cat to eat when a man was starving. I ate and enjoyed it and the incident suggested to me a way in which I might possibly obtain food again when all other avenues failed.

From my place of concealment I frequently saw huge carts being pushed through the streets gathering potato peelings, refuse of cabbage and similar food remnants, which, in America, are considered garbage and destroyed. In Belgium they were using this "garbage" to make their bread out of, and while the idea may sound revolting to us, the fact is that the Germans have brought these things down to such a science that the bread they make this way is really very good to eat. I know it would have been like cake to me when I was in need of food; indeed I would have eaten the "garbage" direct, let alone the bread.

Although, as I have said, I suffered greatly from hunger while occupying this house, there were one or two things I observed through the keyhole or from the windows which made me laugh, and some of the incidents that occurred during my voluntary imprisonment were really funny.

From the keyhole I could see, for instance, a shop window on the other side of the street, several houses down the block. All day long German soldiers would be passing in front of the house and I noticed that practically every one of them would stop in front of this store window and look in. Occasionally a soldier on duty bent would hurry past, but I think nine out of ten of them were sufficiently interested to spend at least a minute, and some of them three or four minutes gazing at whatever was being exhibited in that window, although I noticed that it failed to attract the Belgians.

I have a considerable streak of curiosity in me, and I couldn't help wondering what it could be in that window which almost without exception seemed to interest German soldiers but failed to hold the Belgians, and after conjuring my brains for a while on the problem I came to the conclusion that the shop must have been a book-shop and the window contained German magazines, which, naturally enough, would be of the greatest interest to the Germans but of none to the Belgians.

At any rate I resolved that as soon as night came I would go out and investigate the window. When I got the answer I laughed so loud that I was afraid for the moment I must have attracted the attention of the neighbors, but I couldn't help it. The window was filled with huge quantities of sausage! The store was a butcher shop and one of the principal things they sold apparently was sausage. The display they made, although it consisted merely of sausages piled in the window, certainly had plenty of "pulling" power. It "pulled" nine Germans out of ten out of their course and indirectly "pulled" me right across the street! The idea of those Germans being so interested in that window display as to stand in front of the window for two, three or four minutes at a time, however, certainly seemed funny to me, and when I got back to the house I sat at the keyhole again and found just as much interest as before in watching the Germans stop in their tracks when they reached the window, even though I was now aware what the attraction was.

One of my chief occupations during these days was catching flies. I would catch a fly, put him in a spider's web

(there were plenty of them in the old house), and sit down for the spider to come down and get him. But always I pictured myself in the same predicament and rescued the fly just as the spider was about to grab him. Several times when things were dull I was tempted to see the tragedy through, but perhaps the same Providence that guided me safely through all perils was guarding, too, the destiny of those flies; for I always weakened and the flies never did suffer from my just for amusement.

The house was well supplied with books—in fact, one of the choicest libraries I think I ever saw—but they were all written either in Flemish or French. I could read no Flemish and very little French. I might have made a little headway with the latter, but the books all seemed too deep for me and I gave it up. There was one thing though that I did read and reread from beginning to end; that was a New York Herald which must have arrived just about the time war was declared. Several things in this interested me, and particularly the baseball scores, which I studied with as much care as a real fan possibly could an up-to-date score. I couldn't refrain from laughing when I came to an account of Zimmerman (of the Cubs) being benched for some spat with the umpire, and it afforded me just as much interest three years after it had happened—perhaps more—than some current item of world-wide interest had at that time.

I rummaged the house many times from cellar to garret in my search for something to eat, but the harvest of three years of war had made any success along that line impossible. I was like the man out in the ocean in a boat and thirsty with water everywhere but not a drop to drink.

I was tempted while in the city to go to church one Sunday, but my better judgment told me it would be a useless risk. Of course, someone would surely say something to me and I didn't know how many Germans would be there, or what might happen, so I gave up that idea.

During all the time I was concealed in this house I saw but one automobile and that was a German staff officer's. That same afternoon I had one of the frights of my young life.

I had been gazing out of the keyhole as usual when I heard coming down the street the measured tread of German soldiers. It didn't sound like very many, but there was no doubt in my mind that German soldiers were marching down the street. I went upstairs and peered through the window and sure enough a squad of German infantry was coming down the street accompanied by a military motor truck. I hadn't the slightest idea that they were coming after me, but still the possibilities of the situation gave me more or less alarm, and I considered how I could make my escape if by chance I was the man they were after. The idea of hiding in the wine cellar appealed to me as the most practical; there must have been plenty of places among the wine kegs and cases where a man could conceal himself, but, as a matter of fact, I did not believe that any such contingency would arise.

The marching soldiers came nearer, I could hear them at the next house. In a moment I would see them pass the keyhole through which I was looking.

"Halt!" At the word of command shouted by a junior officer the squad came to attention right in front of the house!

I waited no longer. Running down the stairs I flew into the wine cellar and although it was almost pitch dark—the only light coming from a grating which led to the backyard—I soon found a satisfactory hiding place in the extreme rear of the cellar. I had had the presence of mind to leave the door of the wine cellar ajar, figuring that if the soldiers found a closed door they would be more apt to search for a fugitive behind it than if the door were open.

My decision to get away from that front door had been made and carried out none too soon, for I had only just located myself between two big wine cases when I heard the tramp of soldiers' feet marching up the front stoop, a crash at the front door, a few hasty words of command which I did not understand, and then the noise of scurrying feet from room to room and such a banging and hammering and smashing and crashing that I could not make out what was going on.

If Huyliker had revealed my hiding place to the Huns, as I was now confident he had, I felt that there was little prospect of their overlooking me. They would search the house from top to bottom and, if necessary, raze it to the ground before they would give up the search. To escape from the house through the backyard through the iron grating, which I had no doubt I could force, seemed to be the logical thing to do, but the chances were that the Huns had thrown a cordon around the entire block before the squad was sent to the house. The Germans do these things in an efficient manner always. They take nothing for granted.

