

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX, NO. 8.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## FRED HALL MET INSTANT DEATH

CONTACTED WITH HEAVILY  
CHARGED STREET LIGHT WIRE  
LAST FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

BROTHER-IN-LAW, ROY CRAMER,  
WAS ALSO SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Fred Hall, for some time, one of the Edison employees here, was instantly killed by coming in contact with high voltage street light wires last Friday evening. From a shock and fall from the same pole in trying to rescue Hall, Roy Cramer sustained serious injuries, and is now in Harper hospital.

Since Wednesday's heavy rain there had been wire trouble and towards evening Hall and Cramer thought they had located it on a main street pole just in front of Grant Simpson's home. Hall climbed up and was probably getting ready to adjust his safety strap when his arm or body came in contact with the street circuit wire. Ordinarily this wire carries ten or twelve hundred volts and while that voltage would burn some it would not be at all dangerous. In some way, however, a primary wire at the E. M. over-head bridge had come in contact with the street circuit, jumping the voltage up to around 3,000 or 4,000. Not knowing this, Hall probably did not take the safety precautions he otherwise would.

W. J. Fitzgerald, who has charge of this Edison district, which includes Northville, believes the fatality occurred in the manner above stated, and that Cramer's injuries occurred from a shock when he climbed up the pole in an endeavor to rescue Hall. Cramer fell first and sustained a broken collar bone besides severe burns and bruises. That he was not instantly killed as he touched the high voltage wire or the guy wire which had also become charged, or Hall's body which ever it was, was doubtless due to his rugged constitution and the further probability that he did not receive the full current.

Drs. Turner and Henry, who were quickly at the scene of the accident, give as their opinion, that Hall was dead before he fell. Cramer was unconscious when taken home and was still unable to make any statement up to the time he was taken to the hospital by the Harper ambulance car, which was sent out by the Edison company from Detroit for him Saturday. Dr. Allen, chief surgeon at Harper, also came out to give Cramer attention that night at the solicitation of the Edison management and to aid the local doctors if possible.

Hall and Cramer were brothers-in-law, and previous to entering the Edison's employ Hall had run an electric shop of his own here; being located in Fred Lyke's store. Cramer was badly injured some six months ago by a fall from a pole from which he had not fully recovered and in consequence he had done no climbing of late. Because of that condition his injuries this time were much more serious.

The funeral for Mr. Hall occurred from the Presbyterian church Monday afternoon under the Masonic order, of which organization he was a member. The burial was in Rural Hill cemetery. He leaves besides the widow, four children, and a host of sympathizing friends.

## PEOPLE'S PATRIOTISM PRACTICALLY PERFECT

Northville and vicinity automobilists proved themselves practically a hundred percent patriotic on the second "gasless" Sunday, thus doing their share toward the conservation of the millions of gallons of gasoline saved for the carrying on of the war. A few motorists were seen passing through town, but our own village and neighborhood people did not even use cars for church going, except the few who had no other means of conveyance from their homes outside of town. Reports from other localities also indicate that in this as in other war conservation measures most of our citizenry is ready to do all that can be done to help our boys on the fighting line and in the camps by cheerfully and ready acquiescence in all necessary restrictions of personal pleasure and convenience. And no

really loyal American will fail in this, any more than in previous tests—for it is a loyalty test—and the manner in which it is met gauges unmistakably the patriotism of our people. Next Sunday the numbers of any passing cars and the names of owners will be taken in Northville, as elsewhere, and drivers who cannot give a satisfactory account of their journeyings will be reported to government authorities.

Any ill-treatment of Sunday automobilists is not approved by the Fuel administration, as it is desired that this patriotic measure shall be voluntary, at least for the present.

## GETTING IN LINE FOR THE FAIR

Space is already being secured for exhibits at our coming Northville fair and Secretary Ponford asks the Record to warn exhibitors that if they want locations in the main tents they will do well to attend the matter as speedily as possible. Everything seems to be working out well toward another big success. The new grandstand was practically completed in one day by a volunteer force, under supervision of the Directors' chairman, T. G. Richardson.

One of the big features this year is to be the Red Cross auction. Every soldier boy who has left this community to fight for Uncle Sam in the world's war has received an outfit of knitted articles and a "comfort kit," furnished by the Northville Red Cross. This is only one of their many activities. They are doing some necessary war work every hour in the day. On Friday, Sept. 27, an effort will be made to replenish their local treasury, as they have spent much money, and must spend much more. This effort will be in the form of a big auction. People will have an opportunity to buy all kinds of merchandise, produce, food stuffs, furniture and "other articles too numerous to mention." But the Red Cross folks must first get possession of the goods. What are you going to give them? Contribute something salable, something somebody wants, something that will bring good money. A piano has already been donated. Phone or write Mrs. Kittle Harmon immediately that you will have your gift, whatever it may be, at the Red Cross tent on the fair grounds for the Friday sale. "Don't now."

The Record is also requested to say to any ladies having fancy work that the number of times any articles have been previously exhibited makes no difference. They are eligible again just the same.

Any persons who have souvenirs of the present war will confer a favor by loaning such articles for exhibition. The best of care will be taken of articles loaned. If you have anything in this line and are willing to lend it, please notify Mrs. Frank S. Harmon as soon as possible.

The prices of admission to the fair this year are to be slightly higher, although the advance is not large enough to be burdensome to the individual. The schedule has been arranged as follows: (Cash fare at the gate). General admission, 35 cents; children (under 12 years), 15 cents; autos and other vehicles, 25 cents; (parking space free.)

## FORESTERS FAIRTIME DANCE.

The Northville Foresters will have their hall in Princess rink open for dancing during three evenings of the Northville Wayne County Fair, viz.: September 25, 26 and 27—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. Good music will be provided and a chance for the young folks—and others—to enjoy a pleasant time.

## WM. S. HART IN BIG PLAY.

One of the greatest western plays ever put on locally will be Saturday's Triangle offering at the Alseum when Wm. S. Hart will appear in "Hell's Hinges." Spectacular horsemanship which required a number of dangerous trials to reproduce, also Mr. Hart's expert marksmanship are among the interesting features. A successful contest by order against lawlessness forms the basis of the story and spectacular escapes when an entire village burns, were actual experiences of the cast, involving much danger. On account of the film being a very expensive one, a slightly higher admission price is necessary, viz. 22 cents with a war tax of 3 cents

## 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.  
Brayan, Karl H.—(Musician)—125th Inf. Band, Headquarters Co., A. E. F., A. P. O. 734.  
Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery Corps, Co. C, A. E. F.  
Barber, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E, 18th Engineers, A. E. F.  
Barbet, Clifford Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.  
Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital, Service, Fort Presido, San Francisco, Calif.  
Buckley, Clifford—Ordinance Dept., Detroit.  
Bressow, Wm. C.—Co. A, 361st W. S. T. Camp, Holabird, Baltimore, Md.  
Bates, Miles F.—Sapper No. 2011702, Eng. Training Dept., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.  
Ball, Don L.—Lock box 426, Cleveland, Ohio.  
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, Sergt.—Eng. Camp, 85th Div., A. E. F.  
Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Camp Holabird, Coigats, Md. M. R. S. Co. 7, Unit 306.  
Chapman, Miles—Co. D, 338th Inf., Amer. Exp. Forces.  
Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. College, 2nd Co. 2nd Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.  
Dickerson, James R.—11th Machine Gun Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.  
Dunham, 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 P.—First Sergt., Co. F, 10th Eng. (Forest) American E. F.  
Desautels, Raymond—Cadet, Park Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.  
Desautels, Leg A.—Co. M, Reg. 7, Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.  
Dailey, Morris L.—Providence, Rhode Island, 223 Federal Bldg.  
Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng., A. E. F.  
Ely, Claude—37th Co., 19th Recruit Bn., Camp Syracuse, N. Y.  
Fox, Walter—Co. H, 1st, A. E. F.  
Foss, Paul, Corporal—Co. I, 338th Inf., 35th Div., A. E. F.  
Foss, Wm.—U. S. S. Orion, care postmaster, N. Y.  
Fitzkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn. Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Summerall, Tobyhanna, Pa.  
Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Sqdn., care U. S. A. S., 35 Eaton Place, London, England.  
Green, Lloyd—C. U. S. M. G. Bn., American E. F.  
Gragdin, 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, Lor O.—Co. D, 340th Inf. Camp A. E. F., via New York.  
Henry, Thomas B.—Post Hospital, Aberdeen, Md.  
Hayter, Charles W.—Sergeant, 380th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mich. Clemens.  
Hills, William—Co. B, 106 Supply train, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery, Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.  
Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck, A. E. F.  
Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.  
Jordan, Ralph B.—Field Artillery, A. E. F.  
Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.  
Jones, Wm. T.—Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. Bn., Camp Custer.  
Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th Aero Sq., Payne Field, West Point, Miss.  
Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. C. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.  
Kestell, Stanley, J.—Co. K, 3rd Reg., Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.  
Kidd, Archie—Med. Dept., Amer. Exp. Forces, 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.  
Leavenworth, Loren F.—Co. C, 21st Machine Gun Bn., American Expeditionary Forces, France.  
Long, Archie—1st Co., 1st Bn., 160th Depot Brigade, 10th tent, Camp Custer.  
Lyke, Ralph—Co. A, 2nd Bn., Heavy Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.  
Langfield, Coarad, Lieut.—Sanitary Corps, Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.  
Limbright, Robert A.—Squad E, Selfridge Field, Mich. Clemens, Mich.  
Lanning, Orin—U. S. S. Michigan New York City, care postmaster, Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng., A. E. F., via New York.  
Murphy, Chas. P., 2nd Lieut., F. A. G. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.  
Malcomson, Leo, Corporal—Co. H, 58th Inf., American E. F.

Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 323rd Field Artillery, Amer. Exp. Forces.  
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., Pri.—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, 310th Eng., 35th Div., A. E. F.  
Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.  
Schultz, Charles A., Corporal—12th Co., 1st Reg., Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.  
Stager, 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. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.  
Simmons, Harry M.—Co. C, 123rd Inf., Camp Wheeler, Ga.  
Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.  
Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., 2nd Replacement Camp, Camp Lee, Va.  
Thomas, Ira—Ordinance Corps, A. E. F.  
Thomas, George—Co. C, 333th Inf., 85th Div., A. E. F.  
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, Great Lakes, Illinois.  
Thompson, Clarence—325th Field Hospital, 307 Sanitary Train, P. O. 742, A. E. F.  
Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt. Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.  
Van Sickle, Harry—Base Hospital, No. Ward 34, Camp Merritt, N. J.  
Van Valkenburg, Floyd H.—328th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.  
Van Valkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler, U. S. N.  
Van Valkenburg, Milo T.—Co. F, 27th Engineers' band, Camp Leach, Washington, D. C.  
White, Wm. H., Jr.—Co. B, U. of M. T. D. Ann Arbor.  
Wilcox, Oswald—131st Co., 8th Bn., 160th Depot Brigade.  
Wood, Harold E.—Co. C, 3rd Reg., Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.  
Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. Co., Ft. McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.  
Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.  
Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal Bn., 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. 10, Camp Ross, Co. 503, Barracks 1063, Great Lakes, Illinois.  
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.  
Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.  
Wheeler, Arthur F.—A. E. F.  
Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, Engineers, A. E. F.  
\* Yerkes, Joseph A.  
\* Deceased.

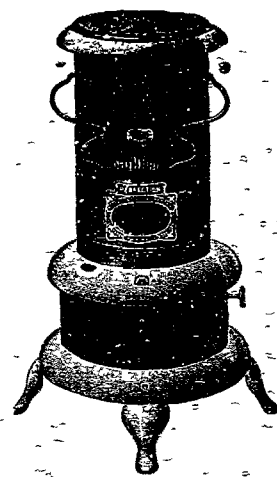
**SOLDIER ITEMS.**  
Second Lieutenant C. F. Murphy of the U. S. Field Artillery has been sent home from France, where he had been for several months past, to take his turn as an instructor in one of the military camps.  
Stanley Kestell of Co. K, 3rd Regiment, who has been in training at Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill., is at home for a visit before returning to the M. A. C. to finish his engineering course.  
Mrs. Hattie Clark and Mr. and Miss Siver of this place have been notified of the arrival overseas of their nephew, Alfred J. Gray of Detroit, who was at one time a Northville resident.  
Private Harold Turner, who has been on recruiting service with the Jackies' band, left Monday to begin training at Great Lakes, Ill.  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Simmons received their first letter last week from their son, Sergt. George Simmons since his arrival in France.  
Two more Northville soldiers reported safely across the Atlantic are Guy Martin and George Thomas.

**PATRIOTIC FUND PLEDGES.**  
Patriotic fund pledges for September will be payable at the Lapham State Savings bank on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14, 16 and 17, during regular banking hours.

**RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.**

## PERFECTION HARTFORD OIL HEATERS TIRES

ASK THE MAN WHO USES  
THEM



The scarcity and price of coal and wood calls for economy in heating. The "Perfection" Oil Heater does it. Buy one of these Oil Heaters and put it in that cold room where you want heat—Heat when you want it. No smoke, no smell, no trouble. Three Styles to Select from

Plain Store ..... \$4.50  
Nickle Trimmed Store ..... \$5.50  
Blue Enameled Store ..... \$6.50

ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE.

LET US BE OF SERVICE TO YOU.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

## OUR BANK SAVINGS SAFE UNLESS GERMANY WINS

THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A VERY INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDA CARRIED ON, OBVIOUSLY BY SECRET AGENTS OF GERMANY, TO THE EFFECT THAT SAVINGS BANKS DEPOSITS ARE TO BE CONFISCATED. IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT ANY PERSON IN AMERICA WOULD CREDIT SUCH A REPORT FOR AN INSTANT. SECRETARY McADOO SAYS THAT THE ABSURDITY OF THESE STATEMENTS IS MANIFEST, BUT IN ORDER TO ALLAY THE FEARS OF A FEW WHO MIGHT BE ALARMED BY SUCH REPORTS, HE REPEATS OFFICIALLY THAT THESE RUMORS ARE WHOLLY BASELESS.

THERE IS BUT ONE THING THAT WILL IN THE LEAST PUT IN DANGER OF CONFISCATION THE SAVINGS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, WHETHER DEPOSITED IN SAVINGS BANKS OR OTHER BANKS OR INVESTED IN LIBERTY BONDS OR ANY OTHER INVESTMENTS. AND THAT ONE THING IS A GERMAN VICTORY. IT IS NOT THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT THAT OUR PEOPLE SHOULD FEAR, BUT THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT, AND WITH THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FIGHTING AS THEY ARE IN FRANCE AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SUPPORTING THEIR GOVERNMENT AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, THEIR LIBERTY, THEIR RIGHTS, AND THEIR SAVINGS ARE SAFE.

