

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX, NO. 6.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PROGRAM OUT FOR NORTHVILLE 2ND FAIR

NEW GRAND STAND BUILT AND NEW BALL DIAMOND.

SOME HOT BALL GAMES WITH \$175 PRIZE MONEY TO LIVE UP THINGS UP.

The premium lists for Northville's second annual fair are now out, sixty pages being required this time to make up the neat little booklet. No effort is being spared to fulfill the promise for a still greater success than was achieved last year.

A new grandstand has been erected and the location of the base ball diamond has been changed, leaving more room in the central part of the grounds for other attractions. A number of new special features have been added to the program, including a registered tournament by the Deep Springs Shooting Club, a big auction for the Red Cross, a baby show, "Children's day," "Home Coming day," "Detroit Automobile Club day," etc. Some first-class ball games may be expected, as \$175 will be paid for prizes in that popular sport.

LETTER FROM MILO JOHNSON.

I wish to convey to the voters of the Third Representative District of Wayne county my sincere thanks for their loyal support during my candidacy for the nomination for Representative in the next Legislature. If elected, it will be my aim to so serve that none shall have occasion to regret his efforts in my behalf. The desires and suggestions relative to any legislation affecting our District or the State in general, will be thankfully received and carefully considered.

My highest ambition shall be to render such service as shall prove me worthy of your confidence.

Again thanking you for your splendid endorsement at the primaries and soliciting your further support at the general election in November, I am,

Yours sincerely,
MILO N. JOHNSON,
Northville, Mich.
Date: August 28, 1918.

OUR SOLDIERS WELL CARED FOR

The following from a Northville soldier explains itself:

Post Hospital, Aberdeen, Md.
"Editor Record: Dear Sir and Friend: I am enclosing a reprint from the speech of the president of the American Medical association, containing information very consoling to parents who have boys in the service. The figures, altho surprising, are absolutely authentic, giving the life to German propaganda relative to this subject. I trust you may find room for it in your paper, giving it the prominence it deserves.
"I have been much pleased with your efforts to teach Northville citizens their duty to our flag.
Major THOMAS B. HENRY."

The extract follows:

"Up to the time of our mobilization the army of Japan had held the record for the lowest mortality of any country during mobilization, and the best care of its soldiers from a medical standpoint.

"In the Japanese mobilization there was a mortality of 20 per thousand. In our mobilization there has been a little less than 10 per thousand. In other words, our showing was twice as good as the record held by any country up to that time.

"There have been epidemics of contagious diseases, but when it is found that the mortality in our army is less than the mortality in civil life of the same number of men of the same age, picked by insurance companies, we can realize what splendid results have been accomplished.

"The people of this country, whose relatives are in the army and navy, are entitled to know, and it will be a great comfort to them to know, that the health of these men is better looked out for than when they were in civil life, and that when they are sick or wounded they will receive as good care, as high class medical and surgical service, as could possibly be obtained in civil life."

CHILDREN'S WAR GARDENS.

The best products of the children's war gardens are to be put on exhibition at the State Fair next week Tuesday, September 3. All Northville boys and girls who have made gardens are requested to have their products ready, the boys to leave theirs with Mr. Gage and the girls of both Mrs. Cattermole's and Mrs. Lapham's classes to leave theirs at Mrs. Cattermole's, in good season Tuesday morning. The county agricultural agent, Mr. Gregg, will be here at nine o'clock on that day, to take charge of the exhibit. Every child who has made a garden is requested to bring something. Each exhibit must be labeled with the name and age of the producer. Remember, next Tuesday morning, September 3.

WAR CONFERENCE AT ANN ARBOR

The Southeastern Michigan war conference in Ann Arbor on September 4 and 5, will be one of the greatest public gatherings ever held in this section of the state. Figures of national repute, a famous French fighter, Governor Sleeper, members of the Michigan war board, state heads of every war activity, state leaders in women's organizations, representatives of war boards of 25 counties, representatives of draft boards of the same counties and scores of other important people will attend.

PRIMARY DAY HERE POLLED 224 VOTES

FARRELL GETS NOMINATION FOR COUNTY CLERK; COFFIN FOR SHERIFF; GREEN FOR TREASURER.

In Tuesday's primary election Northville cast 224 votes, in a scattered condition. Newberry received 110 to 64 for Ford and 6 for Osborne.

The Dems. cast 19 votes and Ford capped 16 of them.
For county clerk, Ockman was outstepped by Farrell by 82 to 36. Farrell went under the wire over Ockman in the county and captured the nomination. The old machine was cracked in several places thereby.

Stein for sheriff here received 90 votes to 61 for Coffin and 18 for Hermann. The latest returns show that Stein was defeated by a small margin.

The apparent County Auditor's scheme to defeat Billy Green for county treasurer was not successful and the big vote for Billy is an indicator of what the voters will do to that board as they come up for nomination. Mr. Byrner is up for nomination next spring. Good by Charlie. No more after next year will you cut down the stub pen supply to save ink. For judges, Jayne, Hunt, Marshner and Webster team to have been the successful quartet. But one of them had the bar endorsement giving evidence that the voters don't care much about what the lawyers say.

DEATH OF CHARLES BLUNK.

Charles William Blunk was born in Livonia township, Wayne county. He was married to Minnie Gates and to this union two children were born, Hazel Hodges and Hilda Hardenburgh, both now of Pontiac.

Mr. Blunk lived the greater part of his life in Northville, and was a member of the Modern Woodmen and the Foresters here. After a brief illness he passed away Sunday, Aug. 25, at the home of his brother, Elmer A. Blunk at the age of 45 years.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon from the home of his brother, Rev. E. King officiating, with interment in Riverside cemetery.

RED CROSS NOTES.

There is plenty of work at the rooms in the High school building now, and room for many more ladies to sew. Everybody more than welcome.

Once more it is requested that all yarn, no matter how small the quantity, shall be turned in at once. Also there are still a few sweaters out, which should be in just as soon as possible.

NO AUTO RIDING FOR PLEASURE ON SUNDAY.

To provide against the possible, or probable, shortage of gasoline no person is permitted to use his automobile for pleasure riding on any Sunday. This is a government order.

RECORD LINES PAY-TRY ONE

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, 216th Engineers, A. E. F.
Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.
Blowers, Hiram—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Eresido, 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, 3rd Co., 2nd Prov. Reg., Camp Hancock, Ga.
Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
Cram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers A. E. F.
Casterline, Orrin—Sergeant—Eng. Camp, Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Camp Holabird, Colgate, Md. M. R. S. Co. 7, Unit 306.
Chapman, Milo—A. E. F.
Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. Cole, Floyd—24 Co. 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Dickerson, James R.—116th Machine Gun Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Dugham, Scott H.—A. E. F.
Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron, 1st Sergeant, Langley Field, Hampton, Va.
Dubuar, Charles C. Sgt., Camp U. S. Troops, A. P. O. 741, S. O. S., American E. F.
Dubuar, James F., 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.
Dallier, 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, 1st A. E. F.
Foss, Paul—Corporal—Co. I, 338th Inf., 85th Div. A. E. F.
Foss, Wm.—U. S. S. Orion, care postmaster, N. Y.
Elkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C, 1st Light Tank, Summerall, Tobayanna, Pa.
Garfield, Truman—155th Aero Squdn., 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, Lou O.—Co. D, 340th Inf. Camp A. E. F., via New York.
Henry, Thomas B.—Post Hospital, Aberdeen, Md.
Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 380th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.
Hills, William—Co. B, 166 Supply train, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hoffis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.
Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck, A. E. F.
Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 316th 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, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Kestell, Stanley, J.—Co. K, 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 Regt., 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.
Limbricht, Robert A.—Squad E, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Postmaster, Fort 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—19th 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., Prt.—F. A. School of Instruction, A. P. O. No. 722, A. E. F., France.
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, 319th Eng., 85th Div., A. E. F.
Salow, Ed.—166th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.
Schultz, Charles A., Corporal—12th Co., 1st 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, 338th Inf., 85th Div., Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.
Teshka, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via N. Y.
Tibbitts, Harold, J.—10th Machine Gun Bn., Headquarters American E. F.
Turner, Harold—Marine Band, Headquarters, Detroit.
Thompson, Clarence—325th Field Hospital, 397 Sanitary Train, P. O. 742, A. E. F.
VanValkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt. Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
VanSickle, Harry—Base Hospital, No. Ward 34, Camp Merritt, N. J.
VanValkenburg, Floyd H.—338th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.
VanValkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler, U. S. N.
VanValkenburg, Milo T.—Co. F, 27th Engineers' band, Camp Leach, Washington, D. C.
Wood, Harold E.—Co. C, 3rd Regt., Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.
Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson, Kansas, Ga.
Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.
Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal B. N., A. E. F.
Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co., Sanitary Train, A. E. F.
White, Harry H.—Walter Reed Sanatorium, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.
White, Harold—Reg. 15, Camp Ross, Co 503, Barracks 1063, Great Lakes, Illinois.
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
Wilcox, Floyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Wheeler, Arthur E.—A. E. F.
Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, Engineers, A. E. F.
Yerkes, Joseph A.
* Deceased.

SOLDIER ITEMS.

Frank W. Brown of the U. S. Coast Artillery, one of the earliest of the Northville boys to enter the service has been injured by the shock of firing big guns, and has written his home folks that he will probably be sent back to them soon.
Recent Northville soldier boys home on furlough are Harold Turner of the Marine Band headquarters, Detroit, Robert Limbricht, Selfridge Field and Reed Stimpson, Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
The name of Lieut. Harold J. Payette, Redford, appears in this week's army casualty lists as "killed in action".
Relatives have been notified that Milo Chapman is another Northville vicinity soldier boy who is now overseas.
News has been received of the arrival of John Kahl on the other side of the Atlantic.

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.
ALSEIUM THEATRE.
One of the most delightful screen plays ever put on locally comes this week Saturday night, when charming Ann Pennington appears in "The Little Soldier Girl". Everybody should see it.

Next week Tuesday, Sept. 3, brings another good one—"Dodging a Million" with popular Mabel Normand as the leading lady.

CARD OF THANKS.

Ralph Horton and family wish to express their sincere thanks to friends for kindness shown during their recent sorrow.

Familiar Misquotations.

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

Sherwin-Williams Paints



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 wlist of Sherwin-Williams Paints at the old selling price.

All Fresh Stock, but we cannot get a supply of any more of the below colors. Here is a list of what we now have on hand:

Sherwin-Williams Paints.		Qts.	½-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		

Qts. \$1.00 ½ Gal. \$1.90 Gallon, \$3.75

HARTFORD Auto Tires and Tubes.
ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

WHAT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MEANS

When you subscribe to a Liberty Loan you subscribe to the sentiment that the world must be made safe for democracy and subscribe to the fund that is to make the world safe for democracy.

You subscribe to the belief that innocent women and children on unarmed ships shall not be sent to the bottom of the sea; that women and children and old men shall not be ravished and tortured and murdered under the plea of military necessity; that nurses shall not be shot for deeds of mercy, nor hospital ships be sunk without warning, or hospitals and unfortified cities be bombed or cannonaded with long-range guns.

You subscribe to the doctrine that small nations have the same rights as great and powerful ones; that might is not right, and that Germany shall not force upon the world the domination of her military masters.

You subscribe, when you subscribe to a Liberty Loan, to the belief that America entered this war for a just and noble cause; that our soldiers in France and our sailors on the sea are fighting for right and justice.

And you subscribe to the American sentiment that they must, and shall be powerful efficient and victorious.

Northville State Savings Bank

Buy Mabley Clothes with Confidence.

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

SPECIAL VALUES IN OUR BOY'S CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

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

VAUDEVILLE

Two Performances Daily
8:15 and 8:45 P. M.

TEMPLE

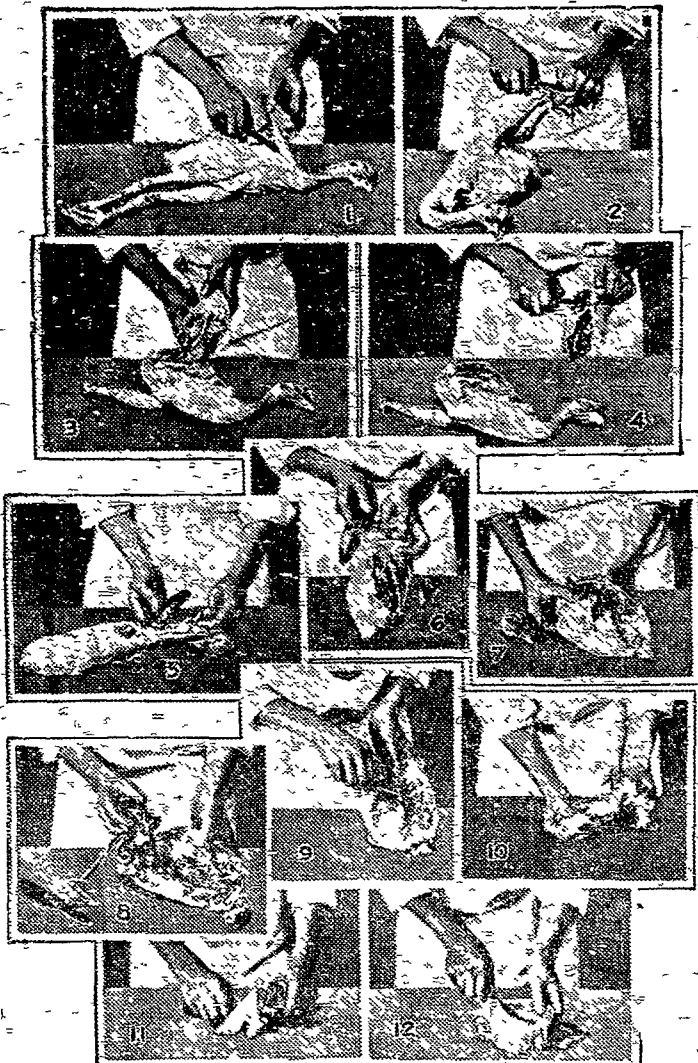
THEATRE.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture)

CLEANING A CHICKEN



Steps in Cleaning and Cutting Up a Chicken.

HOW TO CUT AND DRAW A CHICKEN

Simple Method is Outlined That Makes the Best of a Very Unpleasant Task.

REAL ART IN PREPARATION

Housewife's Everlasting Bugaboo—Loses Half Its Terrors When Plan Shown in Illustration Is Followed Carefully.

Cleaning chickens—the housewife's everlasting bugaboo—loses half its terrors when done by this quick and economical method. There is a real art in drawing and cutting up a chicken for cooking or canning. By carefully following the directions given here, the entire digestive tract is removed without coming in contact with the meat; and the flesh and bones from a whole bird may be fitted neatly into a quart jar.

The bird should not be fed for 24 hours before killing. It should be killed by sticking in the roof of the mouth and picked dry. When the feathers have been removed and the pin feathers drawn, the bird should be cooled rapidly. As soon as it has been properly cooled it should be singed and washed carefully with a brush and light soap suds, if necessary.