My one chance seemed to be to stand pat in the hope that the officer in charge might possibly come to the conclusion that he had arrived at the house too late—that the bird had flown.

My position in that wine cellar was anything but a comfortable one. Rats and mice were scurrying across the floor and the smashing and crashing going on overhead was anything but promising. Evidently those soldiers imagined that I ought to be hiding in the walls, for it sounded as though they were tearing off the wainscoting, the picture molding and, in fact, everything that they could tear or pull apart.

Before very long they would finish their search upstairs and would come down to the basement. What they would do when they discovered the wine I had no idea. Perhaps they would let themselves loose on it and give me my chance. With a bottle of wine in each hand I figured I could put up a good fight in the dark, especially as I was becoming more and more accustomed to it and could begin to distinguish things here and there, whereas when they entered the pitch darkness of the cellar, they would be as blind as bats in the sun.

Perhaps it was twenty minutes before I heard what sounded like my death-knell to me; the soldiers were coming down the cellar steps. I clutched a wine bottle in each hand and waited with bated breath.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! In a moment they would be in the cellar proper. I could almost hear my heart beating. The mice scurried across the floor by the scores, frightened no doubt by the vibration and noise made by the descending soldiers. Some of the creatures ran across me where I stood between two wine cases, but I was too much interested in bigger game to pay any attention to mice.

Tramp! Tramp! "Halt!" Again an order was given in German, and although I did not understand it I am willing to bless every word of it, because it resulted in the soldiers turning right about face, marching up the stairs again, through the hall and out of the front door and away!

I could hardly believe my ears. It seemed almost too good to be true that they could have given up the search just as they were about to come upon their quarry, but unless my ears deceived me that was what they had done.

The possibility that the whole thing might be a German ruse did not escape me, and I remained in the cellar for nearly an hour after they had apparently departed before I ventured to move, listening intently in the meanwhile for the slightest sound which would reveal the presence of a sentry upstairs.

Not hearing a sound I began to feel that they had indeed given up the hunt, for I did not believe that a German



"I Figured: Could Put Up a Good Fight."

officer would be so considerate of his men as to try to trap me rather than carry the cellar by force if they had the slightest idea that I was there.

I took off my shoes and crept softly and slowly to the cellar steps and then step by step, placing my weight down gradually so as to prevent the steps from creaking, I climbed to the top. The sight that met my eyes as I glanced into the kitchen told me the whole story. The water faucets had been ripped from the sinks, the water pipes having been torn off, and gas fixtures, cooking utensils and everything else which contained even the smallest proportion of the metals

the Germans so badly needed had been taken from the kitchen. I walked upstairs now with more confidence, feeling tolerably assured that the soldiers hadn't been after me at all, but had been merely collecting metal and other materials which they expected an elaborate dwelling house like the one in which I was concealed to yield.

Later I heard that the Germans have taken practically every ounce of brass, copper and wool they could lay their hands on in Belgium. Even the brass out of pianos has been ruthlessly removed, the serious damage done to valuable property by the removal of only an insignificant proportion of metal never being taken into consideration. I learned, too, that all dogs over fourteen inches high had been seized by the Germans. This furnished lots of speculation among the Belgians as to what use the Germans were putting the animals to, the general impression apparently being that they were being used for food!

This, however, seemed much less likely to me than that they were being employed as "dispatch" dogs in the trenches, the same as we use them on our side of the line. They might possibly kill the dogs and use their skins for leather and their carcasses for tallow, but I feel quite sure that the Huns are by no means so short of food that they have to eat dogs yet awhile.

Indeed, I want to repeat here what I have mentioned before; if anyone has the idea that this war can be won by starving the Huns, he hasn't the slightest idea how well provided the Germans are in that respect. They have considered their food needs in connection with their resources for several years to come and they have gone at it in such a methodical, systematic way, taking into consideration every possible contingency, that provided there is not an absolute crop failure, there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that they can last for years, and the worst of it is they are very cocksure about it themselves.

It is true that the German soldiers want peace. As I watched them through the keyhole in the door I thought how unfavorably they compared with our men. They marched along the street without laughter, without joking, without singing. It was quite apparent that the war is telling on them. I don't believe I saw a single German soldier who didn't look as if he had lost his best friend—and he probably had.

At the same time there is a big difference—certainly a difference of several years—between wishing the war was over and giving up, and I don't believe the German rank and file any more than their leaders have the slightest idea at this time of giving up at all.

But to return to my experience while concealed in the house. After the visit of the soldiers, which left the house in a wretched condition, I decided that I would continue my journey towards the frontier, particularly as I had gotten all I could out of Huyliker, or rather he had gotten all he was going to get out of me.

During my concealment in the house I had made various sorties into the city at night, and I was beginning to feel more comfortable even when German soldiers were about. Through the keyhole I had studied very closely the gait of the Belgians, the slovenly droop that characterized most of them, and their general appearance, and I felt that in my own dirty and unshaven condition I must have looked as much like the average poor Belgian as a man could. The only thing that was against me was my height. I was several inches taller than even the tallest Belgians. I had often thought that red hair would have gone good with my name, but now, of course, I was mighty glad that I was not so endowed, for red-haired Belgians are about as rare as German charity.

There are many, no doubt, who will wonder why I did not get more help than I did at this time. It is easily answered. When a man is in hourly fear of his life and the country is full of spies, as Belgium certainly was, he is not going to help just anyone that comes along seeking aid. One of the German's most successful ways of trapping the Belgians has been to pose as an English or French prisoner who has escaped, appeal to them for aid, implicate as many as possible, and then turn the whole German police force loose on them. As I look back on those days I think it remarkable that I received as much help as I did, but when people are starving under the conditions now forced upon those unfortunate people, it is a great temptation to surrender these escaped prisoners to German authorities and receive the handsome rewards offered for them—or for alien spies, as I was classed at that time.