THE UNITED STATES INSTEAD OF CONFISCATING OR ENDANGERING THE SAVINGS AND OTHER PROPERTY OF ITS PEOPLE IS DEFENDING THEM AND THEIRS WITH ALL THE IRRESISTIBLE MIGHT OF THIS INVINCIBLE REPUBLIC.

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 BOYS' CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Criswold.

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

MADEVILLE

THEATRE.

Two Performances  
Daily  
8:15 and 8:35 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c



## NOW THAT SEPTEMBER IS HERE



It is a mystery to the younger generation—they cannot understand why the weeks that make up July and August pass so much more quickly than any other weeks in the year. Only a few days ago they turned their faces blissfully to the "long vacation" and now September is here in the briefest time imaginable and with it comes the beginning of the school year again.

But the wholesome looking flapper whose camera image appears in the picture above, seems to be facing her school days with great cheerfulness. She is probably fortified, and heartened by the consciousness that she is wearing a spark and span new school frock that is above reproach. Or she may have been cheered by looking over her entire outfit of clothes for school wear.

The frock pictured is made of heavy cotton rep in beautiful flag-blue. It is made with a panel and inverted plaits at the front with the plaits repeated at the back, and fastens along one side of the front panels with but-

tons and buttonholes. White, adjustable collar and cuffs for it are in a lightweight pique or any other suitable white cotton or linen fabric. It is much like summer frocks except that the top is a heavy fabric and the sleeves are long instead of elbow or three-quarter length. The pointed pockets and the wide belt with scalloped band across the front make the accessories a part of the neat effect of the design. Other materials—all those that have sufficient "body," as heavy linen, wool-material, or canton crepe—might be used for a dress of this kind.

It is the part of patriotism to use cotton or linen for school dresses or to remodel the discarded wool dresses of grownups into school frocks for children. Plenty of washable collars and cuffs in cotton or linen stuffs teach the little maid to be neat, and to give attention to the details of her dress.

Besides her practical and pretty dress the little maid pictured above is fortunate in her smoothly braided hair tied with crisp ribbon bows.

## ENTER THE AIRPLANE COAT



Here is the new airplane coat. It made its bow and was introduced to an admiring and expectant world at the style show held recently at the Morrison hotel in Chicago. Here those who think up and work out the apparel wherewithal we shall be clothed, come together and present the results of their efforts to the merchants who are to pass judgment upon them.

There was a great gathering of handsome new coats at the style show, but this airplane coat was the most interesting of them all. Are we really about to fly and to need a special kind of coat for doing it? Or, finally convinced that we will never get our courage up to the flying point, are we going to have to forego this wonderful new achievement in coats? We are not. It may be a long time before we soar in an airship, but an airplane coat will shortly be among those present in many a smart wardrobe.

This airplane coat was in taupe color and made of one of those soft, cozy-looking cloths, something like a thick velour, that have been christened with any number of fascinating but forgettable names. It is a straight-

line, ample, gracious garment; everything about it in generous proportions—the sleeves, pockets, girdle and buckle—even the buttons bespeaking the genius that designed it.

Its most distinguishing feature is the square cape, lined with a silk brocade, that falls to the waistline at the back. This cape at the bottom is gathered into a band of fur and you would not suspect that by simply turning it up and fastening the band of fur about the head, by the very simple means of snap fasteners, the cape becomes a lovely turban with drapery falling about the head at each side.

The sleeves are very long and finished with bands of fur like that on the cape. The fur may have been moleskin or some other short-haired pel—flying squirrel ought to feel much at home on an airplane coat. The chances are that this coat will find itself protecting many a fair wearer who does her flying in a motorcar or on a pair of skates, but it is prophetic of a day that is surely coming when she will take to wings.

Julia Bottomley

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

'Tis well to have a merry heart  
Quite free from grief consuming,  
And cheerfully to bear our part,  
For better days are coming.

### ECONOMICAL MEAT DISHES.



National War Garden Commission

**EAT** may be made to go twice as far in serving and the dish still be as valuable from a nutritive standpoint.

**Serbian Rice.**—Wipe with a dampened cloth a piece of meat from the shoulder, cut in inch squares. Heat a frying pan, add a tablespoonful of any sweet fat, and one small onion and a third of a carrot, both sliced. Put over the heat with the meat, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of paprika, and cook over a slow fire. When half cooked add a pint of water and a half cupful of rice, adding more water as needed. Add more seasoning if needed before serving.

**Chili Con Carne.**—Boil a pound of lean beef until tender, then remove from the broth and chop in small pieces. Put back into the broth with half a pound of kidney beans, which have been cooked until tender; add to these a quart of tomatoes, a bit of garlic and a red pepper. Cook for 20 minutes and season with salt and serve.

**Mutton Stew.**—Take a piece of mutton from the neck, cut in small pieces and put to cook with a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, two cloves, two peppercorns and water to nearly cover the meat. Let simmer about two hours, then add a carrot or two, cut in fancy slices; add six potatoes, cut in thick slices; a cupful of tomato and simmer until the meat and vegetables are tender. Remove the bay leaf and the parsley and serve. The objectionable flavor or the woolly taste, is in the pink skin on which the wool grows. If this skin is removed the stew will be more delicate.

**Liver à la Mme. Begone.**—Take a half pound of calf's liver, cut in thin slices. Lay the liver in salted water while peeling five large onions, slice in thin slices and cut in halves. Dry the liver and place it in layers with the onion, let stand for an hour, then cut the liver in cubes, dredge with flour and season with salt and pepper. Dredge the onions in the same way, they fry all in a frying basket until well cooked, the onions a golden brown. Pile the liver in the center of the platter and garnish with a ring of onions.

**Hamburg Steak.**—Make a mound of the chopped seasoned meat, adding a pinch of cloves and a bit of grated onion, with the salt and pepper for seasoning, and cover the top with lard strips of salt pork arranged there carefully, then bake. Remove to a hot platter and garnish with parsley. Serve with mushroom sauce.

"I can't afford it" are hard words for the average American to say but in the very act of saying them he is on the way to being able to afford it. —S. E. Post.

### SUMMER SALADS.



National War Garden Commission

HE name of salad may mean fruit, fish, flesh or fowl, not to mention the countless vegetable combinations.

Spinach is a good green to be used as a salad after it has been cooked. Serve with hard-cooked egg and a boiled salad dressing, with a bit of finely chopped onion.

Chopped chives may be used in place of the onion and French dressing in place of the boiled dressing.

Fresh green onions cut up over crisp lettuce and served with French dressing is a most wholesome salad.

Fresh green onions sliced in sour cream, seasoned with salt and a few dashes of paprika, is another tasty salad to prepare in a hurry.

Lettuce, peanuts and chopped onion with French dressing is another good combination.

Cheese and celery is a dainty combination when one wants something out of the ordinary. Stuff the short, tender stalks of the celery with grated seasoned cheese, or with cream cheese.

French dressing is usually prepared by using one part of vinegar to three parts of oil, with salt and pepper, to taste. A change from the ordinary is made by adding a teaspoonful of catchup, or other sauce, some chopped green pepper and serve this on sliced cucumbers or on tomatoes. Served on head lettuce with chives this is especially good.

Radishes and green peppers served on lettuce with mayonnaise is another salad worthy of note.

Watercress is one of our most valuable salad plants; being rich in mineral matter makes it a good tonic.

**Brazilian Salad.**—This is a dainty titbit to place before one's friends. Take equal parts of sliced pineapple and strawberries, with a dozen Brazilian nuts, cut in thin slices after removing the brown skin. Let stand to marinate in a little French dressing and serve with mayonnaise on lettuce.

**Roquefort cheese,** a tablespoonful finely chopped, sprinkled over head lettuce, with French dressing, is a salad worth trying.

A pretty salad may be prepared by rolling balls of cream cheese in chopped pistachio nuts. Serve on lettuce with any desired dressing.

Neenie Maxwell

## DAIRY FACTS

### PACKAGES FOR PARCEL POST.

Good Quality and Attractive Appearance Make Ready Sales—Strive for Uniformity.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is probable that the point which will make the strongest appeal to the average consumer is that he can secure by parcel post a fresher, brighter, more attractive, and thus possibly a better product than he can obtain otherwise. Producers should remember always that the appearance of fruit and produce is one of the strongest factors in making a sale; it will not pay to market anything but standard and fancy produce by parcel post; and



### Samples of Suitable Parcel-Post Packages.

the surest way to establish a dependable, continuing, and increasing business is to forward nothing but strictly reliable and satisfactory produce.

The average producer, as a rule, does not realize the importance of appearance as a factor in selling goods and frequently is careless and indifferent in preparing produce for market. The consumer, on the other hand, relies very largely upon appearance in selecting food supplies, and unattractive articles are passed by promptly. Produce should be of high quality, clean and attractive; carefully and neatly prepared and packed; of one variety, and as far as practicable, uniform in size, shape, color and quality; and last, but not least, carefully packed to insure its arrival in a satisfactory condition.

All successful co-operative marketing organizations of growers and private marketing organizations have an ironclad rule that no fruit of any kind which has fallen on the ground shall be picked up and shipped. It is even more important that this rule should be observed in parcel post marketing. Producers should at all times strive for uniformity in the products shipped—uniformity of size especially, and also of color and quality.

It may be stated that as a usual proposition it is feasible to ship only the produce that is of high value in comparison with its weight. In any case, the net returns will be the determining factor; only general facts can be stated in this connection. In family baskets or containers, or in assorted lots of vegetables and of fruits, there is likely to be a demand for the inclusion of many of the heavier articles, such as potatoes, cantaloupes, cabbage and onions, the shipment of which alone might not be justified.

A personal acquaintance should be established between producer and consumer; if it does not exist, when they come into business contact. This will help a great deal in furthering parcel post marketing, and also will eliminate many of the misunderstandings which may occur from time to time. A definite understanding should exist as to the duties of each in regard to remittances, claims for damaged or spoiled produce, and the preservation and return of containers. Monthly remittances by the consumer probably would be satisfactory. More frequent payments probably would be objectionable to the purchaser, while the producer in most cases would not be satisfied with less frequent settlements. Consumers should remember that farmers are usually busy and not inclined to needless correspondence. Farmers should be prompt in attending to correspondence if they desire to do business.

### RECORDS SHOW ALL LOAFERS

System Will Disclose Some Startling Facts Concerning Production of Individuals.

The loafers in the dairy herd cannot be detected without some system of records. The cow testing association enables the dairyman to calculate the amount of milk and butterfat which each cow returns for the feed she consumes. A system of records will disclose some eye-opening facts concerning the production of individuals of the herd.

## SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSES YOUR KIDNEYS

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

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

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy.

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

With a Different Meaning.

Two neighbors were talking about the young man who had lived off his mother all of his married life. He had a nice home, etc., but the neighbors knew he had never made enough money to pay for it. They also knew of his mother's "helping him out."

"That yellow sort o' reminds me of what Abraham Lincoln said one time," remarked the first neighbor.

"How's that?" queried the second.

"Lincoln said: 'All I have and all I hope to be I owe my mother!'"

Heal Baby Rash.

That Itch, Burn and Torture. A hot Cuticura-Soap bath gives instant relief when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address: Cuticura Dept., Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The Proper Way.

"I see where photographers are going to form a union in the West."

"I suppose, then, all its proceedings and reports will be heard in camera."

Each morning opens the door to a new opportunity. Watch out and do not let it slip away unnoticed.

Too many men look upon education as a sort of loophole through which to escape work.

much over-rated.

Attila the Hun was a piker—a poor, doddering, inefficient, tender-hearted old fussbudget. We have learned that during the last four years. No pep. No science. No poison gas.

How did Weyler earn the terrific reputation that he had in 1898? He was a quiet, law-abiding, carpet-slipped old, Spanish gentleman, and as harmless as a bowl of bread and milk.

What did he know of brutality?

Villa, dead or alive, used to pose as some pumpkins in the realm of polite butchery. Where did he get that stuff? He was only a movie crook.

Nero got away with a lot of notoriety in his time, as a first-class, all-around blackleg, but he was only an amateur.

For further particulars address—W. Hobenzollen, 1315 Main Street, Rotterdam—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A la Berlin.

"Say, pop, what is a signal victory?"

"In Berlin the capture of one American with the loss of only twenty Germans is so regarded, my son."

## What is a Branch House?

The Branch House is the place in the packing organization where what the packing plant does for you is put where you can use it.

Both are the natural result of growth and development in the living thing they belong to.

Swift & Company Branch Houses are located in distributing centers all over the country. They are fitted out with refrigerating equipment to keep meat cool, sweet and fresh.

Each one is in personal charge of a man who believes in what Swift & Company is doing for people and wants to help do it.

They are directed by men who have spent years learning how to get better meat cheaper to the places where it is needed.

Meat is shipped to the branch houses direct from the packing plants in Swift & Company's refrigerator cars, in such quantities that it can be disposed of while fresh and sweet.

Your meat dealer comes here to buy your meat for you—unless someone else can treat him better than we can.

So you need the branch house in order to live well; and the branch house and the packing plant need each other, in order to be useful to you.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.





# WRIGLEY'S

For Victory Buy War Savings Stamps

We will win this war—  
Nothing else really matters until we do!



The Flavor Lasts

## OFFICER WINS HIGH PRAISE

Second Lieut. John I. Conroy of the Marines Highly Commended by Commanding Officer.

The bulldog tenacity and nerves of steel which characterized the operations of the United States Marines in their classic capture of Chateau-Thierry and Belleau wood in the second battle of the Marne earned unusual commendation for Second Lieut. John I. Conroy of the Marines. This commanding officer of his regiment wrote to the brigade commander that Lieutenant Conroy was "conspicuous in his services to the battalions in line, carried on his duties at a storm center of bombardment by enemy high explosive, shrapnel and gas shells. Throughout this period he supplied the troops in line with ammunition, rations, water and engineer stores with tireless energy, marked executive ability, foresight and absolute fearlessness at all hours of the day and night. He never failed in a crisis and only bulldog tenacity and nerves of steel made it possible for him to discharge his multifarious duties. When enemy fire exploded an ammunition dump under his charge his energy and coolness confined the damage to a minimum."

Lieutenant Conroy's mother, Mrs. John Conroy, lives at 59 Livingston street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Hot Stuff.

One negro porter was getting enthusiastic over cigars. "Brother," he said to his companion, "when I die I want a box of cigars tucked under one arm."