Cutting Up and Drawing.

1. Remove the wings after cutting off the tips at the first joint.
2. Remove the foot, cutting at the knee joint.
3. Remove the leg at the hip or saddle joint.
4. Cut through the connecting joint to separate the thigh from the leg.
5. Cut through the neck bone at the head with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut the windpipe or gullet. With the index finger separate the windpipe and gullet from the neck, and cut through the skin to the wing opening. Leave the head attached to the windpipe and gullet and loosen these from the neck down as far as the crop.
6. With a sharpened knife cut around the shoulder blade, pull it out of position and break it.
7. Find the white spots on the ribs and cut along them through the ribs. Cut back to and around the vent and loosen it.
8. Leaving the head attached, loosen the windpipe, gullet and crop, and remove the digestive tract from the bird, pulling it back toward the vent. Remove the lungs and kidneys with the point of a knife and cut off the neck close to the body.
9. Cut through the backbone at the joint or just above the diaphragm and remove the oil sack.
10. Separate the breast from the backbone by cutting through on the white spots and break.
11. Cut in sharp at the point of the breastbone, cutting away the wishbone

and also taking with it the meat. 12. Cut the fillet from each side of the breastbone. Bend in the bones of the breastbone.

Packing for Canning. Use a quart jar. Pack the saddle with a thigh inside; the backbone and ribs with a leg inside, the leg large end downward, alongside the breast bone; the wings; the wishbone; the fillets; the neckbone. Do not pack the giblets with the meat.

Directions for the home canning of chicken, meats, soups, fruits and vegetables may be found in Farmers' Bulletins of the United States department of agriculture, and will be supplied free of charge to anyone writing for them to the division of publications.

CAN YOUR COCKERELS.

This is the season when it no longer pays to feed the males of the early hatches. Will you send them to market or eat them at home?

Can the cockerels and put a row of good chicken dinners on your pantry shelf for winter days, when the price of poultry goes still higher.

Ducks for Meat and Eggs.

The Pekin breed is kept almost exclusively by producers of green ducks and also on many farms where they are grown for meat. They fatten rapidly and may be fed on rations recommended for chickens, but better results are usually secured by feeding more green and vegetable feeds and a larger proportion of mash.

For the general farmer who is more interested in obtaining eggs than producing meat the Indian Runner is a good breed. This duck holds the same relative position in the duck family that the Leghorn does in the chicken family. It lays a good-sized white egg considerably larger than a hen's egg, and is declared to be a small eater, a good forager, and hardy. The introduction of this breed is helping to build up a trade of first-class duck eggs. These eggs should be marketed frequently, as they depreciate in quality more rapidly than hens' eggs.

Cull the Flocks.

Much of the poultry now raised on the farm and in the back-yard flock is not as profitable as it should be. The estimated production of the average hen is not over 85 eggs per year. During 1915 about 2,000 hens under close observation in contest in this country laid on the average 151 eggs. Since these hens varied from nothing to 314 in their production, it is evident that the 151 eggs are not the maximum obtainable. All poultry raisers should cull their flocks and keep only the best layers. A study of the principles of breeding, care and feeding will enable poultry keepers to accomplish this result.

A small, well-protected yard, with as much sunshine as possible, will result in added eggs.

New Arrivals in Afternoon Gowns



Judging from the new arrivals in afternoon gowns the tunic has up idea of abdicating in favor of the panels and broad sashes that bear it company. The tunic redeems the adored straight-line silhouette from severity and is a becoming affair—not to be lightly given up. But it must divide honors with its rivals and make place for them with itself on the new frocks.

Two other new style notes are making a hazard of new fortunes in afternoon gowns—they are the much longer skirts and wide silk fringes. Fringes were immediately accepted and acclaimed but the fate of long skirts is uncertain. Women have grown independent and will not accept whatever is presented without question of its convenience or becomingness.

In the attractive gown shown here, which might be of any of the simple silk fabrics, there is a tunic across the front and sides with three wide, tucks across the bottom that graduate its length. The under-skirt takes no heed of the long skirt mandate, being less than ankle-length. The bodice opens over a vestee of white georgette crepe, and has the effect of the popular slip-over model. Its round neck is outlined with beads and they are all set in a row like tiny buttons.

down the front of the vest. The sleeve is cut with cuff and flare which are features of the season. The flaring portion finished with silk fringe.

The sash, made of the same material as the dress, is very wide. It is handsomely braided on the middle about the waist and on the sash ends. These are finished with wide fringe. This is one of the simplest of new dressy gowns. Silhouette that is to be called upon to save for evening as well, some of the new models are far more intricate in design. New pile fabrics add to their richness, and the long heavy silk fringes are beautifully suited to the materials. These fringes are expensive, but like lace they are sparingly used.

Waists of Dark Colors.

Many georgette waists are in dark colors, such as brown and navy, but all of these waists are trimmed with a lighter color either with vestees and collars or with embroidery or beading. Many strictly tailored blouses are to be seen and these have high collars with turnover sections.

Popularity of Gingham.

Gingham has a very prominent place in summer wardrobes this season.

Velvet Hats in Fall's Millinery Pageant



In the pageant of new millinery for fall, which will soon pass in review, there will be found so great a variety in shapes that every woman may be sure of a becoming hat. Owing to the irregularity of brims, the soft crowns, and the general excellence of trimmings and shapes, it is to be a season to be remembered. Hats are more carefully made than ever, and hand-craft tells its fascinating story in their trimmings. There is the dawn of a tomorrow for ostrich plumes and beautiful feather pieces made of ostrich plumes. Many small hand-made ornaments, along with embroidery and needlework, in chenille, floss, yarn, braids and tinsel threads, make trimmings as varied as the fancies and thoughts of designers.

Out of the world of shapes three types that differ entirely are shown in the group of hats pictured here. All of the shapes are velvet covered, and this is the only thing they have in common. The shapes, to begin with, are carefully thought out to make their lines becoming, and trimmers are careful not to destroy or blur beautiful lines. In the hat at the top the brim is flexible and its lines flow about the

face in gentle curves. The crown is not covered smoothly—the velvet is wrinkled on—and a band of needlework in chenille covers the only smooth part of it. Two soft ostrich plumes take shelter on the under brim at the back. One can imagine this rich hat in any of the season's favored colors and the picture will be perfect.

Just below it to the left a matronly turban reveals a boat-shaped frame draped with velvet. Set about the coronet are ornaments, made of ostrich floss, that suggest ragged chrysanthemums. They give the height required for dignity in hats for older women. This model will be effective in any of the darker colors of the season.

At the right a pretty shape has its round crown covered with corded velvet and a narrow droopy brim that is plain. It is in a taupe shade and is brightened by two clusters of velvet covered fruit—one on the brim and one set against the crown.

Julia Bonnelly

The KITCHEN CABINET

The constant endeavor to look-on the bright side of things will gradually produce and give the power of doing so.

For pleasure or pain, or for weal or woe, 'Tis the law of our being—we reap what we sow.

HELPFUL HINTS.

YOU should save or keep a tall coffee pot for cooking asparagus. This gives plenty of room for the tops to stand without breaking.

To make a juicy pie that will have a crisp lower crust, rub the under crust with egg white, before filling; this hardens when baking, making a hard sheet between the fruit and the crust.

Make a small paper funnel and insert in the center of the crust. The juice will boil up in this without overflowing the crust.

Sour milk when used in cake makes a more tender, better-flavored crust, and it keeps moist longer. Use one-half teaspoonful of soda to a cupful of sour milk. Baking powder in small quantity may also be added when using sour milk and soda.

Can spinach, chard, beet greens and beets for winter now. Lettuce that has become tough also makes fine greens.

A good crack filler is made from one pound of flour rubbed smoothly with a little water. Add three quarts of boiling water and set on the stove. Stir in one tablespoonful of powdered alum, together with two bus of newspapers; cook until the mass is smooth and thick as pastry.

When using buckwheat flour, the same amount may be used in any recipe in which wheat flour is used, but the liquid must be increased as buckwheat thickens more than the same measure of flour.

A floor wax for dulled varnish is made by blending half a pound of beeswax with half a pint of turpentine. Shave the wax and heat in a double boiler until melted, then add the turpentine with the same amount of linseed oil.

Dust mops made from old stocking legs, soaked in paraffin oil until saturated then dried well, are as good as those sold in the stores.

A polish for furniture and woodwork is equal parts of kerosene, vinegar and turpentine well blended.

A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay. And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

NOW is the time to prepare for the winter. There are many number of good relishes that may be put up without heat. Grape jelly that has all the flavor of the fresh grape left in it is prepared by mixing the drained juice with

double its measure of sugar. Let the sugar thoroughly dissolve before pouring into the glasses. The next day the jelly will be as firm as if it had been cooked. Cover with paraffin and put in a dry cool place.

Cucumber Relish.—Chop three quarts of peeled and sliced cucumbers, removing all seeds; two quarts of onions and two pints of green peppers. Sprinkle with salt, cover and let stand over night. Add six teaspoonfuls of celery seed, one teaspoonful of pepper, and vinegar to cover.

Tomato Catsup.—Chop one peck of ripe firm tomatoes and press through a sieve. Add one-half cup of grated horseradish, one-fourth cupful of salt, one cupful of white mustard seed, two large peppers, two bunches of celery, chopped fine, one cupful of minced onions, one cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful each of black pepper and cinnamon, and one quart of vinegar. Bottle and seal without cooking.

Pickles for Immediate Use.—Mix together one cupful each of salt and dry mustard, add it to one gallon of good vinegar, spices of various kinds and a little sugar if liked, may be added. Drop the well-washed cucumbers into this pickle each day as they grow. These pickles will keep indefinitely.

Beet Relish.—Take tender, well cooked beets, chop one quart, add the same measure of chopped cabbage and one cupful of fresh-grated horseradish, the same of chopped celery, one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, salt to taste, cover with cold vinegar. Can and seal.

Nellie Maxwell

Famous Iron Cross.

The Iron Cross is a Prussian order of the merit instituted by Frederick William III of Prussia on March 10, 1813, as a reward for bravery during the war of liberation against France. The decoration is a Maltese cross of iron, edged with silver, and worn either around the neck or in the buttonhole. This order was revived by William I, king of Prussia, on July 19, 1870, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, and was bestowed by him on his son, the crown prince, for the victory of Wissembourg, August 4, 1870. During 1870-71 40,000 persons were decorated with the Iron Cross.

POULTRY

GET RETURNS FROM POULTRY

On Many Farms Products From Fowls Can Be Secured as a Practically Clear Profit.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

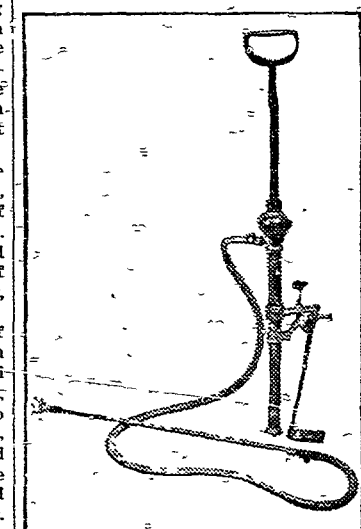
The farmer who raises the ordinary grains and keeps some live stock has perhaps the greatest opportunity that has ever come to him for making profit from poultry. The possibilities for profit are perhaps not so large as they used to be for the special poultry farmer, and that fact may have led some general farmers to believe that the situation applies in some way to them; but there exists just here an unusual paradox. The very conditions that may make poultry and egg production a losing enterprise on the specialized poultry farm tend to make it an increasingly gainful one for the general farmer. Where nearly all of his feed has to be bought at high prices, the margin between cost of production and proceeds from sale becomes extremely narrow, but where practically all of the poultry feed is made up of waste materials that would otherwise not be utilized in any manner, the percentage of profit becomes very much larger when prices are high than when they are low. Poultry on the farm obtain a very great part of their feed by foraging by cleaning the waste from stable yards and feeding lots, by consuming the scraps from the kitchen door, by preying upon insect pests in pasture and field, and in only a relatively small degree from grain or other commodities that would be marketable. A farmer whose poultry is fed in this way may count all of the money received for eggs and surplus poultry as practically clear profit. When, therefore, eggs and poultry are selling at higher prices than have usually been obtainable, the farmer's margin of profit without expenditure is very greatly increased. It is, therefore, to the farmers of the country that the nation must look for the greater part of the immediate increase of poultry products which will make it possible to supply our own army and navy with red meats and at the same time furnish the allies with the animal foods they need.

DISINFECTION OF HENHOUSE

Structure Should Be Thoroughly Cleaned Out and Sprayed at Least Once Every Year.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Once a year the poultry house should be thoroughly cleaned out and sprayed with one of the coal tar disinfectants or given a good coat of whitewash containing 5 per cent of crude carbolic acid or cresol. Unless the exterior is painted, a coat of whitewash will help preserve the lumber and give a neater appearance to the building. Spring is one of the best seasons to clean up and whitewash the poultry house. A well-made whitewash is the



Bucket Spray Pump, Useful in Disinfecting Chicken House.

cheapest of all paints, and if properly made serves equally well either for exterior or interior surfaces.

A good whitewash can be made by slaking about 10 pounds of quicklime in a pail with 2 gallons of water, covering the pail with cloth or burlap and allowing it to slake for one hour. Water is then added to bring the whitewash to a consistency which may be applied readily. A waterproof whitewash for exterior surfaces may be made as follows: (1) Slake 1 bushel of quicklime in 12 gallons of hot water, (2) dissolve 2 pounds of common salt and 1 pound of sulphate of zinc in 2 gallons of boiling water; pour (2) into (1), and add 2 gallons of skim milk and mix thoroughly. Whitewash is spread lightly over the surface with a broad brush.

Guineas Gaining Favor.

Guinea fowls are growing in favor as a substitute for game birds, with the result that guinea raising is becoming more profitable.

Purebred Fowls Best.

If you are raising scrub chickens, you certainly are not making near the amount that you could if you had purebred fowls.



Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

Class 1 includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

Class 2 includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

Class 3 includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

DAIRY FACTS

OBJECT OF WASHING BUTTER

Proper Way to Remove Buttermilk Is When Butter Is in Small Granules—Use Pure Water.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The object of washing butter is to remove the buttermilk. The only way that this can be done properly is to wash the butter when it is in small granules so that the largest possible surface is exposed to the water. To try to remove buttermilk by working it out of the butter is not effective; moreover, the excessive working injures the grain and body of the butter.

While the last of the buttermilk is draining off the wash water should be prepared. Only pure, clean wash water should be used, and it should be twice the quantity of and at about the same temperature as the buttermilk. The water should be placed in a pail or other receptacle and its temperature determined with a thermometer, if necessary it should be tempered by the addition of either warm water or ice. If the butter granules are too soft or too hard the temperature of the wash may be either a few degrees warmer or colder than the buttermilk. Warm water has the same effect upon the body of the butter as high churning temperatures, whereas cold water makes the butter so hard that it can be worked only with great difficulty, and is very cold the proper incorporation of the salt is practically impossible.