The passport which I had described me as a Spanish sailor, but I was very dubious about its value. If I could have spoken Spanish fluently it might have been worth something to me, but the few words I knew of the language would not have carried me very far if I had been confronted with a Spanish interpreter. I decided to use the passport only as a last resort, preferring to act the part of a deaf

and dumb Belgian peasant as far as it would carry me.

Before I finally left the house, I had a remarkable experience which I shall remember as long as I live.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A Night of Desipation.

During the first two days I spent with Huyliker after I had first arrived in the big city, he had told me, among other things, of a moving picture show in town which he said I might have a chance to see while there.

"It is free every night in the week except Saturdays and Sundays," he said, "and once you are inside you would not be apt to be bothered by anyone except when they come to take your order for something to drink. While there is no admission, patrons are expected to eat or drink while enjoying the pictures."

A day or two later, while walking the streets at night in search for food, I had passed this place and was very much tempted to go in and spend a few hours, particularly as it would perhaps give me an opportunity to buy something to eat, although I was at a loss to know how I was going to ask for what I wanted.

While trying to make up my mind whether it was safe for me to go in I walked half a block past the place, and when I turned back again and reached the entrance, with my mind made up that I would take the chance I ran full tilt into a German officer who was just coming out.

That settled all my hankering for moving pictures that night. "Where you came from, my friend," I figured, "there must be more like you! I guess it is a good night for walking."

The next day, however, in recalling the incident of the evening before, it seemed to me that I had been rather foolish. What I needed more than anything else at that time was confidence. Before I could get to the frontier I would have to confront German soldiers many times, because there were more of them between this city and Holland than in any section of the country through which I had so far traveled. Safety in these contingencies would depend largely upon the calmness I displayed. It wouldn't do to get all excited at the mere sight of a spiked helmet. The Belgians, I had noticed, while careful to obey the orders of the Huns, showed no particular fear of them, and it seemed to me the sooner I cultivated the same feeling of indifference the better I would be able to carry off the part I was playing.

For this reason I made up my mind then and there that, officers or no officers, I would go to that show that night and sit it through no matter what happened. While people may think that I had decided unwisely because of the unnecessary risk involved in the adventure, it occurred to me that perhaps after all that theater was about one of the safest places I could attend because that was about the last place Germans would expect to find a fugitive English officer in even if they were searching for me.

As soon as evening came, therefore, I started out for the theatre. I fixed myself up as well as possible. I had on a fairly decent pair of pants which Huyliker had given me and I used a clean handkerchief as a collar.

With my hair brushed up and my beard trimmed as neatly as possible with a pair of rusty scissors which I had found in the house, while my appearance was not exactly that of a Beau Brummel, I don't think I looked much worse than the average Belgian. In these days the average Belgian is very poorly dressed at best.

I can't say I had no misgivings as I made my way to the theatre; certainly I was going there more for discipline than pleasure, but I had made up my mind that I was going there I see it through.

The entrance to the theatre or beer garden, for it was as much one as the other, was on the side of the building and was reached by way of an alley which ran alongside. Near the door was a ticket-seller's booth, but as this was one of the free nights there was no one in the booth.

I marched slowly down the alley imitating as best I could the indifferent gait of the Belgians, and when I entered the theatre endeavored to act as though I had been there many times before. A hasty survey of the layout of the place was sufficient to enable me to select my seat. It was early and there were not more than half a dozen people in the place at that time, so that I had my choice.

There was a raised platform, perhaps two feet high, all around the walls of the place except at the end where the stage was located. On this platform tables were arranged and there were tables on the floor proper as well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Showing It.

"That De Jones must be a wonderfully brave man."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because in the course of a single day he defied the cook, flatly disobeyed his wife and bullied the ice man."

# RAINBOW'S END

A NOVEL  
By REX BEACH  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE IRON TRAIL," "THE SPOILERS," "HEART OF THE SUNSET," ETC.  
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## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"We've been talking about food," Leslie Branch advised his commanding officer. "Miss Evans isn't a burning patriot like the rest of us, and so of course she can't share our ravenous appetite for beef cooked and eaten on the hoof."

"So?" Lopez's handsome face clouded. "You are hungry, then?"

Norine confessed that she was. "I'm starving!" said she. "I haven't had a decent meal for a week."

"God be praised! I know where there is a goat, not two leagues away!" said the colonel.

"But I don't want a goat," Norine complained. "I want—well, pickles, and—jam, and—sardines, and—candy, and—tooth-powder! Real boarding-house luxuries. I'd just like to rob a general store."

Lopez frowned, his brows and lost himself in thought. Later, while the others were talking, he drew Ramos aside and for a while they kept their heads together; then they invited Judson to join their council.

When O'Reilly joined Judson for supper the latter met him with a broad grin on his face. "Well," said he, "you can get ready to saddle up when the moon rises."

"What do you mean?"

"The colonel took Miss Evans at her word. We're going to raid San Antonio de los Baños—two hundred of us—to get her some pickles, and jam, and candy, and tooth-powder."

Certain histories of the Cuban War for Independence speak of "The Battle of San Antonio de los Baños." It is quite a stirring story to read and it has but one fault, a fault, by the way, not uncommon in histories—it is mainly untrue.

In the first place, the engagement was in no sense a battle, but merely a raid. The number of troops engaged was, perhaps, one-fifth of the generous total ascribed by the historians, and as a military maneuver it served no purpose whatsoever. Nevertheless, since the affair had a direct bearing upon the fortunes of several people connected with this story, it is, perhaps, worth relating.

Lopez and his troop approached the town in the early morning. As they deployed for the attack the colonel issued private instructions to certain members of his command.

"O'Reilly, you and Senor Branch will enter one grocery store after another. You will purchase that jam, those sardines, and whatever else you think Miss Evans would like. Captain Judson, you and Major Ramos will go to the apothecary shop—I understand there is a very good one—and look for tooth-powder and candy and the like. I shall see that the streets are cleared, then I shall endeavor to discover some pickles; but as God is my Judge, I doubt if there is such a thing this side of Habana."