"What kind do you prefer?" asked the other.

"Just anything. A 27-cent near-Havana will do."

"Near Havana? Say, when you're dead for two days you'll think Havana used to be as cold as the winds that blow over Greenland's icy mountains."

### Hardpan.

"Is the soil here good enough to raise anything?"

"I sent a sample to the agricultural expert and he advised me to raise marbles."—Judge.

Every time a man tries to get something for nothing he gets a little additional experience.

**ASTHMA-DOR**  
AVERS-RELIEVES  
**HAY FEVER**  
**ASTHMA**  
Begin Treatment Now  
All Druggists Guarantee

**Heal Itching Skins With Cuticura**  
All druggists: Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢, Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37-1918.

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SNAKE TSARINA.

"Every little while," said the great big snake, in the zoo, "I believe in causing folks trouble."

"Perhaps I shouldn't say I like to cause trouble, but I like to do things differently and get every one excited. And why shouldn't I? I am the biggest snake in the whole world—that is what my keeper says—and I was brought to the zoo twelve long years ago."

"I'm sure I wouldn't know the length of time except the keeper is always telling people that I have been here twelve years and that that is a good long time. Ah, it's fine to live a long time if one is a snake, a nice, wriggling, hissing snake."

"Hiss-hiss, ha, ha," laughed Mrs. Garter Snake, from her cage next door.

"What's the matter with you, Mrs. Garter, are you overcome from talking to such a great and big and magnificent snake as I am? If so, I shall stop talking for a moment, for it is true, I was talking to you, and if it was a great honor for me to show you, I would have talked to some of the other snakes as well, only all of them have been sound asleep for a long time."

"I don't know that it was such an honor to be talked to when every other creature is asleep and can't hear," said Mrs. Garter.

"There, there," said the big snake, named the Tsarina, which meant something like queen, "I know you are making rude remarks only because you are embarrassed and shy. For it is always an honor to have me notice a smaller snake, no matter how many of our friends are asleep and can't properly be talked to. Well, well, I will have pity upon you, and pause until you regain your breath."

"The shyness, if there was any, is all over with," said Mrs. Garter. "I wish you would listen to me for a moment though."

"Gladly," said the Tsarina. "I am not too big a snake to listen to a smaller one. I am like magnificent people who are very great who will listen to the shouts and applause of the small and the weak."

"Well," said Mrs. Garter, "you said it was fine to live a long time if one happened to be a snake, a nice, wriggling, hissing snake."

"My very words," said the Tsarina. "Yes, exactly what I said. You have a good memory, Mrs. Garter. I make a bow to you—that is I wiggle once, especially for you. That is to show you I congratulate you on your memory and for your good sense in remembering what I said."

"But I don't see," said Mrs. Garter, "why you said it was fine to live a long time if one happened to be a snake, etc., etc. Why didn't you say it was fine when all snakes lived a long time, for all snakes were so nice and wriggling and hissing? It is true all folks don't think we are so nice, though."

"But to return to your first thought or first speech. You said you believed in causing trouble every little while. Tell me about that? Do you mean because you got out of your cage today and went wriggling around the whole snake house and the keeper and many men had to cover you with a huge rug to catch you?"

"Yes, hiss-hiss, wasn't that a joke? I got them all so excited. And I had the place to myself. I did. I showed what a queen I was—ruling every one with my wriggles instead of my sceptre and my crown—for I haven't those two things."

"You see," the big snake continued, "I had just had a little indigestion from eating a forty-pound pig. Usually such a meal doesn't upset me, but I must have been nervous and so I felt ill."

"The keeper tried to give me medicine and I didn't like it and managed to get out. And then he ran and everyone ran until at last they had me back in my cage. I took the medicine because I felt sick, but I kicked up a good fuss about it first as a queen should do when given medicine."

"Ah, but when I first came to the zoo, for ten months they had to shove things down my throat to make me eat. I had just lost my appetite."

"I've heard about that," said Mrs. Garter, "and I've been told that you are fifty years old. You're a python, you are, with beautiful colorings. But oh, Tsarina, you did give the zoo people a scare when you got out, for a snake of your size isn't what folks call a gentle thing!"

### Worth Money.

A Buffalo man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin the boy replied: "All right, come along," and he led the man to a building a half block away. The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was a half-dollar easily earned." "Sure!" responded the lad, "But you mustn't forget that bank directors is paid high in New York."

### Keep on Smiling.

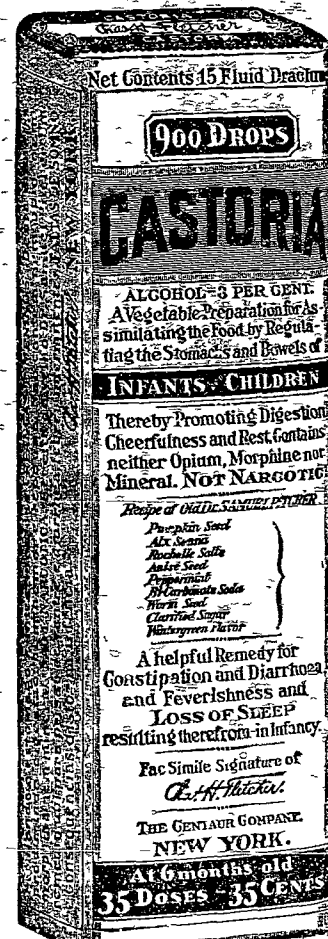
Don't growl, the dog can do that; don't scold, the hen is good at that; don't scream, the parrot excels in that. Just smile; mankind has a monopoly on that.

## Honest Advertising.

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claimed unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be.

That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

Imitations are to be found in some stores and only because of the Castoria that Mr. Fletcher created. But it is not the genuine Castoria that Mr. Fletcher honestly advertised, honestly placed before the public and from which he honestly expects to receive his reward.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Children Cry For

*Fletcher's*  
**CASTORIA**

Extracts from Letters by Grateful Parents to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Mrs. John W. Darrick, of Lexington, S. C., says: "My children cry for Castoria, I could not do without it."

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gaines, of Ripley, Tenn., say: "We enclose our baby's picture hoping it will induce some poor tired mothers to give your Castoria a trial. We have used it since baby was two weeks old."

Mrs. J. G. Farman, of Nashville, Tenn., says: "The perfect health of my baby is due to your Castoria—the first and only medicine he has taken. He is never satisfied with one dose, he always cries for more."

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Johnson, of Stevens Point, Wis., say: "When our baby was two weeks old he cried so much we did everything for him, then got some Castoria and he is now strong and fat. We would not be without it, and are very thankful to you."

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS BEARS**

the  
Signature  
of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## LOSSES DOWN TO MINIMUM

Warfare Mortality Statistics Should Give Comfort to Those With Loved Ones at the Front.

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of the war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the allied armies, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed.

Forty-nine chances of recovering from wounds to one chance of dying from them.

One chance in 500 of losing a limb. Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to 15 men died from disease to one from bullets; in this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who do not escape scathless, the government under the soldier and sailor insurance law gives protection to the wounded and their dependents and to the families and dependents of those who make the supreme sacrifice for their country.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Witness my hand and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.

A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Opening His Eyes.

"There will be a greater percentage of contented men in proportion to the world's population after the war than there was before it started."

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, if living for weeks and months in muddy trenches and being bombed, gassed, shelled and otherwise shot at, not to mention the coolies, won't make a man rate the comforts of home at their true value, I don't know what will."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Natural Act.

"What do you do when you get in deep water for speeding?"

"Send for a friend to bail me out."

After a man hustles until he secures a political job then he assumes the role of nurse.

## Easy to figure the Profits

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

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. MacINNIS, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agent.

He Couldn't Spell It.

In the spelling list for a class in a certain Indianapolis school were the words singing and singing. The class was asked to write sentences using these words to show that they knew the correct meaning of each. One little fellow, Robert, wrote: "The Italians are a singing nation." "The allies will soon be singing the beards of the kaiser."

With sideward glances he watched his teacher mark his paper and timidly asked:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes," she said, "but the kaiser has no beard; he has a mustache."

"I know, I know; but I wanted 100 on my paper, and I couldn't spell mustache."—Indianapolis News.

### Don't Shoot Live Pigeons.

Any pigeon in the air may be a carrier pigeon flying from a loft under government supervision. Its destruction may be a serious loss to the American army. All persons, therefore, are urged to refrain from shooting pigeons and to discourage the practice of hunters and of children.

A woman says that tight shoes are comfortable because they make her forget her other troubles.

## Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Mullein for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Muller's Eye and Ear Care. Muller's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**Hay Fever-Catarrh**  
Prompt Relief Guaranteed  
**SCHIFFMANN'S**  
**CATARRH BALM**  
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

## THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

**ABSORBINE**

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 Horses, Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment for man, kind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

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

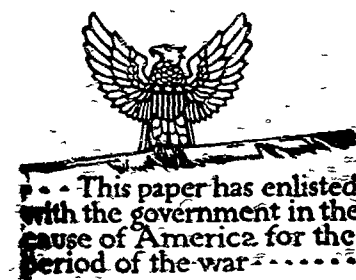
**PATENTS** Watson & Coleman, Washington, D.C. Book free. High class references. Best results.

# The Northville Record.

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.  
F. M. 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., SEP. 13, 1918.



## Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. F. A. Brass is visiting in Seginaw this week.

Mrs. B. D. Burch was a Pontiac visitor last Saturday.

The Misses VanDeusen entertained four friends from Holly, Monday.

J. B. Grow of Royal Oak visited his sister, Mrs. John Patton, Monday.

Born, September 1, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Banfield, a daughter, Clara Annie.

Miss Etta Mowrey has a position in the M. C. depot and began work there Monday.

Mrs. J. Hammond and daughter, Helen, of Northville were Wixom visitors last Friday.

The Oldenburg and Abrams families were Commerce visitors Saturday and Sunday at the home of B. C. Grant.

Orrin Gillispie and wife of Jackson who had been visiting the latter's parents here, returned home Monday.

M. S. Pratt and wife celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary last Friday, by entertaining their Sunday school class.

Miss Grace Raugh of Jackson, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Chambers, returned to her home the latter part of last week.

Leona Bellarhe, who has been visiting Windsor relatives for the last five weeks, returned home Saturday, accompanied by her grandmother.

## WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The Sunday morning sermon will be especially adapted to the young. We hope for a large representation of this class. Parents, please endeavor to have the children in this service. Any who are advanced in years, who would like to be set back twenty-five years, just get to this service. When you return home it will be a pleasure to look in the mirror and find all the wrinkles and crow tracks gone. And, if your hair is not turned dark, it will not represent old age. If you are rheumatic, you need this service. We shall try to make you walk young again. To be full of the "Old Boy" don't mean devilishness; it simply means to carry boyhood and girlhood into advanced life, and to become a Christian don't mean that one must become an octogenarian in spirit. It means a clean life, young or old. You owe this to God, yourself and your country.

C. E. service at 7 o'clock. Preaching at 8 Sunday evening.

## Novi News.

Miss Genevieve Durfee is teaching at Davison.

Mrs. Lee of Milford is visiting at the Rice homes.

Mrs. W. Melow spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

M. J. Moeren was in Detroit Tuesday, purchasing goods.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lovell, September 2, a daughter.

Mrs. Livvie Coates visited Detroit friends from Friday till Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Munro spent Sunday with friends at Redford.

C. C. Rix and family and Mrs. L. Woodruff spent Monday at Belle Isle.

Novi people observed "gasless day" by walking to church or driving horses.

The Cheerful Workers will meet Saturday with Mrs. Frank Clark, Mrs. James Lapham assisting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and son

visited the former's brother, Charles Rice and family, at Lansing, Tuesday.

Mark Risner left Monday for Great Lakes, Ill., with assignment as 2nd Machinist.

There was no meeting of the Red Cross on Tuesday as the work was not in order at Pontiac to allow of the units in all places enough work to do for this week.

The B. Y. P. U. will be led by Mrs. Dora Donelson next Sunday evening and as it is a temperance lesson, there will be a special program. All will be welcome. Come and help make it a success.

## W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)  
The next regular meeting will be held in the Baptist church parlors, Wednesday, September 18. A full attendance is earnestly desired and expected. Honorary members are urged to attend and visitors will be heartily welcome. New members are solicited. Come and join, and help to promote one of the grandest, most altruistic organizations the world has ever known. Become identified with a movement that has for its object the elimination of the crime of the ages, the greatest destroyer the world has ever known, not even excepting war, pestilence and famine combined.

## TO AID THEIR MEN

### British Women Disregard Former High Social Positions.

Female Population May Be Found Any Place Doing Such Work as Will Help the Cause.

"By Jove, I never felt more like an ass in my life, old chap." It was an old British colonel speaking. He had just returned from a government mission to the colonies, and seated before a great open fire of his London club, he was relating to a cronie some of his experiences while away. "It was while I was in Sidney. Knew a chap out there and thought I'd drop in on him. Walked up to the house and rang the bell. Deucedly pretty maid answered, and, by Jove, so strong was the force of habit, don't you know, I up and kissed her before I realized she was my own niece."

And don't think for a minute that the old colonel's experience was unique, except in a few minor details. Others may not have developed such osculatory habits, but many an officer has come back from the front and found his women folk working as domestics in London. The pretty young woman one sees polishing the woodwork of the hospital waiting room, or busily dusting the furniture of the club parlor may be a duchess or countess or the daughter of a millionaire wine merchant. There's no telling these days, and the English public is so accustomed to being waited upon by its gentlemen that it has come to accept it as a matter of course. Not so with the Sammy, though, says an exchange. He'd be the first to resent the charge of being undemocratic, but still the thought of being served by one of the "400" is almost too much for him. He was a pretty fresh young man when he first hit England. He had a reputation for breeziness to uphold, and by the spike of Helnie's hat, he was going to live up to it. But when he learned that the young woman servant was the daughter of one of the peers of the realm he wilted.

For one may find the English gentlewoman any place and doing any kind of menial labor. She isn't the petted and pampered hothouse product popular novelists would have you believe her once to have been. Instead, she's a mighty sensible, industrious, patriotic person. Her brothers and sweethearts are "out there" doing their bit and she is "carrying on" back home. It's no longer a novel sight to see her manipulating the intricate machinery of the munitions plant or skillfully guiding a taxi through the fog-shrouded streets of London. In a white uniform she wears the red cross in the hospitals of France and her native island. And now she is playing the dust cloth and the mop, washing dishes, answering doors and doing the thousand and one other things that have to be done.