After the buttermilk has been drawn off the cork is replaced and one-half the wash water is poured into the churn. The cover of the churn is then replaced and the churn given about four rapid revolutions. The wash water is drawn off and the washing repeated. Two washings are usually sufficient, the second wash water when drawn off usually being almost perfectly clear.

While the wash water is straining off the worker should be rinsed again with hot water followed by a thorough rinsing and cooling with cold water. This must be done immediately before using, because if the worker is slightly dry the butter will stick to it. The lever worker is widely used and gives satisfactory results, though other types do just as good work.

The butter, which is still in the granular condition, is removed from the churn with the ladle and placed in a convenient receptacle for weighing. The old-fashioned butter bowl is convenient, and this is the only use that should be made of it. The butter having been weighed the quantity of salt is weighed, and this should be calculated on the basis of three-fourths of an ounce for each pound of butter. The quantity may be varied to suit personal taste or the requirements of the market. The best grade of butter salt or table salt should be used. The butter is placed upon the worker, spread out about two inches thick, and the salt, free of lumps, sifted upon it. The butter is then pressed

PUT IT SQUARELY UP TO DAD

Young Son of Famous Member of "Vigilantes" Frankly Considered His Father a "Slacker"

Ellis Parker Butler, the author, who lives at Flushing, and is devoting his energy to aiding in the successful prosecution of the war, does not bear an enviable reputation for patriotism in his own household. Mr. Butler has been writing for the Thrift and War stamps campaign.

Mr. Butler is the father of twin sons of tender age. Several nights ago he returned home tired after a day's work for the Red Cross and took his seat at the head of the table. After they had finished their dinner, the twins produced their Thrift stamps and started to count them.

"Dad, look at all the stamps I have," said one of the youngsters. "I have 200. Look at brother's pile; he has more than I."

Mr. Butler nodded approvingly to Mrs. Butler and they both smiled. There was silence for a minute, then one of the twins looked up and exclaimed: "Dad, why don't you do something patriotic?"

SHE GOT COMPOSERS MIXED

Queen Victoria's Error Must Have Caused Mascagni to Pass an Uncomfortable Few Minutes.

Sometimes when a great personage's musical criticism embarrassing errors arise. Once Queen Victoria invited Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" to play for her at Windsor castle. When the musician was at the piano her majesty said: "I am passionately fond of one of the numbers of your opera."

Mascagni played the Intermezzo. "No," said the queen, "that is not the melody I mean."

Mascagni played the Prelude.

"That's not it, either."

Mascagni played the dramatic Duet.

The queen became almost impatient.

"I'll help you to remember it," she said, and hummed a few measures.

With increasing consternation Mascagni listened as the queen sang the Prologue to Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

Le Gaiolois, in telling the story, does not say whether the musician informed the queen that she had made a mistake. —Youth's Companion.

Limit in Snobbery

"Those society leaders who go about administering snubs and insults," the late Burton Willing once said in the Philadelphia Club, "remind me of Greens."

Greens ran a little grocery in South Eleventh street. He was tremendously proud of it, though it was in reality a wretched hole. He used to stride up and down in front of it all day with his nose in the air and his chest puffed out.

"An humble, hard-working passing Greens' one morning said affably: "How are you, Mr. Greens? It looks as if we'd have some rain, don't it?"

"Wed," shouted Greens. "Wed? Since when young man, have you and I been partners?"

Three Million Spangles in Flag

A flag of extraordinary beauty, composed entirely of spangles, was recently displayed in a Chicago store window. The brilliant emblem, flashing back the light from innumerable points, extended almost the full width of the panel at the back of the display area. Three and one-half million of the tiny metal disks, strung on threads, were used in fashioning this flag. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

No Older Than Your Face

Is true in most cases. Then keep your face fair and young with Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Cutment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Yum Yum

After watching some folks eating the delightful fruit, one is inclined to say with that distinguished statesman whose name we forget: "Come on in—the watermelon's fine."

A Dreadful Possibility

He—The government is warning people to be economical with paper.

She—Oh, Harold, do you think they will make us cut out our love letters?

Nothing Like That

"Didn't Peggy marry a literary man?"

"Dear me, no; he's a magazine writer." —Life.

A Bright Pupil

Teacher—Into what two great classes is the human race divided?

Pupil—Motorists and pedestrians.



Washing Utensils Immediately After Making Butter.

ed with the lever or other device, care being taken to press and not to rub or smear it. After being pressed into a thin layer it is folded upon itself into a pile and the pressing repeated. The working is continued until there is a thorough and even distribution of the salt and a desirable grain and body have been produced.

The working of the butter is a very important step in the making process and should receive careful attention. Too much working is a common fault in farm-made butter. Overworked butter has a sticky and salty body, a dull, greasy appearance, and gummy grain. It feels warm in the mouth, sticks, and dissolves slowly. Properly worked butter has a waxy body and a bright appearance, and feels cool and dissolves quickly in the mouth. Butter has a proper grain if a slab breaks when bent at an angle of about 45 degrees and the broken surface has the appearance of broken steel. In addition, overworking butter injures its keeping properties.

Properly Indignant

One of our neighbors was trying some of the late dance steps when his two small sons toddled out on to the floor to join in the exercise. In mock anger he commanded:

"Get out of my way, boys! You can't dance!"

Little Melvin was much insulted, and after a moment's reflection indignantly exclaimed:

"Daddy, I guess you think us little kids are just boneheads!"—Exchange.

Danger

"Your majesty, the enemy is pursuing our gallant forces relentlessly."

"How close are they to our splendid troops?"

"Very close, your majesty, very close. They are in actual contact with our rear guards, and within three weeks of catching up to the piece where the crown prince is."

Philadelphia is to have a hospital for wounded negro soldiers.

A Message to Mothers

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is nothing new. We are not asking you to try an experiment. We just want to impress upon you the importance of buying Fletcher's.

Your physician will tell you this, as he knows there are a number of imitations on the market, and he is particularly interested in the welfare of your baby.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Joy for Archeologists

I was at Carthage on the day the greatest Hittite find ever unearthed was revealed to the eye of man for the first time in three thousand years.

When the enthusiastic laborers had carefully uncovered the precious, delicate slab, and the overseer, bending over it like some near-sighted Silas Marner, caressing his gold, had discovered that it bore the longest Hittite inscription ever found, ten shots from a big Colt revolver, fired as a back-sheesh to the stone, echoed and re-echoed across the Euphrates, and workmen and directors knew that a big find had been made.

Pandemonium was let loose. Laborers came running from all directions to share in the joy of discovery. I also shared in that joy. I shouted congratulations to Khalil, the giant pick man.

"Praise be to God!" I cried. He grinned so I could see all his teeth, and answered "God's blessing return to you!" —Christian Herald.

Love Stronger Than Duty

Duty makes us do things we don't love, but love makes us do them beautifully. —Phillips Brooks.

Illinois last year reported 22,241 fires with insurance of \$6,747,267.

Usually it has taken a man 25 years to get rich overnight.

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Do you feel tired and "worn-out"? Are you nervous and irritable? Don't sleep well at night? Have a "dragged out," unrested feeling when you get up in the morning? Dizzy spells? Bilious? Bad taste in the mouth, backache, pain or soreness in the loins, and abdomen? Severe distress when urinating, bloody, cloudy urine or sediment? All these indicate gravel or stone in the bladder, or that the poisonous microbes, which are always in your system, have attacked your kidneys.

You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The oil soaks gently into the walls and lining of the kidneys, and the little poisonous animal germs, which are causing the inflammation, are immediately attacked and chased out of your system without inconvenience or pain.

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backaches. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of that backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor. After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two Capsules each day so as to keep in first class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original, imported GOLD MEDAL brand; and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.

Poor Comparison.
Caroline was eating a green apple, and her mother said, "O, dearie, don't eat that. It will make you sick as a dog!" Caroline's reply was prompt and logical. "Our dog is the welllest one of the family."

Hay Fever-Catarrh Prompt Relief Guaranteed
SCHIFFMANN'S CATARRH BALM

WHEN you get up "tired as a dog" and sleep is full of ugly dreams you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Fatigue is the result of poisons produced by exercise or failure to digest food properly, and eliminate it promptly with the aid of liver and kidneys.

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c. Directions of Special Value to Women are with every box.

PATENTS
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Reasonable. Highest success. Testimonials.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 35-1918.

Editor Finally Turned

"And this," said the alleged old soldier, pestering a long-suffering editor who was an old soldier, "is where the Arabs were massed in front of us."

"Here," pointing to another place on a dirty pocket map, "is where our division was drawn up in zebra."

"We deployed in this direction, and our left wing was attacked by the enemy on this knoll. Just at this point I was wounded on the left shoulder and a hundred yards further on I got my right arm shattered by a piece of one of our own shells, and—"

"But," interrupted the bored editor, "where did you get your brains blown out?"—London Tit-Bits.

He Could, All Right

"The sounds of battle are something terrifying," roared the lecturer. "Can you imagine the screaming of the shells, the roaring of the cannons, the yells of the men, the rattle of the rifles and machine guns?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can," said the meek little man in the front row, who thought the question was meant for him. "We got three singers, two trombone players, eight pianos, fourteen talking machines, a violinist and a cornetist in our block, all trying to get back in practice."

Even With Lufendorff's Help

The old woman who lived in a shoe boasted: "Yet the crown prince couldn't live in a pocket." She cried.

Stick Is Right

You've noticed no doubt, during the last day or two that people have a unusual tendency to stick around.

Reading, Pa., posts a night guard

around its city hall to prevent risks of supposed German spies.

An honest man never has to sit up

at night wondering how much his neighbors know about him.

United States in 1917 consumed

33,000,000,000 cigarettes.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 40 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Are You Bloating After Eating
With that gassy, puffy feeling, and hurting near your heart? For Quick Relief—Take ONE

EATONIC
FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

You can fairly feel it work. It drives the GAS out of your body and the Bloat goes with it.

Removes Quickly—Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, etc.

Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Good for the "Help" Book. Address Eaton's Remedy Co., 1019-24 St. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Costs a Cent or Two a Day

The Northville Record.

Published by

NEAL PRINTING CO.

J. A. 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. 30, 1918.



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

Novi News.

Mrs. Harry Nichols is on the sick list.

Mrs. Wm. Mairs is improving in health.

Mrs. Louisa Hammond has been quite ill.

Mrs. Frances Dandison was a Pontiac visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Will Melow visited Mrs. Seeley at Walled Lake, Tuesday.

Mrs. W. D. Flint left last week for Ludington for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Becker of Pontiac has been visiting friends here recently.

Mrs. Lucretia Whipple of Detroit is visiting among her old Novi friends.

Miss Emma Harding of St. Louis, Mo. is visiting her sister, Mrs. Burton Munro.

Word has been received of the safe arrival of Loren Leavenworth overseas.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor of Walled Lake attended the Baptist church services here Sunday.

C. D. Seebault and family of Detroit visited Mrs. Lizzie Coates last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nichols and daughter spent last Thursday at Boh-Lö.

Mrs. Lottie Card is making an indefinite visit at the home of her brother, Wm. Risner, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Holcomb and little daughter of Pontiac were Novi visitors Saturday night and Sunday.

Fred Briggs and wife and T. W. Taylor, wife and daughter of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Taylor Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Wm. Mairs and son, George were guests of Mrs. Kate Simmons in Pontiac from Thursday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watt have been spending a few days this week with their daughter, Mrs. Cates, at Farmington.

The Red Cross meeting was postponed from Tuesday until Thursday, on account of the hall being used for primary election.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Munro who has been dangerously ill with cholera infantum is now on the road to recovery.

Our school opened Monday, Aug. 26, with Miss Josephine Stewart of Frankfort, Mich. as principal and Miss Ruth Lindsey of the upper peninsula as assistant.

Mrs. J. J. Potter was called to Minneapolis, Minn. last week by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Parks, who is well known and much thought of here.

Hale Garner of Walled Lake, former principal of the Novi school, was in town today—Friday—bidding goodbye to his many friends before leaving for the U. S. army service.

Rev. O. J. Lyon motored out from Clinton Sunday evening to the Donelson home, returning home Monday afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Lyon and little son, who have spent the past several weeks with her parents here.

Rev. Charles A. Slack is taking a two weeks' vacation. His pulpit will be occupied this coming Sunday by Rev. Halverson of Walled Lake and the following Sunday by Rev. Anstead of Wixom.

Jay Hussey of Northville was in

town to say goodbye to his Novi friends before leaving for Camp Custer. John Moorely Ward Hicks and Glenn Shirkitt were other Novi boys who went to the same camp Tuesday.

Mrs. Ernest Miller of Detroit was a guest at the L. B. Flint home one day last week. Mrs. Miller was formerly Miss Shirley Foster of Alpena and is a relative of Mrs. Frances Thompson Holcomb of Pontiac, who lived here for some time with her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Coates.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Clyde Smith is entertaining her niece from Dawn Malls, Canada, this week.

Miss Gertrude Moss is spending several days with relatives at Clarkston.

Mrs. Georgia Champ is entertaining her sister and husband from Ohio this week.

Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Clark of Detroit spent last week with relatives here and at Wixom.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Rose and family of Mt. Clemens visited friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Arthur of Northville visited at the home of H. F. Andrews, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cheeseman and daughter, Marie, visited relatives at Kalamazoo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Melow are enjoying a motor trip to Lansing, Grand Rapids and other places.

The B. Y. P. U. will hold an ice cream social Saturday evening. Proceedings to go towards wiring the Baptist parsonage.

Detroit's amateur long distance mermaid is to give a demonstration of her skill next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock on the south side of the lake. The exhibition is free and everybody is invited to witness it.

Wixom Whisperings.

George Bryant left Tuesday for Camp Custer.

School begins Monday with the Misses VanDusen as teachers.

Mrs. B. D. Burch and daughter, Kathryn, were in Milford Monday.

Miss Grace Aiken of Durand is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Sutherland.

Miss Vira Phillips and Audrey Parker are visiting the latter's parents.

Mrs. Ryal of Pontiac visited her parents, Mark Baughn and wife a part of this week.

Mrs. Tabor of Pontiac was entertained at the parsonage a part of last week and this.

H. G. Roach and family and Mrs. B. Kitson were Detroit visitors one day last week.

Mrs. C. A. Madison of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Hennessey and baby of Detroit are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. VanWagoner.

Mrs. Lawrence Golden of Centralia, Ill. is a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. Shannon.

L. R. Stevens moved his family to Pontiac Monday. There are now several vacant houses in Wixom.

Lester Lee and wife, who have been living with their son at Wyandotte, for a couple of years, returned to their home here Sunday.

Mr. Hauteburgue and sister, Mrs. Mary Rivard and the latter's grandson, of Pontiac visited their brother's family here Tuesday.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "The Task of the 20th Century Church." Should you decide to become a member, don't ask for sleeping apartments—ask for a job.