Leslie Branch, whose temper had not improved with the long night ride, inquired, caustically: "Do you expect us to buy the groceries? Well, I'm broke, and so is O'Reilly. If you don't give us some change, colonel, we'll have to open a charge account in your name."

"Caramba!" muttered Lopez. "I intended to borrow from you gentlemen. Well, never mind—well, commandeer what we wish in the name of the republic."

Lopez' attack proved a complete surprise, both to the citizens and to the garrison of the town. The rebel bugle gave the first warning of what was afoot, and before the Castilian troops who were loitering off duty could regain their quarters, before the citizens could take cover or the shopkeepers close and bar their heavy wooden shutters, two hundred ragged horsemen were yelling down the streets.

There followed a typical Cuban engagement—ten shouts to one shot. There was a mad charge on the heels of the scurrying populace, a scattering pop-pop of rifles, cheers, cries, shrieks of defiance and far-flung insults directed at the fortunas.

O'Reilly, with Branch and Jacket close at his heels, whirled his horse into the first bodega he came to. The store was stocked with general merchandise, but its owner, evidently a Spaniard, did not tarry to set a price upon any of it. As the three horsemen came clattering in at the front he went flying out at the rear, and although O'Reilly called reassuringly after him, his only answer was the slamming of a back door, followed by swiftly diminishing cries of fright.

There was no time to waste. Johnnie dismounted and, walking to the shelves where some imported canned goods were displayed, he began to select those delicacies for which he had been sent. The devoted Jacket was at his side. The little Cuban exercised no restraint; he seized whatever was most handy, meanwhile cursing ferociously, as befitted a bloodthirsty bandit. Boys are natural robbers, and at this oppor-

tunity for loot, Jacket's soul flamed savagely and he swept the shelves bare as he went.

"Hey, Leslie! Get something to carry this stuff in," O'Reilly directed over his shoulder.

Spurred by O'Reilly's tone and by a lively rattle of rifle-shots outside, Leslie disappeared into the living quarters at the back of the store. A moment later he emerged with a huge armful of bedclothes, evidently snatched at random. Trailing behind him, like a bridal veil, was a mosquito-net, which in his haste he had torn from its fastenings.

"I guess this is poor!" he exclaimed. "Bedding! Pillows! Mosquito-net! I'll sleep comfortable after this."

Dumping his burden of sheets, blankets, and brilliantly colored cotton quilts upon the floor, Branch selected two of the sturdiest and began to knot the corners together.

He had scarcely finished when Judson reined in at the door and called to O'Reilly: "We've cleaned out the drug store. Better get a move on you, for we may have to run any minute. I've just heard about some Cuban prisoners in the calaboose. Gimme a hand and we'll let 'em out."

Sharing in the general consternation at the attack, the jail guards had disappeared, leaving Lopez' men free to break into the prison. When O'Reilly joined them the work was well under way. Seizing whatever implements they could find, Judson and O'Reilly went from cell to cell, battering, prying, smashing, leaving their comrades to rescue the inmates. While the Americans smashed lock after lock, their comrades dragged the astonished inmates from their kennels, hustled them into the street, and took them up behind their saddles.

The raid was over, "retreat" was sounding, when Judson and O'Reilly ran out of the prison, remounted, and joined their comrades, who were streaming back toward the plaza.

Colonel Lopez galloped up to inquire, anxiously, "Did you find those eatables, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and a lot more." "Good! But I failed. Pickles? Caramba! Nobody here ever heard of 'em!"

"Did we lose any men?" Judson asked.

"Not one. But Ramos was badly cut."

"So? There he got to close quarters with some Spaniard?"

"Oh no! The colonel gripped. He was in too great a hurry and broke open a show-case with his fist."

The retreating Cubans still maintained their armor, discharging their rifles into the air, shrieking defiance at their invisible foes, and voicing insult.



O'Reilly Whirled His Horse Into the First Bodega.

ing invitations to combat. This ferocity, however, served only to terrify further the civil population and to close the shutters of San Antonio the tighter. Meanwhile, the loyal troops remained safely in their blockhouses, pouring a steady fire into the town. And despite this admirable display of courage the visitors showed a deep respect for their enemies' marksmanship, taking advantage of whatever shelter there was.

The raiders had approached San Antonio de los Baños across the fields at the rear, but Colonel Lopez led their retreat by way of the camino real which followed the river bank. This road for a short distance was exposed to the fire from one port; then it was sheltered by a bit of rising ground.

O'Reilly, among the last to cross the zone of fire, was just congratulating himself upon the fortunate outcome of the skirmish when he saw Colonel Lopez ride to the crest of a knoll, rise in his stirrups and, lifting his cupped hands to his lips, direct a loud shout back toward the town. Lopez was followed by several of his men, who likewise began to yell and to wave their arms excitedly.

Johnnie turned to discover that Leslie Branch had lagged far behind, and now, as if to cap his fantastic performances, had dismounted and was descending the river bank to a place where a large washing had been spread upon the stones to dry. He was quite exposed, and a spiteful crackle from the nearest blockhouse showed that the Spaniards were determined to bring him down. Mauder bullets ricocheted among the rocks—even from this distance their sharp explosions were audible—others broke the surface of the stream into little ripples, as if a school of fish were leaping.

When Johnnie looked on in breathless apprehension Branch appropriated several suits that promised to fit him; then he climbed up the bank, remounted his horse, and ambled slowly out of range.

Now this was precisely the sort of harebrained exploit which delights a Cuban audience. When Leslie rejoined his comrades, therefore, he was greeted with shouts and cheers.

"Caramba! He would risk his life for a clean shirt. There's a fellow for you! He enjoys the hum of these Spanish bees! Bravo! Tell us what the bullets said to you!" they cried, crowding around him in an admiring circle.

O'Reilly, unable to contain himself, burst forth in a rage. "Lopez ought to court-martial you."