Nothing is too menial for her to attempt if it adds to the comfort of the men who have given their all for Britannia. There's Lady Evelyn King, eldest daughter of the earl and countess of Lovelace, who is a housemaid at a Weymouth hospital. She was a debutante just a few years ago and at the time she was presented to King George she was expected to become one of the leaders of London society. She is tall, with dark brown hair and eyes of the same hue, and is considered one of the most beautiful women in London. When war was declared she was rapidly fulfilling the predictions made for her popularity at the time of her coming out. But now she is a servant in one of the many hospitals in England.

Dearest and Cheapest.  
Hokus—"Closest says his wife is the dearest little woman in the world." Pokus—"I suppose by that he means she's the cheapest."—Town Topics.

## LITTLE GIRL SUDDENLY TAKEN.

The community was shocked and saddened when news came of the death of Marion L., daughter of Mrs. Bertha Cook of this place, at the Homeopathic hospital at Ann Arbor Tuesday, September 10, following an operation for appendicitis. The child's illness was of less than a week's duration and of such an apparently mild character that when she begged to go to school on the Tuesday previous to her death, she was allowed to do so but was not able to stay. On Monday she suddenly became worse and was hastily taken to Ann Arbor, where an operation was performed as a last resort, death following in a few hours.

Marion was seven years and nine months old, and was an unusually lovely child, both in person and character. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family, the nearest surviving members of which are the mother, two brothers, Wilbur and Lester, the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Kilmer, and the paternal grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook, all of this place. The funeral services were held from the home Thursday afternoon, Rev. W. C. Francis of the Northville Methodist church, officiating.

## Happy Thought.

A woman thief recently captured says she never robbed a friend. Perhaps all her friends are poor.

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

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

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

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., 8th house from Grand River, Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield 1117. 31-137-p.

WANTED—Soft coal heater, also cook stove. Phone 258-W. 8w1c

FOUND—Automobile side curtain. For same apply to secretary's office Northville Auto club.

FOR SALE—Second hand combination book case and desk. E. C. Langfield - Phone 36-W. 3w2c

WANTED—Middle-aged lady to care for children. Good home for right party. Can have from Saturday noon until Sunday evening to herself. Address Box 129, Northville, Mich., or phone 345. 8w1p.

FOR SALE—Dresser and commode, black walnut. Good condition. Mrs. Russell, Cady street. 8w1p.

FOR SALE—Cheap—Small building in good shape. Suitable for hen house, also outside closet. Inquire A. G. Newman, S. Center St. Phone 44-M. 8w1p.

FOR SALE—About 8 acres of corn, well cured, for silo or fodder. W. H. McMillin Phone 244 J-2. 8w1p.

FOR SALE—Ward bean puller, new blades, all O. K. J. W. Cole. Phone 151 R-3. 7w2p.

FOR SALE—We have fertilizer on hand for your fall crops. J. W. Cole. Phone 151 R-3. 7w2p.

FOR SALE—Several pieces of furniture and some carpet. Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Northville. 7w2p.

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

FOR SALE—Eight weeks old pigs, also pickle pears. Phone 244-J. 7w2p.

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

FOR RENT, October 1st—6 Room house; hot and cold water, electric lights, gas for cooking, gas stove furnished. Two blocks from post office, Northville. Telephone 202-J. 7tf-c.

FOR RENT—6-Room apartment, besides pantry and bath room, electric lights, gas for cooking, gas stove furnished. Two blocks from post office, Northville. Telephone 202-J. 8tf-c.

## 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,  
5-8. Commissioners.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Largest and most famous  
Pills in the world. Sold  
everywhere. Made in  
England. For sale by  
all druggists. Price  
25c. per box. 10c. per  
box. Sold by druggists  
everywhere.

## A LETTER FROM SEATTLE.

The many Northville and vicinity friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Kimmis and Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power will be interested in the following extracts from a letter recently received from Mr. Kimmis, who is in the far west in the interest of his health:

Seattle, Washington, Aug. 29, 1918.  
Dear Friends: We are living in a beautiful little bungalow about 8 miles from the center of the city. From our porch we have a fine view of Lake Washington, 600 feet distant and 100 feet below. The snow-covered top of famous Mt. Rainier, 60 miles away, is very beautiful in the sunlight. Trees and flowers in great profusion surround us; no sounds of the city disturb us. We are far from the street and about the only sounds come from happy children. It is ideal for a man seeking rest.

Seattle is a wonderful city. War activities have given it a great boom. The traffic on its business streets seems to rival that of Detroit. I visit the city as little as possible.

Our trip through the great Northwest was a revelation. The production of grains, fruits and live stock was astonishing in its magnitude. A trip by auto is the way to see the country. We came through without a puncture, and not a spark-plug was removed on the trip. Had it not been for a collision on a mountain road we would have made the 4,200 miles in our "Olds 8" without trouble of any kind. We came over the Rockies by the Berthoud pass, gaining an altitude of 11,416 ft. It is said to be the most difficult and dangerous, but the most wonderful and beautiful route.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Power joined us at Lawrence, Kansas and we came through in company. Our trip was filled with pleasant and exciting adventures but to recite them would prolong this letter unduly.

Sincerely yours  
A. N. KIMMIS.

## A Mild Protest.

"Bredern and sisters," said Parson Absalom Jopling, as he surveyed the scant covering of the bottom of the contribution basket, "Ah wouldn't say a word to sinuate that one of you was stingy, but Ah has got to admit that you all is mighty thrifty, tryin' to get to heaven for about one ten-billenth of a cent a mile."

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village hall Monday, September 2, 1918.

Present—Charles H. Coldren, President.

There being no quorum present the meeting was adjourned to Monday, September 9, 1918.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

An adjourned regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Monday, September 9th, 1918.

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

Quorum present.

Minutes of meetings of August 5th and 6th, 1918, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Northville Band	\$75.00
Harry Austin, highway	49.00
Perry Austin, highway	146.60
John McShany, highway	42.00
Irving Austin, highway	43.75
Joe Montgomery, highway	23.80
Fred Kohler, highway	5.25
M. R. Seeley, w. w.	43.65
Will Thomas, w. w.	1.50
Harland Wilcox, highway	.50
Perry Austin, w. w.	3.50
Fire Department	21.00
Don VanSickle, ft.	.77
Beecher, Peck & Lewis	20.75
rest room supplies	.82
Am. Bell & Pdry. Co.	12.16
James A. Huff	.25
P. S. Palmer, highway	2.49
Neal Ptg Co.	287.00
Detroit Edison Co.	77.86
Detroit Edison Co. power	3.30
Detroit Edison Co. hall, clock	3.49
Detroit Edison Co. Eaton	17.60
Retley & Balden, gravel	33.50
Perry Austin	21.79
C. L. Dubuar, lumber	

Moved by Balden and supported by Stanley that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

Yeas—Balden, Kohler, Simmons, Cole, Stanley. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Balden that Property committee be authorized to purchase new flag.

Yeas—Balden, Kohler, Simmons, Cole, Stanley. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Kohler that Ernie Lyke be employed to take care of rest room and fountains in addition to his duties as marshal and traffic officer and that his salary be \$225 per year in consideration of the same.

Yeas—Balden, Kohler, Simmons, Cole, Stanley. Nays—None. Carried.

Petition of Myron Taylor and others relative to sewer along Johnson Ave. received and read.

Moved by Balden and supported by Simmons that 10-inch crocks be laid on Johnson avenue as per agreement with certain property owners.

Yeas—Balden, Kohler, Simmons, Cole, Stanley. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Cole that suitable notices be printed in rest room relative to nuisances and penalties for same.

Yeas—Balden, Kohler, Simmons, Cole, Stanley. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

**The Best Trap.**  
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.

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

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

## 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.

## Notice to Taxpayers

All Taxes positively MUST be paid before September 15, as the Tax Roll will be turned in on that date.

HARRY E. TAFT,  
Village Treasurer.

## You Want Specific Remedies --Not "Cure-Alls"

A long time ago, we realized that the enlightened public was learning to discriminate between "cure-alls" and "specific remedies."

It always did go against our grain, as professional pharmacists, to sell patent "cure-alls" about whose secret formulas we knew little or nothing. But we had to, as long as the public demanded them.

Nowadays, instead of secret preparations with a multiplicity of claims as panaceas for all ills, thinking people ask for Rexall remedies, each with its specific virtue in the relief of a specific ailment.

**Rexall Remedies**

ONE FOR EVERY ORDINARY AILMENT

MADE UPON HONOR—SOLD UPON MERIT,  
With a Guarantee of Satisfaction or Your Money Back

**A. E. STANLEY**

The REXALL Store.

NORTHVILLE.

WASHING  
IRONING

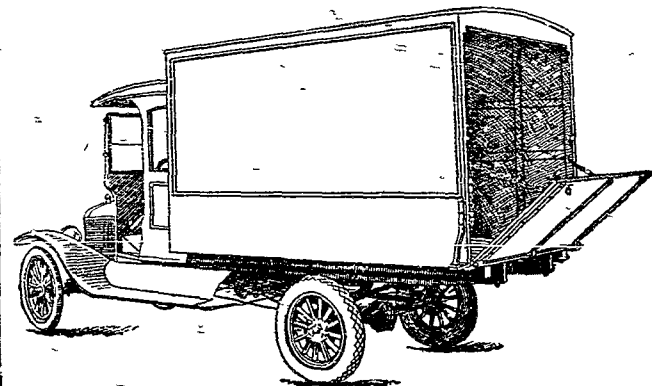
SEWING  
CLEANING

## WHO

Does these things in your house?  
Are you doing these tasks by hand power?  
Why not let Electricity help you do this work?  
You can save time, money and worry by using  
Electrical Labor Saving Devices.  
The first cost is reasonable. The operating cost low.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

## Mr. Truck Owner



The finest Motor Truck Bodies are built at our factory, and you are cordially invited to see what we have to offer.

If you wish a Special Type of Body for carrying fruit, garden or dairy product we can give you the right equipment.

If you need a Stake Body for light or heavy duty, an Express Body or any other style you will serve your best interests by conferring with us.

**GLOBE FURNITURE CO.**  
NORTHVILLE.



**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**  
MEETING NIGHTS  
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT  
EACH MONTH.  
F. E. VAN ATTA, K. of R. & S.

**FORESTERS OF AMERICA**  
Regular Meetings  
September 13 and 27.  
L. D. STATE, H. ARMSTRONG,  
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

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

**UNION CHAPTER NO. 45, R. A. M.**

**NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 59, K. T.**

**ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.**  
Regular meeting—Sept. 20.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**DR. T. E. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office next  
four west of Park House on Main street.  
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 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. Phones: Office, 252-7.  
Residence, 252-M.

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

**We Feature**

**PENSLAR**  
Remedies and Toilet  
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 3:30 p. m. 5:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m. and for Farmington Junction only 12:35 a. m. Limited to Detroit at 6:40 a. m. daily except Sunday.

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

**Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.**

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:35 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 standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

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

**DETROIT NEWS ADS.**

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

## Not Due To Sex Alone

**Northville Women Have Learned the Cause of Many Mysterious Pains and Aches.**

Many women have come to know that sex isn't the reason for all backaches, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Men have these troubles, too, and often they come from kidney weakness. To live simply, eat sparingly, take better care of one's self and to use Doan's Kidney Pills, is bound to help had kidneys get better. There is no other remedy so well recommended by Northville people. Read this case: Mrs. W. S. Dickerson, 14 Cady St., Northville, says: "I know Doan's Kidney Pills to be a good medicine for kidney disorders and one worth recommending to those who are in need of a reliable kidney remedy. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills now and then keep my kidneys in good working order."

Price, 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Dickerson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Adv't. 61

## Northville Newslets.

**Milford Fair next week.**

Soon be time to turn the clocks back again.

Notice the days are getting shorter at both ends?

Miss Elizabeth Ostrander has been quite seriously sick during the past week or two.

And now the state fair is over and people are getting ready for the Northville Wayne County Fair, which comes week after next.

News has been received that a ten-pound daughter arrived Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene DesAutels in Detroit.

The regular evening meeting of The King's Daughters will be held Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. H. E. Taft.

Michigan is short ten per cent of the required number of school teachers, according to Supt. of Public Instruction, Fred L. Keeler.

Have you noticed how much younger some of our middle-aged citizens look since yesterday—the day they registered for military service?

Mrs. Sanderson, who recently died at her home in Northville has bequeathed the Perrinsville Methodist church \$300 according to a statement of the will recently read Mrs. Sanderson formerly lived at Perrinsville—Wayne Review.

More than 1,000 alien soldiers raised their right hands at the Liberty theatre at Camp Custer on Tuesday, August 27, and swore their loyalty to the United States of America. This ceremony marked the largest number of citizens ever naturalized at one time in the State of Michigan—Trench and Camp.

The annual reunion of Custer's Michigan Cavalry Brigade association, composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan Cavalry, is to be held in Flint next week, Sept. 18 and 19, the 54th anniversary of the battle of Winchester. Several members of the local Post, G. A. R. are members of the association.

Among the numerous comments heard last Sunday on the conservation of gasoline, and they were for the most part always favorable, a young man of the street car was heard to remark: "My father and my grandfather both have two of the best autos to be purchased, but do you suppose one of these cars are out of the garage today. No Sirree, not for twice the price of them, and we are all riding on the street cars today."—Farmington Enterprise.

Recently Henry Simson, who lives one mile west and half a mile north of Salem, lost his house and its contents by fire. A few nights ago some low-lived thief drove into the yard with a truck and stole two pigs, 100 chickens, a bag of feed, part of a bag of corn, a pair of stable blankets and a heavy stack canvas. It is our opinion that a man who would steal the above from a man who had already lost so much by fire would be a good subject to shoot at—South Lyon Herald.

The Anti-Saloon League has scored another signal success for the people of Michigan. The Supreme Court has granted a mandamus to prevent the submission of the wet amendment which called for the licensing, not of "light" wine and beer, as is continually affirmed, but the return of the saloon that sells straight beer and wine. The amendment said not one word of "light" beverages of any kind. This will go down in history as one of the most brilliant triumphs of the many achieved by the Anti-Saloon League during the twenty years of its operation in this state.

Mrs. James Savage has been quite ill this week.

Mrs. Chas. Smock is up around the house again after a week's illness.

The Baptist ladies will serve their usual good meals during the Northville fair.

The West Northville Red Cross sewing circle will meet next Thursday with Mrs. George Merritt.

Carrington & Son are moving their stock of goods to the store recently vacated by Otto Loomis.

An automobile side curtain awaits an owner at the office of the secretary of the Northville Auto Club, Record office.