The C. E. topic for Sunday evening will be, "Our Tongues for Christ." If you have not been using your tongue right, come to this service.

Wixom is one of the places where people make the proper use of automobiles, on Sunday. Why not drive over and see how it looks. One of the really comical sights a few weeks ago was to see a horse persist in turning into the church driveway until the driver had to use his whip to get past the church. You see he didn't have horse sense.

NO NEW COAT FOR BINDLE

Mothe Play Leading Role in Seasonable Tragedy, All in Favor of the Lucky Wifey.

"I wonder whether I must wear that last winter's coat again this season," asked Bindle as he dragged the trunk out of the closet and into the light of day.

"I am afraid you will!" exclaimed Mrs. Bindle. "That's a perfectly good coat. I don't remember seeing you in one that looked nicer on you. It always had such stylish lines. It made you look so boyish, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," replied Bindle sadly. "I had my eye on one of those new-fashioned military effects—with the belt attached and all that."

"Why, my dear!" said Mrs. Bindle. "A man in civil life has no excuse for trying to look like a drum major. If he wants a military cut, there is just one place to do it."

"I get you!" said Bindle. "And if I have to wear that last year's overcoat again, I'd just as soon join the army—a whole lot sooner."

Bindle raised the lid of the trunk and fell back in astonishment.

"Look! Wife, come quick!" he shouted. "Ah, here is some of your efficiency for you. Gaze downward at this thriving moth village in my little trunk of winter things. How did this happen?"

"Don't know. Can't see how a moth got in—the trunk was locked."

"One of 'em had a key, I suppose," said Bindle. "Didn't I tell you last fall to put some tobacco in the trunk for the moths?"

"Yes, dear, but I wasn't sure of the kind of tobacco they liked. You didn't say whether smoking or chewing."

"There you are," said Bindle, bringing forth a near-seal coat of his wife's from the depths. "Your best garment shot full of holes. I figured that coat would last you for the next seven years. That's what you said when you bought it."

"But there is a new style on the market this year. I'm just as well pleased that the moths made merry with this one. I really want a coat of the new aviatrix model."

Each time that Bindle came up for air he brought something else that the moths had feasted on. Mrs. Bindle's two winter suits were peek-a-boos. Her sweater jackets and sport coats were reduced to skeletonized form.

The last thing to come out of the ill-fated trunk was Bindle's last winter's overcoat. He held it up—perfect!

"Thank goodness for that!" cried Mrs. Bindle. "I'm so glad it was my things those awful moths ate instead of yours, Meredith. I'll have to get an entire new outfit and you, lucky boy, can wear that coat another season."—Chicago News.

Youngsters Love Soldiers.

The old saying that "all the world loves a lover" might be changed these military days to "every kid loves a soldier," or his uniform, at least. Just watch the little boys and girls as a soldier passes. Those admiring glances would not be bestowed on a "slacker."

Here are two cases in point, cites the Indianapolis News:

"I just love our soldiers," said three-year-old Charles Ulrich, son of Fred Ulrich, Big Four agent at Shelbyville, as he entwined his arms about the neck of Sergeant Ross Reed, of Greensburg. Reed, with several Decatur county soldiers from Camp Taylor, were on the way to Greensburg, by way of Shelbyville, and the sergeant after buying a ticket had leaned up against the railing of the ticket office when the three-year-old hugged him.

A second illustration occurred when Sergeant Reed reached Greensburg on the way to his parents' home. He was confronted by a tiny soldierly figure that saluted with all the grace and courtesy of a trained soldier. The sergeant exchanged the salute, and then learned the tribute had been paid by six-year-old Henry Jerman, son of Prof. E. J. Jerman, superintendent of Greensburg's city schools.

Why They Stopped.

One morning recently the children of the Indianapolis Orphans' home were assembled in the auditorium. They were patriotic and started to sing "The Finest Flag That Flies." Their leader and pianist had them sing the first verse. They did that so well she asked for the second stanza. They started. Suddenly every child stopped—not a sound escaped their lips. The leader, very much surprised and chagrined at the sudden, unexpected silence, said, "What is the matter?"

In one accord they replied, "We can't sing that next line."

She looked at the words and the next line read, "Dear old Germany."

"Certainly not," she told them. "We will leave that entire stanza out." She had not thought of finding anything like that in an American flag song. It had been written before the world war.—Indianapolis News.

Get Oil From Grain.

A discovery by Germans is that for extracting oil in quantity from grain. By a process called degeminating, a small germ resembling a hen's egg in composition, designed for the nutriment of the young plant, is extracted.

Distilled, this germ yields a very good table oil, and at the same time a raw ingredient for margarine and an albuminous powder, which latter contains three and one-half times the nourishment of meat. Twenty grammes are equal to one egg, and already it has been put to use as an egg substitute. All large mills in Germany have introduced degemination, and the germs are being turned into oil, and albumin powder.

SOME OF THE BITS YOUR LIBERTY BOND WILL DO.

If you buy a \$100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan you are lending the United States Government enough money to feed a soldier in France a little more than seven months. Or you have furnished enough money to give him a complete outfit of winter and summer clothing, including shoes and stockings, and slicker and overcoat and blankets, with enough left over to arm him with a good revolver. You have done that much to beat back the Hun.

It takes \$35 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second \$100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1,000 cartridges for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good-sized bomb to throw in a dugout, or demolish a machine gun together with the Hun operating it.

The Best Traps.

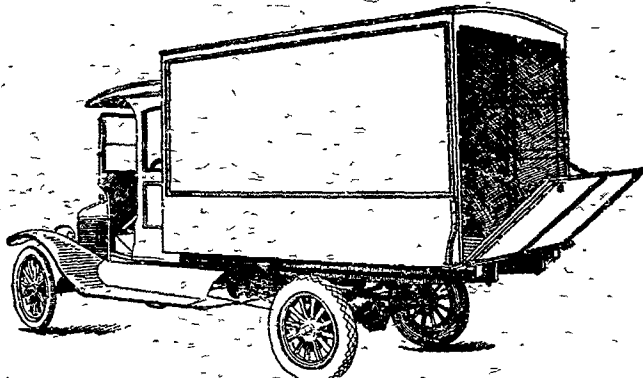
The trapper who has to buy traps, baits, and other trapping supplies should be sure to get the best that can be had, for while the first cost may seem higher, the best goods are much the cheaper in the end.

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.

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.

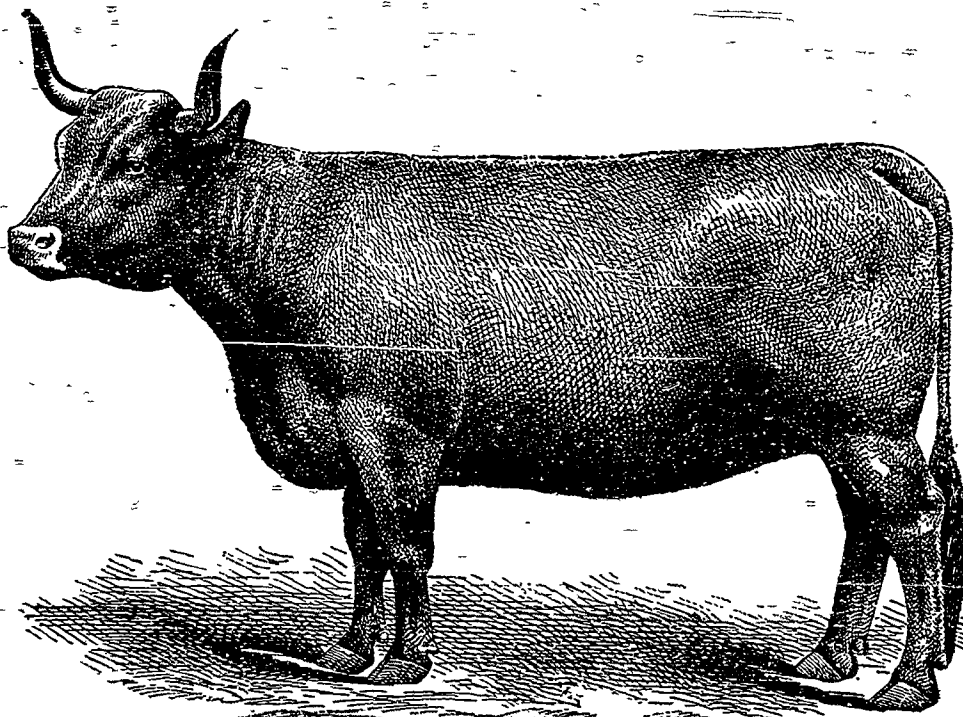
NORTHVILLE.

JOB PRINTING

We can do the class of printing, and we can do that class best. Little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dogtags, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

3==Big Days==3

AT

LAKE ORION**SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st****FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL****\$100 IN PRIZES--\$50 FREE NOISE MAKERS****SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st****Band and Orchestra Concerts****Largest Ox in Michigan to be Placed in Roasting at 1:00 p. m.****MONDAY, SEPT. 2, LABOR DAY****FREE ROAST OX AND WATERMELON**

Bands, Orchestras, Free Acts

Dancing 10:00 a. m. Till Midnight

100 --- AMUSEMENTS --- 100

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.

Third degree—Sept. 9th.

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

Regular Sept. 11.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.

Regular Sept. 3rd.

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

Special—Sept. 6th.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours—1:00 to 4:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

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. 11c.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C. CHIROPRACTOR.

505-6 Woodward Bldg.
Cor. Woodward and Clifford Aves.
DETROIT, MICH.
Residence office, Bedford, Mich.

FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Ford Touring Cars \$450
Ford Runabouts, \$435
Ford Sedan, \$695

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Tonic
Preparations.

because after careful investi-
gation we have found them to
be most efficient and also the
best value for the money of
any to be had.

Let us tell you more about
these preparations and too, let
us give you a copy of the
Penslar Health Book contain-
ing information that you should
have. It is free, ask for it.

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Central Standard Time.

Northville to Farmington and Detroit
—Also to Orchard Lake and
Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington
and Detroit at 7:30 a. m., and
every hour thereafter until 8:30 p. m.
9:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m. and for
Farmington Junction only 12:35 a. m.
Limited to Detroit at 6:40 a. m. daily
except Sunday.

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:30 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.

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

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

A Northville Man's Experience.

Can You Doubt the Efficacy of this
Northville Kidney Pills?

You can verify Northville endorse-
ment. Read this:
"I, Clark, retired farmer. Grace
avenue, says: 'It has been some
time since I have had to take Doan's
Kidney Pills, but, speaking from past
experience, I couldn't advise anyone
to use a more reliable medicine.
Whenever my back bothered me or
my kidneys acted irregularly, Doan's
Kidney Pills soon rid me of the
trouble.'"

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that
Mr. Clark had. Foster-Milburn Co.,
Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt. 58—

Northville Newslets.

Labor Day next Monday.

Mrs. Myron Taylor has been quite
ill this week.

The Livingston county annual fair
is nearing its successful conclusion
at Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Clark are
riding around in a "swell" new Buick
car, these days.

Peaches are rather scarce here this
year. Of course, we refer to those
that grow on trees.

Carroll Ambler will enter the Howe
school, a semi-military institution in
Indiana, this coming fall.

Don't forget the Eastern Star
special, with banquet at 6:00 p. m.
next Friday evening, September 6.

The Carleton Times has raised its
subscription price from \$1 to \$1.50 for
all copies sent out of the state.

A thousand "sixty-page Northville
Wayne county fair books have been
issued from this office this week.

C. E. Ryder and family are shortly
to move to Detroit, greatly to the re-
gret of their many friends in North-
ville.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hills are
receiving congratulations on the
arrival of a little daughter, Marjorie
Jane, Saturday, Aug. 24.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Webber
of Pontiac, on Thursday, Aug. 15, an
11-pound girl. Mr. and Mrs. Webber
were former residents here.

It may not be really funny but it is
rather interesting to note that one of
a party of guests entertained by Mr.
and Mrs. Parrot of Orion a week or
two ago, was Mrs. Quail.

Mrs. George Ford entertained a
company of relatives and friends
Sunday in honor of her son, Herbert
Booth of Farmington before his de-
parture for army service.

Monty Weeks, having volunteered
his services to the government for
war work, was summoned to Wash-
ington, D. C. last week. His garage
business here has been closed indef-
initely.

One of Plymouth's soldiers, Sergt.
Myron Beals, who was recently re-
ported severely wounded in action,
has written to his parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Frank Beals, that his left leg
has been amputated.

Milford Chautauqua guarantors had
to put up \$2 apiece to cover their de-
ficit, which was much less per capita
than Northville dittoes had to do.
The minimum guaranty number at
Milford, however, is 30 persons—an
excellent idea.

The King's Daughters will hold
their first regular fall meeting Tues-
day, Sept. 3 at the home of Mrs. Mac
Noble at 3 p. m. A pot luck supper
will be served, and the afternoon will
be spent in sewing for the Red Cross.
A good attendance is requested, as
plans for the work in connection with
the coming fair will be discussed.

The Wayne County Farm Bureau
reports that from seed sent out by
the M. A. C. Joseph McGarvey of
Inkster got 101 bushels of Worthy
oats to the acre and Lumon Seamans
of Belleville raised 97 bushels of Suc-
cess oats per acre. The Bureau has
prepared a very instructive exhibit
for the Michigan State fair. This
will be in the Agricultural buildings.

Mrs. Ledger Brown has received
from France an interesting war relic
in the shape of an empty shell, picked
up by her brother, Herman Toun-
sant near the trenches where he was
fighting. The shell is of brass, 14
inches long and three inches in
diameter, and weighs 3½ pounds.
Loaded, it would probably be a
fifteen-pounder. Some artistic sol-
dier has converted it into a vase by
carving upon it a spray of flowers.
The young soldier, who formerly
lived in Northville, wrote his sister
that he was also sending a German
helmet, but the latter souvenir did not
arrive with the other.

The West Northville sewing circle
will meet with Mrs. George Whipple
next Thursday afternoon.

Dr. T. H. Turner is able to resume
his practice again after being laid up
for a week with a sprained ankle.
Dr. Peck of Plymouth took charge of
Dr. Turner's patients during the lat-
ter's enforced vacation.

Northville Lodge No. 186 F. & A. M.
has been summoned to appear for a
lodges of instruction at Wayne on
Thursday, September 5, at 7:30 p. m.
The following lodges have also been
summoned to appear: No. 172,
Dearborn, and No. 147 of Plymouth.
The work will be in the third degree.
by Wayne lodge No. 112. Leave
Northville on the 6:30 car and let
Northville lodge be well represented.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Six thousand meals using only fifty
pounds of sugar for all purposes is the
record established by the Cafeteria in
the Food Administration Building at
Washington during the recent war
working days. This is at the rate of
one pound to 120 meals and is in
glowing contrast with what the Food
Administration is asking the American
housewife to do to save sugar—to use
two pounds per month per person or
one pound for forty-five meals.