Infuriated, the rode over to where Captain Judson was engaged in making a stirrer upon which to carry the sick prisoner they had rescued from the jail. "This chap here is all in," said Judson. "I'm afraid we aren't going to get him through."

Following Judson's glance, O'Reilly beheld an emaciated figure lying in the shade of a nearby guava bush. The man was clad in filthy rags, his face was dirty and overgrown with a month's beard; a pair of restless eyes stared unblinkingly at the brazen sky. His lips were moving; from them issued a steady patter of words, but otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"You said he was starving," Johnnie dismounted and lent Judson a hand with his task.

"That's what I thought at first, but he's sick. I suppose it's that infernal dungeoned fever. We can swing him between our horses, and—"

Judson looked up to discover that Johnnie was poised rigidly, his mouth open, his hands batted in midair. The sick man's voice had risen, and O'Reilly, with a peculiar expression of amazement upon his face, was straining his ears to hear what he said.

"Eh? What's the matter?" Judson inquired.

For a moment O'Reilly remained frozen in his attitude, then without a word he strode to the sufferer. He bent forward, staring into the vacant, upturned face. A cry burst from his throat, a cry that was like a sob, and, kneeling, he gathered the frail, filthy figure into his arms.

"Esteban!" he cried. "Esteban! This is O'Reilly. O'Reilly! Don't you know me? O'Reilly, your friend, your brother! For God's sake, tell me what they've done to you! Look at me, Esteban! Look at me! Look at me! Oh, Esteban!"

Such eagerness, such thankfulness, such passionate pity were in his friend's hoarse voice that Judson drew closer. He noticed that the faintest flame of reason flickered for an instant in the sick man's hollow eyes; then they began to rove again, and the same rustling whisper recommenced. O'Reilly held the boy tenderly in his arms; tears rolled down his cheeks as he implored Esteban to hear and to heed him.

"Try to hear me! Try!" There was fierce agony in the cry. "Where is Rosa? . . . Rosa? . . . You're safe now; you can tell me. You're safe with O'Reilly. . . . I came back . . . I came back for you and Rosa. . . . Where is she? . . . Is she—dead?"

Other men were assembling now. The column was ready to move, but Judson signaled to Colonel Lopez and made known the identity of the sick stranger. The colonel came toward swiftly and laid a hand upon O'Reilly's shoulder, saying:

"So! You were right, after all. Esteban Varona didn't die. God must have sent us to San Antonio to deliver him."

"He's sick, sick!" O'Reilly said, huskily. "Those Spaniards! Look what they've done to him!" His voice changed. He cried, fiercely: "Well, I'm late again. I'm always just a little bit too late. He'll die before he can tell me."

"Wait! Take hold of yourself. We'll do all that can be done to save him. Now come, we must be going, or all San Antonio will be upon us."

O'Reilly roused. "Put him in my arms," he ordered. "I'll carry him to camp myself."

But Lopez shook his head, saying, gently: "It's a long march, and the litter would be better for him. Think heaven we have an angel of mercy awaiting us, and she will know how to make him well!"

When the troop resumed its retreat Esteban Varona lay suspended upon a swinging bed between O'Reilly and Judson's horses. Although they carried him as carefully as they could throughout that long hot journey, he never ceased his babbling and never awoke to his surroundings.

## CHAPTER XV. Norine Takes Charge.

During the next few days O'Reilly had reason to bless the happy chance which had brought Norine Evans to Cuba. During the return journey from San Antonio de los Baños he had discovered how really ill Esteban Varona was, how weak his hold upon life. After listening to his ravings, O'Reilly began to fear that the poor fellow's mind was permanently unacted, it was an appalling possibility, one to which he could not reconcile himself. To think that somewhere in that fevered brain was perhaps locked the truth about Rosa's fate, if not the secret of her whereabouts, and yet to be unable to wring an intelligent answer to a single question, was intolerable. The hours of that ride were among the longest O'Reilly had ever passed.

But Norine Evans gave him new heart. She took complete charge of the sick man upon his arrival in camp; then in her brisk, matter-of-fact way she directed O'Reilly to go and get some much-needed rest. Esteban was ill, very ill, she admitted; there was no competent doctor near, and her own facilities for nursing were primitive indeed; nevertheless, she expressed confidence that she could cure him, and reminded O'Reilly that nature has a blessed way of building up a resistance to environment. As a result of her good cheer O'Reilly managed to enjoy a night's sleep.

He was up at daylight to offer his services in caring for Esteban Varona, but Norine declined them.

"His fever is down a little and he has taken some nourishment," she re-



"Esteban! This is O'Reilly!"

ported. "That food you boys risked your silly lives for may come in handy, after all."

"I dare say he won't be able to talk to me today," O'Reilly ventured.

"Not today, nor for many days, I'm afraid."

"If you don't mind, then, I'll hang around and listen to what he says," he told her, wistfully. "He might drop a word about Rosa."

"To be sure. So far he's scarcely mentioned her. I can't understand much that he says, of course, but Mrs. Ruiz tells me it's all jumbled and quite unintelligible."

It was a balmy, languid morning about two weeks after O'Reilly's return to the City Among the Leaves. In a hammock swung between two trees Esteban Varona lay, listening to the admonitions of his nurse.

Johnnie O'Reilly had just bade them both a hearty good morning and now Norine was saying: "One hour, no more. You had a temperate again last night, and it came from talking too much. Remember, it takes me just one hour to make my rounds, and if you are not through with your tales of blood and battle when I get back you'll have to finish them tomorrow." With a nod and a smile she left.

As Esteban looked after her his white teeth gleamed and his hollow face lit up.

"She brings me new life," he told O'Reilly. "She is so strong, so healthy, so full of life herself. She is wonderful! When I first saw her bending over me I thought I was dreaming. Sometimes, even yet, I think she cannot be real. But she is, eh?"

"She is quite substantial," O'Reilly smiled. "All the sick fellows talk as you do."