In response to the urgent demand for medical men for U. S. hospital work, Dr. T. H. Turner has offered his services to the government, subject to call at any time, if accepted.

At the time of last Friday's terrible accident near the Stimpson home on east Main street, each of the victims, Mr. Hall and Mr. Cramer, lost a watch charm, one an Oddfellow emblem and the other a Modern Woodmen emblem. The person who picked the articles up will please leave same at the Record office.

Reweighting five ounces of bacon which a butcher on Kanter avenue, had sold to a customer, Patrolman Jupp, of the police weights and measures division, found four ounces of bacon and one ounce of paper. The butcher, who had been cautioned once before about weighing the paper with the meat, was charging three cents for the paper. Judge Wilkins fined him \$5 even though his son made the sale which was the basis of complaint—Detroit Free Press.

Fourteen stolen automobiles were recovered in and around Plymouth within ten days by Detroit detectives, with the assistance of Deputy Sheriff Springer and the local police force. They include twelve Fords, one Paige and one Chevrolet. Most of these machines had been purchased from Rose Sandrone, Italian section foreman on the Pere-Marquette, who says he knows nothing about the parties from whom he received the machines, but was arrested on the charge of receiving stolen property. It is believed there are more stolen machines about here, the gang evidently finding this an easy place to dispose of them at a fairly good price—Plymouth Mail.

## A "FORTUNATE ACCIDENT."

Last Friday evening about six o'clock as M. N. Johnson and a party of men friends were returning from the state fair via the seven-mile road, they thought they had certainly come upon a tragedy when they saw an automobile upside down at the side of the road with the wheels still revolving and the occupants obviously imprisoned underneath. What was their surprise and relief on lifting the overturned car to find four people all alive and none of them seriously hurt. The victims of the "lucky" accident were Mrs. Parkhouse of Lansing and her three sons, who were returning here to the home of her brother, W. H. Cattermole where they had been visiting before attending the fair. Mrs. Parkhouse was greatly unnerved and quite severely bruised as were the others, and one of the young men suffered a broken collar bone. The upset was caused by a collision with a heavier car, and it is considered almost a miracle that no one was killed or even received serious injuries. Mrs. Cattermole, who was to have accompanied them, was prevented by the slight illness of one of her family. Had she been in the car she might not have been as fortunate as the others in escaping injury.

## A NEW SAVING STUNT.

The United States Food administration, Michigan division, at Lansing, has sent out a new saving appeal to all public eating places and clubs of Michigan, as follows: In the gas mask which has been adopted by the U. S. army, carbon is necessary. It is needed in tremendous quantities, as we must manufacture many million masks. From the kitchen of practically every eating house in the country, is removed every day waste which would furnish a large quantity of this carbon. This waste consists of nut shells and fruit pits. We ask that you conserve the following material: Peach pits, plum pits, date seeds, apricot pits, prune pits, Brazil nut shells, hickory nut shells, cherry pits, olive pits, walnut shells, butternut shells. This material should be washed, dried and delivered to your nearest Red Cross organization, by which it will be forwarded to its proper destination. Your immediate and personal attention to this request will be a direct aid to our government.

## Features at the New Alceium Theatre.

The management has secured an unusual treat for Saturday night for the many who enjoy a thoroughly strenuous western play. William S. Hart will appear on that occasion in one of his greatest recent successes, "Hell's Hinges." Besides thrilling displays of Mr. Hart's expert horsemanship and skill as a dead shot, the film includes the burning of entire village. Mr. Hart is supported by an excellent cast. A novelty in the form of special organ music will be furnished by Mr. Kennesteen of Detroit. Admission, 22 cents, plus 3 cents war tax.

For next Tuesday, Sept. 17, another exceptional treat comes, the new Madge Kennedy "hit" "Our Little Wife," in which that charming little star has found a particularly appropriate vehicle for her talents, with a support that constitutes an all-star cast. The play is a laugh-provoker from start to finish, with its unusual situations carried out in the cleverest possible manner.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

### METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
"The Church Around the Corner."

Sunday morning service at 10. Subject: "The Invincible Comrade."

Sunday school at 11:30. Come. We need you!

Epworth League at 6:30. A place for you.

Evening service at 7:30. Subject: "Every Man a Penny."

Union prayer meeting on Thursday night at this church.

You are cordially welcomed to the above services.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will hold its regular meeting and annual picnic on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Edwin White. A pot-luck supper will be served this is the day for the payment of dues.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
"What kind of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?" Answer that question for yourself.

Sunday morning sermon subject, "Outside or In." Evening—Are You Willing? These subjects are neither international nor national; they are neither political nor patriotic, they pertain directly neither to the Kingdom nor the Church; but they are purely and intensely personal. If you do not care to hear them discussed, please stay away.

The Sunday school meets at 11:30. Join with us for an hour in the study of God's word.

Prayer meeting next Thursday evening in the Methodist Church.

One or the Other.  
Mrs. Crawford—"Do you think you'll be able to keep up with your neighbors?" Mrs. Crabshaw—"If we can't, my dear, we'll move."—Judge.

**Plume Hunters.**  
Florida once upon a time was alive with wild birds, says the Florida Times Union. According to William T. Honaday, author of American Natural History, no other state in America, except possibly California, ever possessed a bird fauna quite comparable with Florida. Florida bird life was one of the wonders of America. But the gunners began to shoot and shoot.

The plume hunters have practically exterminated the roseate spoonbill, the flamingo, the scarlet ibis, and the Carolina parakeet, and the limpkin and ivory-billed woodpecker have about disappeared, largely in the interest of the millinery business to ornament fashionable hats. The robin and other song and insect-destroying birds are fast going. Unless a stand is taken by well enforced laws the wild bird life of the state will eventually disappear and the multiplicity of insects must imperil or destroy agricultural interests.

**Legless Mountain Climber.**  
Snow-capped Mt. Hood, a difficult, exhausting climb for the seasoned sportsman, has been scaled by a legless newsboy. A few weeks ago, accompanied by two guides, a forest ranger, and his wife, the newsboy's determination won out, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. Part of the trip was made on horseback, but when the steep grades were encountered it was every man for himself. The newsboy was equipped with an improvised sled and blocks studded with heavy spikes. These implements, however, proved more of a hindrance than help and were discarded. Raising himself on his abnormally strong arms he flung his body up the incline several feet at a time and often made better progress than others of the party.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

AT NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

at the close of business August 31, 1918, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department

### RESOURCES.

	Commercial	Savings
Loans and Discounts, viz:		
Secured by collateral	\$65,815.26	\$ 9,926.45
Unsecured	\$3,547.89	15,663.34
Items in Transit	2,350.00	
<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$71,713.15</b>	<b>\$25,589.79</b>
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:		
Real Estate Mortgages		\$155,042.87
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness in office	16,316.09	1,400.25
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness pledged	13,500.00	
Other Bonds	25,915.20	40,886.25
<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$55,731.20</b>	<b>\$197,335.37</b>
<b>Reserves, viz:</b>		
Due from Bank's in Reserve Cities	12,404.38	19,940.12
U. S. Bonds and Cert. of Indebtedness carried in Legal Reserve		8,009.00
U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness carried as Cash Reserve	5,000.00	5,000.00
Currency	6,619.00	8,000.00
Gold Coin	45.00	
Silver Coin	1,333.45	
Nickels and Cents	25.10	
<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$25,326.93</b>	<b>\$40,940.12</b>
<b>Combined Accounts, viz:</b>		
Overdrafts		18.69
Banking House		12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures		2,700.00
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		1,301.34
<b>Total</b>		<b>\$513,106.59</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	8,000.00
Undivided Profits, Ret.	3,872.58
Commercial Deposits, viz:	
Subject to Check	\$67,897.69
Demand Certificates of Deposit	134,858.37
<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$202,756.06</b>
Savings Deposits, viz:	
Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws	245,477.95
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$245,477.95</b>
Bills Payable	28,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$513,106.59</b>

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

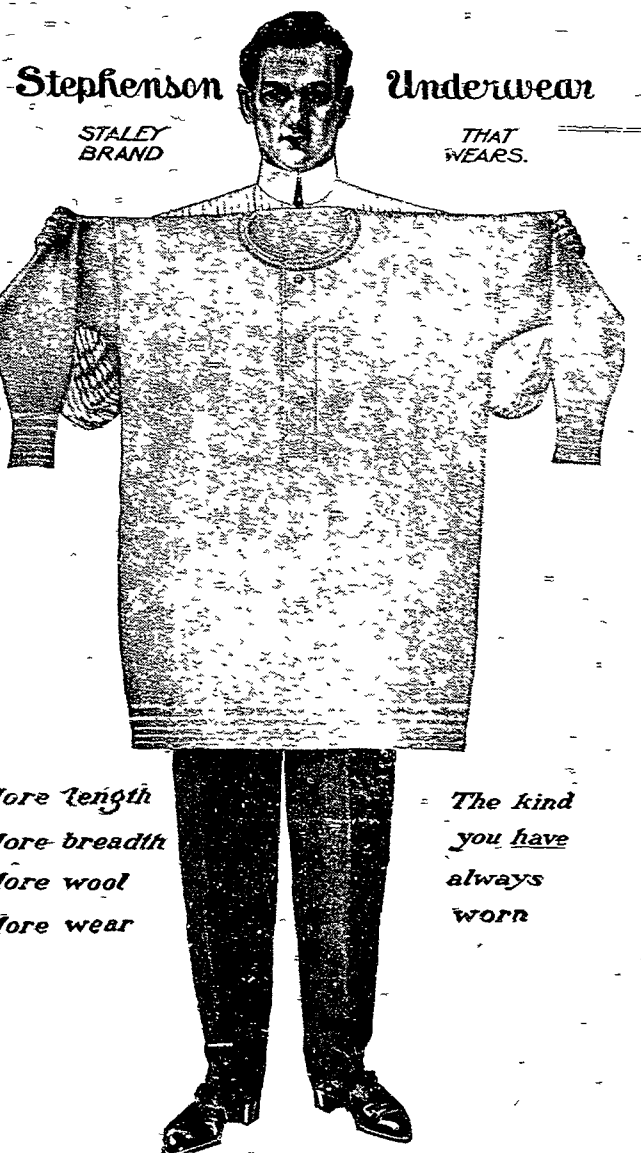
E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of Sept, 1918  
ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public

My Commission expires February 9, 1920.

Correct Attest:  
F. S. HARMON,  
F. S. NEAL,  
M. N. JOHNSON,  
Directors.

**Stephenson Underwear**

**STALEY BRAND** **THAT WEARS.**



**More length**  
**More breadth**  
**More wool**  
**More wear**

**The kind you have always worn**

The fact of having purchased my stock of Underwear two years ago and one year ago, places me in a position to supply my customers at much more favorable prices than would be possible with goods purchased since the recent rapid advance in cost.

SOLD ONLY BY

**WM. GORTON**

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien)

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

I beckoned to the chauffeur to go with me up to the office, as I had no money with which to pay him, and when he got to the consulate I told them that if they would pay the taxi fare I would tell them who I was and how I happened to be there.

They knew at once that I was an escaped prisoner and they readily paid the chauffeur and invited me to give some account of myself.

They treated me most cordially and were intensely interested in the brief account I gave them of my adventures. Word was sent to the consul general and he immediately sent for me. When I went in he shook hands with me, greeting me very heartily and offering me a chair.

He then sat down, screwed a monocle on his eye and viewed me from top to toe. I could see that only good breeding kept him from laughing at the spectacle I presented. I could see he wanted to laugh in the worst way.

"Go ahead and laugh!" I said. "You can't offend me the way I feel this blessed day!" and he needed no second invitation. Incidentally it gave me a chance to laugh at him, for I was about as much amused as he was.

After he had laughed himself about sick he got up and slapped me on the back and invited me to tell him my story.

"Lieutenant," he said when I had concluded, "you can have anything you want. I think your experience entitles you to it."

"Well, consul," I replied, "I would like a bath, a shave, a haircut and some civilized clothes about as badly as a man ever needed them. I suppose, but before that I would like to get a cable off to America with my mother telling her that I am safe and on my way to England."

The consul gave me the necessary information and I had the satisfaction of knowing before I left the office that the cable, with its good tidings, was on its way to America.

Then he sent for one of the naval men who had been interned there since the beginning of the war and who was able to speak Dutch and told him to take good care of me.

After I had been bathed and shaved and had a haircut I bought some new clothes and had something to eat, and I felt like a new man.

As I walked through the streets of Rotterdam, breathing the air of freedom again and realizing that there was no longer any danger of being captured and taken back to prison, it was a wonderful sensation.

I don't believe there will ever be a country that will appear in my eyes quite as good as Holland did then. I had to be somewhat careful, however, because Holland was full of German spies and I knew they would be keen to learn all they possibly could about my escape and my adventures so that the authorities in Belgium could mete out punishment to everyone who was in any respect to blame for it. As I was in Rotterdam only one day, they didn't have very much opportunity to learn anything from me.

The naval officer who accompanied me and acted as interpreter for me introduced me to many other soldiers and sailors who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took Antwerp, and as they had arrived in Holland in uniform and under arms, the laws of neutrality compelled their internment and they had been there ever since.

The life of a man who is interned in a neutral country, I learned, is anything but satisfactory. He gets one month a year to visit his home. If he lives in England that is not so bad, but if he happens to live farther away, the time he has to spend with his folks is very short, as the month's leave does not take into consideration the time consumed in traveling to and from Holland.

The possibility of escape from Holland is always there, but the British authorities have an agreement with the Dutch government to send refugees back immediately. In this respect, therefore, the position of a man who is interned is worse than that of a prisoner who, if he does succeed in making his escape, is naturally received with open arms in his native land. Apart from this restraint, however, internment with all its drawbacks, is a thousand times, yes, a million times, better than being a prisoner of war in Germany.

It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home, they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two faint-hearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak who voluntarily gave up the struggle and gave up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the men fighting in the allied lines would rather be in the front trenches,

fighting every day, with all the horrors and all the risks, than be a prisoner of war in Germany, for the men in France have a very keen realization of what that means.

But to return to my day in Rotterdam.

After I was fixed up I returned to the consulate and arrangements were made for my transportation to England at once. Fortunately there was a boat leaving that very night and I was allowed to take passage on it.

Just as we were leaving Rotterdam, the boat I was on rammed our own convoy, one of the destroyers, and injured it so badly that it had to put back to port. It would have been a strange climax to my adventure if the disaster had resulted in the sinking of my boat and I had lost my life while on my way to England after having successfully outwitted the Hun. But my luck was with me to the last, and while the accident resulted in some delay our boat was not seriously damaged and made the trip over in schedule time and without further accident, another destroyer having been assigned to escort us through the danger zone in place of the one which had been put out of commission.