The Food Administration's Cafeteria
feeds an average of 700 persons per
day for the noon meal and the sugar
ration mentioned covers its use for
all purposes including tea, coffee,
desserts and in cooking. Most of the
desserts contain such substitutes as
honey, maple syrup, white syrup or
corn syrup and the use of sugar is
confined almost exclusively to tea and
coffee for which there is a large de-
mand. Every patron is asked if he
desires sugar in his tea or coffee and
if so it is served in uniform quan-
tities at the time the cup is filled.
Without exception this proves
satisfactory to the patron and it is
only in the remotest instances that an
additional helping of sugar is re-
quested.

The Cafeteria is self-supporting
from every standpoint. It is
operated for Food Administration
employees who are able to get a
variety of appetizing and substantial
foods at moderate cost.

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers)

The Northville public schools will
open for the new year on Tuesday,
September 3. All pupils from the
Kindergarten through grade six are re-
quired to be present at 8:30 a. m. in
their respective rooms. High school
students of grades 7-12 may come for
registration any time before 2:30 p. m.

Supt. D. C. Bowen will be in his
office from 2 to 4 p. m. on Friday and
Saturday of this week to consult with
parents or pupils who wish to see
him before the opening of school.

Under the skillful management of
Janitor Emory VanValkenburg, the
buildings are in the finest condition
and very inviting to teachers and
pupils.

The list of teachers for the ensuing
year was not completed until recently
so could not be announced sooner.

The instructors are:
Dwight C. Bowen, Supt.
Helen M. Townsend, Principal.
Gertrude D. Seaton, English History
Emma M. Johnson, Music and Draw-
ing.

Margaret Weiler, 8th grade.
Ida Barley, 7th grade.
Helen H. Houseworth, 6th grade.
Wella Ellsworth, 5th grade.
Florence Schoultz, 4th grade.
Ruth H. Clark, 3rd grade.
Iola Mathews, 2nd grade.
Marjorie North, 1st grade.
Jessie Dancanson, Kindergarten.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

The weird note of the ukulele and
the plaintive singing of the "Aloha
Oe" will be heard at the Garrick next
week when "The Bird of Paradise"
comes for its annual visit, beginning
with Labor Day matinee.

Local playgoers have laughed and
cried over the story of Luana, the
Hawaiian Princess, and will do so
again. Luana, an Hawaiian Princess,
has married an American physician
only to learn like many before her,
that the brown-skinned race and the
white race should not mate, as it
seldom proves a happy union. Then
there is the original Hawaiian quin-
tette of singers and players. Scenery
plays an important part in "The
Bird of Paradise" and from the
opening scene until the end showing
the volcanic eruption of Mt. Kilauea,
the stage settings are lavish in
tropical coloring.

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.

CHESTER'S PLAGUE OF CATS

Felines Set Ancient City on the River
Dee in an Uproar, Following Call
for Rat Killers.

About fourteen miles from Liverpool
on the River Dee stands the city of
Chester, which was founded by the
Romans. It is surrounded by a high
wall of old masonry, and contains the
celebrated "Rows of Chester," which
are arched passageways higher than
the street through which the sidewalks
run. There are also many other pec-
uliar features in this sleepy, antique
and very interesting city.

One of the historic legends of old
Chester is an amusing story relating to
cats. Mary Hall Leonard writes in "Our
Dumb Animals."

When Napoleon was defeated by the
English at Waterloo, in 1815, he was
sentenced to exile at the island of St.
Helena, where he finally died, May 15,
1821. Just before the ex-emperor and
his escort were embarked at Plymouth
—so the story runs—a curious hand-
bill was circulated up and down the
old Rows of Chester. It stated, in ef-
fect, that the island of St. Helena had
been found to be dreadfully infested
with rats, that his majesty's ministers
had determined that it should be forth-
with cleared of these obnoxious ani-
mals, and that an agent had been ap-
pointed to purchase such cats and kit-
tens as could be secured for this pur-
pose. All citizens who had cats that
they were willing to sell were invited
to bring them to the market place,
where the purchase would be made.

At the time appointed, the staid old
town of Chester presented a curious
appearance. The streets were filled
with a hurrying crowd carrying sacks
or baskets from which issued fearful
noises. As the crowd grew denser
and the people jostled against each
other the cat concert grew louder. And
as the people themselves grew excited
by the din, they also grew quarrel-
some. At last they dropped their bur-
dens in the effort to extricate them-
selves and an indiscriminate scrlm-
mage was the result.

Then the boys of Chester, who were
as fond of amusement as American
boys would be, opened the sacks and
baskets, and several thousand of fright-
ened and angry cats rushed scuffling
and scratching through the streets of
the city. The excited citizens opened
their windows to see what was the
matter, and in rushed the cats, break-
ing china, overturning furniture and
making a general uproar.

Then the people, roused to ven-
geance, joined in a defensive warfare
against the disturbing felines, and in
the morning the bodies of some hun-
dreds of cats were floating down the
river.

Why Cobb Is in Demand.

Jerry Cobb is back in New York
from his Ossining—near Sing Sing
prison—farm for the winter speaking
season in New York. Cobb has on an
average of fifty invitations a week to
be the chief speaker at dull banquets.
He settles on about two.

It is said that these constant re-
quests are what drove him to leave
his Riverside Drive apartment for the
country. At a luncheon recently he
told of a laborer on a railroad disput-
ing the right of way with a limited.
As Cobb expressed it he was a "total
loss."

A chain agent scurried to the widow
and pressed five \$100. bills in her
hands and had her sign on the dotted
lines. The next week she blossomed
out in gay widow weeds and met a
friend.

"Many ye shorely must be lonesome
with Jim gone."

"Indeed I is."

"Gwine to get hitched again."

"I dunno. Railroad men doan' have
much time for ce'tin and I doan' want
no other kind of a man."

Price of Love.

Prospective jurors in breach of
promise suits may be interested in
this "personal" from the London Ex-
press: "Mary—waited three hours at
appointed spot until questioned by
suspicious policeman. If this is the
price of love, it is too heavy a one for
me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

Farmer as a Borrower.

Agriculture is serenely contem-
plating the prospect that a farmer
will find it easier to borrow money
than a railroad capitalist—Washing-
ton Star.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Proba-
te Court for said county of Wayne,
held at the Probate Court Room, in
the city of Detroit, on the twenty-first
day of August in the year one thou-
sand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of
LYMAN L. BROOKS, deceased.
C. C. Yerkes, executor of the last
will and testament of said deceased,
having rendered to this court his
final administration account and filed
therewith his petition praying that
the residue of said estate be assigned
in accordance with the provisions of
said last will.

It is ordered, that the twenty-fourth
day of September next, at ten o'clock
in the forenoon, Eastern Standard
time, at said court room be appointed
for examining and allowing said ac-
counts and hearing 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 cir-
culating in said county of Wayne.
(A true copy).

HENRY S. HULBERT,
Judge of Probate.
JOS. F. DROLSHAGEN,
6-8. Deputy Probate Register.

Treasury Department,
Bureau of Publicity,
War Loan Organization.

WHAT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MEANS

When you subscribe to a Liberty Loan you subscribe to the
sentiment that the world must be made safe for democracy, and
subscribe to the fund that is to make the world safe for democ-
racy.

You subscribe to the belief that innocent women and chil-
dren on unarmed ships shall not be sent down to the bottom of
the sea; that women and children and old men shall not be
ravished and tortured and murdered under the plea of military
necessity; that nurses shall not be shot for deeds of mercy, nor
hospital ships be sunk without warning, or hospitals and un-
fortified cities be bombed or cannonaded with long-range guns.

You subscribe to the doctrine that small nations have the
same rights as great and powerful ones; that might is not right,
and that Germany shall not force upon the world the dominion
of her military masters.

You subscribe, when you subscribe to a Liberty Loan, to the
belief that America entered this war for a just and noble cause;
that our soldiers in France and our sailors on the sea are fighting
for right and justice.

And you subscribe to the American sentiment that they must
and shall be powerful, efficient and victorious.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Northville, Mich.

WHY?

Why do you use heavy brooms, dusters, mops
and old-style carpet sweepers which are slow,
hard to clean with, hot and tiresome to use
when an

ELECTRIC SUCTION SWEEPER

will save three-fourths of your time, clean thor-
oughly, is easy to use and does not tire you.

Is it the first cost that prevents you from
getting this wonderful labor-saver?

Do you know that you can secure a sweeper
on easy terms?

We will let you have one now and you may
pay for it in monthly payments.

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.

Ambitious Young Men AND WOMEN

will find our business, Shorthand and Secretarial Training a stepping-
stone to congenial, well-paid employment and ultimate business suc-
cess.

It would pay you to investigate the demand and the opportunity for
competent office men and women.

We are receiving more requests from business men for stenogra-
phers, typists and bookkeepers than it is possible for us to supply.
Salaries paid are good. Chances for advancement are excellent.

The Business Institute

163-169 Cass Ave., Detroit

Largest, best equipped business school in Michigan.

CLIP OUT AND MAIL TODAY

The Business Institute,
163-169 Cass Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Kindly send me your illustrated booklet of information.

.....Name

.....Address

A Mild Protest.

"Breddern and sisters," said Par-
son Absalom Jonsing, as he surveyed
the scant covering of the bottom of
the contribution basket, "Ah wouldn't
say a wuld to 'sianate that one of
yoh was stingy, but Ah has got to ad-
mit that yoh all is mighty thrifty,
tryin' to get to heaven fob about one
ten-billionth of a cent a mile."

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold Metallic
Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reli-
able.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

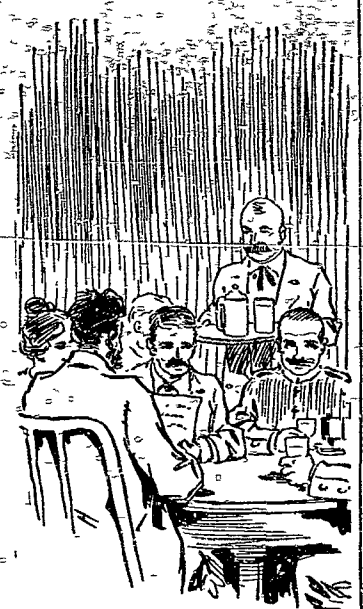
Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I decided promptly that the safest place for me was as far back as possible, where I would not be in the line of vision of others in back of me. Accordingly I slouched over to a table on the platform directly opposite the stage and I took the seat against the wall. The whole place was now in front of me. I could see everything that was going on, and everyone who came in, but no one, except those who sat at my own table, would notice me unless they deliberately turned around to look.

The place began to fill up rapidly. Every second person who came in the place seemed to me to be a German soldier, but when they were seated at the tables and I got a chance later on to make a rough count, I found that in all there were not more than a hundred soldiers in the place and there must have been several hundred civilians.

The first people to sit at my table were a Belgian and his wife. The Bel-



It Seemed Better to Parrot the Belgian.

gian sat next to me and his wife next to him. I was hoping that other civilians would occupy the remaining two seats at my table, because I did not relish the idea of having to sit through the show with German soldiers within a few feet of me. That would certainly have spoiled my pleasure for the evening.

Every uniform that came in the door gave me cause to worry until I was sure it was not coming in my direction. I don't suppose there was a single soldier who came in the door whom I didn't follow to his seat—with my eyes.

Just before they lowered the lights, two German officers entered. They stood at the door for a moment looking the place over. Then they made a beeline in my direction and I must confess my heart started to beat a little faster. I hoped that they would find another seat before they came to my vicinity, but they were getting nearer and nearer and I realized with a sickening sensation that they were headed directly for the two seats at my table, and that was indeed the case.

These two seats were in front of the table facing the stage and except when the officers would be eating or drinking their backs were toward me, and there was considerable consolation in that. From my seat I could have reached right over and touched one of them on his bald head. It would have been more than a touch, I am afraid, if I could have gotten away with it safely.

As the officers seated themselves, a waiter came to us with a printed bill-of-fare and program. Fortunately, he waited on the others first and I listened intently to their orders. The officers ordered some light wine, but my Belgian neighbor ordered "Rock" for himself and his wife, which was what I had decided to order anyway, as that was the only thing I could say. Heaven knows I would far rather have ordered something to eat, and I was afraid to take a chance at the pronunciation of the dishes it set forth.

There were a number of drinks listed which I might safely enough have ordered. For instance, I noticed "Lemon Squash, 1.50," "Ginger Beer, 1.00," "Sparkling Dry Ginger Ale, 1.00," "Appolinaris, 1.00," and "Schweppes Soda, 0.50," but it occurred to me that the mere fact that I selected something that was listed in English might attract attention to me and something in my pronunciation might give further cause for suspicion.

It seemed better to parrot the Belgian and order "Rock" and that was what I decided to do.

One item on the bill of fare tantalized me considerably. Although it was listed among the "Prizen der dranken," which I took to mean "Prices of drinks," it sounded very much to me like something to eat, and Heaven knows I would rather

have had one honest mouthful of food than all the drinks in the world. The item I refer to was "Dubbel Gerstein de Flesch (Michaux)." A double portion of anything would have been mighty welcome to me, but I would have been content with a single "gerstein" if I had only had the courage to ask for it.

To keep myself as composed as possible I devoted a lot of attention to that bill-of-fare, and I think by the time the waiter came around I almost knew it by heart. One drink that almost made me laugh aloud was listed as "Lemonades gazepes," but I might as well have introduced myself to the German officers by my right name and rank as attempt to pronounce it.

When the waiter came to me, therefore, I said "Rock" as casually as I could, and I felt somewhat relieved that I had gotten through that part of the ordeal so easily.

While the waiter was away I had a chance to examine the bill-of-fare and I observed that a glass of beer cost 80 centimes. The smallest change I had was a two-mark paper bill.

Apparently the German officers were similarly fixed and when they offered their bill to the waiter, he handed it back to them with a remark which I took to mean that he couldn't make change.

Right there I was in a quandary. To offer him my bill after he had just told the officers he didn't have change would have seemed strange, and yet I couldn't explain to him that I was in the same boat and he would have to come to me again later. The only thing to do, therefore, was to offer him the bill as though I hadn't heard or noticed what had happened with the Germans, and I did so. He said the same thing to me as he had said to the officers, perhaps a little more sharply, and gave me back the bill. Later on, he returned to the table with a handful of change and we closed the transaction. I gave him 25 centimes as a tip—I had never yet been to a place where it was necessary to talk to do that.

During my first half hour in that theatre, to say I was on pins and needles is to express my feelings mildly. The truth of the matter is I was never so uneasy in my life. Every minute seemed like an hour, and a dozen times I was on the point of getting up and leaving. There were all together too many soldiers in the place to suit me, and when the German officers seated themselves right at my table I thought that was about all I could stand. As it was, however, the lights went out shortly afterwards and in the dark I felt considerably easier.

After the first picture, when the lights went up again, I had regained my composure considerably and I took advantage of the opportunity to study the various types of people in the place.

From my seat I had a splendid chance to see them all. At one table there was a German medical corps officer with three Red Cross nurses. That was the only time I had ever seen a German nurse, for when I was in the hospital I had seen only men orderlies. Nurses didn't work so near the first line trenches.