Esteban looked up quickly; his face darkened. "She—nurses others, eh? I'm not the only one?"

"Well, hardly."

There was a brief pause; then Esteban shifted his position and his tone changed. "Tell me, have you heard any news?"

"Not yet, but we will hear some before long I'm sure."

"Your faith does as much for me as this lady's care. But when you go away, when I'm alone, when I begin to think—"

"Don't think too much; don't permit yourself to doubt," O'Reilly said, quickly. "Take my word for it; Rosa is alive and well and her somewhere, somehow. General Gomez will soon have word of her. That's what I've been waiting for—that and what you might have to tell me."

"You know all that I know now and everything that has happened to me." "I don't know how you came to be in a cell in San Antonio de los Baños, two hundred miles from the place you were killed. That is still a mystery."

"It is very simple, amigo. Let me see: I had finished telling you about the fight at La Joya. I was telling you now I fainted. Some good people found me a few hours after I lost consciousness. They supposed I had been attacked by guerrillas and left for dead. Finding that I still had life in me, they took me home with them. They were old friends from Matanzas by the name of Valdes—cultured people who had fled the city and were hiding in the mountains the rest of us."

"Not Valdes, the notary?"

"The very same. Alberto Valdes and his four daughters. Heaven guided them to me—Alberto was an old man; he had hard work to provide food for his girls. Nevertheless, he refused to abandon me. Oh, they were faithful, patient people! You see, I had walked east—instead of west, and now I was miles away from home, and the country between was swarming with Spaniards who were burning, destroying, killing. You wouldn't know Matanzas, O'Reilly. It is a desert."

"I finally became able to drag myself around the hut. But I had no means of sending word to Rosa, and the uncertainty nearly made me crazy. My clothes had rotted from me; my bones were just under the skin. I must have been a shocking sight. Then one day there came a fellow traveling east with messages for Gomez. He was one of Lopez' men, and he told me that Lopez had gone to the Ribbi Hills with Maceo, and that there were none of our men left in the province. He told me other things, too. It was from him that I learned—"

Esteban Varona's thin hands clutched the edges of his hammock and he rolled his head weakly from side to side. "It was he who told me about Rosa. He said that Cuba had ravaged the Yumuri and that my sister—"

"There, there! We know better now," O'Reilly said, soothingly.

"It was a hideous story, a story of rape, murder. I wonder that I didn't go mad. It never occurred to me to doubt, and as a matter of fact the fellow was honest enough; he really believed what he told me. After the man had finished, I felt the desire to get away from all I had known and loved, to leave Matanzas for new fields and give what was left of me to the cause. I was free to enlist, since I couldn't reach Lopez, and I came to join our forces in the Orient."

"That is how you found me in this province. Lopez' men never delivered these dispatches, for we were taken crossing the trocha—at least I was taken, for Pablo was killed. They'd have made an end of me, too, I dare say, only I was so weak. It seems a century since that night. My memory doesn't serve me very well from that point, for they jalled me, and I grew worse. I was out of my head a good deal."

The two men fell silent for a while. Esteban lay with closed eyes, exhausted. O'Reilly gave himself up to frowning thought. His thoughts were not pleasant; he could not, for the life of him, believe in Rosa's safety so implicitly as he had led Esteban to suppose; his efforts to cheer the other had sapped his own supply of hope leaving him a prey to black misgivings. He was glad when Norine Evans' return put an end to his speculations.

"Have you harrowed this poor man's feelings sufficiently for once?" she inquired of O'Reilly.

"I have. I'll agree to talk about nothing unpleasant hereafter."

Esteban turned to his nurse. "There is something I want to tell you both."

"Wait until tomorrow," Norine advised.

But he persisted. "No! I must tell it now. First, however, did either of you discover an old coin in any of my pockets—an old Spanish doubloon?"

"That doubloon again?" Norine lifted her hands protestingly, and cast a meaning look at O'Reilly. "You talk about nothing else for a whole week. Let me feel your pulse."

Esteban surrendered his hand with suspicious readiness.

"You were flat broke when we got you," O'Reilly declared.

"Probably. I seem to remember the somebody stole it."

"Dobloons! Pieces of eight! Golden guineas!" exclaimed Norine. "Why those are pirate coins! They remind me of Treasure Island; of Long John Silver and his wooden leg; of Ber Gunn and all the rest."

Esteban smiled uncomprehendingly. "Yes? Well, this has to do with treasure of the Varonas. My father buried it. He was very rich, you know, and he was afraid of the Spaniards. O'Reilly knows the story."

Johnnie assented with a grunt. "Sure! I know all about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Don't Ask Personal Questions.

Never presume upon your intimacy with another to ask personal questions. No matter how good friends two may be, both have certain matters which they prefer to keep to themselves. The presumption which, under the excuse of intimacy, pushes its way into the privacies of the spirit is unworthy of you. Respect your friends' reserves, and insist that they shall respect yours.

## "Diseased Meat."

There is a wide difference in the terms "diseased meat" and "meat from diseased animals." In fresh pork for instance, the absence of free trichinae cannot be guaranteed by the vendor from any known practical method of inspection, but if the meat is properly cooked any trichinae present are killed and hence cannot produce disease.

## Mindoro.

The island of Mindoro in the Philippines has about 39,700 inhabitants and those include 15,000 Tagalogs, 7,200 Mangaynes and 2,000 Visayans.

## Frivolity of Outward Show.

Dear old Aunt Jane was making a visit in the early spring at the home of her newly married niece, and spring clothes was the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the family.

"I feel sure this hat's not broad enough in the brim, Aune Jane," said the worldly niece, who wanted to appear just as bewitching to her young husband as she did in her going-away costume.

"What does that matter, child? Look at me!" replied Aunt Jane, in a comforting tone. "I put on anything! Don't I look all right!"—Exchange.

## Courteous Explanation.

"How did Solomon get his great reputation for wisdom?" queried Mrs. Meekton's wife.

"Oh, I'm sure, Henrietta, it was not through anything he thought up for himself. You know he had a great many wives and he probably listened very carefully to all their advice."

## Evidence.

Agent—This apartment is lighted with electricity.

Prospective Tenant—I thought so. It is such a shocking light.

## Poor Father.

"Children, you must not make so much noise."

"Why not, mother?"

"I'm trying to choose between these two hats sent up from town."

"Where can we play, mother?"

"Go into the library, where your father is working on his new book."

**KIDNEY TROUBLE** Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it—and don't know it. If you want good results you can't make a mistake by using Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At drug stores in large and medium size bottles. Sample size by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

## Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it, 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

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

## THEN "WILLIE" LEFT HASTILY

Remembered an Engagement After Learning Just Who the "Fresh Old Guy" Was.

It was at a dance at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, when some candles dripped and made quite a puddle of grease on the floor. A gentleman standing at the door immediately took out his knife and his handkerchief and began scraping up the congealed grease, when a very fresh young gentleman in our "set" tapped the gentleman on the shoulder and said: "Say, old gentleman, you're interfering with our Paul Jones. Suppose you cut that out."

"I was afraid some of the young ladies might slip," courteously answered the "old gentleman."

"Well, they won't," answered "Freshie." "Besides, you're not running the hotel." The "old gentleman" had gathered up all the grease by this time, and giving no answer to the just remark, left the room.

"Fresh old guy," continued "Willie" after the dance—"that old man."

"Not exactly fresh, but careful of his guests; that's all," answered a friend.

"His guests?" repeated "Willie."

"Yes," answered the man; "that happened to be Mr. Boldt, the owner of the hotel."

And then didn't "Willie" fade away! —Young Ladies' Journal.

## The Reason.

"I wonder why they've fired Emper." "I guess it is because he is such a big guy."

Philadelphia now has street railway skipstop system.

**Children Like**  
the attractive flavor of the healthful cereal drink

**POSTUM**

And it's fine for them too, for it contains nothing harmful—only the goodness of wheat and pure molasses. POSTUM is now regularly used in place of tea and coffee in many of the best of families. Wholesome economical and healthful. "There's a Reason"

Truly Said. It is difficult to think nobly when one thinks only to get a livelihood.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together...

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



THE DETROIT Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, August 26th.

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.

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...

CHICHESTER'S PILLS. THE DIAMOND BRAND. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. F. L. Newton has gone to Boston, Mass., to visit friends.

Mrs. A. N. Riley and little son, Elliott, are visiting in Ingersoll, Ont.

Mrs. John Becker of Pontiac has been among this week's visitors in town.

Mrs. Fred Foreman is visiting her brother, who is in training at Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. W. E. Ambler is visiting friends at Ann Arbor, Jackson and other points.

Miss Louise Lowary of Chicago has been visiting Miss Elizabeth Lapham this week.

Miss Elizabeth Ostrander has returned from a visit at Tillsonburg, Ontario.

Mrs. Carrie Miller of Buffalo, N. Y. and Mrs. Frank Clark of Detroit spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Smith.

Carroll Ambler returned last Friday from an extended visit with relatives in Ohio.

Miss Eleanor Porter of Blissfield is a guest at the home of her uncle, M. A. Porter and wife.

Mrs. Stewart Montgomery went to Rose City last week to spend a week or two with relatives.

Mrs. Eva Clark is entertaining her little granddaughters, the Misses Dean of Detroit, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will H. White were at Milford Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. L. N. Clark.

The Misses Blanche and Lydia Clark were guests of Misses Edith and Pearl Dyckerson at Howell, Sunday.

Mrs. J. L. Calkins entertained her sister, Mrs. Harry Benton and sons of Saginaw a part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cudback of Flint spent last week with the latter's mother, Mrs. George Ford and family.

J. A. Huff and family and E. E. Miller and family returned Monday from a week's outing at Walled Lake.

Mrs. J. G. Madison of Wixom was a visitor Sunday afternoon at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Harmon.

Mrs. George White, who had been a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White for the past ten days, has returned to her home at Flint.

Mrs. Bert Phillips and daughter, Marion, returned to their home in Highland Park Sunday, after a few days' visit with Northville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Yerkes returned Monday evening from an automobile tour in Northern Michigan, with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber of Farmington.

Mrs. Mary Marvin and little granddaughter, Leona Palmer, returned to Northville Saturday, after a seven weeks' visit at Dundee, Monroe and other points.

Mrs. Charles A. Booth and daughter, Mrs. Ashley of New York City and Junius Beal of Ann Arbor were here Wednesday to attend the funeral of Frances Horton.

The Misses Doris and Alice Brodie and Mr. and Mrs. Hel Brodie of Detroit have been recent guests of Harry Clark and wife at Sunnyside farm and Mrs. George Clark of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon of Detroit were Northville callers Saturday. Mrs. Gordon was formerly Miss Gertrude Wickens of Clyde, who was at one time a teacher in the Northville High school.

Mrs. Mattie Cook and little son, Arthur, and Margaret Murdock of this place and Mrs. Cook's sister, Mrs. Tuesday from Walled Lake, were Tuesday from Walled Lake, where they are spending the summer.

Re v. William S. Jerome has been spending a part of his vacation from his church duties at White Pigeon, Mich., with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Yerkes and other former parishioners in Northville and vicinity this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Robinson, former Northville residents, have been in town a part of this week. They now live near Fenton, where they have purchased a farm.

Mrs. Killitt and daughter, Mrs. L. D. Stage, the latter's little son and Mrs. Wm. H. White, all of this place, and Mrs. George White of Flint motor-

ed to that city Thursday, with Mrs. Stage as chauffeur. The Northville party will visit there for a few days.

Mrs. Lena Daggett and daughter, Edessa, are visiting relatives at Orion.

Dr. T. S. Ball and Mrs. Ball are visiting friends in New York state.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER FROM OVERSEAS

A Northville soldier writes as follows: France, July 19, 1918.

Editor Record: It was suggested to me by a citizen that I give the people of Northville some of my experiences, after nearly a year in France. During that year I have received many parcels from friends in Northville and I wish to thank them right from my heart...

After landing in France, where we were used very good by the people, our officers gave us a few days off to look around, and then we went to work and built one of the biggest American railroad yards in France.

The weather was then the worst kind they have there and we did not have the machinery we have now, such as steam shovels, cranes, American locomotives, etc. After this was done we were shipped to the British front, where we first learned what war really was.

Spine towns are blown to pieces as far as 20 miles back of the lines, by shell fire. It was fun while we were working, to hear the shells sing over our heads.

The American soldiers are the best feed of any here, and they do the most work. I guess I have told you all that will get past the censor, so I will close. Am in the very best of health and feelings. Hope I will meet some more of the Northville boys over here soon.

Yours respectfully, Pte. BARNEY ROCHE, 16th Reg. Eng., A. E. F.

MINNESOTA SOLDIER THANKS RED CROSS

LOCAL UNIT SUPPLIES OUTFIT FOR "GOPHER STATE" BOY

The letter below, received by Mrs. Emery VanValkenburg, will be of interest to every member of the local Red Cross unit...

The letter below, received by Mrs. Emery VanValkenburg, will be of interest to every member of the local Red Cross unit, and all will be glad to know of the opportunity thus given to do a deed of kindness.

The appeal came to Mrs. VanValkenburg from her son, Milo, who left Northville with a complete outfit provided by his parents, which led him and them to hope that the articles thus saved the Northville Red Cross might be handed on to a soldier from another state who had not even as much as a needle and thread.

The letter shows, how our Red Cross ladies responded: Camp Leach, Washington, D. C. August 3, 1918.

Friend Mrs. VanValkenburg: Milo

came over to my tent this afternoon and gave me those most welcome Red Cross articles, and told me you had had them sent to me.

I am out to get the Republican Nomination for Sheriff of Wayne County. I am not a fanatic or so-called reformer and have no wish to curtail the clean amusements of the people...

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OLD BOSSY DATED ON FISH

Cow Feasts on Angler's Prize Salmon and Tosses Off Lunch With Trout Ho'Fung at Her.

The angler could cast a fly, and had caught trout in the south of England, but had never so much as seen a salmon river.

The first salmon is always the most perfect and beautiful that ever was seen, and the angler reflected that if he carried his fish in the bag all day it would dry and lose its lovely sheen.

The rest of the day he caught nothing except a half-pound trout. Still he was very happy and content as he turned homeward, and whistled merrily as he approached the marshy nook.

Good horse races at the Livingston county fair at Howell, Mich., August 27, 28, 29, 30.

Get to the Front Here's an adage as old as Adam...

Get to the Front Here's an adage as old as Adam, but not as old as the sun: "The wise old birds don't gather in herds, but get there one by one."

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.

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, LANSING.

August 15, 1918. The president has issued a proclamation requiring all persons who have, since the 5th day of June, 1918, and on or before the 24th day of August, 1918, attained their 21st birthday to register on Saturday, the 24th day of August between 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Registration for Division No. 4, Wayne county will be held at the office of local Board No. 4, Wayne county in the Pennington Allen Bldg., Pennington avenue, Plymouth, Mich.

LOCAL BOARD DIST. No. 4 Plymouth, Wayne County, Mich.

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.

See "Saalam" the "Midget" in the Free Attractions at the Livingston County fair at Howell, Mich., August 27, 28, 29, 30.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1256 West Euclid Ave. 9th house from Grand River, Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield, 1117. 31-lyr-p.

LOST—Saturday night, sebil brooch, gold letter "S" on front. Finder please leave at Record office.

WANTED—Girl or middle-aged lady to assist in housework (3 in family). No washing. Inquire Record office.

FOR SALE—Good mixed hay, \$25 ton. M. A. Willis. Sowles farm, Waterford road. 5w2p.

FOR SALE—Pigs. Call 190 J-4. J. Holman. 5w2p.

FOR SALE—Ford delivery. Enclosed body, in good running order. Phone 387 R-2. 5w2p.

FOR SALE—Three-quarter ton auto truck, cheap. Phone 176-J. 5t-c.

FOR SALE—Four lawn mowers, one sythe and snath, one milk saw. Charles Shipley. 4w2p.

FOR SALE—Good work horse, cheap. Weight about 1,300 lbs. Inquire of Floyd Northrop. 4w2p.

FOR SALE—120 acres walnut land, 5 miles west; 20 acres timber, buildings fair; \$50 per acre. Also 40 and 80-acre farm, priced right. S. A. Lovewell, Northville, Mich. 4w1p.

FOR SALE—Tomatoes for canning. Mrs. L. Stewart. Phone 50-J. 4w1p.

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

EDWARD J. MCCARTHY FOR STATE SENATOR REPUBLICAN TICKET Primaries August 27

WM. H. GREEN, Jr. FOR COUNTY TREASURER SECOND TERM REASONS WHY HE SHOULD RECEIVE YOUR SUPPORT: HE DEMANDED AUDIT OF TREASURER'S OFFICE. WAS REFUSED BY THE COUNTY AUDITORS. ENGAGED AT OWN EXPENSE EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. RESULTS: MADE PUBLIC KLOKA SCANDAL SHOWING \$100,000 OF COUNTY FUNDS HAD DISAPPEARED. HAD SURVEY OF TREASURER'S OFFICE MADE WITHOUT EXPENSE TO COUNTY RESULTING IN IMPROVEMENTS BEING INSTALLED. EX-TREASURERS PAID BACK TO COUNTY \$7,125.84. WORKING NOW ON OTHER DISCREPANCIES.

Thomas F. FARRELL Republican Candidate for County Clerk Primaries August 27, 1918.

American by birth and descent. Manfred H. Herrmann REPUBLICAN "CLEAN-UP" CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

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