When I arrived in London, the reaction from the strain I had been under for nearly three months immediately became apparent. My nerves were in such a state that it was absolutely impossible for me to cross the street without being in deadly fear of being run over or trampled. I stood at the curb, like an old woman from the country on her first visit to the city, and I would not venture across until some knowing policeman, recognizing my condition, came to my assistance and conveyed me across.

Indeed, there was a great number of English officers at home at all times "getting back their nerves" after a long spell of active service at the front, so that my condition was anything but novel to the London bobbies.

It was not many days, however, before I regained control of myself and felt in first-class shape.

Although the British authorities in Holland had wired my mother from Holland that I was safe and on my way to England, the first thing I did when we landed was to send her a cable myself.

The cable read as follows: "Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, Mombene, Ill. U. S. A. Just escaped from Germany. Letter follows."

As I delivered it to the cable dispatcher I could just imagine the exultation with which my mother would receive it and the pride she would feel as she exhibited it among her neighbors and friends.

I could hear the volley of "I told you so's" that greeted her good tidings.

"It would take more than the Kaiser to keep Pat in Germany," I could hear one of them saying.

"Knew he'd be back for Christmas, anyway," I could hear another remark.

"I had an idea that Pat and his comrades might spend Christmas in Berlin," I could hear another admit, "but I did not think any other part of Germany would appeal to him very much."

"Mrs. O'Brien, did Pat write you how many German prisoners he brought back with him?" I could hear still another credulous friend inquiring.

It was all very amusing and gratifying to me and I must confess I felt quite cocky as I walked into the war department to report.

For the next five days I was kept very busy answering questions put to me by the military authorities regarding what I had observed as to conditions in Germany and behind the lines.

What I reported was taken down by a stenographer and made part of the official records, but I did not give them my story in narrative form. The information I was able to give was naturally of interest to various branches of the service, and experts in every line of government work took it in turns to question me. One morning would be devoted, for instance, to answering questions of a military

nature—German methods behind the front line trenches, tactics, morale of troops and similar matters. Then the aviation experts would take a whack at me and discuss with me all I had observed of German flying, corps methods and equipment. Then, again, the food experts would interrogate me as to what I had learned of food conditions in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, and as I had lived pretty close to the ground for the best part of seventy-two days I was able to give them some fairly accurate reports as to actual agricultural conditions, many of the things I told them probably having more significance to them than they had to me.

There were many things I had observed which I have not referred to in these pages because their value to us might be diminished if the Germans knew we were aware of them, but they were all reported to the authorities and it was very gratifying to me to hear that the experts considered some of them of the greatest value.

One of the most amusing incidents of my return occurred when I called at my bankers in London to get my personal effects.

The practice in the Royal Flying Corps when a pilot is reported missing is to have two of his comrades assigned to go through his belongings, check them over, destroy anything that it might not be to his interest to preserve, and send the whole business to his banker or his home, as the case may be. Every letter is read through, but their contents is never afterwards discussed or revealed in any way. If the pilot is finally reported dead, his effects are forwarded to his next of kin, but while he is officially only "missing," or is known to be a prisoner of war, they are kept either at the squadron headquarters or sent to his bankers.

In my case as soon as it was learned that I had fallen from the sky, it was assumed that I had been killed and my chum, Paul Roney, and another officer detailed to check over my effects. The list they made and to which they affixed their signatures, as I have previously mentioned, is now in my possession and is one of the most treasured souvenirs of my adventure.

My trunk was sent to Cox & Co. in due course, and now that I was in London I thought I would go and claim it.

When I arrived at the bank I applied to the proper window for my mail and trunk.

"Who are you?" I was asked rather sharply.

"Well, I guess no one has any greater right to Pat O'Brien's effects than I have," I replied, "and I would be obliged to you if you would look them up for me."

"That may be all right, my friend," replied the clerk, "but according to our records Lieutenant O'Brien is a prisoner of war in Germany, and we can't very well turn over his effects to anyone else unless either you present proof that he is dead and that you are his lawful representative, or else deliver to us a properly authenticated order from him to give them to you."

He was very positive about it all, but quite polite, and I thought I would kid him no more.

"Well," I said, "I can't very well present proofs to you that Pat O'Brien is dead, but I will do the best I can to prove to you that he is alive, and if you haven't quite forgotten his signature I guess I can write you out an order that will answer all your requirements and enable you to give me Pat O'Brien's belongings without running any risks," and I scribbled my signature on a scrap of paper and handed it to him.

He looked at me carefully through the latticed window, then jumped down from the high chair and came outside to clasp me by the hand.

"Good heavens, lieutenant!" he exclaimed, as he pumped my hand up and down, "how did you ever get away?" and I had to sit right down and tell him and half a dozen other people in the bank all about my experiences.

I had been in England about five days when I received a telegram which, at first, occasioned me almost

as much concern as the unexpected sight of a German spiked helmet had caused me in Belgium. It read as follows:

"Lieut. P. A. O'Brien, Royal Flying Corps, Regent's Palace Hotel, London."

"The king is very glad to hear of your escape from Germany. If you are to be in London on Friday next, December 7th, His Majesty will receive you at Buckingham palace at 10:30 a. m. Please acknowledge."

"CROMER."

Of course, there was only one thing to do and that was to obey orders. I was an officer in the army and the king was my commander in chief; I had to go, and so I sat down and sent off the following answer:

"Earl Cromer, Buckingham Palace, London."

"I will attend Buckingham palace as directed, Friday, December 7th, at 10:30."

"LEUT. PAT O'BRIEN."

In the interval that elapsed, I must confess, the ordeal of calling on the king of England loomed up more dreadfully every day, and I really believed I would rather have spent another day in the empty house in the big city in Belgium or, say, two more days at Courtrai, than to go through what I believed to be in store for me.

Orders were orders, however, and there was no way of getting out of it. As it turned out it wasn't half as bad as I had feared on the contrary, it was one of the most agreeable experiences of my life.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### I Am Presented to the King.

When the dreaded 7th of December arrived, I halted a taxicab and in as matter-of-fact tone of voice as I could command, directed the chauffeur to drive me to Buckingham palace, as though I was paying my regular morning call on the king.

My friends' version of this incident, I have since heard, is that I seated myself in the taxi and leaning through the window said: "Buckingham palace!" whereupon the taxi driver got down, opened the door and exclaimed threateningly:

"If you don't get out quietly and chuck your drunken talk, I'll jolly quick call a bobby, bl' me, if I won't!"

But I can only give my word that nothing of the kind occurred.

When I arrived at the palace gate, the sentry on guard asked me who I was and then let me pass at once up to the front entrance of the palace.

There I was met by an elaborately uniformed and equally elaborately decorated personage who, judging by the long row of medals he wore, must have seen long and distinguished service for the king.

I was relieved of my overcoat, hat and stick and conducted up a long stairway, where I was turned over to another functionary, who led me to the reception room of Earl Cromer, the king's secretary.

There I was introduced to another earl and a duke, whose name I do not remember. I was becoming so bewildered, in fact, that it is a wonder that I remember as much as I do of this eventful day.

I had heard many times that before being presented to the king a man is coached carefully as to just how he is to act and what he is to say and do, and all this time I was wondering when this drilling would commence. I certainly had no idea that I was to be ushered into the august presence of the king without some preliminary instruction.

Earl Cromer and the other noblemen talked to me for a while and got me to relate in brief the story of my experience, and they appeared to be very much interested. Perhaps they did it only to give me confidence and as a sort of rehearsal for the main performance, which was scheduled to take place much sooner than I expected.

I had barely completed my story when the door opened and an attendant entered and announced:

"The king will receive Lieutenant O'Brien!"

If he had announced that the Kaiser was outside with a squad of German guards to take me back to Courtrai my heart could not have sunk deeper.

Earl Cromer beckoned me to follow him and we went into a large room, where I supposed I was at last to receive my coaching, but I observed the earl bow to a man standing there and realized that I was standing in the presence of the king of England.

"Your majesty, Lieutenant O'Brien," the earl announced, and then immediately backed from the room. I believed I would have followed right behind him, but by that time the king had me by the hand and was congratulating me, and he spoke so very cordially and democratically that he put me at my ease at once.

He then asked me how I felt and whether I was in a condition to converse, and when I told him I was, he said he would be very much pleased to hear my story in detail.

"Were you treated any worse by the Germans, lieutenant?" he asked, "on

account of being an American? I've heard that the Germans had threatened to shoot Americans serving in the British army if they captured them, classing them as murderers, because America was a neutral country and Americans had no right to mix in the war. Did you find that to be the case?"

I told him that I had heard similar reports, but that I did not notice any appreciable difference in my treatment from that accorded Britishers. The king declared that he believed my escape was due to my pluck and will power and that it was one of the most remarkable escapes he had ever heard of, which I thought was quite a compliment, coming as it did from the king of England.

"I hope that all the Americans will give as good an account of themselves as you have, lieutenant," he said, "and I feel quite sure they will. I fully appreciate all the service rendered us by Americans before the States entered the war."

At this moment I asked him if I was taking too much time.

"Not at all, lieutenant, not at all!" he replied, most cordially. "I was extremely interested in the brief report that came to me of your wonderful escape and I sent for you because I wanted to hear the whole story firsthand, and I am very glad you were able to come."

I had not expected to remain more than a few minutes, as I understood that four minutes is considered a long audience with the king. Fifty-two minutes elapsed before I finally left there!

During all this time I had done most of the talking, in response to the king's request to tell my story. Occasionally he interrupted to ask a question about a point he wanted me to make clear, but for the most part he was content to play the part of a listener.

He seemed to be very keen on everything and when I described some of the tight holes I got into during my escape he evinced his sympathy. Occasionally I introduced some of the few humorous incidents of my adventure and in every instance he laughed heartily.

Altogether the impression I got of him was that he is a very genial, gracious and alert sovereign. I know I have felt more at ease when talking to a major than when speaking to the king—but perhaps I had more cause to.

During the whole interview we were left entirely alone, which impressed me as significant of the democratic manner of the present king of England, and I certainly came away with the utmost respect for him.

In all my conversation, I recalled afterwards, I never addressed the king as "Your Majesty," but used the military "sir." As I was a British officer and he was the head of the army, he probably appreciated this manner of address more than if I had used the usual "Your Majesty." Perhaps he attributed it to the fact that I was an American. At any rate, he didn't evince any displeasure at my departure from what I understand is the usual form of address.

Before I left he asked me what my plans for the future were.

"Why, sir, I hope to rejoin my squadron at the earliest possible moment!" I replied.

"No, lieutenant," he rejoined, "that is out of the question. We can't risk losing you for good by sending you back to a part of the front opposed by Germans, because if you were unfortunate enough to be captured again they would undoubtedly shoot you."

"Well, if I can't serve in France, sir," I suggested, "wouldn't it be feasible for me to fly in Italy or Salonica?"

"No," he replied, "that would be almost as bad. The only thing that I can suggest for you to do is either to take up instruction—a very valuable form of service—or perhaps it might be safe enough for you to serve in Egypt, but just at present, lieutenant, I think you have done enough anyway."

Then he rose and shook hands with me and wished me the best of luck, and we both said "Good-by."

In the adjoining room I met Earl Cromer again, and as he accompanied me to the door seemed to be surprised at the length of my visit.

As I left the palace a policeman and a sentry outside came smartly to attention. Perhaps they figured I had been made a general.

As I was riding back to the hotel in a taxi I reflected on the remarkable course of events which in the short space of nine months had taken me through so much and ended up, like the finish of a book, with my being received by his majesty, the king! When I first joined the Royal Flying Corps I never expected to see the inside of Buckingham palace, much less being received by the king.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Home Again.

That same day, in the evening, I was tendered a banquet at the Hotel

Savoy by a fellow officer who had befriended three other friends of mine that I would be home by Christmas. This wager had been made at the time he heard that I was a prisoner of war, and the dinner was the stake.

The first intimation he had of my safe return from Germany and the fact that he had won his bet was a telegram I sent him reading as follows:

"Lieut. Louis Grand:

"War bread bad, so I came home."

"PAT."

He said he would not part with that message for a thousand dollars. Other banquets followed in fast succession. After I had survived nine of them I figured that I was now in as much danger of succumbing to a surfeit of rich food as I had previously been of dying from starvation, and for my own protection, I decided to leave London. Moreover, my thoughts and my heart were turning back to the land of my birth, where I knew there was a loving mother who was longing for more substantial evidence of my safe escape than the cables and letters she had received.

Strangely enough, on the boat which carried me across the Atlantic, I saw an R. F. C. man—Lieutenant Lascelles.

I walked over to him, held out my hand and said "Hello!"

He looked at me steadily for at least a minute.

"My friend, you certainly look like Pat O'Brien," he declared, "but I can't believe my eyes. Who are you?"

I quickly convinced him that his eyes were still to be relied upon, and then he stared at me for another minute, or two, shaking his head dubiously.

His mystification was quite explainable. The last time he had seen me I was going down to earth with a bullet in my face and my machine doing a spinning-nose dive. He was one of my comrades in the flying corps



The King Had Me by the Hand.

and was in the fight which resulted in my capture. He said he had read the report that I was a prisoner of war, but he had never believed it, as he did not think it possible for me to survive that fall.

He was one of the few men living out of eighteen who were originally in my squadron—I do not mean the eighteen with whom I sailed from Canada last May, but the squadron I joined in France.

As we sat on the deck exchanging experiences, I would frequently notice him gazing intently in my face as if he were not quite sure that the whole proposition was not a hoax and that I was an imposter.

Outside of this unexpected meeting, my trip was uneventful.

I arrived at St. John, New Brunswick, and eventually in the little town of Mombene, Ill., on the Kankakee river.

I have said that I was never so happy to arrive in a country as I was when I set foot on Dutch soil. Now, I'm afraid I shall have to take that statement back. Not until I finally landed in Mombene and realized that I was again in the town of my childhood days did I enjoy that feeling of absolute security which one never really appreciates until after a visit to foreign parts.

Now that I am back, the whole adventure constantly recurs to me as a dream, and I'm never quite sure that I won't wake up and find it so.