The German soldiers at the different tables were very quiet and orderly. They drank beer and conversed among themselves, but there was no hilarity or rough-housing of any kind.

As I sat there, within arm's reach of those German officers and realized what they would have given to know what a chance they had to capture an escaped British officer, I could hardly help smiling to myself, but when I thought of the big risk I was taking, more or less unnecessarily, I began to wonder whether I had not acted foolishly in undertaking it.

Nevertheless, the evening passed off uneventfully and when the show was over I mixed with the crowd and disappeared, feeling very proud of myself and with a good deal more confidence than I had enjoyed at the start.

I had passed a night which will live in my life as long as I live. The bill of fare and program and a "throw-away" bill advertising the name of the attraction which was to be presented the following week which was handed to me as I came out, I still have and they are among the most valued souvenirs of my adventure.

CHAPTER XV.

Observations in a Belgian City.

One night shortly before I left this city, our airmen raided the place. I didn't venture out of the house at the time, but the next night I thought I would go out and see what damage had been done.

When it became dark I left the house accordingly and mixed with the crowd, which consisted largely of Germans. I went from one place to another to see what our "straffing" had accomplished. Naturally I avoided speaking to anyone. If a man or woman appeared about to speak to me, I just turned my head and looked or walked away in some other direction. I must have been taken for an unsocial sort of individual, a good many

times, and if I had encountered the same person twice I suppose my conduct might have aroused suspicion.

I had a first-class observation of the damage that was really done by our bombs. One bomb had landed very near the main railroad station and if it had been only thirty yards nearer would have completely demolished it. As the station was undoubtedly our army's objective I was very much impressed with the accuracy of his aim. It is by no means an easy thing to hit a building from the air when you are going at anywhere from fifty to one hundred miles an hour and are being shot at from beneath from a dozen different angles—unless, of course, you are taking one of those desperate chances and flying so low that you cannot very well miss your mark and the Huns can't very well miss you either!

I walked by the station and mingled with the crowds which stood in the entrances. They paid no more attention to me than they did to real Belgians, and the fact that the lights were all out in this city at night made it impossible anyway for anyone to get as good a look at me as if it had been light.

During the time that I was in this city I suppose I wandered from one end of it to the other. In one place, where the German staff had their headquarters, a huge German flag hung from the window, and I think I would have given ten years of my life to have pulled it down, however, it would have been impossible for me to have concealed it, and to have carried it away with me as a souvenir, therefore would have been out of the question.

As I went along the street one night a lady standing on the corner stopped me and spoke to me. My first impulse, of course, was to answer her, explaining that I could not understand, but I stopped myself in time, pointed to my ears and mouth and shook my head, indicating that I was deaf and dumb, and she nodded understandingly and walked on. Incidents of that kind were not unusual, and I was always in fear that the time would come when some inquisitive and suspicious German would encounter me and not be so easily satisfied.

There are many things that I saw in this city which, for various reasons, it is impossible for me to relate until after the war is over. Some of them, I think, will create more surprise than the incidents I am free to reveal now.

Used to amuse me as I went along the streets of this town, looking in the shop windows with German soldiers at my side looking at the same things, to think how close I was to them and they had no way of knowing I was quite convinced that if I were discovered my fate would have been death because I not only had the forged passport on me, but I had been so many days behind the German lines after I had escaped that they couldn't safely let me live with the information I possessed.

One night I walked boldly across a park. I heard footsteps behind me and turning round saw two German soldiers. I slowed up a trifle to let them get ahead of me. It was rather dark and I got a chance to see what a wonderful uniform the German military authorities had picked out. The soldiers had not gone more than a few feet ahead of me, when they disappeared in the darkness like one of those melting pictures on the moving picture screen.

As I wandered through the streets I frequently glanced in the cafe window, as I passed, German officers were usually dining there, but they didn't conduct themselves with anything like the light-heartedness which characterizes the allied officers in London and Paris. I was rather surprised at this because in this part of Belgium they were much freer than they would have been in Berlin, where, I understand, food is comparatively scarce, and the restrictions are very strict.

As I have said, my own condition in this city was in some respects worse than it had been when I was making my way through the open country. While I had a place to sleep and my clothes were no longer constantly soiling, my opportunities for getting food were considerably less than they had been. Nearly all the time I was half famished, and I decided that I would get out of there at once, since I was entirely through with Huyghe. My physical condition was greatly improved. While the lack of food showed itself on me, I had regained some of my strength, my wounds were healed, and my ankle was stronger, and although my knees were still considerably enlarged, I felt that I was in better shape than I had been at any time since my leap from the train, and I was ready to go through whatever was in store for me.

CHAPTER XVI.

I Leave for the Frontier.

To get out of the city, it would be necessary to pass two guards. This I had learned in the course of my walks at night, having frequently traveled to the city limits with the idea of finding out just what conditions I would have to meet when the time came for me to leave.

A German soldier's uniform, however, no longer worried me as it had at first. I had mingled with the Huns so much in the city that I began to feel that I was really a Belgian, and I assumed the indifference that they seemed to feel.

I decided, therefore, to walk out of the city in the daytime, when the sentries would be less apt to be on the watch. It worked fine. I was not held up a moment, the sentries evidently taking me for a Belgian peasant on his way to work.

Traveling faster than I had ever done before since my escape, I was soon out in the open country, and the first Belgian I came to I approached for food. He gave me half of his lunch and we sat down on the side of the road to eat it. Of course, he tried to talk to me, but I used the old ruse of pretending I was deaf and dumb and he was quite convinced that it was so. He made various efforts to talk to me in pantomime, but I could not make out what he was getting at, and I think he must have concluded that I was not only half starved, deaf and dumb, but "looney" in the bargain.

When night came I looked around for a place to rest. I had decided to travel in the daytime as well as at night, because I understood that it was only a few miles from the frontier, and I was naturally anxious to get there at the earliest possible moment, although I realized that there I would encounter the most hazardous part of my whole adventure. To get through the heavily guarded barbed wire and electrically charged barrier was a problem that I hated to think of even, although the hours I spent endeavoring to devise

some way of outwitting the Huns were many.

It had occurred to me, for instance, that it would not be such a difficult matter to vault over the electric fence, which was only nine feet high. In college, I knew a ten-foot vault is considered a high-school boy's accomplishment, but there were two great difficulties in the way of this solution. In the first place it would be no easy matter to get a pole of the right length, weight and strength to serve the purpose. More particularly, however, the whole vault idea seemed to me to be out of the question because of the fact that on either side of the electric fence, six feet from it, was a six-foot barbed wire barrier. To vault safely over a nine-foot electrically charged fence was one thing, but to combine with it a twelve-foot barbed wire vault was a feat which even a college athlete in the pink of condition would be apt to flunk. Indeed, I don't believe it is possible.

Another plan that seemed half-way reasonable was to build a pair of stilts about twelve or fourteen feet high and walk over the barriers one by one. As a youngster I had acquired considerable skill in stilt-walking and I have no doubt that with the proper equipment it would have been quite feasible to have walked out of Belgium as easily as possible in that way, but whether or not I was going to have a chance to construct the necessary stilts remained to be seen.

There were a good many bicycles in use by the German soldiers in Belgium and it had often occurred to me that if I could have stolen one, the tires would have made excellent gloves and insulated coverings for my feet in case it was necessary for me to attempt to climb over the electric fence bodily. But as I had never been able to steal a bicycle this avenue of escape was closed to me.

I decided to wait until I arrived at the barrier and then make up my mind how to proceed.

To find a decent place to sleep that night, I crawled under a barbed wire fence, thinking it led into some field. As I passed under, one of the bars caught in my coat and in trying to pull myself from it I shook the fence for several yards.

Instantly there came out of the night the nerve-racking command: "Halt!"

Again I feared I was done for. I crouched close down on the ground in the darkness, not knowing whether to take to my legs and trust to the Huns' missing me in the darkness if he fired, or stay where I was. It was foggy as well as dark, and although I knew the sentry was only a few feet away from me I decided to stand, or rather lie, flat. I think my heart made almost as much noise as the rattling of the wire in the first place, and it was a tense few moments to me.

I heard the German say a few words to himself, but didn't understand them, of course, and then he made a sound as if to call a dog, and I realized that his theory of the noise he had heard was that a dog had made its way through the fence.

For perhaps five minutes I didn't stir, and then figuring that the German had probably continued on his beat I crept quietly under the wire again, this time being mighty careful to hug the ground so close that I wouldn't touch the wire, and made off in a different direction. Evidently the barbed wire fence had been thrown around an ammunition depot or something of the kind, and it was not a field at all that I had tried to get into.

I figured that other sentries were probably in the neighborhood and I proceeded very gingerly.

After I had got about a mile away from this spot I came to an humble Belgian house and I knocked at the door and applied for food in my usual way, pointing to my mouth to indicate I was hungry and to my ears and mouth to imply that I was deaf and dumb. The Belgian woman who lived in the house brought me a piece of bread and two cold potatoes and as I sat there eating them she eyed me very keenly.

I haven't the slightest doubt that she realized I was a fugitive. She lived so near the border that it was more for that reason, I appreciated more fully the extent of the risk she ran, for no doubt the Germans were constantly watching the conduct of these Belgians who lived near the line.

My theory that she realized that I was not a Belgian at all, but probably some English fugitive, was confirmed a moment later, when, as I made ready to go, she touched me on the arm and indicated that I was to wait a moment. She went to a bureau and brought out two pieces of fancy Belgian lace which she insisted upon my taking away, although at that particular moment I had as much use for Belgian lace as an elephant for a safety razor, but I was touched with her thoughtfulness and pressed her hand to show my gratitude. She would not accept the money I offered her.

I carried the lace through my subsequent experiences, feeling that it would be a fine souvenir for my mother, although as a matter of fact if I had known that it was going to de-

lay my final escape for even a single moment, as it did, I am quite sure she would rather I had not seen it.

On one piece of lace was the Flemish word "Charité" and on the other the word "Esperance." At the time I took these words to mean "Charity" and "Experience" and all I hoped was that I would get as much of the one as I was getting of the other before I finally got through. I learned subsequently that what the words really stood for were "Charity" and "Hope," and then I was sure that my kind Belgian friend had indeed realized my plight and that her thoughtful souvenir was intended to encourage me in the trials she must have known were before me.

I didn't let the old Belgian lady know, because I didn't want to alarm her unnecessarily, but that night I slept in her backyard, leaving early in the morning before it became light. Later in the day, I applied at another house for food. It was occupied by a father and mother and ten chil-



Again I Feared I Was Done For.

dren. I hesitated to ask them for food without offering to pay for it, as I realized what a task it must have been for them to support themselves without having to feed a hungry man. Accordingly I gave the man a mark and then indicated that I wanted something to eat. They were just about to eat, themselves, apparently, and they let me partake of their meal, which consisted of a huge bowl of some kind of soup which I was unable to identify and which they served in ordinary wash basins. I don't know that they ever used the basins to wash in as well, but whether they did or not did not worry me very much. The soup was good and I enjoyed it.

All the time I was there I could see the father and the eldest son, a boy about seventeen, were extremely nervous. I had indicated to them that I was deaf and dumb, but if they believed me it didn't seem to make them any more comfortable.

I lingered at the house for about an hour after the meal and during that time a young man came to call on the eldest daughter, a young woman of perhaps eighteen. The caller eyed me very suspiciously, although I must have resembled anything but a British officer. They spoke Flemish and I did not understand a word they said, but I think they were discussing my probable identity. During their conversation, I had a chance to look around the room. There were three altogether, two fairly large and one somewhat smaller, about fourteen feet long and six deep. In this smaller room there were two double-decked beds, which were apparently intended to house the whole family, although how the whole twelve of them could sleep in that one room will ever remain a mystery to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wail of a Lost Soul.

This is not a camp story, but one written by a Lieutenant on his way "over there." "On our first lap out we were having boat drill one day. The bell rang and every one grabbed up life preservers and started for their lifeboats. As I came out on the main deck to Boat No. 10 one of the aft guns let loose with a terrific roar at target practice. Just then a big negro came up scrambling out of a hatchway, yelling, 'O, Lordy, Lordy, where am mah life deserter? I done heah dat submarine a-maanin' for mah soul!'"

Free From Conceit.

"I am glad to see you are free from that conceit which prompts professional jealousy," said the man who assumes a patronizing and paternal manner. "Well," said the young actor, languidly, "to tell you the truth, I haven't seen any actors whose work suggested any reason whatever for my being jealous."

Prizen der Dranken			
Bitter			
Beck	12.00	Scotch	1.25
Dubbel Gerstein de Flesch (Michaux)			0.85
Warm Dranken			
Koffie	1.00	Tee de portie	1.50
Chocolade de portie	1.50	Same wine	2.50
Milk	1.00	Ecstasy OKO	1.00
Milkshake	1.00	Cacao	2.50
Verschiende Groze		Kalderpartie (same)	1.50
			2.50
Verfrischingen			
Chips van	1.25	Grasjigheijer	1.00
Lemon squish	1.50	Erfrisch	1.00
Limonades gazepes	0.80	Pensap	1.00
Ginger Beer	1.00	Maitrak champagne	1.50
Sparkling Dry Ginger Ale			
			1.00
Minerale Waters			
Sparkle	1.25	Apollinaris	1.00
Vichy	1.00	Schweppes soda	0.80
Wijnen			
Turijn Vermouth	1.25	Porto roode	1.50
Franché	1.25	Same white	1.50
Dubonnet	1.25	Sherry	1.50
Cynth	1.25	Malaga	1.50
Graves superior (1908)	1.50	Madera	1.50
Bottles - Chateau d'Evreux, 1906			1.50

Price List of Drinks O'Brien Picked Up at a Free Motion Picture Show in a Boar Garden.

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 XV—Continued.

Esteban raised himself to his elbow. "You think it's a myth, a joke. Well, it's not. I know where it is. I found it!"

Norine gasped; Johnnie spoke soothingly. "Don't get excited, old man; you've talked too much today."

"Ha!" Esteban fell back upon his pillow. "I haven't any fever. I'm as sane as ever I was. That treasure exists, and that doubloon gave me the clue to its whereabouts. Don Esteban, my father, was cunning; he could hide things better than a magpie. If remained for me to discover his trick."

"He is raving," O'Reilly declared, with a sharp stare at his friend.

"The girl turned loyally to her patient. 'I'll believe you, Mr. Varona. I always believe everything about buried



"I Know Where It Is. I Found It!"

treasure. The bigger the treasure the more implicitly I believe in it. I simply adore pirates and such things; if I were a man I'd be one. Do you know, I've always been tempted to bury my money and then go look for it."

"There is no doubt that my father had a great deal of money at one time," Esteban began; "he was the richest man in the richest city of Cuba."

O'Reilly shook his head dubiously and braced his back against a tree trunk; there was a look of mild disapprobation on his face as he listened to the familiar story of Don Esteban and the slave, Sebastian. When Esteban had finished, Norine drew a deep breath.

"Oh! That lays over any story I ever heard. To think that the deeds and the jewels and everything are in the well at this minute! Suppose somebody finds it?" Norine was aghast at the thought.

"Not much chance of that. The treasure has lain there for a generation, and the story itself is almost forgotten," Esteban turned triumphantly to O'Reilly, saying, "Now, then, do you think I'm so crazy?"

O'Reilly didn't have it in his heart to say exactly what he really thought. What he more than half suspected was that some favored, fancy had formed lodgment in Esteban's brain.

"It's an interesting theory," he admitted. "Anyhow, there is no danger of the treasure being uncovered very soon. Cuckoo had a good look and made himself ridiculous. You'll have ample chance to do likewise when the war is over."

"You must help me find it," said Esteban. "We shall all share the fortune equally, you two, Rosa and I."

"We? Why should we share in it?" Norine asked.

"I owe it to you. Didn't O'Reilly rescue me from a dungeon? Haven't you nursed me back to health? Don't I owe my life to you both?"

"Nonsense! I, for one, shan't take a dollar of it."

"Oh, but you must. I insist. Nursing is a poorly paid profession. Wouldn't you like to be rich?"

"Profession! Poorly paid?" Norine sputtered, angrily. "As if I'd take pay!"

"As if I would accept a great service and forget it, like some miserable beggar!" Esteban replied slyly.

O'Reilly laughed out. "Don't let's quarrel over the spoil until we get it," said he. "That's the way with all treasure-hunters. They invariably fall out and go to fighting. To avoid bloodshed, I'll agree to sell my interest cheap, for cash. My share of the famous Varona fortune going for a dollar!"

"There! He doesn't believe a word of it," Esteban said.

Norine gave an impatient shrug. "Some people wouldn't believe they were alive unless they saw their breath

on a looking-glass. Goodness! How I hate a sneering skeptic, a wet-blacket."

O'Reilly rose with one arm-shielding his face. "In the interest of friendship, I withdraw. A curse on these buried treasures, anyhow. We shall yet come to blows."

As he walked away he heard Norine say: "Don't pay any attention to him. We'll go and dig it up ourselves, and we won't wait until the war is over."

An hour later Esteban and his nurse still had their heads together. They were still talking of golden ingots and pearls from the Caribbean the size of plums when they looked up to see O'Reilly running toward them. He was visibly excited; he waved and shouted at them. He was panting when he arrived.

"News! From Matanzas!" he cried.

"Gomez' man has arrived."

Esteban struggled to rise, but Norine restrained him. "Rosa? What does he say? Quick!"

"Good news! She left the Par de Matanzas with the two negroes. She went into the city before Cobo's raid."

Esteban collapsed limply. He closed his eyes, his face was very white. He crossed himself weakly.

"The letter is definite. It seems they were starving. They obeyed Weyler's bando. They're in Matanzas now."

"Do you hear, Esteban?" Norine shook her patient by the shoulder. "She's alive. Oh, can't you see that it always pays to believe the best?"

"Alive! Safe!" Esteban whispered.

His eyes, when he opened them, were swimming; he clutched Norine's hand tightly; his other hand he extended to O'Reilly. "A reconciliation! In Matanzas! Well, that's good. We have friends there—they'll not let her starve. This makes a new man of me. See! I'm strong again. I'll go to her."

"You'll go?" quickly cried Miss Evans. "You'll go! You're not strong enough. It would be suicide. You, with a price upon your head! Everybody knows you there. Matanzas is virtually a walled city. There's sickness, too—yellow fever, typhus."

"Exactly. And hunger, also. I suppose no one has taken Rosa in? Those concentration camps aren't nice places for a girl."

"But wait! I have friends in Washington. They're influential. They will cable the American consul to look after her. Anyhow, you mustn't think of returning to Matanzas," Norine faltered; her voice caught, unexpectedly, and she turned her face away.

O'Reilly nodded shortly. "You're a sick man," he agreed. "There's no need for both of us to go."

Esteban looked up. "Then you—"

"I leave at once. The Old Man has given me a commission to General Betancourt, and I'll be on my way in an hour. The moon is young; I must cross the trocha before—"

"That trocha!" Esteban was up on his elbow again. "Be careful there, O'Reilly. They keep a sharp lookout, and it's guarded with barbed wire. Be sure you cut every strand. Yes, and muffle your horse's hoofs, too, in crossing the railroad track. That's how we were detected. Pablo's horse struck a rail, and they fired at the sound. He felt at the first volley, riddled. Oh, I know that trocha!"

"D—the trocha!" O'Reilly exclaimed. "At last I've got a chance to do something. God! How long I've waited."

Esteban drew O'Reilly's tense form down and embraced his friend, after the fashion of his people. "She has been waiting, too," he said, huskily. "We Varonas are good waiters, O'Reilly. Rosa will never cease waiting until you come. Tell her for me—"

Norine withdrew softly out of earshot. There was a lump in her throat and a pain in her breast. She had acquired a peculiar and affectionate interest in this unhappy girl, whom she had never seen, and she had learned to respect O'Reilly's love. The yearning that had pulsed in his voice a moment before had stirred her deeply; it awoke a throb in her own bosom, for O'Reilly was dear to her. The pacificos, according to all reports, were dying like flies in the prison camps. Norine wondered if there might not be a terrible heart-ache at the end of O'Reilly's quest? Her face was grave and worried when, hearing him speak to her, she turned to take his outstretched hand.

"You will be careful, won't you?" she implored. "And you'll be stout of heart, no matter what occurs?"

He nodded. "It's a long way back here to Cubitas. You may not see or hear from me again."

"I understand." She choked miserably. "You mean you may not come back. Oh, Johnnie!"

"Tut, tut! We O'Reillys have more lives than a litter of cats. I mean I may not see you until the war is over and we meet in New York. Well, we've been good pals, and I'm glad you came to Cuba." His grasp upon her two hands was painful.

"You must go, but—" Norine faltered, then impulsively she drew him down and kissed him full upon the lips. "For Rosa!" she whispered. Her eyes were shining as she watched him pass swiftly out of sight.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Trocha.

Of all the military measures employed by the Spaniards in their wars against Cuban independence, perhaps the most unique was the trocha-trench or traverse. Martinez Campos during the Ten Years' war built the first trocha just west of the Cubitas mountains where the waist of the island is narrowest. Not until Weyler's time were the two methods of pacification, the trocha and the concentration camp, developed to their fullest extent. Although his trochas hindered the free movement of Cuban troops and his prison camps decimated the peaceful population of several provinces, the Spanish cause gained little. Both trenches and prison camps became Spanish graveyards.

At the time Johnnie O'Reilly set out for Matanzas the war was without battle, without victory, without defeat—had settled into a grim contest of endurance.

In the east, where the insurgents were practically supreme, there was food of a sort, but beyond the Jucaro-Moron trocha—the old line of Campos' building—the country was sick. Immediately west of it, in that district which the Cubans called Las Villas—the land lay dying, while the entire provinces of Matanzas, Habana and Pinar del Rio were practically dead. These three were skeletons, picked bare of flesh by Weyler's beat.

The Jucaro-Moron trocha had been greatly strengthened since Campos' day. It followed the line of the trans-isthmian railway. Dotted at every quarter of a mile along the grade were little forts connected by telephone and telegraph lines. Between these fortresses were sentry stations of logs or railroad ties. Eyes were keen, rifles were ready, challenges were sharp, and countersigns were quickly given on the Jucaro-Moron trocha.

In O'Reilly's party there were three men besides himself—the ever-faithful Jacket, a wrinkled old Camagueyan who knew the hidden trails of his province as a fox knows the tracks to its lair, and a silent gaucho from farther west, detailed to accompany the expedition because of his wide acquaintance with the devastated districts. Both guides, having crossed the trocha more than once, affected to scorn its terrors, and their easy confidence reassured O'Reilly in spite of Esteban's parting admonition.

The American had not dreamed of taking Jacket along, but when he came to announce his departure the boy had flatly refused to be left behind.

Fifty miles of hard riding brought the party to the trocha; they neared it on the second morning after leaving Cubitas, and sought a secluded camping spot. Later in the day Hilario, the old Camagueyan, slipped away to reconnoiter. He returned at twilight, but volunteered no report of what he had discovered. After an insistent cross-examination O'Reilly wrung from him the reluctant admission that ev-

erything seemed favorable for a crossing some time that night, and that he had selected a promising point. Beyond that the old man would say nothing.

Sapper, a simple meal, was quickly disposed of. Then followed a long, dispiriting wait, for a ghastly moon rode high in the sky and the guides refused to stir so long as it remained there. It was a still night; in the jungle no air was stirring, and darkness brought forth a torment of mosquitoes. As day died the woods awoke to sounds of bird and insect life; strange, raucous calls pealed forth, some familiar, others strange and un-

accustomed. Sitting there in the dark,

bedeviled by a pest of insects, mocked at by these mysterious voices, and looking forward to a hazardous enterprise, O'Reilly began to curse his vivid imagination and, to envy, the impassiveness of his companions. Even Jacket, he noted, endured the strain better; the boy was cheerful, philosophical, quite unimpressed by his surroundings. When the mosquitoes became unbearable he put on his trousers, with some reluctance and much ceremony.

Midnight brought a moist, warm breeze, and a few formless clouds which served at times to dimly obscure the moon. Watching the clouds, O'Reilly hoped that they might prove to be the heralds of a storm. None came. When the moon had finally crept down into the treetops old Hilario stepped upon his cigarette, then began silently to saddle up. The others followed with alacrity, and fell in behind him as he led the way into the forest.

When they had covered a couple of miles Hilario reined in and the others crowded close. Ahead, dimly discernible against the night sky, there appeared to be a thinning of the woods. After listening for a moment or two, Hilario dismounted and slipped away; the three riders sat their saddles with ears strained.

Hilario returned with word that all was well, and each man dismounted to muffle the feet of his horse with rags and strips of gunnysack provided for the purpose. Then, one by one, they moved forward to the edge of the clearing. The trocha lay before them.

O'Reilly felt a pair of reins thrust into his hand and found Hilario examining a large pair of tinners' shears. "Do you wish me to go with you?" he inquired of the guide.

The latter shook his head. "Antonio will go; he will keep watch while I clear a path. If anything goes wrong, wait here. Don't ride away until we have time—"

"Never fear. I won't desert you," the American reassured him.

The two white-clad figures slipped away, became indistinct, and then disappeared. The night was hot, the mosquitoes hummed dismally and settled in clouds upon the waiting pair, maddening them with their poison. A half-hour passed, then the two ghostly figures materialized once more.

"Dios!" grumbled Hilario. "There are many strings to this Spanish guitar. What a row when they discover that I have played a Cuban danczon upon it!" The old man seemed less surly than before.

"Is the way clear?" O'Reilly inquired.

"As far as the railroad, yes. We heard voices there, and came back. We will have to cut our way forward after we cross the track. Now, then, follow me without a sound."

Leading his horse by the bit ring, Hilario moved out into the clearing, followed once more by his three companions. In spite of all precautions the animals made a tremendous racket, or so it seemed, and, despite Hilario's twisting and turnings, it was impossible to avoid an occasional loop of barbed wire, therefore flesh and clothing suffered grievously. But at length the party brought up under the railroad embankment and paused. As carefully as might be the four men ascended the slope, crossed the rails and descended into the ditch on the other side. Another moment and they encountered a taut strand of barbed wire. The metallic snap of Hilario's shears sounded like a pistol shot to O'Reilly. Into the maze of strands they penetrated, yard by yard, clipping and carefully laying back the wire as they went. Progress was slow; they had to feel their way; the sharp barbs brought blood and muttered profanity at every step.

None of the four ever knew what gave the alarm. Their first intimation of discovery came with a startling "Quien vive?" hurled at them from somewhere at their backs.

An instant and the challenge was followed by a Manser shot. Other reports rang out as the sentry emptied his rifle in their direction.

"So! They are shooting bats!" Hilario grunted.

Antonio swung about and cocked his Remington, but the other spoke sharply. "Fool! If you shoot they will see the fire and riddle us. A curse on the spider that spun this web!"

It was a test of courage to crouch among the charred stumps, enmeshed in that cruel tangle of wire, while the night was stabbed by daggers of fire and while the trocha awoke to the wild alarm. From somewhere in the distance came a shouted command and the sound of running feet, suddenly putting an end to further inaction. Antonio began to hack viciously with his machete, in an effort to aid Hilario's labors. The sound of his sturdy blows betrayed the party's whereabouts so clearly that finally the older man could restrain himself no longer.

"Give it to them, comrades; it is a game that we can play!"

O'Reilly had been gripping his rifle tensely, his heart in his throat, his pulses pounding. As near a panic as he had ever been, he found, oddly enough, that the mere act of throwing his weapon to his shoulder and firing

Hard Riding Brought the Party to the Trocha.

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calmed him. The kick of the gun subdued his excitement and cleared his brain. He surprised himself by directing Jacket in a cool, authoritative voice to shoot low. When he had emptied the magazine he led two of the horses forward. Then, grasping his own machete, he joined in clearing a pathway.

It seemed an interminable time ere they had extricated themselves from the trap, but finally they succeeded and gained the welcome shelter of the woods, pausing inside its shelter to cut the mummies from their horses' feet. By this time the defenders of the trocha were pouring volley after volley at random into the night.

Now, that the skirmish was over, Jacket began to boast of his part in it. "Ha! Perhaps they'll know better

than to show themselves the next time I come this way," said he. "Yes, saw me didn't you? Well, I made a few Spanish widows tonight."

When no one disputed his assertion Jacket proceeded further in praise of himself, only to break off with a wordless cry of dismay.

"What's the matter?" Johnnie inquired.

"Look! Behold me!" wailed the hero. "I have left the half of my beautiful trousers on that barbed wire!"

Antonio swung a leg over his saddle saying: "Come along, amigos; we have fifty leagues ahead of us. The war will be over while we stand here gossiping."

O'Reilly's adventures on his swift ride through Las Villas have no part in this story. It is only necessary to say that they were numerous and varied, that O'Reilly experienced excitement a-plenty, and that upon more than one occasion he was forced to think and to act quickly in order to avoid clash with some roving guerrilla band.

Food became a problem immediately after the travelers had crossed the trocha. Such apprehensive families as still lurked in the woods were liberal enough—Antonio, by the way, knew a few of them—but they had little to give, and, in consequence, O'Reilly's party learned the taste of wild fruits, berries and palmetto hearts. Once they managed to kill a small pig, the sole survivor of some obscure country tragedy, but the rest of the time they ate meat, when there was any, consisted of iguanas—those big, repulsive lizards—and jutias, the Cuban field rats.

Fortunately there was no shortage of food for the horses, and so, despite the necessity of numerous detours, the party made good time. They crossed into Matanzas, pushed on over rolling hills, through sweeping savannas, past empty clearings and deserted villages to their journey's end. A fortunate encounter with a rebel party from General Betancourt's army enabled them to reach headquarters without loss of time, and one afternoon, worn, haggard and hungry, they dismounted in front of that gallant officer's hut which O'Reilly handed him, then looked up with a smile.