(THE END)

### Just a Flower.

Here comes a market basket filled with meat, potatoes, turnips, onions, cauliflower and radishes, a substantial supply for the hungry household, but peeping out from these varied table needs is a flower, blooming from a little pot down among the potatoes. What a world of melody its happy presence impels! There is a soul in that family desire sure enough. We looked at the good woman who carried the basket and saw in her countenance something fairer than appetite; a sense of beauty that put a smile on her face and a goodness in her heart. That was a sign of the love that she had for her family responsibility; somewhat to grace the table and lend a charm to the family life. Amid the dull necessities of life she had planted a little flower. What radiance it would bring to her modest household, and how God would thank her for it!—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAMS		No. of Telegram	
(Inland Telegrams)			
Office of Origin and Service Instructions.	Words.	Rate.	For Postage Stamps.
		At	To be signed by the sender.
		By	Any telegram for which there is no stamp should be signed at the end of the form.
		By	A stamp for the charge on the telegram may be obtained from the Post Office.

TO: *Earl Cromer*  
*Buckingham Palace*

12 *as directed* *Friday* *Buckingham Palace*  
words *at* *ten* *thirty* *December*  
60 *2/11 P. A. O'Brien*  
words

FROM:

The Name and Address of the Sender, if NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

Lieutenant O'Brien's Answer to Summons of King George.



# 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 XVII—Continued.

"I can't stand that," he confessed. "I can't sleep when people are starving to death alongside of me. This money burns my pocket."

Jacket read his purpose and laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "It will save our lives, too," he said simply.

"Bah! We are men. There are women and children yonder."

But Jacket's sensibilities were calmed. It seemed, "Of what use would your few pesetas be among so many?" he inquired. "God has willed this, and he knows what he is doing. Besides, your 'pretty one' is probably as hungry as these people. No doubt we shall find that she, too, is starving."

O'Reilly slowly withdrew his hand from his pocket. "Yes! It's Rosa's money. But—come, I can't endure this."

He led the way back to the Plaza of Liberty, and then, on an iron bench, they waited for the full day. They were very tired, but further sleep was impossible, for the death wagons rumbled by on their way to collect the bodies of those who had died during the night.

Neither the man nor the boy ever wholly lost the nightmare memory of the next few days, for their search took them into every part of the reconcentrado districts. What they beheld aghast them. Day after day, from dawn till dark, they wandered, peering into huts, staring into faces, asking questions until they were faint from fatigue and sick from disappointment.

As time passed and they failed to find Rosa Varona a terrible apprehension began to weigh O'Reilly down. His face grew old and drawn, his shoulders sagged, his limbs began to drag. It was all that Jacket could do to keep him going. The boy, now that there was actual need of him, proved a perfect

train. Few people were traveling these days, and they were, for the most part, Spanish officers to whom the sight of starving country people was no novelty. Now and then, however, there did arrive visitors from whom the spectacle of so much wretchedness wrung a contribution, hence there was always an expectant throng at the depot. On this occasion O'Reilly was surprised to hear the piteous whines for charity in the name of God, turn suddenly into a subdued but vicious mutter of rage. Hisses were intermingled with vituperations, then the crowd fell strangely silent, parting to allow the passage of a great, thick-set man in the uniform of a colonel of volunteers. The fellow was unusually swarthy and he wore a black scowl upon his face, while a long puckering scar the full length of one cheek lifted his mouth into a crooked sneer and left exposed a glimpse of wolfish teeth.

O'Reilly was at a loss to fathom this sudden alteration of attitude; the whistle of indrawn breaths and the whispered curses, until he heard some one mutter the name, "Cobo." Then indeed he started and stiffened in his tracks. He fixed a fascinated stare upon the fellow.

Colonel Cobo seemed no little pleased by the reception he created. With his chest arched and his black eyes gleaming malevolently he swaggered through the press, clicking his heels noisily upon the stone flags. When he had gone Jacket voiced a vicious oath:

"So that is the butcher of babies!" exclaimed the boy. "Well, now, I should enjoy cutting his heart out."

O'Reilly's emotions were not entirely unlike those of his small companion. His lips became dry and white as he tried to speak.

"What a brute! That face—ugh!" He found himself shivering weakly, and discovered that a new and wholly unaccountable feeling of discouragement had settled upon him. He tried manfully to shake it off, but somehow failed, for the sight of Rosa's arch-enemy, and the man's overbearing personality had affected him queerly. Cobo's air of confidence and authority seemed to emphasize O'Reilly's impotence and bring it forcibly home to him. To think of his lustful persecution of Rosa Varona, moreover, terrified him. The next day he resumed his put-but search, but with a listlessness that came from a firm conviction that once again he was too late.

That afternoon found the two friends among the miserable hovels which encircled the foot of La Cumbre, about the only quarter they had not explored. Below lay San Severino, the execution place; above was the site of the old Varona home. More than once on his way about the city O'Reilly had lifted his eyes in the direction of the latter, feeling a great hunger to revisit the scene of his last farewell to Rosa, but through fear of the melancholy effect it would have upon him he had thus far resisted the impulse. Today, however, he could no longer fight the morbid desire and so, in spite of Jacket's protest at the useless expenditure of effort, he set out to climb the hill. Of course the boy would not let him go alone.

Little was said during the ascent. The La Cumbre road seemed very long and very steep. How different the last time O'Reilly had swung up it! The climb had never before tired him as it did now, and he reasoned that hunger must have weakened him even more than he realized. Jacket felt the exertion, too; he was short of breath and he rested frequently. O'Reilly saw that the boy's bare, brown legs had grown bony since he had last noticed them, and he felt a sudden pang at having brought the little fellow into such a plight as this.

"Well, hombre," he said when they paused to rest, "I'm afraid we came too late. I'm afraid we're licked."

Jacket nodded listlessly; his optimism, too, was gone. "They must all be dead or we would have found them before this," said he. When O'Reilly made no answer he continued, "It is time we thought of getting away from here, eh?"

Johnnie was sitting with his face in his hands. Without lifting his head he inquired: "How are we going to get away? It is easy enough to get into Matanzas, but—"

He shrugged hopelessly.

Jacket brightened at the thought of escape. "Ho! I'll bet we can find a hole somewhere," said he. "We're not like these others. They haven't the spirit to try." There was a moment of silence, and then: "Caramba! You remember those juitas we ate? They were strong, but I would enjoy the smell of one now. Eh? Another week of this and we shall be living on garbage like the rest of these poor people."

Leaving Jacket to take his time, Johnnie completed the climb alone, meditating upon the boy's words. "The spirit to try!" Where had his spirit gone, he wondered. Perhaps it had been crushed beneath the weight of misery he had beheld; surely he had seen enough. Hourly contact with sickness and misfortune on such a gigantic scale was enough to chill anyone's hopes, and although his sensibilities

had been dulled, his apprehensions had been quickened hour by hour. Now that he looked the matter squarely in the face, it seemed absurd to believe that a tender girl like Rosa Varona could long have withstood the hardships of this hideous place; stronger people than she had succumbed, by the hundreds. Even now the hospitals were full, the sick lay untended in their hovels. No one, so far as O'Reilly knew, had undertaken to estimate how fast they were dying or the number of dead which had already ridden out of Matanzas in those rumbling wagons; but there were many. What chance was there that Rosa had not been among the latter?

As he breathed the summit of La Cumbre, O'Reilly beheld at some distance a bent figure of want. It was a negro woman, grubbing in the earth with a sharpened stick. After a suspicious scrutiny of him she resumed her digging.

Nothing but a heap of stones and plaster remained of the Varona home. The grounds, once beautiful even when neglected as in Donna Isabel's time, were now a scene of total desolation. A few orange trees, to be sure, remained standing, and although they were cool and green to look at, they carried no fruit, and the odor of their blooms was a trial and a mockery to the hungry visitor. The evidences of Cobo's vandalism affected O'Reilly deeply; they brought him memories more painful than he had anticipated. Although the place was well-nigh unrecognizable, nevertheless it cried aloud of Rosa, and the unhappy lover could barely control the emotions it awakened. It was indeed a morbid impulse which had brought him thither, but now that he was here he could not leave. Unconsciously his feet turned toward the ancient quarry which had formed the sunken garden—his and Rosa's trysting place.

O'Reilly desired above all things to be alone at this moment, and so he was annoyed to discover that another person was before him—a woman, evidently some miserable pacifico like himself. She, too, appeared to be looking for roots, and he almost stumbled over her as he brushed through the guava bushes fringing the depression.

His sudden appearance alarmed the creature and she struggled, panic-stricken, out of his path. Her rage could not conceal the fact that she was deformed, that her back was crooked, so he muttered a reassuring word to her.

This place was more as he had left it—there was the stone bench where he had said good-by to Rosa; yonder was the well.

"Senor!" Johnnie heard himself addressed by the hunchbacked woman. Her voice was thin, tremulous, eager, but his thoughts were busy and he paid no heed. "Senor! Do you look for something—some one?"

"No. Yes," he answered, abstractedly. "Yes, I am looking for something—some one."

"Something you have lost?" "Something I have lost!" The question came to him faintly, but it was in tune with his unhappy mood that it affected him strangely. He found that his eyes were blurring and that an aching lump had risen into his throat. This was the breaking point.

O'Reilly's hearing, too, was going wrong, for he imagined that some one whispered his name. God! This place was not dead—it was alive—terribly alive with memories, voices, a presence unseen yet real. He laid hold of the nearest bush to steady himself, he closed his eyes, only to hear his name spoken louder.

"O'Reilly—"

Johnnie brushed the tears from his lashes. He turned, he listened, but there was no one to be seen, no one, that is, except the dusky cripple who had straightened herself and was facing him, poised uncertainly. He looked at her a second time, then the world began to spin dizzily and he groped his way toward her. He peered again, closer, for everything before his eyes was swimming.

The woman was thin—little more than a skeleton—and so frail that the wind appeared to sway her, but her face, uplifted to the sun, was glorified. O'Reilly stood rooted, staring at her until she opened her eyes, then he voiced a great cry:

"Rosa!" What more he said he never knew.

He took the misshapen figure into his arms, he rained kisses upon the pinched, discolored face. But Rosa did not respond; her puny strength had flown and she lay inert in his embrace, scarcely breathing.

Dazed, doubting, astounded, it was some time before Johnnie could convince himself of the reality of this moment, and even then words did not come to him; for his mind was in turmoil. Joy, thanksgiving, compassion—a thousand emotions—mingled in a sort of delirium, too wild for coherent thought or speech.

Fear finally brought him to his senses, for he became aware that Rosa had collapsed and that his endearments left her unthrilled. Quickly he bore her to the bench and laid her upon it.

After a time she smiled up into his eyes and her words were scarcely more than a murmur:

"God heard my prayers and sent you to me."

"Rosa! You are ill, you are weak—"

Her eyelids fluttered. "I am dying, O'Reilly. I only wanted to see you."

"No, no!" In agony he gathered her once more into his arms.

"Oh, yes!" Her bloodless fingers touched his face again, then his thin, worn fangs. "You, too, have suffered. How came you to be so poor and hungry, O'Reilly?"

"I'm not poor, I'm rich. See!" He jingled the coins in his pocket. "That's money; money for you, sweetheart. It will buy you food and medicine, it will make you strong again. Rosa, dear, I have looked for you so long, so long—"

His voice broke wretchedly and he bowed his head. "I—I was afraid—"

"I waited as long as I had strength to wait," she told him. "It is too late you came so late."

Once again she lapsed into the lethargy of utter weakness, whereupon he



A Woman, Evidently Some Miserable Pacifico Like Himself.

fell to stroking her hands, calling upon her to come back to him. He was beside himself now; a terrible feeling of impotence and despair overcame him.

During someone speak, he raised his eyes and discovered at his side that figure of want which he had seen digging on the slope below. It was Evangelina. The negro was little more than skin and bones, her eyes were bleared and yellow and sunken, her face had grown ape-like, but he recognized her and she him.

"You are the American," she declared. "You are Rosa's man?"

"Yes. But what is wrong with her? Look! She is ill—"

"She is often like that. It is the hunger. We have nothing to eat, senor. I, too, am ill—dying; and Asensio—"

"Oh, you don't know how they have made us suffer."

"We must get Rosa home. Where do you live?"

Evangelina turned her death's head toward the city. "Down yonder. But what's the use? There is no food in our house and Rosa is afraid of those wagons. You know—the ones with the corpses. She bade me bring her here to die."

The girl was not wholly unconscious it seemed, for she stirred and murmured faintly: "Those wagons! Don't let them put me in there with the other dead. They pile the bodies high—"

A weak shudder convulsed her.

O'Reilly bent lower, and in a strong, determined voice cried: "You are not going to die. I have money for food. Rouse yourself, Rosa, rouse yourself."

"She prayed for you every night," the negro volunteered. "Such faith! Such trust! She never doubted that you would come and find her. Sometimes she cried, but that was because of her brother, Esteban, you know, is dead. Yes, dead, like all the rest."

"Esteban is not dead," O'Reilly asserted. "He is alive. Rosa, do you hear that? Esteban is alive and well. I left him with Gomez in the Orient. I have come to take you to him?"

"Esteban alive? Ha! You are fooling us." Evangelina wagged her head wisely. "We know better than that."

"I tell you he is alive," O'Reilly insisted. He heard Jacket calling to him at that moment, so he halted to the boy; then when the latter had arrived, he explained briefly, without allowing Jacket time in which to express his amazement:

"Our search is over; we have found them. But they won't believe that Esteban is alive. Tell them the truth."

"Yes, he is alive. We found him rotting in a prison and we rescued him," Jacket corroborated. He stared curiously at the recumbent figure on the bench, that at O'Reilly. He puckered his lips and gave vent to a low whistle of amazement. "So. This is your pretty one, eh? I—She—Well, I don't think much of her. But then, you are not so handsome yourself, are you?"

Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she laid a skinny claw upon O'Reilly's shoulder and warned him earnestly: "Look out for Cobo. You have heard about him, eh? Well, he is the cause of all our misery. He hunted us from place to place, and it was for him that I put that lump on her back. Understand me, she is straight—straight

and pretty enough for any American. Her skin is like milk, too, and her hair—she used to put flowers in it for you, and then we would play games. But you never came. You will make allowances for her looks, will you not?"

"Poor Rosa! You two poor creatures!" O'Reilly choked; he hid his face upon his sweetheart's breast.

Rosa responded; her fingers caressed him and she sighed contentedly.

O'Reilly's ascent of the hill had been slow, but his descent was infinitely slower, for Rosa was so feeble that she could help herself but little and he lacked the strength to carry her far at a time. Finally, however, they reached the wretched hovel where Asensio lay, then leaving her there, Johnnie sped on, alone into the city. He returned soon with several small bundles concealed about his person, and with Evangelina's help he set about preparing food.