"So! You are one of Gomez' Ameas, eh? Well, I would never have known it, to look at you; the sun and the wind have made you into a very good Cuban. And your clothes—O, might almost mistake you for a Cuban cabinet officer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Cinch.

"Into each life some rain must fall," said the philosopher.

"Yep. Especially if he lives in a territory during the month of April."

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, Aunt 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 Mr. 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 set up from town."

"Where can we play, mother?"

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



VERMIN ATTRACTED BY FOOD

If No Scraps Are Around—There Will Be Little Trouble With Ants or Roaches.

The surest way to keep a house free from ants is to leave no food lying about on shelves or in open places where they can reach it. Ants go where they find food, and if the food supplies of the household are kept in ant-proof metal containers or in ice boxes, and if all foods that may happen to be scattered by children or others is cleaned up promptly, the ant nuisance will be slight. Cake, bread, sugar, meat, and like substances, are especially attractive to the ants, and should be kept from them.

Roaches will not frequent rooms unless they find some available food material, and if such materials can be kept from living room and offices or scrupulously are exercised to see that no such material is placed in drawers where it can leave an attractive odor or fragments of food, the roach nuisance can be largely restricted to places where food necessarily must be kept.

Fewer German Socialists.

The membership of the socialist party in Saxony has decreased from 177,000 in 1914 to 23,000 paying members at present, according to a recent Dresden dispatch to the Berliner Tageblatt. The decrease was due to the number of socialists serving in the army and the split in the socialist party of Germany. Deputy Gradnauer speaking at the convention of Saxon socialists, said that the circulation of socialist newspapers in Germany had increased from 618,000 copies on April 1, 1917, to 792,000 on April 1, 1918.

Hard Luck, Indeed.

"Say," said an infantryman, "do you want to hear about the worst piece of out-of-luck that ever happened in the A. E. F.? A pal of mine went into the fight with 2,000 francs in his pocket. Now he's reported missing."—Stars and Stripes.

Oh, Well!

"Do you raise flowers, Mrs. Subb Urbs?" asked Mrs. Filly-Forks. "No, we merely plant 'em. The chickens raise 'em."



The Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.

"There's a Reason"

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

Catarh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS. The disease cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best known purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarh conditions. Send for testimonials free.
J. C. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



THE DETROIT Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, Sept. 2.
Examinations for glasses made at private residences—by appointment without extra charge. City Optical service right at your own home and everything guaranteed. I will come to Northville sufficiently often to give satisfactory service. I keep your glasses in order.



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, to Byron S. Stapleton of Cleveland, Ohio, which said mortgage is dated the first day of August, 1895, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 276 of Mortgages, page 246, on August 3rd, 1891; which said mortgage was assigned by the said Byron S. Stapleton on the twelfth day of February, 1896, to Carrie E. Brown, said assignment being recorded the fifteenth day of February, 1896, in Liber 42, assignments of mortgages, page 165; and the said Carrie E. Brown assigned said mortgage to John H. Wilke on the thirteenth day of January, 1917, said assignment having been recorded April 24 1917, in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 67 of assignments of mortgages on page 153, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of ten thousand, five hundred and fifty-three and 69-100 dollars, and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted to recover said moneys or any part thereof, now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday, the ninth day of September, 1918, at twelve o'clock, noon, (Eastern Standard time), I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southern or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County building in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, the premises described in said mortgage (or so much of them as have not heretofore been released from the terms of the above described mortgage), or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid on said mortgage together with six per cent interest and all legal costs allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, the following described premises situate in the city of Detroit, in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan as follows, to-wit:

Lots numbered one hundred and forty-one (141), one hundred and forty-two (142), one hundred and fifty (150), one hundred and fifty-one (151), one hundred and fifty-two (152), one hundred and fifty-three (153), one hundred and eighty (180), two hundred and four (204), two hundred and five (205), and two hundred and twelve (212), of Brown and Babcock's subdivision of the westerly 41 2-3 acres of quarter section 29 and westerly 25.06 acres of quarter section 32, ten thousand acre tract according to the plat of said subdivision as recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 16, page 15, of 1918.

JOHN H. WILKE,
F. J. Cochran, Mortgagee.
Attorney for Mortgagee. 47-5.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

received at the Northville
Detroit News Liner Ads
Record Office.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Mary Fredmore is home from Detroit to spend the week.

Miss Rose Blundell returned Saturday from a visit in Canada.

Donald Safford entertained Ovid McDonald of Wixom over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ambler attended the Toronto fair this week.

Mrs. Frank Bolton and children spent Thursday with friends at Plymouth.

F. I. Thompson was home from Manistee to "help out" at the primaries.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Wisdom and their guest, Ralph Richardson spent Sunday at Pontiac.

Mrs. J. N. Elliott and Kathleen Safford are visiting friends and relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Fry of Rochester N. Y. is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Barley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark visited Mrs. Clark's brother, Frank Burgess, at Ann Arbor, last week.

Mrs. C. O. Wisdom entertained her brother, Ralph Richardson of Whitmore Lake Saturday night.

Rev. Edward V. Belles and family arrived in town Thursday from their vacation trip to Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dixon attended the Florist club picnic at the Breitmeyer nursery grounds Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Simmons and daughter, Miss Carrie spent the week-end with Mrs. Watie Whipple at Plymouth.

Mrs. M. J. Tremper of Montrose has been spending the week with Mrs. Eliza Tremper and daughter, Grace.

Jesse Clark and wife of Detroit were out Tuesday to enable the former to do his duty at the primary election.

Mrs. A. M. VanTassel returned Monday from a several weeks' stay with her sick daughter at Battle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Getz and Mrs. Charles Leach of North Farmington were Northville visitors Sunday evening.

Rev. A. N. Riley left Wednesday for a four-weeks' vacation, which he will spend at Ingersoll and Toronto, Ontario.

Mrs. Maude Harmon and daughters, Shirley and Frances of Detroit are spending the week with Northville relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Macomber motored to Kenton, O. Thursday for a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rea.

Mrs. Frank Bolton entertained her mother, Mrs. Louis Kahl and her brother, Harris, of South Lyon a few days last week.

The Misses Maude, Helen and Lucy Perrin of Lansing are guests this week at the home of their cousin, E. E. Perrin and family.

Misses Margaret, Aletha and Ruth Yerkes and their brother, Donald of Northville spent Wednesday at the Watkins home—Milford Times.

Miss Louise Snyder, who has been visiting for the past month at Redford and Farmington, has returned to the Tremper home here for the fall and winter.

Detective Lamb and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamb, Mrs. Mary McKaig and Miss Helen Sillman, all of Detroit, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Smith.

Former Supt. O. M. Misenar was in town Wednesday to attend to the shipment of his household goods which had been stored here since the family left at the close of school.

Motor callers in Northville Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Simmons of Chicago. Mrs. Simmons was Miss Fannie Moore, a teacher in the Northville schools many years ago.

Lieut. Chas. C. Sessions of the U. S. Aviation supply department and his sister, Miss Marguerite Sessions of Ann Arbor were guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Jane Sessions of the week-end.

Perhaps a Safer Investment.
The Yankee does not use his gift for putting truth pithily. A prosperous New England farmer, replying to a comment on the amount of money he was spending to put his son through college, said: "Yes, it does take a lot of money, but I'd rather leave my money in my boy than to him."
Youth's Companion.

NORTH POLE FEAST

Starving Men of Kane's Arctic Expedition Dined on Seal.

Members of Party Trembling With Anxiety When True Aim of Rifleman Ended the Crisis.

Some one has estimated that in the century-long effort to reach the North pole 400 lives and 200 ships were lost. One of the earlier expeditions was the one led by Doctor Kane in 1853, consisting of 19 men. The account of their hardships as told in "The Siege and Conquest of the North Pole," by George Bryce, is almost incredible, relates the Youth's Companion. Scurvy and the bitter cold made the sunless arctic winter of 146 days a continuous and horrible nightmare.

Their brig, Advance, was frozen into the great ice pack, which even the returning sun of summer could not loosen. With scanty supplies they were compelled to spend a second dreary winter in the arctic, during which several of the party succumbed to sickness and exposure. In June, when their provisions were virtually gone, a narrow channel opened, and the survivors, manning two small boats, fought their way southward. Starvation quickly weakened their efforts, but at that desperate crisis they sighted food—a seal. Doctor Kane thus describes the incident:

"It was an ursuk, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon it. We stationed Peterson, with the large English rifle, in the bow, and drew stockings over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal, our excitement became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions that spared us the use of the oarlocks; and when we were about 300 yards off the oars were taken in, and we moved in deep silence with a single, scull astern.

"The seal was asleep, for it reared its head when we were almost within rifle shot, and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw it move; their lives depended on its capture."

"I depressed my hand nervously as a signal for Peterson to fire. The boat, noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Peterson, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety; he was trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on its fore flippers, gazing at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled itself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of the rifle it relaxed its length on the ice, and at the very brink of the water fell helplessly to one side.

"With a wild yell the men urged both boats upon the floes. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore it up to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy. I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber.

"Not an ounce of the seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup kettles; the cartilaginous parts of the fore flippers were cut off and passed around to be chewed upon; and even the liver, yagm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the large halting floe, to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks were devoted to a grand cooking fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast."

Art and Science.
In a recent number of the Bookman William Lyon Phelps shows forth the advantage a work of art possesses over a scientific book: "A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements; the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology. This is the notable advantage works of art have over works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds, whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction can not be revised because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; and in literature, the earliest."

Praying Soldier Rewarded.
Saying one's prayers at night hurts no one, but it makes a person of strong character to perform that act of piety on some occasions, relates a writer in the Pathfinder. Of such stuff is one of the young soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland. Every night he knelt and prayed and every night did other soldiers in nearby cots openly ridicule and jeer him. The captain of the company overheard the scoffers one night and administered to them a lecture that they aren't likely to forget. A few days later the young man who was not afraid to stand up for his convictions was made sergeant of the company.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The Church Around the Corner."

Sunday morning service at 10. Subject: "The Supreme Sacrifice."

Sunday school at 11:30. Here is a place for you.

Epworth League at 6:30. All young people cordially invited.

Evening service at 7:30. Subject: "The Day of Jesus Christ."

Prayer meeting at 7:30 on Thursday evening in this church.

You are heartily welcomed to these services.

Last Quarterly Conference September 3, at 7:30 in the church parlors. Everyone welcome.

The monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the form of a potluck supper at Walled Lake Tuesday night. A way will be provided to get everybody to the lake. Those wishing to go, meet at the postoffice at 6 o'clock p. m. Everyone interested in the Epworth League is welcome. Come.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Services will be resumed next Sunday, Sept. 1, and it is hoped that after this period of rest everyone will be ready to come and start work in earnest.

The subject of the morning sermon at ten o'clock will be "Rest and Work"—a Labor Sunday sermon.

Sunday school will begin at 11:30. Make it a record attendance to start with.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:30 p. m. All young people invited.

The evening sermon subject, "How Big Is Your God?"

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 flocks, but get there one by one." The motive of this is certain: as the moral of it is true if you would succeed you must take the lead, and leave the crowd to follow you.

Proof Positive.

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

Wanted to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Engle Ave., 9th house from Grand River, Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield 1117. 31-1yr-p.

LARGE Modern house on 1 acre lot in Pontiac to exchange for small farm. Price, \$4500. Phone 244-J. 6wlp.

LOST—Blue suit coat, Wednesday evening, August 21, between Northville and West Novi. Please return to Peerless Laundry, Northville. Alexander Kidd. 6wlp.

FOUND—Lady's hat. Owner can obtain same by proving property and paying expense of advertising. Wm. E. Matheson, Northville. 6-1-p.

NOTICE—Order your fertilizer now! Order Swifts Blood, Bone and Tank. A. J. Lapham's store, Plymouth, Mich. 6w4c.

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—Young pigs, 7 weeks old. Frank Green, Cady St., next to Bell Foundry. 6w2p.

CATTLE FOR SALE—20 steers and heifers. A. Lingham, Milford, Mich. 6w2p.

FOR SALE—Two 1917 Ford Touring cars. F. N. Perrin & Sons. 612-c.

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. 5tc-c.

FOR SALE—Chicken feed. Everything in the line of poultry supplies. Save a dollar by calling Clement Curtis. 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. 45tc.

FOR SALE—One sow and 7 pigs, one sow and 11 pigs. Pigs 2 weeks old. Ed Worvie. 5w2c.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, one with outside entrance, also light housekeeping, unfurnished, on Main street. Box 278. 6w2p.

THOSE CHAUTAUQUA QUESTIONS.

The local committee has received from the Chautauqua bureau answers to some of the questions usually asked, and the Record, by request, presents them to its readers, necessarily in condensed form:

Why sign contract so far ahead?

Because bureau must know in advance what to arrange for. Talent is engaged six months in advance; companies organized and coached; routing details arranged, etc.

Why is a guarantee necessary?

Because attractions must have assurance from managers; contracts have to be shown to tentmakers, printers, supply houses and managers; bankers, as credit must be secured beforehand.

Why not let Chautauqua take its chances like any other show?

"Nobody guarantees my business." The Chautauqua, it not a show. Hunger guarantees the grocery business. You do have to guarantee your schools, churches and other educational and moral enterprises.

If you are not willing to sign the contract, you are only fooling yourself.

You have not seen the good of something that benefits the community more than the pocketbook.

Dark Ways—Darkness.

Night is proverbially the time for criminal activity, and Spaniards say: "The false coin passes at night." Too often successful men ignore old friends or, as the Spaniards say: "With the plotas they forget the memorias." Shrewdness has looked out undesirable articles. Nain tells that "The saddle and horse make the horse sell." Waste labor is "To carry iron to Vijaya." A man born to a good fortune is "the son of a white hen."

Airquakes.

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

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.

4-6

'Chain' Tread

Back the Government to the Limit

The Government has asked American business to pursue a certain course for the duration of the war.

Keep quality up and prices reasonable, —a strictly non-profiteering policy.

It is the only patriotic policy.

It is the policy this company has always adopted and the one we will continue to pursue.

We stand ready to undergo any sacrifice in order to cooperate with the Government.

We believe it is best for ourselves.

We know it is best for our country.

We appeal to all concerns—big and small—to adopt the same policy.

American business must rally as a unit to the support of the Government.

It is the surest and quickest way to win the war.

United States Tires

are Good Tires

Royal Cord "Nobby" "Chain" "Usco" "Flats"

Complete Stock of United States Tires

F. N. Perrin & Sons, Northville.

John D. Nelson, Salem.

Bentley Brothers, Elm.

Service Garage, Redford.

carrier by the following Dealers.

Bulek Service, A.M. Bosworth, Redford.

Redford Tire & Battery Co., Redford.

Bert C. Vincent, Redford.

Roy H. Burgess, Redford.

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