Neither Rosa nor the two negroes had any appetite—their hunger had long since passed the point at which they were conscious of it—and O'Reilly was compelled to force them to eat. When he had given them all that he dared he offered the food was left to Jacket.

The boy moistened his lips and his fingers twitched, but he shook his head. "Oh, I'm not so hungry," he declared, indifferently. "I have a friend in the market place; I will go down there and steal a fish from him."

O'Reilly patting him on the shoulder, saying: "You are a good kid, and you understand, don't you? These sick people need more food than we can buy for them, so we will have to draw our belts tight."

"Of course. Eating is a habit, any how, and we men know how to get along without it. I will manage to find something for you and me, for I'm a prodigious thief. I can steal the hair from a man's head when I try." With a nod he set off to find his benefactor's supper.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Haunted Garden.

Rosa Varona did not die. On the contrary, under her lover's care she made so amazingly swift a recovery, that improvement was visible from hour to hour; she rallied like a wilted flower under a refreshing rain. It was O'Reilly's presence as much as the nourishing food provided by his money which effected this marvel, although the certainty that Esteban was alive and safe but added force into her determination to live. Rosa found hope springing up in her breast and one day she caught herself laughing. The marvel of it was unbelievable. O'Reilly was sitting beside her bed of leaves at the time; impulsively she pressed his hands to her lips.

"Such happiness as mine belongs in heaven," she managed to tell him. "Sometimes it frightens me. With you by my side this prison is a paradise and I want for nothing. War, suffering, distress—I can't imagine they longer exist."

"Nevertheless, they do, and Matanzas is anything but a paradise," said he. "We must set about quickly to get out of it."

"Escape, you mean? But that is impossible. Asensio can tell you all about that. The Spaniards used to issue passes for the men to go outside the lines in search of food. It was just a trick. They never came back—all of them were killed. Everyone knows better than to try now."

"Nevertheless, we can't stay here much longer." In answer to the girl's puzzled inquiry he explained: "My money is gone—all but a few cents. This is the last of our food and there is no chance of getting more. Jacket has some mysterious source of supply and he manages to bring in something every now and then, but there are five of us to feed, and he can't furnish more than enough for himself. No, we must make a move at once, while we have the strength."



"Esteban Is Not Dead," O'Reilly Asserted.

than enough for himself. No, we must make a move at once, while we have the strength."

Rosa had not asked the source whence came the blessed food which was bringing the life blood back into her body, and although that food was not much—a little meal, a plantain, an occasional scrap of meat or fish—it had never occurred to her that the supply might be limited. She met the problem bravely, however.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Coincident. Doubtless it is merely coincidence, but one does not fail to note that Mohammed V, whose name has a strong jitty flavor, succumbed at a time when the proposed six-cent piece seemed about due.—Seattle Post-Intelligence.

Figuratively Speaking. Miss Gabbalot—Poor Miss Phat-tleigh? She is so large that strangers comment about her on the street. Miss Giggles—Maybe she has one of those figures of speech.

Yes, Him, Until You Kick In. Jim—Your wife does know how to dress, old man. You have to hand it to her for that.

Tim—Yes, and also foot the bills.—Cartoons Magazine.

Disappointed. "They're disappointed in their boy." "In what way?" "He's in the army."

"Well?" "He's been in France two weeks now and they haven't heard that he has killed a single German yet."

Rare Flower Found. A lizard, of old—an almost extinct species—has been found near Bride (East Kent), England. For a number of years this orchid entirely disappeared from the chalky downs of England, and the discovery of a specimen a few years ago caused quite a stir amongst British botanists.

## Painful Sensations

in the muscles, "neuralgia", soreness, aching back, pimples, boils, rashes and other eruptions, usually result from self-poisoning by products of imperfectly digested or non-eliminated food.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

help to restore activity of liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin, and so counteract cause and relieve symptoms.

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

## WORLD HAS CHANGED SOME

Reasons Why Feats of Phenomenally Strong Men Are Not Likely to Be Duplicated.

George Hackenschmidt was a pretty strong man and many are the tales told of his wondrous feats of strength. But the Russian lion was a weakling compared to: certain man who lived on the southern coast of Ireland.

It is said of this particular Irishman that when he went fishing for whales he always used a three-inch hawser for a line and a 600-pound anchor for a hook. He'd bait his hook with a couple of sheep, or maybe a calf, whirl it around his head two or three times and send it sailing out into the ocean.

We forget to mention that he usually used an old cannon or something for a sinker.

Atlas used to do a pretty neat little turn in holding the world on his shoulders. But it must be remembered that in his time the world wasn't as heavy as it is now. There weren't so many people and practically no heavy machinery, and big guns and monuments and bridges and Wilbert Robinson and Bill Taft and others.—Kansas City Star.

Need More Experience. "I told father I loved you more than any other girl I've ever met." "And what did your father say?" "He said to try to meet some more girls."—Cornell Widow.

Warning Him Off. He—Want to get married. Do you think I will? She—Don't ask me!—Judge.

## POST TOASTIES

—Everything a corn food ought to be—and saves the wheat

—says Bobby



### \$100 Reward, \$100.

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

### W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



### Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, September 16. Examinations for glasses made at private residences by appointment, without extra charge. City Optical service right at your own home and everything guaranteed. I will come to Northville sufficiently often to give satisfactory service. I keep your glasses in order. —Adv.



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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE  
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss: At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-ninth 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 JULIA E. BEAL, deceased. Emory R. Beal, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account in said matter and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered that the first day of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern standard time at said court room be appointed for examining said account 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 circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)  
HENRY S. HULBERT  
Judge of Probate  
ALBERT W. FLINT,  
7-9. Register

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 twenty-first 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 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 accounts 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 circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)  
HENRY S. HULBERT  
Judge of Probate  
JOS F. DROLSHAGEN,  
6-3. Deputy Probate Register.

### COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of LAWRENCE W. SIMMONS, 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 office of the Northville State Savings Bank, in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Wednesday, the 30th day of October A. D. 1918, and on Monday, the 30th day of December A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 30th 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 30, 1918.  
LOUIE A. BABBITT,  
THOMAS G. RICHARDSON,  
7-10 Commissioners.

### VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. E. A. Noble spent last week in Pontiac.

Mrs. Sarah Parsons is spending a few days with Detroit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ball of Detroit were Northville visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Lake of Detroit is a visitor at the home of her brother, Geo. Martz.

Mrs. Albert Stanley returned last week from a week's stay with friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. L. Hinman and daughter, Dorothy of Plymouth were guests of Mrs. Eugene Palmer Sunday.

Miss Eva Leigh of Canada was a visitor last week at the home of W. E. Ambler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Withey of Sparta have been recent visitors at the home of Glenn Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson are spending several days in Detroit with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Handricks.

M. A. Porter has gone to Blissfield, where he has temporarily joined the U. S. Army—of farm workers.

Mrs. C. J. McKahn was called to Milwaukee Tuesday by a telegram announcing the death of her brother.

Mrs. Widrig, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Rollins and daughter, all of Detroit, were callers Monday at the E. A. Noble home.

Mrs. C. F. Murphy attended a luncheon in Detroit Wednesday given by Mrs. R. R. Ball in honor of a friend from Arizona.

Mrs. James Clark and her brother, M. S. Burgess, recently visited their sister, Mrs. Jarman, who is a patient at the U. of M. hospital.

The Misses Alice Cunningham and Myrtle Gorton, who are employed in Detroit, are now making their home there at the Priscilla Inn.

Mrs. Sutton of Ohio has been for the past week or two a guest at the home of her mother and sister, Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Louch.

Mrs. Jennie White and Mrs. L. C. Mead, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gallery to their home at Caro last week for a few days' visit, have returned home.

Bert Stark has been at Lima, Ohio, this week for a few days' visit, having accompanied to her home there, Mrs. Stark's little niece, who had been spending a month here.

Guests last Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Noble were Mr. and Mrs. Elhott Sprague of Farmington, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johns of Walled Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lawrence of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Burgess and two children, M. S. Burgess, and S. Jarman and daughter Mrs. Cotter, all of Isabella county, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark the latter part of last week.

### 15 TO 45 REGISTERS.

The 15 to 45 registration yesterday has apparently proven nearly double what had been expected in this district, as elsewhere. Over 200 names had been enrolled at the Northville registration headquarters up to 3 p. m. Thursday, and fully 300 were expected before the completion of the list.

Those who had charge of the registration here were M. N. Johnson, chairman, Harry Taft, W. H. Yerkes, Ernest Miller, C. A. Dolph, and Jarred Lapham.

### LADY "BETS" CELEBRATE.

Friday evening, October 20 at 7:30 will be gala day for the Lady Maccaless of Plymouth and Northville. Bina West 156 and Forget-Me-Not Hives are planning for a great celebration, to which the public is cordially invited. It will be held in the rink and is in honor of Miss Emma Bower, who has held the office of Record Keeper for 25 years. Miss Bower will be presented with a large class of new members, the presentation of the service flag will be made, also drills and songs given and Bina West will present the Allies' flag. There will be several guests of honor among them Mrs. Carrie Torrey and the Great Finance Keeper, our own Carrie Gilbert.

Farmer as a Borrower. Agriculture is serenely contemplating the prospect that a farmer will find it easier to borrow money than a railroad capitalist.—Washington Star.

### MORE LETTERS FROM OVESEAS

Clifford Barber writes his Northville friends through the Record, thus:

August 12, 1918.

Dear Friends of My Old Home Town: While sitting here thinking of my old home town, I am going to put on paper what is running in my mind, as I wrote some time ago how things were going over. Hope you all back there are in the best of health, as this leaves me.

I heard that you had a grand and glorious Fourth. Wish I could have been there to help you enjoy it. I have been over here about a year and 10 days. The canary birds, better known as aeroplanes, are as thick as ever. Let me tell you, dear friends, you have got to have the art of fancy ducking and hopping here in these parts. We are very busy and have not much time to write. Will you please send me some papers from the old town? I would thank you very much.

CLIFFORD BARBER.

Co. F, 1st U. S. Engineers, A. E. F. Somewhere in France where the boys are sure giving the boche hell and lots of it, and don't let anyone tell you different.

The following letter was received a few weeks ago by D. J. Stark:

July 14, 1918.

Evacuation Ambulance Co., Provisional No. 1, Amer. Exp. Forces France.

Dear Old Pal, D. J.: A few lines to let you know your old pal has not forgotten you. Would have written sooner, but just got settled. We had been going from place to place, and had no real address until now. Can't tell you where, except in France. We are in a good place and like it very much. Get lots to eat; in fact, I weigh more than I ever did before, so why kick on the beans, of which we all get a good share?

How are all the boys? Haven't had much mail, and none in two months, so if you find any good news in the Record send her along, will you, old man?

I don't know where Pete P. is or I would drop him a line. I started out with ten boys from the Northville district but they are scattered all over. Carl Van left us before we left the old U. S. A. I went in the

office, to work after he left, and though I used to forward their mail to them, there is so much doing in this man's army that I soon forgot the addresses.

I am learning French, word by word. I know enough now to spend their money, and get what I want. It sure is an awful mixup when one first comes over. We go to the farm houses to buy eggs, milk and cream, also to the woods and pick berries, so you see it isn't half bad over here. I am driving an ambulance and could give lots of interesting news, but am not permitted to do so. Give my best to all the boys who are left, and tell them to write. As ever your old pal, ARCHIE KIDD.

### CONVERSION OF LIBERTY BONDS.

The privilege of conversion which arose in consequence of the issue of 4% bonds of the Third Liberty Loan will expire on November 9 next and under existing law can not be extended or renewed. Delay in exercising the privilege will result in overburdening the banking institutions of the country and the Treasury department by making it necessary to handle all conversions at the last moment and may result in many cases in the loss of the privilege of conversion altogether.

Holders of coupon bonds are strongly advised to exchange them for registered bonds in order to protect themselves against the risk of loss, theft, and destruction of their bonds.

The banks throughout the country as a matter of patriotic service, will doubtless all assist bondholders in converting and registering their bonds.

### UPHOLSTERING and FURNITURE REPAIRING

Upholstered Furniture

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LET US FIGURE ON YOUR WORK.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

F. R. WOODWORTH

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NORTHVILLE, MICH.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

### Northville State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

At the close of business August 31, 1918, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

### RESOURCES.

	Commercial	Savings.
Loans and Discounts, viz:		
Secured by collateral	\$78,621.10	
Unsecured	88,733.30	\$23,332.50
Totals	\$167,354.40	\$23,332.50
Bonds, Mortgages, and Securities, viz:		
Real Estate Mortgages	7,500.00	\$154,753.67
U. S. Bonds and Cert of Indebtedness in office		20,650.00
War Savings and Thrift Stamps	834.00	
Totals	\$8,334.00	\$175,403.67
Reserves, viz:		
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	\$41,867.47	\$19,516.00
U. S. Bonds and Cert of Ind. carried as legal reserve	7,000.00	5,000.00
Currency	10,281.00	6,000.00
Gold Coin		500.00
Silver coin	430.00	
Nickels and Cents	213.72	
Totals	\$59,792.19	\$31,616.00
Combined Accounts, viz:		
Overdrafts		568.83
Banking House		7,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures		3,150.00
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		250.77
Total		\$476,202.36

### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
Undivided profits, net	11,759.42
Commercial Deposits, viz:	
Commercial Deposits Subject to Check	\$92,437.73
Demand Certificates of Deposit	81,552.86
Totals	\$173,990.64
Savings Deposits, viz:	
Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws	\$232,952.30
Total	\$232,952.30
Bills Payable	20,000.00
Total	\$476,202.36

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss: I, L. A. Babbitt, President, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

L. A. BABBITT, President.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of Sept. 1918  
WILLIAM H. AMBLER, Notary Public.  
My Commission expires August 29, 1920.

R. C. YERKES,  
T. G. RICHARDSON,  
C. H. COLDREN,  
Directors.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

# IT PAYS TO ATTEND The Business Institute

*The insistent call for trained office men and women has enabled many Institute graduates to accept employment at beginning salaries of \$70.00 to \$100.00 a month.*

The opportunities for advancement are excellent. We have always been able to place our graduates advantageously, but for the last year the demand has been far in excess of the supply.

The training camps are busy fashioning raw recruits into soldiers—we are busy, too, training young men and women to be soldiers of industry. They are needed, and we offer exceptional opportunities to prepare in a short time to fill responsible positions in any office.

The best opportunities are open to young men and women who are ready to accept them. To be ready means that one must be thoroughly trained for the job at hand.

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(Write today for attractive illustrated booklet.)

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RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE