

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX. NO. 2.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

FOURTH LIBERTY BOND SALE ON

COMMITTEE WILL GET BUSY THIS
AND NEXT WEEK.

NORTHVILLE ALLOTMENT MUCH
MORE THAN BEFORE.

Chairman L. A. Babbitt and secretary E. H. Lapham of the Liberty Loan committee called a meeting this week of the Loan and War Board committee.

Problems that have confronted solicitors in the past were discussed and suggestions made as to the proper method to surmount obstacles; how best to secure subscriptions from property owners and how to organize so that 100% efficiency may be secured in covering the districts.

It was decided to adopt the voluntary and soliciting plan which has proved successful in other localities. While nothing was said of the measures to be taken in conjunction with the plan to give loan-slackers publicity before their fellowmen, this development of the plan is to come.

Card index systems, showing contributions and subscriptions of Northville township residents to past war activities, are either completed or in the making. The cards not only show what a man or woman has done but what is expected in the fourth Liberty loan. If a person is a property owner the assessment is to be shown and based on this and conditions surrounding this person, a quota is decided on. If a person is on salary, this is shown and the quota fixed accordingly.

It is believed that the public is now quite well aware of the injustice the many are doing the few in forcing the latter to lose time and money soliciting for war charities or Liberty loans. No solicitor or persons connected with prosecution of the loan drives receives a penny for his work. His labors are purely patriotic and in practically every case result in a monetary loss to the individual.

It was declared that it hardly seemed right that one patriot must solicit another patriot for subscriptions to this or that war cause. All who are patriotic should come forward and voluntarily subscribe to the loans.

The committee hopes to have the 4th sale of Liberty Loan bonds all sold by the end of the month, but there must be a patriotic co-operation to accomplish this result.

WAR MUCH WORSE THAN SHERMAN SAID

The following letter was loaned the Record by a Detroit friend of the writer.

Dear Mr. Annis: I'm in it up to my chin. Several times during the past two weeks I thought I was gone, but somehow I find myself physically whole and almost ready to go through another 3 day battle—a few more days rest and I will be O. K. When we got back to this rest camp two days ago, I was absolutely all in—felt about 70 years old. But I am growing younger again, and when we are called back we will be all ready to repeat the performance.

About July 30th our whole division was rushed to the front in motor trucks, to take up the chase of the boche. We packed our instruments and were assigned to different battalions for stretcher and first-aid duty, which began immediately. We established our Aid Station below a bank on the side of a road about 200 meters to the rear of our front line. By the time we had the place fixed up and camouflaged, it was daybreak, and the stream of wounded began to come in—mostly shrapnel wounds. It was bloody and sickening work, but I soon became used to it. The boche located our station the first morning and started shelling it, so it was necessary that we work fast and keep the patients moving to the rear. Hun shells came very close, but they didn't register a single hit. Toward noon that first day I went through my first barrage. A lieutenant was lying in a shallow trench about 300 yards forward with a broken ankle. He was waving his arms for assistance. I saw him and also saw the German baggage between us and didn't particu-

(Continued on page 8).

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

GOVERNMENT ASKS LOCAL WAR BOARD
TO FIRST TRY VOLUNTARY PLAN;
BANKS TO BE OPEN SEPT. 28 AND 29
FOR PURPOSE.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Bond Sale commences next week. The official days are Sept. 28 and 29, but you can commence to buy soon as you please. Bear in mind, however, the official dates are Saturday and Sunday, September 28-29. These are the days set apart by the U. S. Government for all patriotic citizens to come forward and loan the government (your government)—their money. This is not a donation or a favor that is being asked for. Its a loan the government is asking for at a rate of interest of 4 1/4 per cent. Both banks will be open especially for this purpose on those dates.

To carry on the war, to furnish ammunition, clothes and food for Northville's soldier boys. Northville people must furnish their portion of the necessary money. Northville soldier boys are giving their lives; you are asked to just loan your money.

If you can afford to loan the money, or your credit at the bank, and you do not do so the U. S. government says you are not a loyal citizen. Borrow the money at the bank if you haven't it on hand.

The names of all Northville township citizens are now being tabulated, together with the amounts previously loaned, and the net worth of the subscriber, at the government's request, so that at a glance it can be ascertained what everybody has done, and what is expected.

This is your war. Don't wait for the money draft.

THE WAR BOARD and LIBERTY
LOAN COMMITTEE.

ALL IN LINE FOR THE FAIR

NORTHVILLE'S SECOND ANNUAL
WAYNE COUNTY EVENT ABOUT
READY TO BEGIN BUSINESS.

The stage is now nearly "all set" for Northville's Event of the season, our second annual fair. If only remains for the weather man to be successfully "subsidized" to insure another unqualified success. The program for the week appears elsewhere in this issue.

FAIR NOTES.

Another offering, not in the fair-book is one dollar in thrift stamps, to the youngest child at the baby show, to be given by Dr. Will Hart.

In addition to the prizes already mentioned for the baby show, Carrington and Son offer a pair of shoes for the baby with the longest name.

Thursday, Sept. 26, is Home-coming day. All former Northville residents are requested to register at the secretary's tent and receive a badge.

One dollar in thrift stamps will be given for the biggest pumpkin raised in Oakland county, and the same for the biggest one from Wayne county.

The management announces that all U. S. soldiers and sailors in uniform, also G. A. R. veterans and Boy Scouts in uniform will be admitted to the fair grounds free each day.

Dr. Will A. Hart of Highland Park, a former Northville boy, is an enthusiastic booster for the fair, and he offers \$2.00 worth of thrift stamps to the youngest member of the largest family that will register with the secretary at our fair.

The Detroit Automobile club authorities have expressed themselves as much gratified that one day has been designated as D. A. C. day, and have assured the Northville folks of a good representation. A notice to this effect was published in the current issue of the Motor News.

Many valuable articles, including a piano, two or three gold watches, fine pieces of furniture, live stock etc.

have been contributed for the Red Cross auction which takes place Friday. This, however need not prevent the giving of smaller articles. Anything that would be worth buying will be gladly accepted. Of course the auction is not a rummage sale, but if you have something, even a little, that you can give, it will help.

One of the big donations for the Red Cross auction is a Bell furnace presented by the American Bell & Foundry Co. of this place. It can be used with one register, or with pipes, as desired, and is one of the kind priced at about \$120.

C. A. Altman has advised Mrs. Kittie Harmon that he will place on exhibit in the Women's department, a knitted robe made and exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in '73 and which was awarded first medal. It is a beautiful piece of work 10 by 14 feet and artistically designed. Its value would reach into four figures.

NORTHVILLE TEMPLARS VISIT FORD REPUBLIC

The Knights Templar, their families and guests numbering about 60 enjoyed a corn roast at the Ford Republic, east of Farmington, Tuesday evening. They were guests of honor of Mr. and Mrs. John McIndoo, who are in charge of the Boys' Home.

A deep ravine crosses the Ford Republic farm. Along the crest of the glen the visitors built a long row of fires on which to roast the corn, broil the steaks and boil coffee. The glowing fires, the setting sun and the shadowy figures moving about formed a picturesque scene.

The experience was a novelty for most of the Commandery and was enjoyed so much that all expressed a desire to have this an annual Templar affair.

Indoors the Ford Republic boys entertained the visitors with boxing matches, Charlie Chaplin stunts and many special fancy dances. The trip was made by automobiles which started from the Masonic Temple at 4:30 o'clock.

A good show all Fair week at the Alseum theatre

RETURNED OFFICER TELLS EXPERIENCES

LIEUT. CHARLES F. MURPHY CON-
VINCES F. & A. M. SHERMAN'S
DEFINITION OF WAR WASN'T
BAD ENOUGH.

An audience of about 125 members of the Masonic fraternity were privileged to hear a splendid talk Monday evening in the Masonic hall, by Lieut. Charles F. Murphy, one of Northville's soldiers who has just returned home after active participation in the wonderful fighting of our American soldiery at the front in the world war. The audience sat spell-bound for more than an hour, while the young officer described, in a graphic manner, all the more impressive by reason of its straightforward simplicity, the various stages of the journey across the Atlantic experiences in the training camps on the other side, impressions of methods and people and finally the awful scenes of modern warfare, carried on with the aid of every device for wholesale slaughter that modern inventive genius has been able to supply.

In the course of his story, Lieut. Murphy told, in words that brought tears to many eyes, of his first

LIEUT. CHARLES F. MURPHY



Who has seen six months service over seas fighting for democracy.

meeting with another of our Northville soldiers, Karl Bryan, after the latter had passed through the terrible experience so briefly and modestly mentioned in a letter elsewhere in this issue. That meeting of the two young friends, (who quite possibly had last seen each other within the walls of their church home in quiet little Northville) on that far-off field of bloodshed and destruction, after both had repeatedly escaped death by apparent miracle, must surely remain among the unforgettable things of their lives.

Among the many interesting facts given by Lieutenant Murphy, he spoke of the cordial relations and absence of formality between officers and men in our American army in the field. All work together carrying in the wounded and doing the other duties of battle.

He says that while our American soldiers, at the front, who know scarcely anything of the progress of the war except in their own particular sector, believe that it will end in a year or two at most, the French soldiers express the opinion that it will take at least three years more to finish the job.

Lieutenant Murphy is still suffering somewhat from shell shock, but was not wounded, although as before noted, he was many times very close to death.

He left Wednesday for Camp Meade, Maryland, after a week's furlough, having received orders to report at that point. He will then be given his assignment as instructor in one of the southern training camps, and expects to remain in the U. S. for several months.

Among other souvenirs Lieut. Murphy—who, by the way, has received promotion from a second to a first Lieutenant—brought home a German machine gun which he captured during the battle of Chateau Thierry.

The Henderson Stock Co. will open a week's engagement at the Alseum theatre Monday, September 23, (Fair week) in a repertoire of comedies and dramas; opening Monday night in the sensational comedy drama, "A Man from the Mountains." Prices, 15c, 25c and 35c. Seat sale Saturday morning at Murdock's drug store.

MEET US

AT OUR EXHIBIT

AT THE

NORTHVILLE

WAYNE COUNTY

FAIR

SEPTEMBER 24, 25, 26, 27

STORE CLOSED AFTERNOONS DURING FAIR and OPEN EVENINGS.

ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

SOME LIBERTY LOAN SLOGANS.

Wear your old clothes and buy Liberty Bonds. Liberty Bonds of German bondage. "Come across" or the Kaiser will. The soldier gives; you must lend. Liberty Bonds or German taxes. Buy over here to win over there. It's billions for defense or billions for indemnity.

For Foch and freedom; buy bonds. A bond slacker is the Kaiser's backer. A man who won't lend is the Kaiser's friend. The more bonds you buy the fewer boys will die.

Let all get on the bond wagon. Be one of the millions to lend the billions. Dig up the coin and bury the Hun. Buy bonds before it's verboten. Idle dollars are pro-German. Put the "pay" into patriotism. Bonds speak louder than words. If you can't fight, your money can. Freemen buy bonds; slaves wear them.

Northville State Savings Bank

Buy Mabley Clothes with Confidence.

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

SPECIAL VALUES IN OUR BOY'S CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

UPHOLSTERING DIAMOND DAIRY and FURNITURE REPAIRING

Upholstered Furniture

MADE TO ORDER.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR WORK.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

F. R. WOODWORTH

Fair Hotel Bldg. Phone 253-W.
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

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.

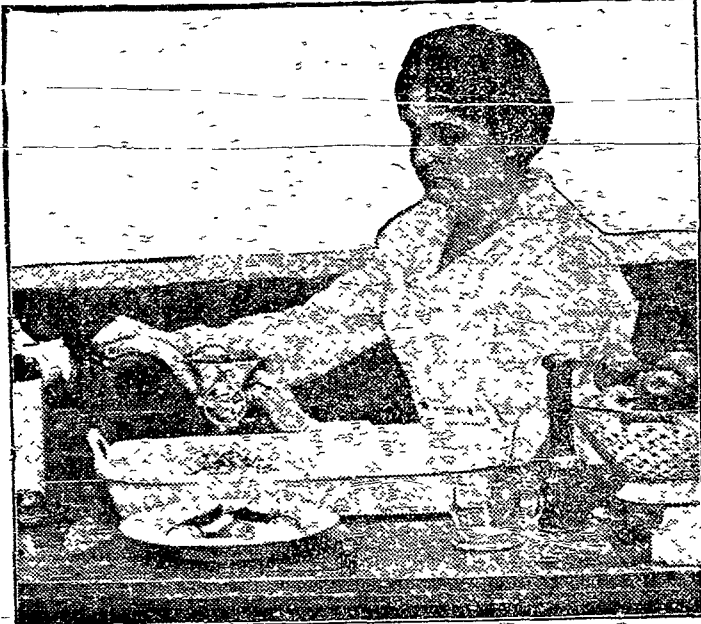
WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

RECORD LINES PAY—TRY ONE.

The Housewife and the War

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

MAKE CIDER VINEGAR AT HOME.



Apples for Vinegar May Be Run Through a Food Chopper.

MAKING VINEGAR ON SMALL SCALE

Important for Housewife to Prepare Her Own Supply for Use This Year.

USE SOUND AND RIPE FRUIT

Contain More Sugar Than When Green or Underripe and Consequently Produce Stronger Article—Kegs Should Be Clean.

Since war industries are using great quantities of acetic acid, the acid present in vinegar, in the manufacture of airplane wings, and in many other ways in munitions of war, the demand on the commercial vinegar plants renders the making of vinegar in the home more important than ever before.

The directions given below are for making vinegar on a small scale for household use. While the principle is the same in manufacturing on a commercial scale, different methods are employed in handling large quantities.

The fruit used for making vinegar should be sound and fully ripe. Partially decayed fruit is no better for vinegar making than for eating and should not be used. Fruits, when ripe, contain more sugar than when green or underripe and consequently produce a stronger vinegar.

Cider Mill or Food Chopper.

For these reasons select sound, ripe fruit. Wash thoroughly and remove all decayed portions. Crush either in a machine made for this purpose, such as a cider mill, or, for small quantities, run through a food chopper. Squeeze out the juice in a press and put into a clean barrel, keg or crock for fermentation. If press is not available, allow the mass to ferment for two or three days and then squeeze by hand through cheesecloth. More juice is obtained in this way. Great care should be taken to have all the utensils thoroughly clean and to handle the fruit in a clean manner. If old kegs or barrels, especially old vinegar barrels, are used, they should be cleansed thoroughly and all traces of the old vinegar removed. If this is not done, the old vinegar will interfere with the alcoholic fermentation and possibly spoil the product. After the juice has been squeezed out, add a fresh compressed yeast cake to every five gallons of the juice.

Work the yeast up thoroughly in about one-half cup of the juice and add to the expressed juice, stirring it thoroughly. Cover with a cloth to keep insects away and allow to ferment. The best temperature for fermentation is between 80 and 90 degrees F. Do not put in a cold cellar, as the fermentation will be too slow. At 80 to 90 degrees F. alcoholic fermentation will usually be complete in from three to four days to a week. In other words, it will stop "working," as indicated by the cessation of bubbling. It is now ready for the acetic acid fermentation, during which the alcohol is changed into acetic acid.

Add Some Strong Vinegar.

After the active alcoholic fermentation (bubbling) stops, it will be found advantageous to add some good, strong, fresh vinegar in the proportion of one gallon of vinegar to three gallons of fermented juice.

Instead of the vinegar one can add a good quantity of the so-called "mother." If "mother" is used, however, one should use only that growing on the surface of the vinegar, and not that which has gone to the bottom. Vinegar mother which has fallen to the bottom is no longer producing acetic acid.

In adding the vinegar, cover with a cloth and keep in a dark place be-

tween 70 and 80 degrees F., preferably at 80 to 85 degrees F. Do not disturb the film that forms, for this is the true mother, the acetic acid bacteria which turn the fermented juice to vinegar. Do not exclude the air. The acetic acid bacteria must have air for growth. Taste the juice every week, and when it is sour, as it will become—that is, doesn't increase in acid, or when it is as sour as desired, siphon off and store in kegs, jugs or bottles, filled full and stoppered tight. If this is not done after reaching the maximum acidity, the acid will gradually disappear and the vinegar will "turn to water." If stored in well-stoppered, full receptacles, this cannot happen, for the absence of air prevents this change.

If the directions are followed, especially as regards temperature, the process will usually be completed in six weeks to two months in cases where only a few gallons of juice are used.

Apple vinegar may clarify itself spontaneously, but if it should remain cloudy and turbid, must be clarified to make a nice appearing product. A common method is to store the vinegar in barrels, undisturbed for a considerable time, and then "rack off," that is, draw off carefully, so as not to disturb the sediment. This is repeated several times, and usually gives a fairly clear product.

VINEGAR DON'TS

1. Don't put the freshly expressed juice into old vinegar kegs or barrels without thoroughly cleansing and scalding.
2. Don't add "mother" to freshly pressed juice.
3. Don't add old "mother" from the bottom of an old vinegar barrel.
4. Don't put in a cold cellar.
5. Don't store in full barrels and expect it to make vinegar.
6. Don't put in too warm a place or expose to sunlight in summer to hasten fermentation.
7. Don't expose to bright light after adding vinegar.
8. Don't leave vinegar exposed to the air after it is made.

Tomato Vinegar.

In attempting to utilize the tomato in as many ways as possible, it is not uncommon practice, especially with "tomato club" girls, to make what is termed "tomato vinegar." This product is not a vinegar, although it has a sour taste and to a certain extent, as in salads and for table purposes, can be used as a substitute for vinegar. It is really a lactic acid fermentation instead of acetic acid and for this reason is more like sour milk and sauerkraut juice. It spoils rapidly after fermentation unless it is put into bottles, filled as full as possible, and corked tight. After opening and exposure to the air the product will spoil unless kept very cold. In making this product the juice is collected and allowed to stand in a warm place for a few days. After it becomes sour it should be filtered or strained and stored in bottles filled full and corked tight. It is said that products of this type are being used as substitutes for vinegar in Austria. There appears to be no reason why such a product could not be used in salad and meat dressings with entire satisfaction.

Try washing the wristbands and collars of the men's shirts with a small, stiff scrubbing brush. Lay them flat on the board, wet the brush and rub it across the bar of soap, then scrub the cloth with short strokes of the brush.

Two dishpans instead of one make dishwashing much easier. The second should be filled with hot water, and when the dishes are drained they need only a touch of the cloth to dry them.

BLUE—MORE BLUE

Autumn's "Call to the Colors" Issues Summons.

Whole Rainbows of Shades in Great Fashion Shows, Correspondents Relate—New Names.

To paraphrase a much-quoted verse—Silhouettes may come and go, but new shades come forever!

There are whole rainbows in the New York fashion exhibits, writes a correspondent.

When the war began and we were bereft of imported dyes the prophets of calamity pictured the American public parading the earth in staid, lifeless white or drab black like animated pen and ink drawings.

All costumes were to be matters of sharp contrast and high visibility, and scarlet and purple were to vanish from the earth.

Luckily their prophecies are unfulfilled and American women still go arrayed like lilies of the field in rainbow hues that stand up remarkably under repeated tubbings.

The American dye makers are triumphant, and shoppers are no longer warned that heavenly colors are "not guaranteed to wash."

As usual, the new autumn season is to offer a fascinating array of new shades and of modified old shades in brand new names.

Dark blue continues its undisputed reign as the "best" color for all purposes.

Dark shades of blue are the favorites, both for street and evening wear.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the president, herself christened one deep shade of blue, "Liberty" and the war has bestowed on other dark shades the titles of "Joffre," "Blue Devil," "Poulo," "Pershing" and "Overseas."

"Cassique" is the romantic name bestowed on a steel blue that reflects the light on "fin hairs." Besides the dark blues there are wonderful shades called Japan blues, and one alluringly dubbed "Cleopatra."

Purples, too, are exceedingly good this year, and all show the blue tints. Their new names are "Sammy," "Phlox," and "Yankee purple."

Among the browns, which range from khaki to seal shades, are many that take golden tones.

Reds will enjoy a new vogue, but they are rich rather than vivid, most of them inclining to brown tones—Burgundy, mulberry and lobster, with some wonderful "old" reds, such as Indian, geranium and terra cotta, the latter marked under a new name—"Dourga."

All grays will be unusually good, even those of bluish cast which ordinarily are reserved for the warm seasons.

Greens are to be offered, but it is not safe to predict their reception. American women never have taken kindly to green.

However, the new ones, which hint of brown and yellow, are attractive and not so trying as the greens of other years.

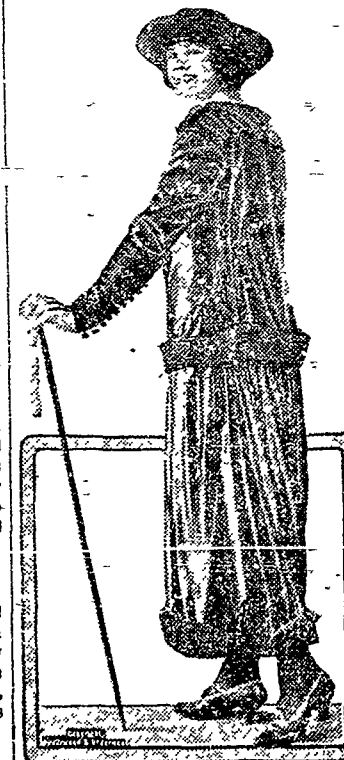
VELVET FOR NEW FALL HATS

Panne Material to Be in the Forefront, According to Latest Bulletin of Millinery Association.

Panne velvet will be an important factor in popular-priced fall millinery this year, according to the latest bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America. It says:

"Some of the advance fall models that are being displayed by popular-priced wholesale houses consist of panne velvet combined with plain velvet; satin or taffeta combined with beaver, satin combined with velvet, and all velvet. Many of the black models

FOR STREET WEAR THIS FALL



In selection of fall gowns one is attracted by this black satin, one-piece street frock with braid on the cuffs and top and bottom of the skirt.

BLACK JET BEAD SUNBURST



A black jet bead sunburst, scattered over this entire surface, affording a captivating and stylish adornment.

display colored facings of panne velvet. Some hats are shown in two-tone effects—taupe with burgundy or mahogany green with amber or taupe and blue. These combinations are most attractive, and the colors displayed are the new shades for fall.

In medium and small shapes in velvet, smoking or tucking is used to a great extent. In a saucer form effect the smoking appears on the under brim; in turbans it is used around the side crown. Ostrich bands, both wide and narrow, uncured or curled ostrich fancies in single or double ply, ostrich pompons, applied flower designs, wings, large and small stitching of silk floss (in some cases to match the facing of the hat) and wired loops of ribbons or velvet are used as trimmings.

The shapes seen in these hats are saucer brim effects in medium-sized shapes, turbans, elongated or round, turbans sloping to one side, large shapes with wide sides and short back and fronts with upturned back. Crowns are high, collapsible, draped and folded.

FIND NEW KIND OF TRIMMING

Heads in Water Color Are Effectively Used to Garnish an Attractive Evening Dress.

The water color artist has discovered new fields for conquest, and the bodies of evening dresses are the canvases used. The old flower motifs have been discarded, according to the official journal of the National Garment Retailers association, and newer things are taking their places.

"A certain evening frock's pink bodice," it says, "is ornamented with three little water-colored heads, which are about the size of a half dollar. One is the head of a giggling schoolgirl, befrilled and beribboned. Another is that of a budding 'deb,' and the third is of an English 'Joanney,' eye-glasses and sleek."

The interesting point about this form of trimming lies in the fact that it is not a design or in the least conventionalized, but true life sketching very well executed. However, this makes all the more evident its harsh, exacting note on the soft bodice of an evening gown."

STYLES IN OUR HEADGEAR

Both Large and Small Hats, Loaded or Unloaded With Trimming, Fashionable This Season.

This is a season of wide diversity of ideas in millinery. As a very successful and well-known milliner remarked the other day, "Any style that is becoming is fashionable this season." You may wear big hats or little hats or hats of medium size, and they may be of any fabric practical for millinery; and as for trimming there are models rather elaborately trimmed, simply trimmed models and hats almost entirely devoid of trimming.

This is indeed welcome news, and vogue to the woman who does not have a becoming hat. She cannot blame it on the modes of the moment, but upon her own lack of judgment or care in the selection of this most important detail of her wardrobe.

SKIRTS SHORT AND TIGHTER

Latest Mandate From Goddess of Styles, According to Report Reaching New York.

Skirts are to be at least three inches shorter and much tighter this winter, writes a New York correspondent.

This is the latest mandate of the goddess of style, and the news was brought to American women here by Miss Margaret Deaker, foreign buyer or a prominent American firm, who arrived from France.

"You can tell American women that styles for fall and winter call for skirts at least three inches shorter and much tighter," said Miss Deaker. "Jackets are to be shorter, and tighter, too. All designs look toward the conservatism of cloth. Prevailing colors will be brown, green, navy blue and taupe."

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

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

DO THEY LIKE ICE CREAM? WHY ASK?



This Frozen Dairy Product Is One Way of Using Nature's Chosen Food.

DAIRY PRODUCTS ARE OVERLOOKED

Dairymen May Help to Increase Production by Insuring Higher Quality.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILK VALUE

Average Quantity of Milk Used Each Day Is Hardly More Than Mouthful—Start Well-Organized Campaign of Education.

Take a big tablespoon. Place in it about three-fourths of an ounce of butter and about one-sixth of an ounce of cheese, together with slightly less than half an ounce of ice cream. Swallow the contents of the spoon, and wash them down with milk of a quantity just under a pint. When you have done this you will have partaken of the daily average portion of dairy products to the inhabitants of the United States, based on the production records of 1917.

"It would be laughable were it not so pitiful," writes a dairy specialist of the U. S. department of agriculture. "Something like a dose of medicine to be gulped down in one dose!"

"American people do not begin to eat enough dairy products for their own good. Let's get together, produce the very best goods possible and then start such a well-organized campaign of education that all may have the correct knowledge of milk value. Remember, it took the farmers to fire the shot heard round the world."

Nature's Chosen Food.

Mother Nature gave milk and milk products to the world. She supplies milk to the helpless infant, struggling for strength, and as well to the octogenarian, trying to retain or regain it. The value of milk as a producer of health and strength is recognized everywhere, but despite this the quantity of milk and milk products available daily for the average inhabitant of this country would be far less than enough to meet the specifications for a good square meal with round corners. Granted that some people drink a quart or two of milk every day, use far more than three-fourths of an ounce of butter on their hot biscuits or toast or sweet potatoes or whatnot, eat twenty or more times as much cheese as is coming to them on the basis of averages, and are regular patrons of the ice cream man. They are hardly to be blamed for that. They like milk and its products, and doubtless they never stop to think that they are eating the shares of other people. And they are to be blamed not at all when it is known that the demand for dairy products in this country has never been so continuously great that there has been a lasting shortage in production.

The department of agriculture is engaged not only in encouraging the production of milk and milk products, but their use. It hopes, through this double-barreled campaign, to save more of the meat needed for shipment overseas, and also to make it sure that at the end of the war dairy production and use of dairy products will be greater in this country than ever before.

Much Skim Milk Saved.

As an instance, take cottage cheese, which provides a valuable use for the millions of gallons of skim milk that in past years have been thrown away or fed to animals. In a few months 41,400 persons have been encouraged to take up the manufacture of cottage cheese, and hundreds of thousands have been convinced that they should eat it, not only because it will save meat, but because their palates, their stomachs and their bodies in general will like it.

Not only increased production, but

a large part of the task of increasing consumption, rests with the dairymen themselves, says the department of agriculture. Dairymen are advised to maintain their products at the highest standard of quality, so that first buyers will come again and again and never leave the ranks of milk consumers because of dissatisfaction or distrust; to sell their products at neither less nor more than a fair price, but at prices as low as are consistent with quality and reasonable profits; and to advertise, not only the individual business, but the value of milk and milk products to every person, why the balanced diet demands the growth-promoting elements in milk, why milk cannot be displaced by substitutes, why milk and its products are worth all they cost.

MILK FOR CHILDREN

Don't skim the milk for children. Clean, rich, fresh milk and plenty of it makes them grow. It gives them rosy cheeks, bright eyes, strong bodies, and good brains. Each child can readily use a quart a day. Refuse the children tea and coffee but always give them milk. Encourage them to drink it. Put it on their cereals. Pour it on the toast. Make it into puddings. Mix it into custards. And stir it into soups. Yes, use milk and use it freely. Economize on other foods, but don't economize on milk.

Pasturing Improves Land.

Growing forage crops and grazing them with hogs are very efficient and economical methods of improving run-down land. This statement is based on the opinions and results of a large number of hog raisers and experiment station workers. Practically all the fertilizing elements of the vegetation produced on the land, except that stored in animal bodies, goes back into the soil in the manure and litter. The loss is more than offset where extra grain is fed to the hogs. The only danger of injury to the soil is in the trampling by the animals on heavy clays when they are wet. Such injury is easily avoided where a permanent sod pasture is available.

As one of the great needs of most soils is more vegetable matter, hog grazing offers an opportunity of restoring the exhausted humus without the expense of growing and using green-manuring crops. Another benefit which is usually overlooked comes from the hogs eating the weeds in the pasture fields. There are many common plants, usually classed as weeds, which hogs relish. They frequently clean these up first when turned into a new field. This not only makes good use of a number of waste plants, but also tends to lessen the trouble from these weeds in other crops.

Why Pork Is Important.

Pork finds a ready sale, because packers know many ways of placing it on the market in attractive and highly palatable form combined with excellent keeping qualities. There is no other meat from which so many products are manufactured. Nearly 50 per cent of the total value of the meat and meat products slaughtered in the packing houses of the United States is derived from the hog.

Our country leads all others in the production of meat and meat products. Three-fourths of the world's international trade in pork and pork products originates in the United States in normal times, and the war greatly has increased this proportion.

If we expect to continue to provide meat to foreign peoples as well as our own, every farmer must put forth his best effort to produce more hogs. They can be kept profitably upon many farms where they are not found today.

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
F. E. 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. 20, 1918.



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

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beckman have moved to Detroit.

Rev. Cole preached his last sermon before conference Sunday evening in the M. E. church.

Quite a few people attended the annual home-coming held at the Baptist church last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin have returned from Detroit, where they have visited for several days.

Mrs. J. A. Devereaux has returned from Pontiac, where she has been undergoing treatment again.

Will Hoyt has moved his family into their new home. Clifford Youngs and family have moved into Mr. Davenport's house.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. F. W. McDonald was a Toledo visitor a part of this week.

Wm Chambers and wife were Detroit visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Carl Shepoff of Andersonville was a Wixom visitor the forepart of this week.

Mrs. F. A. Brass returned from a visit with Saginaw relatives last Friday evening.

Kathryn Burch and Ovid McDonald visited the Clarenceville schools last Friday.

Oscar Kelsey and wife of Redford were over Sunday visitors with Wixom relatives.

George Parker and family have gone to Detroit, where Miss Audrey will attend Business college.

Mrs. L. R. Stevens and granddaughter of Pontiac were the guests of Wixom friends Saturday night.

Stephen S. Armstrong and Axie Schermhorn, both of this place, were married in Detroit September 10.

Lester Hautebergue returned home Monday from Toledo, where he had been staying with his sister for a few weeks.

Edward Dunkel and wife and Miss Patterson of Lansing and Clyde Dunkel and wife of Royal Oak were all over-Sunday visitors at Bernard Kitson's.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for next Sunday morning will be given from the pulpit, as our plans are a little unsettled.

The C. E. service will begin at 7:00 and at 8:00 the L. T. L. will give their program. We hope for a full house for both of these evening services will be of special interest to both young and old. Good music will be a feature of the L. T. L. program.

Novi News.

Miss Esther Franz is the teacher at the Griswold school.

Mrs. Scott Armstrong, who has been ill all summer is now improving in health.

Stephen Armstrong, son of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Armstrong, was married Sept. 10 in Detroit to Miss Axie Schermhorn of Wixom. They will make their home in Detroit.

CARD OF THANKS.

Through the columns of your friendly paper we wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to all our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavement the past week, in the loss of our dear little Marion.

MRS. BERTHA COOK.
WILBUR E. COOK.
LESTER G. COOK.
MR. AND MRS. LESTER COOK.
MRS. SAMANTHA F. KILMER

AMBULANCE WORK
AT THE FRONT

AS DESCRIBED BY RUEL G. WILLIAMS OF AMBULANCE CO. 168.

August 6, 1918.

Dear Parents: Some time has elapsed since I have written to you and during that time I have had many varied experiences. The most of the time I have been working hard. But I am still in the best of health and spirits. I have written to you about three times in the last three weeks and have been unable to mail any of the letters so I will summarize them in this one. We have been moving from place to place and consequently we have been too unsettled to mail any letters.

I have been in the midst of some very hot fighting. It has always been my policy to tell you plainly of the danger I am in so that you will never have any needless worry. The danger that a man must face over here is not in my estimation, a bit greater than one finds in the states. The difference is this: This is an intentional danger and one that we know we are facing while at home there are dangers that we have no knowledge of until they get us. Automobile accidents, for instance. There is always danger of a collision, broken steering gear, etc., but we never think of them until they happen.

We have been very busy of late, how busy you may judge for yourself when I tell you that at one time out of 64 hours I got something like 8 hours sleep. Our fellows have all been working hard but now with Fritz in full retreat towards Berlin, we are able to get a little rest. It was a little hard convincing Fritz that this neck of the woods was no place for him but once he understood he was not long taking the hint as is evidenced by the large amount of supplies he left laying everywhere.

We now have what I think to be a very good and smoothly working system for taking care of the wounded. The ambulance companies play a very large part in this system. When a man is wounded on the field his first aid dressing is applied either by himself or his comrades and if he is unable to walk he is picked up by litter bearers, detailed from the infantry for that purpose. These litter bearers take him to the battalion aid station and his wounds are there properly dressed. From here he is carried back to the regimental aid station by litter bearers from the ambulance companies. At the regimental infirmary he is given his shot of A. T. S. or antitetanic serum and loaded on an ambulance. The ambulance takes him to the receiving and forwarding station established by the ambulance company. Here a record of the patient is kept, they are given something to eat and their wounds are looked at to see if they are properly dressed. If it has not already been given, A. T. S. is given here. Here men with slight wounds are held while the serious cases are sent through to the hospital. At this receiving and forwarding station there is an operating room where wounds are properly dressed and there is a kitchen where hot food is kept on hand at all times. The Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. are there with hot chocolate and cigarettes for the patients. Of course this system varies according to the country and the conditions but this is the way we handle the work in the big push.

I have seen several of the old Detroit boys but none that I knew. I have been hoping to run across some of the old 31st boys. Everywhere one sees German supplies abandoned in the retreat. Machine gun belts with their 250 cartridges intact, helmets, gas masks, rifles and large amounts of shells and hand grenades. The towns and fields are all shot to pieces. The buildings are reduced to a mass of ruins. In one field that I saw there was not a ten foot square of ground that did not have one or more shell holes in it, some of them large enough to hold a half-dozen horses.

Well, I must close now. Never worry about me for Fritz is running so fast he can do very little harm. The way things are going now I do not think it will be long before I will be home.

With love,
RUEL G. WILLIAMS.

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 each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me 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. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 7c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE "OPENING GUN."

The opening gun for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign in Northville was fired yesterday Thursday. The visit of the "Jackies" Band, and accompanying speaker occurred in the forenoon instead of the afternoon as previously announced, so only a fair-sized crowd gathered to hear the several selections by the band and the short patriotic talk by Ex U. S. Congressman Dickema of Holland City. The postoffice, business places and the several factories were closed for the half-hour, that the employees might turn out en masse. The Stimpson Co. men marched with a big American flag at the head of their column. The visitors were taken to the Ambler House and treated to hot coffee and rolls, and as they entered the private car for departure were given cigars by E. C. Hinkley.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The piano given to the Red Cross by Mrs. S. W. Cuffiss is on display at Ponsford's store. Guy Atkins will give concerts at the store for demonstration purposes at 2:30 to 4:30 and 7:30 to 8:00 on Saturday. Remember that this instrument will be sold at auction on Friday afternoon next at the Fair grounds.

The Red Cross work rooms at the school building will be closed all next week on account of the fair where an extensive display is to be made.

Have you made your contribution for the Red Cross auction at the Fair? Any article however small, if in good salable condition, will be acceptable.

AUCTION SALE.

Stephen Avery will sell at auction Tuesday, Oct. 1, on the former Ed. Sessions farm, east of Waterford, horses, cattle, hogs, hay, straw and grain, farm tools, harness, and many other articles. Sale begins at 10 o'clock. Hot lunch at noon. Auctioneer, Frank J. Boyle.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the various societies, our friends and neighbors, and all who aided us by expressions of sympathy and kindly acts at the time of our recent bereavement.

MRS. FRED HALL
AND FAMILY.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mr. Phillip Dafee.
Mr. M. R. Pine.

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. 33c.

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

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

LOST—Saturday evening in Alseum theatre, black purse. Finder please notify 307 J-4. 9w1p.

FOUND—Pocketbook. Owner may have same by proving property and paying 25c for this notice. W. H. Corrin, Northville. 9w1p.

FOUND—Boy's sack coat. Owner may have same by calling phone 60, proving property and paying 25c for this notice. 9w1p.

FOR SALE—Dresser and commode, good condition. Mrs. Russell, Cady street. 9w1p.

FOR SALE—120 acres good land, fair buildings; good timber, \$40 per acre. Phone 244-J. 9w2p.

FOR SALE—Good milk cow, part Jersey; 7-hp. oil engine, nearly new. Must be sold by Sept. 28. C. W. Morse. Phone 188 R-3. 9w2p.

FOR SALE—Grapes. R. H. Baker. Phone 228-W. 9w1p.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred chickens: 4 Rhode Island Red pullets, 2 Rhode Island Red cockerels, 6 White Wyandotte pullets, 4 White Wyandotte cockerels, 6 Buff Cochins pullets, 2 Buff Cochins cockerels. Ed. W. White, dry goods, Northville. 9w1c.

FOR SALE—About 3 acres of corn, well eared, for silo or fodder. W. H. McMillin. Phone 244 J-2. 8w1p.

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

FOR RENT—Seven room apartment, electric lights, water and bath room. Phone 34. 9w1p.

FOR RENT—4-room apartment, besides pantry and bath room, electric lights, gas for cooking, gas stove furnished. Two blocks from post office, Northville. Telephone 202-J. 8tc-c.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

HELP BRING THE
BOYS BACK HOME

LIBERTY BOND PURCHASE WILL HELP PROTECT NORTHVILLE YOUTHS IN THE TRENCHES.

As you walk along the streets of Northville any evening you probably notice the absence of many faces which a year ago were quite familiar. Many of them—bright, ambitious smiling young chaps—have quit the pursuits of civil life to don the armor of the soldier to help fight the battle for liberty and humanity. A number of them have already crossed the Atlantic and some of them are, no doubt, at this very moment in the front-line trenches or helping drive the Teuton forces back. Their smiles, we hope, have not disappeared but grim determination has steeled their hearts to do their bit to wipe the last vestige of "kultur" and Prussian militarism from the face of the earth.

You and I want to bring these boys—every one of them safely back home. We want them back again as a part of our daily life, even if we cannot boast of a service flag in the window, denoting a vacant chair at the table. But before we can expect to see them again we must see that they are properly fed, clothed and furnished with the guns and ammunition to accomplish the task they have set out to do. Northville's quota for the fourth Liberty loan is \$150,000. Two of these \$100 bonds will place 5,000 machine gun rifle cartridges in the hands of some young American gunner—very likely a Northville boy. These cartridges will not only help to lessen the total of fighting Huns, but protect him from attack and make his return more sure.

Make your contribution—no, not a contribution, just a loan—in a voluntary manner. Don't wait for a solicitor to call on you. This is YOUR war. The two Northville banks will be open Saturday and Sunday, September 28 and 29 to receive your subscription. It's the business of every loyal American citizen to call there and leave orders for the purchase of as many Liberty Loan bonds as they can afford.

Auction!

Frank J. Boyle, Auctioneer.

Having decided to quit farming, the undersigned will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, known as the Ed. Sessions farm, at Waterford, on 2 1/2 miles south of Northville—Plymouth & Northville cars stop at waterford crossing—on

Tuesday, Oct. 1st

1918; commencing at 10 o'clock, with Hot Lunch at Noon, the following property:

HORSES.

1 Brown Mare, 6 yrs old, wt., 1,450.
1 Pair High-Class Mules, 6 yr old, weight 2,850 lbs.

CATTLE.

1 Guernsey Heifer, coming 3 yr old.
1 3-year-old Jersey Cow.
1 4-year-old Guernsey Cow.
4 High-Grade Holstein Heifers, coming 2-year-old in May.
4 High-Grade Holstein Heifers, six months old.
4 Holstein Calves.
2 Guernsey Calves.
1 Jersey Calf.

HOGS.

1 Brood Sow
7 Shoats.
1 Pair of Geese.

HAY AND GRAIN.

About 10 Tons first-class Clover Hay.
Straw from ten acres of Oats.
500 Bushels of Oats.
13 Acres of Corn in Shock.

FARM TOOLS.

1 Pair Heavy Wagon Springs.
1 Spring Seat.
1 Single Road Wagon.
1 Surrey, Nearly New.
1 Set 3-Horse Doubletrees.
2 Sets 2-Horse Doubletrees.
Hay, Pork, Nearly New; used one season.
1 New Brass-Trimmed Double Harness.
1 Light Driving Harness.
1 Set of Single Harness.
1 Clipping Machine.
1 Deering Mower, nearly New.
1 Steel Dump Rake.
1 Land Roller.
1 3-Section Spring-Tooth Harrow, Nearly New.
1 Spike-Tooth Drag.
1 New American Cultivator, 2 horse.
2 1-Horse Cultivators.
1 Corn Marker. 1 24-ft. Ladder.
1 Gale Walking Plow, Nearly New.
1 Pr. Bob Sleighs, Nearly New.
1 Truck Wagon, Nearly New.
1 Truck Rack.
1 60-Gallon Oil Barrel.
50 Grain Bags.
10 Rod Roll New Chicken Wire Fence 3 Milk Cans.

TERMS:—All Sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, 6 months' time given on good approved bankable notes at 6% interest.

STEPHEN AVERY
PROPRIETOR.

GET ALONG WITH LESS SUGAR.

It has been done before. A hundred years ago refined sugar was unknown. Our ancestors used honey and you can. Besides there are syrups. The natural sugars of fruits will serve today as they did centuries ago. You will get all the sugar you need in this way. England, which before the war used more sugar than we did, has but 2 pounds per head a month now; France, one and a half pounds, and Italy only one. Show yourself a patriotic American. This is but a slight sacrifice as compared with all our soldiers are doing. Do it yourself. Two pounds per month

means about 8 ounces per week, or a little more than 1 ounce a day. This daily ration is a trifle more than 2 tablespoons level full. It should be remembered that this is to include all sugar used for any purpose whatsoever—for table use, cooking, in ice cream and desserts, on cereals or fruit.

U. S. FOOD Administration.

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.

AT THE NORTHVILLE FAIR

PONSFORD'S

Second Annual Canned Fruit Contest

Last year's contest (the first) brought out fifteen assortments of Michigan canned fruit every one worthy of a prize. This year we will offer three prizes for the three best displays of Michigan Fruits, Vegetables and Pickles (12 can assortments):

First Prize Plaid Blanket
Second Prize Axminster Rug
Third Prize Felt Rug

Register your assortment at the Woman's department, not later than September 24.

CHAS. A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

KEEP YOUR

BEAUTY

—by the right and regular use of the "right" Creams.

The use of the wrong creams is an easy mistake for any woman to make.

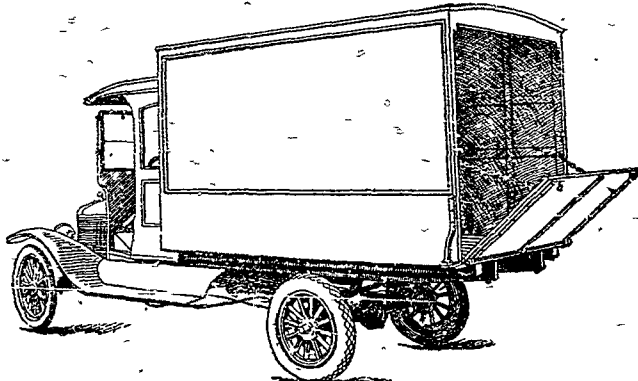
We will be glad to explain the proper creams and the proper treatment for your complexion.

A. E. STANLEY

The REXALL Store.

NORTHVILLE.

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. 136, F. & A. M.
Regular October 14.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, E. A. M.
Regular October 8.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.
Regular October 1.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, C. E. S.
Regular October 18.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. T. B. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next door 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. Phone 252-1. Residence, 252-M. 11tc.

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Toilet Preparations.

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

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

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Central Standard Time.

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30 a. m., 6:42 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

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.

Queer Corpse

A western senator of burly appearance was passing an undertaker's shop when a roughly dressed man came out and said: "Say, mister, will you give me a lift with a casket?" The senator hesitated and asked hesitatingly: "Is there—is there anything in it?" "Sure!" came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of drinks in it."—Boston Transcript.

Keep the Kidneys Well

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Northville People Know How to Save It.

Many Northville people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Weak kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health—the slightest delay is dangerous. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a remedy that has helped thousands of kidney sufferers. Here is a Northville citizen's recommendation.

Mrs. J. N. Elliott, Randolph street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are a family medicine for kidney disorders and backache in our home. I take Doan's now and then and they keep my kidneys in good working order and give me the best of satisfaction generally. I can much couldn't be said in praise of this medicine."

Price, 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Elliott had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. Advt 63

Northville Newslets.

The Northville band furnished music at the Milford fair this week.

F. W. Quirk has rented the Barnhart cottage near the Library.

The Baptist ladies will serve meals at the fair grounds, as usual this year.

The Methodist ladies are busy preparing to serve lunches during the fair.

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

Miss Elizabeth Ostrander, who has been very ill for the past two weeks, is convalescent.

The King's Daughters are to have a refreshment booth at the fair, as they did last year.

A week from next Tuesday will be the day to turn the time-pieces back one hour—and then forget it and go right on just as before with everything.

The ship-stop will soon go into effect on the D. U. R. in Flint and Royal Oak—Oxford Leader. Looks as if it must be awfully wet out that way.

F. W. Louch of this place was taken to a Detroit hospital last week, Friday for a serious operation. Mr. Louch is traffic manager for Newcomb-Randcott & Co. of that city.

Elmer Adams, formerly of Northville, was given a pleasant surprise supper Thursday, Sept. 12 by his wife in honor of his 30th birthday. He was presented with an arm chair.

News comes to Northville friends of the arrival of a daughter, Marjorie Elaine, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blake Wheeler, former Northville residents, in their home at Rock Island, Ill.

The Unea Rest club of Milford was entertained last Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes, with Mrs. R. C. Yerkes as co-hostess. The "club husbands" were included in the company.

The Detroit Conference, which is in session this week at the Simpson M. E. church, has been requested to return Rev. W. C. Francis to the Northville church, which has voted him an increase in salary.

Lieut. Murphy's captured German machine gun, also his own helmet and gas mask, have been on exhibition this week at W. A. Ely's store, and has attracted much attention and comment. The articles will no doubt be exhibited at the fair next week, through the kindness of the owner.

Plymouth had another expensive casualty Tuesday morning when the general store owned by A. J. Lapham was burned, in spite of the efforts of the fire department. The building was a two-story brick and the loss is estimated at \$40,000, of which insurance will cover a portion.

The Waterford school building has been recently remodeled, and before the opening of the school last week, the Waterford ladies gathered at the school house and gave it a general cleaning. Miss Hazel Parmelee of Northville is the teacher for the coming year, and about fifty pupils are enrolled.—Plymouth Mail.

Northville has a distinguished visitor now days in the person—really a personage—of "Rowdy Toss" one of the best bred Boston terriers in the U. S. "Rowdy" belongs to Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Childs of Atlanta, Ga. His bluest of blue blood has developed a canine perfection which has won honors enough to turn the head of any less well balanced animal, biped or quadruped. His latest honors were acquired at the recent Michigan state fair, where he was given four first premiums and three medals.

Among the Northville boys who registered Thursday, Sept. 12, was Robby Neal, and that day was his 18th birthday.

Mrs. W. J. Thompson, upon whom a very serious operation was performed in Harper hospital Monday, is doing as well as can be expected, at present.

Ray Richardson entertained a party of men guests, Monday evening at a six o'clock dinner, in honor of his brother-in-law, Lieut. C. F. Murphy. Among those present was Ex. Gov. Fred M. Warner of Farmington.

By an error, the date of the L. O. T. M. public meeting in the rink was given last week as "Oct." instead of Sept. 20. The gala night is this Friday evening and everybody is cordially invited to be at the rink at 7:30 o'clock to enjoy the fine program of drills, songs and other attractions.

"The Battle of Vimy Ridge," which is to be put on at the state fair grounds Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28 and 29 by the 2nd Infantry, Mich. State troops, promises to be a great spectacle. Several miles of trenches are being dug, and a very realistic feature, especially for the men engaged, will be the fact that these trenches, which are on low ground, will have about three feet of water in them, in which the "contending armies" will have to stand.

Prof. C. F. Reeb, who has been superintendent of the Plymouth schools for the past four years and has just entered the fifth year of his work, has resigned his position to accept a much more lucrative one in a higher institution of learning. Mr. Reeb, who the past summer has been granted an A. B. degree from the University of Michigan, has accepted a chair in the education department of the Bowling Green, Ohio, State Normal College, which last year had a student enrollment of 1650 students. The new position was tendered to Mr. Reeb unsolicited.—Plymouth Mail.

LETTER FROM

CARROLL DUBUAR

Our trip so far has been a rather tiresome affair. Out of five days we spent three staying around waiting for a train which took two days to come. I don't think the censor will kick if I mention the fact that we waited four hours at a station about 5 kilometers from Paris, but were not allowed to go out of the depot. We finally landed where we are now, and the funny part of it is that we are now not more than 40 miles from our old camp, after traveling 400 miles to reach this one. The reason is we are now a part of the army and when they move, so do we.

While riding Wednesday, we could hear the heavy artillery pounding away every few seconds. It certainly sounded good. For the last week it has seemed as if the war was really going on. When settled in a small town, you don't have opportunity to see much of it, but when traveling you see soldiers everywhere, all kind—Americans, British, French, Scottish, Algerian, Italian, Australians, Chinese and Russians, also German and Austrian prisoners. Plenty of trains pass you, loaded with soldiers and supplies, a great many of them artillery trains, either French or American, with guns, trucks and wagons in plain sight on flat cars. I talked with a great number of fellows who had been up at the trenches for six months with out a relief, mostly fellows who had something to do with the great drive at Chateau Thierry, and their stories are certainly exciting and interesting.

The past week we have been on territory the Germans held in 1914, also in their 1918 drive. The Germans didn't do much damage to the towns and cities as they retreated because they never thought they would have to retreat. At some places shells had wrecked a railroad station and various houses, and in one place the French were building a bridge over the Marne which they had blown up to keep the Germans from crossing. I suppose before long I'll see some of the villages you read about being wiped out. Just now we are in a rather big city, the best looking one we have lived in. This morning another fellow and myself had some ice cream, the first since leaving the states. They gave us a much smaller portion than you would get in a 5 cent cone. It was rather sickly looking, and supposed to be strawberry flavor. One dish was enough for us. It tasted too much like medicine; however, it was cold. Did you know the French never have ice?

It looks like we were going to stay here tonight and another fellow and I have our pup tent already pitched. A man from the mountains at the Alesium Monday night.

some straw on the ground and a rain coat and 3 blankets spread out. It made a fine bed last night and I sure slept good. I never heard a bomb which a German airplane was reported to have dropped. The previous 5 nights, traveling and waiting for trains, weren't the best for sleeping, and I only had two nights' sleep. One of the nights the fellow I'm sleeping with and myself got tired of sticking around the railroad station waiting for imaginary trains so we beat it to a big city 20 miles away. It was late when we got there so we soon thought of returning. I got two short rides and then had to "hoof it" with some other fellows, and we got to our quarters at 3 in the morning.

We are camped right next to a big "Y." The nearer we get to the trenches the better "Y" they have, and this is sure fine. This morning I got some toast, coffee and French pudding sort of like apple sauce. They have a piano, victrola, canaries, billiard table and a small library here; also a fine canteen; run by some American ladies, who are quick to wait on you and very good natured. One lady said she had worked from eight that morning till nine at night, with only an hour off to rest. It keeps them busy, and is a hard life but the fellows do appreciate having some women here who create a home-like atmosphere and sort of remind them of their mothers. Our mail from home has been slow in getting here. Since leaving the states no papers have arrived. I certainly miss the Northville Record. This afternoon I got our new address, probably the last time it will have to be changed, as we are now attached to the 1st army, for good. Will write again as soon as we move and get settled.

Your loving son,

CARROLL

Sgt. A. P. O. 774, Ordnance Dept. A. E. F.

Features at the New Alesium Theatre.

Saturday night's Pafamout film will present Kathryn Williams and Wallace Reid in the splendid play, "Big Timber." Admission will be the usual price, 16c.

There will be no pictures next week as the theatre has been engaged by the Henderson Stock Co. for the entire week of the fair. Comedies, dramas and vaudeville will be the attractions and seats will be on sale at Murdock's Saturday.

HAVE YOU?

Many Record subscribers are responding very promptly to the "cash-in-advance" plan required by the government in the interest of paper-saving. Our patrons will of course understand that we have no choice in the matter, but will be obliged to discontinue all copies not paid for when the subscriptions expire.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.) Members please remember the regular meeting in the Rink next Wednesday evening, Sept. 25.

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers.) The Northville public schools have a present enrollment of 373 pupils. The enrollment by grades follows:

Kindergarten	26
First grade	34
Second grade	28
Third grade	38
Fourth grade	24
Fifth grade	36
Sixth grade	34
High School	153

The foot ball squad under the direction of coach Millard has been practicing afternoons at the fair grounds. About 18 candidates are out for the team and the material gives promise of a good eleven for the season. A schedule is in process of preparation.

School will be discontinued at 2:00 p. m. on Thursday and Friday of fair week. Parents are urged to see that their children are in school each day until that time. The schools are working at war-time pressure and every moment lost counts against the success of the students in school.

At the meeting of the Seniors Tuesday night, the following officers were vice-president, Russell Millard; secretary, Helen Bradley; treasurer, Helen Lanning.

At a recent meeting of the members of last year's foot ball team, Jim Green was elected captain for this season.

Elections of the Northville school community will take place during the coming week.

Watch out for the 9 cent sale at M Brock & Co's.

Treasury Department
Bureau of Publicity,
War Loan Organization.

OUR INDIVIDUAL PART

Some observers think that the most characteristic thing about the American soldiers in France, something which astounds the enemy and excites the admiration of our allies, is the capacity of the American soldiers to do individual thinking and fighting. The German fights successfully only in mass formation, in organized bodies, while every American soldier has an initiative and independence of action which gives him remarkable efficiency in open fighting. They are not senseless cogs, but each is an individual working unit in a great fighting machine.

Every American at home should feel an individual responsibility and do his or her individual part in winning the war. There is not an American citizen who can not help win the war. The Fourth Liberty Loan drive, which begins September 28, offers a great opportunity for concentrated action and for individual action, and the loan will be a tremendous success if each American will do his or her individual part as each American soldier in France does his part. Our soldiers deserve such support from the people at home.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

A WOMAN SHOULD NOT DO THE WORK A MACHINE WILL DO FOR HER.

A housewife with all her troubles should never do the work that a machine does better and quicker.

Electric Labor Savers

such as the Washer, Cleaner and Sewing Machine—simplify housekeeping and enables the user to do work in a more efficient manner.

Let us demonstrate what these appliances will do for you.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

SPECIAL FEATURES

SECOND ANNUAL NORTHVILLE WAYNE COUNTY FAIR

Wednesday, September 25.

Deep Springs Gun Club Shooting Tournament at 9:00 a. m. (This is a Registered Shoot). Ladies of the Maccabees will give a Grand Guard Team Drill.

Children's Day.

Grand Baby Show with Special Prizes. See separate bill. TROTTLING, PACING and RUNNING RACES. BALL GAME—BELLEVILLE vs. NORTHVILLE. BAND CONCERT.

Thursday, September 26.

Home-Coming Day—Register at Secretary's Tent and get Badge, if you are a visitor to the "Old Home Town." TROTTLING, PACING and RUNNING RACES. TEAM PULLING CONTEST. BALL GAME—HOLLY vs. BRIGHTON. BAND CONCERT.

Friday, September 27.

RED CROSS AUCTION.

DETROIT AUTOMOBILE CLUB DAY. TROTTLING and PACING RACES. AUTOMOBILE RACES. BALL GAME—Winners of Wednesday and Thursday's Games. BAND CONCERT.

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For warmth without bulk wear a Stephenson Worsted Union—they feel like silk—wear like leather and keep you warm without being bulky.

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NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

RAINBOW'S END A Novel

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

(Copyright, by Harper and Brothers)

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"I have been close to death so long that it means little to me," she confessed. "I have you, and—well, with you at my side I can face the worst."

"Oh, we won't give up until we have to," he assured her. "If I had money it would be a simple proposition to have some guard to pass us through the lines, but I have spent all that General Belmont gave me." He smoothed back Rosa's dark hair and smiled reassuringly at her. "Well, I'll manage somehow; so don't worry your pretty head. I'll find the price, if I have to pay it. I don't know if I have to pay it or not, but I'll find it. Don't you think I look like a bandit?" The very sight of him would terrify that fat rascal.

"To me you are beautiful," breathed the girl. Then she lowered her eyes. "Eh, ha! How I spoil you! I have quite forgotten how to be ladylike. Isabel was right when she called me a bold and forward hussy. Now, then, please turn your face aside, for I wish to think, and so long as you look at me I cannot—I make love to you brazenly. See! Now, then, that is much better. I shall hold your hand, so when I kiss it you may look at me again for a moment." Drawing herself closer to O'Reilly, Rosa began thoughtfully: "Before you came I more than once was on the point of appealing to some of my former friends, but they are all Spaniards and we are no longer simpatico, you understand?"

Rosa paused for his answer.

"Perfectly, I'm in the same fix. Of all the people I used to know there isn't one but would denounce me if I made myself known. Now that I've been fighting with the insurgents, I don't even go to the American consul for help—if there is an American consul."

Rosa nodded, then continued, hesitatingly: "I had a vivid dream last night. Perhaps it was a portent. Who knows? It was about that stepmother of mine. You remember how she met her death? I wrote you—"

"Yes, and Esteban also told me."

"It was he who recovered her body from the well. One day, while we were in hiding, away up under in the Yungui, he showed me an old coin."

"I know," O'Reilly said quickly. "He told me the whole story. He thinks that double is a clue to your father's fortune, but—I can't put much faith in it. In fact, I didn't believe until this moment that there was a doubloon at all."

"Oh, indeed there was! I saw it!" There was a moment of silence during which the lovers were oblivious to all but each other, then Rosa murmured: "How strange! Sometimes your eyes are blue and sometimes gray. Does that mean that your love, too, can change?"

"Certainly not. But come, what about Esteban and that doubloon?"

With an effort the girl brought herself back to earth. "Well, it occurred to me, in the light of that dream last night, that Esteban may have been right. Of course nobody outside of our family credits the old story, and yet my father was considered a very rich man at one time. Pancho Cueto believed in the existence of the treasure, and he was in a position to know."

"True! Perhaps, after all—"

O'Reilly frowned meditatively.

Rosa lifted herself upon her elbow, her eyes sparkling. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were true? Just think, O'Reilly, cases of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks, packages of gems. Oh, I've heard Isabel talk about it often enough."

"Don't forget those pearls from the Caribbean, as large as plums," Johnny smiled. "I could never quite swallow that. A pearl the size of a currant would buy our freedom right now." After a moment he went on, more seriously: "I've a notion to look into that old well this very afternoon. I—I dare say I'm foolish, but—somehow the story doesn't sound so improbable as it did. Perhaps it is worth investigating." He made up his mind swiftly. "I—I'm off this very instant."

When O'Reilly emerged from the hut he found Jacket industriously at work over a fragment of grindstone which he had somewhere unearthed. The boy looked up at his friend's approach and held out for inspection a long, thin file, which he was slowly shaping into a knife-blade.

"What do you think of that?" he queried proudly. "It may come in handy when we are ready to clear out of this pesthole."

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I stole it. I steal everything I can lay my hands on nowadays. One can never tell when he may have a throat to cut, and a file has good steel in it."

"Since you are such an accomplished thief, do you think you could steal something for me?" O'Reilly inquired. "A piece of rope?"

"Rope?" Jacket was puzzled. "Rope is only good for hanging Spaniards. My friend in the fish market has a volandra, and—perhaps I can rob him of a hilyard." Laying aside his task, Jacket arose and made off in the direction of the water front. He was luck with an hour, and under his shirt he carried a coil of worn but service-

able rope. Without waiting to explain his need for this unusual article, O'Reilly linked arms with the boy and set out to climb La Cumbre. When at last they stood in the unused quarry and Johnnie made known his intention to explore the old well, Jacket regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"What do you expect to find down there?" the latter inquired.

"To tell you the truth, I don't really expect to find anything," the man confessed. "Now that I'm here, I'm beginning to feel silly; nevertheless, I'm going to have a look for the hidden treasure of the Varona."

"Hidden treasure!" From Jacket's expression it was plain that he feared his friend was mildly mad. Even after O'Reilly had told him something about old Don Esteban's missing riches, he scouted the story. He peeped inquisitively into the dark opening of the well, then he shook his head. "Caramba! What an idea! Was this old man crazy, to throw his money away?"

"He had more than he knew what to do with, and he wished to save it from the Spaniards," O'Reilly explained lamely.

"Humph! Nobody ever had more money than he wanted." The boy's disgust at such credulity was plain. "This well looks just like any other, only deeper; you'd better look out that you don't break your neck like that foolish old woman—that Donna What's-her-name."

O'Reilly did indeed feel that he was making himself ridiculous; nevertheless, he made the rope fast and swung himself down out of the sunlight, leaving Jacket to stand guard over him. Perhaps fifteen minutes later he reappeared, panting from his exertions. He was wet, slimy; his clothes were streaked and stained with mud. Jacket began to laugh shrilly at his appearance.

"Ha! What a big lizard is this! Your beautiful garments are spoiled. And the treasure? Where is it?" The lad was delighted. He bent double with mirth; he slapped his bare legs and stamped his feet in glee.

O'Reilly, grinning good-naturedly, and replaced the planks which had covered the orifice, then laid the rope in some nearby bushes. On their way back he endured his young friend's banter absent-mindedly, but as they neared Asensio's house he startled Jacket by saying: "Can you manage to find a pickax or a crowbar?"

Jacket's eyes opened; he stopped in the middle of the dusty road. "What did you see down there, compadre? Tell me."

"Nothing much. Just enough to make me want to see more. Do you think you can steal some sort of a tool for me?"

"I can try."

"Please do. And remember, say nothing before Asensio or his wife."

Rosa met O'Reilly just inside the door and at sight of her he uttered an exclamation of surprise, for during his absence she had removed the stain-

from her face and discarded that disfigurement which Evangelina had fitted to her back prior to their departure from the Pan de Matanzas. She stood before him now, straight and slim and graceful—the Rosa of his dreams, only very thin, very fragile. Her poor tatters only enhanced her prettiness, so he thought.

"Rosa, dear! Do you think this is quite safe?" he ventured, doubtfully. Evangelina, who was bending over her husband, straightened herself and came forward with a smile upon her black face.

"She is beautiful, eh? Too beautiful to look at? What did I tell you?"

Rosa was in delightful confusion at

O'Reilly's evident surprise and admiration. "Then I'm not so altogether changed?" she asked.

"Why, you haven't changed at all, except to grow more beautiful. Evangelina is right; you are too beautiful to look at. But wait." He drew her aside and whispered, "I've been down in the well." Some tremor in his voice, some glint in his eyes, caused the girl to seize him eagerly, fiercely. "It may be wrong," he said hurriedly; "there may be nothing in it—and yet I saw something."

"What?"

"Wooden beams, timbers of some sort, behind the curbing." It was plain Rosa did not comprehend, so he hurried on. "At first I noticed nothing unusual, except that the bottom of the well is nearly dry—filled up, you know, with debris and stuff that has fallen in from the curbing above, then I saw that although the well is dug through rock, nevertheless it is entirely curbed up with stones laid in mortar. That struck me as queer."

"Yes?"

"I noticed, too, in one place, that there was wood behind—as if timbers had been placed there to cover the entrance to a cave. You know this Cuban rock is full of caverns."

Rosa clasped her hands, she began to tremble. "You have found it, O'Reilly. You have!" she whispered. "No, no, I've found nothing yet. But I've sent Jacket for a pickax—a bar and tonight I'm going to pull down those stones and see what is behind them."

"To night? You must let me go, too. I want to help."

"Very well. But meanwhile, you mustn't let your hopes rise too high, for there is every chance that you will be disappointed. And don't mention it to Evangelina. Now, then, I've a few pennies left and I'm going to buy some candles."

Rosa embraced her lover impulsively. "Something tells me it is true! Something tells me you are going to save us all."

Evangelina in the far corner of the hut muttered to her husband: "Such love-birds! They are like parakeets, forever kissing and cooing!"

Jacket returned at dusk, and with him he brought a rusty three-foot iron bar, evidently part of a window grating. The boy was tired, disgusted, and in a vile temper. "A pickax! A crowbar!" he cursed eloquently. "One might as well try to steal a cannon out of San Severino. I'm ready to do anything within reason, but—"

"Why, this will do nicely; it is just what I want," O'Reilly said him.

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it, for that rod was nearly the death of me. I broke my back wrenching at it and the villain who owned the hearse may a bad lightning split him!—he ran after me until I nearly expired. If my new knife had been sharp I would have turned and sent him home with it between his ribs. Tomorrow I shall put an edge on it. Believe me, I ran until my lungs burst."

Little food remained in the hut, barely enough for Asensio and the women, and inasmuch as O'Reilly had spent his last centavo for candles he and Jacket were forced to go hungry again. Late that evening, after the wretched prison quarters had grown quiet, the three treasure hunters stole out of their hovel and wound up the hill. In spite of their excitement they went slowly, for none of them had the strength to hurry. Fortunately there were few prowlers within the lines, hunger having robbed the reconcentrados of the spirit to venture forth, and in consequence Spanish vigilance had relaxed; it was now confined to the far-flung girdle of intrumcements which encircled the city. The trio encountered no one.

Leaving Jacket on guard at the crest of the hill, O'Reilly stationed Rosa at the mouth of the well, then lowered himself once more into it. Lighting his candle, he made a careful examination of the place, with the result that Esteban's theory of the missing riches seemed even less improbable than it had earlier in the day. The masonry work, he discovered, had been done with a painstaking thoroughness which spoke of the abundance of slave labor, and time had barely begun to affect it. Here and there a piece of the mortar had loosened and come away, but for the most part it stood as solid as the stones between which it was laid. Shoulder-high to O'Reilly there appeared to be a section of the curbing less smoothly fitted than the rest, and through an interstice in this he detected what seemed to be a damp wooden beam. At this point he brought his iron bar into play.

It was not long before he discovered that his work was cut out for him. The cement was like flint and his blunt makeshift implement was almost useless against it. Ankle-deep in the muddy water, he patiently pecked and pounded and chipped, endeavoring to enlarge the crevice so as to use his bar as a lever. The sweat streamed from him and he became dismayed at his own weakness. He was forced to rest frequently.

Rosa hung over the orifice above, encouraging him, inquiring eagerly as to

his progress. During his frequent breathing spells he could discern her white face dimly illumined by the candle light from below.

After he had worked for an hour or two, he made a report: "It began to look as if there really was a bulkhead or a door in there."

The girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight. "Do hurry, dear; I'm dying of suspense."

O'Reilly groaned: "That fellow, Sebastian, knew his business. This ceiling means something to

him. Oh, if I could only help you!"

"Heavens! If I only had something—anything—to work with!" muttered the American as he fell to with redoubled energy. He no longer tried to conserve his strength, for the treasure seeker's lust beset him. Rosa looked on, wringing her hands and urging him to greater haste.

But the low, thick door was built of some hard, native wood; it was wet and tough and slippery. O'Reilly's blows made no impression upon it, nor upon the heavy-haps and staples with which it was secured in place. The latter were deeply rusted, to be sure, but they withstood his efforts, and he was finally forced to rest, baffled, enraged, half hysterical from weakness and fatigue.

Daylight was at hand once more, but he refused to give up, and worked on stubbornly, furiously, until Rosa, in an agony, besought him to desist.

Joannie again collapsed on the grass and lay panting while the other two replaced the planks.

"Another hour and I'd have been into it," he declared, huskily.

"You will kill yourself," Jacket told him.

Rosa bent over him with shining eyes and parted lips. "Yes," said she. "Be patient. We will come back. O'Reilly, and tonight we shall be rich."

Colonel Cobo lit a black cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and exhaled two fierce jets of smoke through his nostrils. For a full moment he scowled forbiddingly at the sergeant who had asked to see him.

"What's this you are telling me?" he inquired finally.

"The sergeant, a mean-faced, low-browed man stirred uneasily.

"It is God's truth. There are spirits on La Cumbre, and I wish to see the priest about it."

"Spirits? What kind of spirits?"

The fellow shrugged. "Evil spirits—spirits from hell. The men are saying charms."

"Bah! I took you to be a sensible person."

"You don't believe me? Well, I didn't believe them when they told me about it. But I saw with my own eyes."

Cobo leaned forward, mildly astonished. Of all his villainous troop, this man was the last one he had credited with imagination of this sort. "What did you see?"

"A ghost, my colonel, nothing else. La Cumbre is no place for an honest Christian."

The colonel burst into a mocking laugh. "An honest Christian! You're all vile rascals; you are the vilest. Why, you're a thief, a liar, and an assassin! You are lying to me now. Come—the truth for once, before I give you the compote."

"As God is my judge, I'm telling you the truth," protested the soldier. "Plog me if you will—rather the compote than another night in those trenches. You know that old quinta?"

"Where Pancho Cueto made a goat of himself? Perfectly. Do you mean to say that you saw old Esteban Varona walking with his head in his hands?"

"No, but I saw that she-devil who fell in the well and broke her neck."

"Eh? When did you behold this marvel?"

"Two nights ago. She was there beside the well and her face shone through the night like a lantern. There was fire upon it. She came and went like a moth in the lamplight. I tell you I repented of my sins. Some of the men laughed at me when I told them, as they had laughed at the others. But last night two of the doubt-ers went up there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cement From Beet Sugar.

A result of experiments in French factories is the production of an excellent cement as a by-product of beet sugar refining. The first step in the production of sugar from beets is boiling them. It has heretofore been customary to throw away as valueless the scum formed on the caldrons. But it has now been discovered that this scum contains large quantities of carbonate of lime. It is estimated that 4,000 tons of the carbonates can be recovered from 70,000 tons of beets. To this quantity of the carbonate 1,100 tons of clay is added, the resultant product being a good cement. The best scum is pumped into large reservoirs and allowed to evaporate for a certain length of time before being mixed with the clay. It is then stirred or beaten for an hour before being fed into rotary ovens such as are used in making Portland cement.—The Argonaut.

Hotel Proprietor—Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the next room to yours last night?

Guest (savagely)—Enjoy it! I should say not. I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the idiot stop.

Proprietor—Why, Jones told me this morning you applauded every one of his pieces and he was going to send for some more music right away so that he could play again.

Encore.

Hotel Proprietor—Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the next room to yours last night?

Guest (savagely)—Enjoy it! I should say not. I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the idiot stop.

Proprietor—Why, Jones told me this morning you applauded every one of his pieces and he was going to send for some more music right away so that he could play again.

BIT OF GREEN

By ELSIE COLBY.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Say, girls, I hear Rob Gordon is home, and they say he has enlisted and expects to be called away any time," said Betty.

Mrs. Dale, with her three girls, Ann, Betty and Kate, were seated at the supper table. Her husband died many years before, leaving a comfortable farm, by which the Dales managed to earn their living.

Robert Gordon, whose father owned the next farm, half a mile away, had been a great chum with the girls in their early school days, but when school had ended he had gone West to live with an uncle. It was rumored that a lovers' quarrel hastened his departure.

"I should think he would have been over to see us by this time," remarked Mrs. Dale. "He always did enjoy roaming around our farm," with a glance at Ann.

"He'll be over, don't worry," Ann said aloud, and to herself, "but I'll manage not to be at home."

"You bet he will," declared Kate. "Cause I'm going over to see him tomorrow."

After the dinner dishes were washed and everything cleared away, the Dales always settled down in their comfortable sitting room. The conversation drifted to Robert Gordon and to various other topics of the day.

Finally Ann spoke up: "I'm going blueberrying tomorrow morning. Anybody want to go with me?"

"I wish I could," answered Betty, "but I've got some ironing to do."

"And I've got to finish making that blue dress of mine," answered Kate.

"Well, I guess you will have to go alone, Ann," said Mrs. Dale. "You know I never go."

The next morning Ann was up bright and early, but not before her mother, for Mrs. Dale was always up early.

With two good-sized pails Ann started off.

"Look out for snakes," was her mother's last warning.

It seemed to stay right in Ann's mind, for she was always thinking about them.

It began to get late. Ann was picking a few berries to have the pails brimful, when she spied something moving. It was green.

"A snake!" screamed Ann.

She turned and ran just as fast as she could, looking back every now and then to see if the reptile was pursuing her, when suddenly—bump! What was that? Turning her head Ann saw a fine-looking young man looking down at her.

"Why—er—er, I beg your pardon, Rob. Er—I mean Mr. Gordon," she panted.

"Oh, that's all right, Ann. Er—Miss Dale. But why the sudden rush?"

"Oh, I don't know; I'm so frightened! I was picking blueberries back there, when I saw a big green snake coming right at me, and I—ran, that's all. Please don't call me Miss Dale, Rob. Ann, if you please. Oh, I was so frightened!"

Ann swayed, but Rob caught her and by fanning her with his hat he soon brought her back to her senses again.

In her rush Ann had spilled most of her berries and Rob helped her to fill the pails again, and then accompanied her home.

As he left her at the gate he whispered: "We're all made up, aren't we, Ann?"

"I s'pose so," laughed Ann, and she tripped into the house.

"What makes you look so happy?" questioned Betty as Ann entered.

"Oh, something," she answered.

"Well, keep it," Betty pointed. "Kate went over to see Rob, but they said he had gone blueberrying. You didn't see him, did you?"

"Didn't I though?" sang Ann as she sallied into the next room.

A week later as Rob and Ann were strolling along the country road, arm in arm, and after the one word of all words, "yes," had been said, Rob questioned Ann.

"Well, dear, what do you want for your engagement gift?"

"An emerald ring," piped Ann.

"An emerald! Don't you want a diamond?"

"No, an emerald. You see, it was a green snake."

"Oh!" laughed Rob. "So that's it? Well, you shall have it."

"Well, you see, if it hadn't been for that little green snake, (Ann had fully decided it was little) why our friendship would have been broken forever, and now everything is mended. The little green snake was responsible, Rob."

Rob agreed, and true to his promise one night some days later the Dale family was again seated at the supper table.

"What's that you've got on your finger there?" asked Betty. At the same time pointing to the ring on the third finger of Ann's hand.

"Why, that's a ring," answered unconcerned Ann with a smile on her face.

"Come, now, tell us all about it," piped Kate.

Ann did. She told about the green snake and all. Mrs. Dale wasn't a bit surprised, for she had been let into the secret long ago.

The girls laughed and Betty sang out: "Oh, you little green snake!"

When Rob left to do his bit for Uncle Sam, Ann sent him away with a smile although it seemed as though her heart would break. But perhaps she thought of the little bit of green that sent her the good luck to have a soldier boy to send away with a smile.

The Kaiser as I Knew Him for Fourteen Years

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S.—American Dentist to the Kaiser from 1904 to 1918

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

PREFACE

For 14 years the Kaiser was my patient. All I know of him and all that he told me came to me while the relation of patient and dentist existed between us. For that reason I felt at first that no matter how vital to the allied cause might be the information I could give as to the Kaiser's viewpoint, ambitions, and plans, the requirements of professional ethics must seal my lips and compel me to withhold it from the world at large.

When, however, I considered the grave crisis that confronts the world and in which my own country is playing so important a part, and realized that what I knew of the Kaiser might prove of some value to civilization; I concluded that my patriotic duty was paramount and those superior to any of the ordinary demands of professional ethics.

In this conclusion I was strengthened by the urgent solicitation of the leaders of my profession who were most emphatic in their contention that my ethical qualms were entirely unwarranted in view of all the circumstances.

ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S.

CHAPTER I

"America Must Be Punished!"

When war broke out between the United States and Germany, on April 6, 1917, I was in Berlin. I had lived and practiced my profession as a dentist there for 14 years, and the Kaiser had been one of my patients during all that time.

I don't know exactly how many visits the Kaiser paid me professionally, but I know I am safe in saying they were not less than 100, and the probabilities are they were closer to 150. Almost invariably, after my work was done, the Kaiser remained anywhere from ten minutes to an hour and a half to discuss the topics of the hour with me.

When we declared war against Germany, therefore, while I was still an American citizen—as patriotic an American, I believe, as might be found anywhere—I had lived in Germany so long, had developed so many professional friendships in Germany's most favored circles and was so generally regarded as a particular favorite of the Kaiser himself, that I found it hard to realize that nevertheless I had become an alien enemy.

The same day the breaking off of diplomatic relations was announced, the German newspapers had published the provisions of an old treaty between Germany and the United States which gave Americans in Germany and Germans in America nine months after a declaration of war between the two nations within which to settle their affairs and leave the country.

"This treaty," the newspapers pointed out, "was made in the time of Frederick the Great. It has never been repealed. Germany will respect it." As there were so many more Germans in America than there were Americans in Germany, this prompt announcement of Germany's intentions regarding this treaty was quite understandable and it seemed most improbable that Germany would adopt any harsh measures toward Americans and thereby invite reprisals.

Had the situation been reversed, of course, the Germans would undoubtedly have thought it expedient to intern Americans no matter what happened to their own countrymen in America, and, in that event, this ancient treaty would have shared the fate of that which guaranteed Belgium's neutrality. One "scrap of paper" more or less would never have been allowed to interfere with Germany's destiny.

Influential Germans who called to see me professionally during that period almost invariably expressed the hope that I was not planning to leave Berlin.

"No matter what happens, doctor," they declared—"even if the worst comes to the worst and war is declared between America and Germany—you may feel quite sure the Kaiser will never let anyone harm you."

I had not let the matter rest there, however. I had called at the American embassy, where it was pointed out to me that, while diplomatic relations had been severed, it was not at all certain that war would result and there was, therefore, no reason for me to leave Berlin precipitately.

Had the Kaiser been in Berlin at the time, I might, of course, have had an opportunity to put the question to him squarely as to what my fate might be if war were declared, but he was away. The court chamberlain had been appointed but a short time before and I did not know him personally, but his predecessor, Count August von Enlenburg, one of the wisest and most respected men in Germany, was one

of my oldest patients and I decided to discuss the situation with him. Unfortunately, however, I found him too ill to receive me. He was eighty years old and, although unusually well preserved, was in no condition on this occasion to receive visitors.

Another influential patient of mine whom I sought out at this time was Ambassador von Sturm. Although he was now retired from official life, he had formerly been a powerful figure in German state circles and still kept more or less in touch with the new court chamberlain and others in high office. His nephew was under secretary of foreign affairs.

I found the ex-ambassador at his private apartment in the Adlon hotel. "What will happen to Americans," I asked, "if my country declares war against Germany?"

"That, doctor, will depend entirely upon how America treats our subjects," he replied, somewhat coldly than I had expected of him. "If America interns Germans, of course, we shall undoubtedly treat Americans the same way, and you could hardly expect any special consideration, although, if you will write a letter to the court chamberlain, who is a personal friend of mine, I shall see that he gets it."

"But, excellency," I replied, "there is a treaty between Germany and America, I understand, which gives the subjects or citizens of one country who happen to be sojourning in the other when war is declared nine months within which to close up their affairs and leave. Would not that protect me?"

"Of course, doctor," he answered, "Germany will respect the treaty if America does, and then there will be no trouble. It seems to me you must await developments and, in the meantime you have no cause for worry."

"Suppose some of your subjects in America should act up and start blowing up bridges or munition factories and should be lynched, which they probably would be," I suggested.

"What would Germany's course be?" "What Germany would do then, doctor," he replied, slowly and thoughtfully, as though such a contingency had never occurred to him before—"really, doctor, I don't know what we would do!"

This somewhat unsatisfactory interview with von Sturm might have worried me more, perhaps, had it not been for a visit I received only a day or two later from Prince von Pless, one of the Kaiser's closest friends and advisors, who called on me professionally. For a year and a half the Kaiser had had his great army headquarters at the prince's palace at Pless, in southeastern Germany, and I knew that he enjoyed his monarch's confidence.

When I asked him regarding the possible internment of Americans, he assured me that, come what might, I and my family had not the slightest reason for alarm.

"No matter what may befall other Americans, doctor," he asserted, in a confidential manner, "the Kaiser has gone on record to the effect that you and your family are not to be molested."

Another incident which made me feel that I could proceed with my preparations for leaving Berlin without undue haste was the receipt early in the year of a most extraordinary post card from the Kaiser which, it occurred to me, was quite significant as to his intentions regarding my welfare. On one side was his picture and on the other, written and signed in English in his own handwriting, was the message:

"Dear Doctor Davis:

"Wishing you a very good year for 1917."

This was the first message of its kind that I had ever received from the Kaiser. Even in peace times, the picture postals which he had sent to me from time to time and which were autographed by him, were always signed in German. When, on February 1, the Germans resumed their ruthless submarine warfare—a move which was immediately followed by the breaking off of diplomatic relations—I felt that the Kaiser must have foreseen this consequence and had sent me the postcard as an intimation that he wanted me to remain in Berlin nevertheless.

When the Germans sank the Lusitania, living and practicing in Germany lost many of their attractions for me. I made up my mind then that I would rather return home and commence my professional career all over again, if necessary, than remain in a country which could sanction such a hideous form of warfare—the wanton destruction of women and children. To that end, I went to New York in the summer of 1915 to investigate the requirements for the practice of my profession in that state. I had an Illinois license, but I wanted to be in a position to practice in New York, and the following year I went to New York again and took the state dental examination. I returned to Germany late in the autumn of 1916 and later I learned that my certificate had been granted. Then I commenced active preparations

to dispose of my German practice and return home.

My second reason for wanting to get out of Germany as soon as possible was the fact that food conditions in Germany were becoming more precarious every day. My wife and I feared that our child, who was two years old, might suffer from lack of proper nourishment if we remained and I determined that no matter how long it might be necessary for me to remain in Berlin, my wife and child at any rate should leave at the earliest possible moment.

My third reason, however, was by far the most insistent of all.

I had become convinced that what I knew of the Kaiser and his plans, now that we were at war, ought to be communicated to America without delay and that the only way to do that adequately would be to get home as soon as I possibly could, no matter what personal sacrifice might be involved in abandoning my European practice and interests.

It is true that in the early years of my relationship with the Kaiser, our conversations naturally embraced only the most general of subjects, but in later years, when he came to know me better, he cast aside all reserve and talked to me on whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time. After the war started, of course, formed the principal subject of our discussions and the part that America was playing in the conflict was frequently brought up because of the fact that I was an American.

One memorable interview I had had with him influenced me perhaps more than any other single factor to hasten the settlement of my European affairs and return home.

It was in the fall of 1916. The Kaiser had come to me for professional attention, and after my work was completed he remained to discuss some of the aspects of the war. Perhaps the fact that I had just returned from a visit to America made him more than usually eager for a chat with me.

We had discussed various phases of the war, when the Kaiser changed the subject abruptly with the question:

"Davis, what's the matter with your country?"

"In what respect, your majesty?" I asked.

"Why is it that your country is so unfair to Germany? Why do you persist in supplying munitions and money to the allies? Why doesn't your president treat the European warring nations the same as he treated Mexico by putting an embargo on munitions and letting us fight this thing out ourselves? You do not ship munitions to us, why do you ship them to the other side?"

I was on such terms with the Kaiser that I did not hesitate to answer his question with another.

"I have always understood, your majesty, that during the Russian-Japanese war, Germany continually supplied munitions to Russia. Why was that any more justifiable than America supplying munitions to the allies? Then again, in the Spanish-American war, you supplied munitions to the United States."

"Davis, you surprise me!" the Kaiser interrupted, rising from the operating chair in which he had remained, walking towards me, throwing back his shoulders and rising to his full height. "The cases are entirely different. When we helped Russia against Japan we were helping a white race against a yellow race, don't ever forget that—don't ever forget that. But with America, that is certainly not the case. Your country is acting from purely mercenary motives. It is a case of dollars, dollars, dollars!"—and each time he repeated the word he struck his partially helpless left hand violently with his powerful right. "America values dollars more than she values German lives! She thinks it right to shoot down my people!"

He had worked himself up to a degree of indignation which I had seen him display only on two or three previous occasions, and I must confess I was reluctant to start a fresh outburst by answering his arguments. His eyes, usually soft and kindly, flashed fire as he advanced towards me and slowly and incisively declared: "Davis, America—must—be—punished—for—her—actions!"

In that expression, which he repeated on subsequent occasions in precisely the same words, and with the same measured emphasis, I knew that he revealed most clearly what his attitude was and will ever be toward this country.

CHAPTER II

The Kaiser at Potsdam.

Getting out of Germany proved to be a far more difficult proposition than I had imagined.

Realizing that it would probably be several months before I could finally settle up my affairs, and that my child, who was amiable, ought to be taken out of Germany with as little delay as possible because food conditions were fast going from bad to worse, I applied to the commandantur for leave to have my wife and child go to Montreux, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland,

where I hoped to join them at the earliest possible moment and accompany them home. I did not relish the idea of their going across the ocean without me.

That was in May, 1917. Weeks passed while our application was going from one official to another, lying, perhaps for days at a time under a pile of other applications of a similar character or awaiting the investigation of our personal histories, and it was not until the end of June that we received any word regarding it. Then we learned that it had been denied.

This was my first intimation that we might have difficulty in getting out of Germany.

A day or two later, the Kaiser called on me professionally and I told him of our plight, hoping that he would intercede for us. It was the only favor of a personal character I had ever asked of him.

"My child is ailing, your majesty," I said, "and I feel that she needs a change of climate. I applied to the commandantur for leave for my wife and child to go to Montreux, but I have just heard that it has been refused!"

"Davis, I will see what I can do in the matter," he replied, reassuringly, and as he was leaving my office he turned to me and said in the presence of his two adjutants: "Regarding that matter you spoke of, leave it to me and I will see what I can do!"

The Kaiser's influence would readily solve our problem, I thought, and I was very much relieved. Two days later, however, I received a letter from Count von Moltke, one of the Kaiser's adjutants, stating that the Kaiser had spoken to him regarding the Switzerland project, but, under the circumstances, it was out of the question. If, however, my child's condition were such as to make a change of climate really necessary, he added, the Kaiser suggested that a trip to the Austrian Tyrol might perhaps be arranged, as the climate there was just as good as that of Switzerland, but before permission would be granted for that trip it would be necessary to obtain a certificate from the district doctor stating that it was necessary.

As the food situation in Austria was just as bad as it was in Germany, if not worse, that idea didn't appeal to me at all, and I went immediately to the commandantur and explained the situation to them.

When they saw Count von Moltke's letter the officer in charge threw up his hands.

"That's final," he declared. "That comes from a higher authority than ours. It is useless to pursue the matter any further. We received a communication from his majesty regarding your case, but the matter was left entirely to our discretion. It was not a command, only a request from his majesty. A command, of course, would have been different."

Then I applied for a pass for my wife, child and myself to go to America. They pointed out at the commandantur that as my wife's application to leave Berlin preceded mine, it was possible she would be allowed to leave before me. I told the officer that that would suit me admirably, as I wanted the pass for Mrs. Davis and the child granted at the earliest possible moment regardless of what action might be taken on my own application.

Again there followed a long period of anxious waiting while the German red tape slowly unwound, but eventually, in September, we received word that Mrs. Davis and the child might leave Berlin for Copenhagen between October 10 and 12. They left on the tenth.

A day or two later commenced the German offensive against Riga on the Baltic. Within three or four days the Germans captured successively the Oesel, Runo, Ohro and Moon islands in the Gulf of Riga and then carried their invasion to the mainland. Their apparent objective was Petrograd and on October 19 the Russians announced that the seat of the government would be removed from Petrograd to Moscow.

These successes on the Baltic failed to overcome the depression in Germany caused by the serious internal situation in Austria at this period. Munition factories were being wrecked by hunger-crazed and war-weary strikers and the populace was being shot down in great numbers in the food riots which developed in various parts of Austria. Not since the war began had the outlook been so discouraging for the Germans.

Then, on October 24, just as things were looking their blackest, the great German-Austrian offensive against the Italians was swept out of Austria and the Teutons pressed forward to the passes west of the Isonzo river leading to the Venetian plains. By the end of October the Italian armies were in full retreat. Before this offensive was over the Germans captured, they claimed, no less than 300,000 prisoners and several thousand big guns, besides vast stores of munitions and supplies.

The exultation of the Germans over the triumph of their armies in Italy knew no bounds. While it was at its

height I had an interview with the Kaiser which will ever remain one of the most vivid in my memory.

It was about three-thirty one Sunday morning when I was aroused by a maid who, in an awe-stricken tone of voice, announced that the Neue Palais, the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, was on the phone. I went to the telephone and was informed that the Kaiser was suffering from a bad toothache and would send his auto for me within an hour or so.

I got up at once and packed my instruments, and at six-thirty the car, a big gray Mercedes limousine, arrived. Besides the chauffeur there was an outrider carrying the bugle whose distinctive notes only the Kaiser may use.

While the Shell room and other state rooms were accessible to visitors before the war, no one was ever permitted to visit the private apartments of the Kaiser upstairs.

On this occasion, however, I was guided right through the Shell room, through a door opening on the left and up a wide staircase to the Kaiser's garderie, or dressing room.

There I found breakfast ready for me. It consisted of real coffee, real white bread, butter, marmalade, sugar, cream and cold meats. It was the first food of the kind I had eaten in some time and practically no one in Germany outside the royal family and the junkers was any better off than I in that respect.

While I was breakfasting, the Kaiser was dressing. His valet entered several times I noticed, to take out articles of clothing from the massive wardrobes which lined the room. I had just completed my meal when I received word that my patient was ready to receive me.

As I entered the Kaiser's bedroom he was standing in the center of the room, fully attired in an army gray uniform but without his sword. He looked more haggard than I had ever seen him except once in 1915. Lack of sleep and physical pain were two things with which he had had very little experience, and they certainly showed their effects very plainly.

"He didn't seem to be in the best of humor but greeted me cordially enough and shook hands."

"In all my life, Davis," he said, "I have never suffered so much pain."

I expressed my sorrow and started to improvise a dental chair out of an upholstered armchair on which I placed some pillows and, as the Kaiser sat down, he laughingly remarked:

"Look here, Davis, you've got to do something for me. I can't fight the whole world, you know, and have a toothache!"

When I was through and his pain was relieved, his spirits seemed to re- vive appreciably, and he explained why it was he was so anxious to have his tooth trouble removed as quickly as possible.

"I must go down to Italy, Davis," he said, "to see what my noble troops have accomplished. My gracious, what we have done to them down there! Our offensive at Fiume was just a feat. We had advertised our intended offensive in Italy so thoroughly that the Italians thought we couldn't possibly intend to carry it through. For three months it was common talk in Germany, you remember, that the great offensive would start in October, and so the Italians believed it was all a bluff and when we advanced on Fiume they were sure of it. They thought we were so occupied there that we could pay no attention to them, and so we caught them napping!"

The Kaiser's face fairly beamed as he dwelt on the strategy of his generals and the successful outcome of their Italian campaign.

"For months Italy had been engaged in planting her big guns on the mountain-tops and gathering mountains of ammunition and supplies and food and hospital supplies in the valleys below, in preparation for their twelfth Isonzo offensive."

"We let them go ahead and waited patiently for the right moment. They thought that their contemplated offensive must inevitably bring our weaker neighbor to her knees and force her to make a separate peace!" By "our weaker neighbor" the Kaiser, of course, referred to Austria, and how accurate was his information regarding Italy's expectations and how easily they might have been realized were subsequently revealed by the publication of that famous letter from Kaiser Kari to Prince Sextus.

In the next installment, Doctor Davis tells of the Kaiser's dual personality, showing how the war, while not changing, uncovered the emperor's true character. Don't miss this interesting study of the German "war lord."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Home-Made Plaster. Holes in plaster walls may be stopped with a mixture of sand and plaster of paris mixed into a paste with water. When dry cover with a piece of paper to match the wall.

DAIRY FACTS

RENTING FARM FOR DAIRYING

Half-and-Half System Proves Most Successful in Representative Section Near Chicago.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

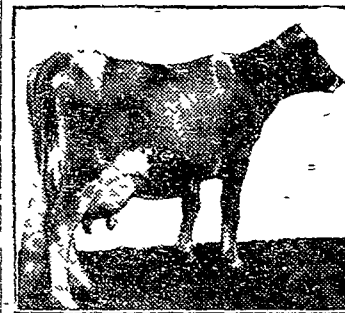
The so-called half-and-half system is the most common in use and the most satisfactory in renting dairy farms in representative dairy regions near Chicago, studied by farm management specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Generally speaking, under this system the landlord supplies the land, the tenant the labor, and each shares the expenses and income equally. The study was made on 143 farms in Green county, Wisconsin, and Kane county (the Elgin district), Illinois, where dairying is a comparatively old, well-developed and profitable industry. In the report of the study, published as Bulletin 603, of the department, it is brought out that while this system is particularly applicable to the regions studied, it is believed to be suitable in dairy sections generally.

Under the half-and-half system the landlord furnishes the land, buildings, the greater part of the seed and fertilizer, and half the productive stock, while the tenant furnishes horses, machinery, half of the productive stock, part of the seed, and sometimes part of the fertilizer. All stock is fed usually from the grain and hay owned in common. When a feed of any kind is bought, its cost is shared equally between the landlord and tenant. In general, each party pays the taxes on all property owned by him, including the farm road tax, though in many cases in the North Central states all the farm road tax is worked out by the tenant.

Under this system the poultry frequently is owned exclusively, in limited numbers, by the tenant, and he gets the proceeds therefrom, but with this exception, each party generally receives half of the proceeds of farm sales of all products of whatever nature.

Less frequently dairy farms are share-rented on the third system, the landlord supplying everything but the man-power, which is furnished by the tenant, and getting two-thirds of the sales of all products while the tenant receives one-third. When feed is purchased the tenant pays one-third of the cost.

The length of lease in the regions studied ranges from one to five years. In the Wisconsin district 76 per cent of the leases were for one year only, none being for a longer period than three years, while in the Illinois district 63 per cent of the leases were for one year. In the Wisconsin group 27 per cent and in the Illinois group 25 per cent of the leases were verbal. Seventy five per cent of the farm income on the farms of the Wisconsin



Splendid Heavy Milk-Producing Type

group and 85 per cent on those of the Illinois group was from dairy cattle and dairy products. In the Wisconsin group 21.5 per cent of the cows were home-raised heifers that became fresh during the year; 18.9 per cent of the herds were discarded or sold as dairy cows. The farmers prefer to raise their cows instead of buying them, and on over half of the farms studied there were pure-bred Holstein bulls. In the Illinois group 8 per cent of the cows were home-raised heifers with first calves, while 27.6 per cent of the herds were discarded, indicating that this is a dairy-cow purchasing region.

FEW "DON'TS" FOR DAIRYMEN

Overfeeding Causes More Stunted Calves Than Underfeeding—Feed Them in Stanchions.

In rearing and developing dairy heifers:

- Don't overfeed. Twice as many calves are stunted by overfeeding as by underfeeding.
- Don't change suddenly from whole to skim milk.
- Don't keep calves in damp, dark, crowded, poorly ventilated barns.
- Don't feed milk in dirty pails.
- Don't be irregular as to the time of feeding, temperature or amount of milk.
- Don't feed too much alfalfa hay before the calf is three months old.
- Don't let calves suck each other after drinking milk. They should be placed in stanchions and fed grain.
- Don't make calves go without water.

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Marjorie Black was home from Lansing over Sunday.

Mrs. Edward Martin of Wixom was a Northville visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Floyd Jackson of Pinckney was a Sunday guest at the F. S. Neal home.

George VanVleet is at Adrian this week with a "string" of race horses.

Carroll Ambler left Wednesday for Howe, Indiana, where he will attend school.

Dr. Malloy and family have returned from a two weeks' sojourn at Whitefish Lake.

Mrs. Frank Terrill has been entertaining her cousin, Mrs. DeWitt of Ovid this week.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy of Cleveland, O.

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.
THE DETROIT



Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, September 23.

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.

—Advt.

is visiting the Filkins families for a couple of weeks or more.

Mrs. Nora VanSickle and Mrs. Don VanSickle visited the latter's husband at Camp Custer over Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. Nims of Detroit has been at the Tremper home here this week, caring for her sister, Miss Ostrander.

Granville Wood of Detroit who was an organ manufacturer here many years ago, was a Northville visitor Monday.

Mrs. Albert Dickerson and two children of Mt. Pleasant were Monday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark.

Mrs. Julia Brigham expects to leave Saturday for her daughter's home in Kenton, O. where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark entertained Mrs. Clark's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Bullen of Detroit, for the week-end.

Mrs. W. G. Stephens of Cheboygan, the wife of a former popular pastor of the Northville Methodist church, visited Mrs. C. J. Ball Wednesday and Thursday.

David Gage, Randall Chapman and Mrs. Helen Welsh were at Walled Lake Saturday to attend the annual home-coming, which brought the usual large attendance and enjoyable time.

Mrs. Leroy Childs is at the home of her father, Dr. Schuyler for an indefinite stay. Her husband, Dr. Childs, is in the U. S. service, with the rank of Captain, and is stationed for the present at the Rockefeller Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Herrick of Detroit

were week-end guests at the home of Joe Montgomery.

Mrs. Ida McBride is visiting friends at Durand.

Mrs. Henry Ballard of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cobb, Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Scotten and two children recently left for California, where they will spend several months.

SOLDIER ITEM.

M. F. Bates, whose enlistment in the Canadian army was noted in this paper a few months ago, has received his honorable discharge because of illness and has returned to his home here. Mr. Bates is the Michigan-born man who became a British subject some years ago through naturalization, by reason of taking up a farm in the Canadian Northwest, and after having disposed of it had neglected to resume his American citizenship by legal process.

Mark Riser of Novi, for some years a resident of Northville, also a graduate of the Northville High school class of '06, who enlisted in the U. S. navy four months ago, is a member of Co. 547, Reg. 14, Camp Boone, Great Lakes, Ill. Mark began trying to enlist over a year before he finally succeeded in getting into the service.

A letter received from C. D. Kilgus of Co. E, 124th Infantry, states that they expect to leave Camp Wheeler this week, and that he will not be able to get home to see his friends, as he had hoped. He sends best regards to all his Northville friends.

William Hills of Co. B, 108th Supply train visited his home relatives here from 1 a. m. to 2.30 a. m. Monday morning taking the opportunity while in Detroit for a few hours en route to Alma with a truck train.

Carl VanValkenburg of Taylor Field Montgomery, Ala. leaves Northville Saturday to return to his military duties after a week's furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory VanValkenburg have been notified of the arrival of their son, Milo overseas.

Robert Limbriht of Selfridge Field was home over Sunday.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS' RE-UNION.

The annual two-days' reunion of the Andersonville Prisoners' association of the 22nd Michigan Infantry of the Civil war, is being held this week, Sept. 19-20, (anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Goodell on Cady street. The association has a surviving membership of 20 or 25 veterans who endured the hardships of the infamous prison during the '60's. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Mead assisted in providing entertainment for the members who spent the night in town.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor.)

"There are three kinds of people in our churches today. The rowboat people, who always need to be pushed and pulled and urged along; the sailboat people, who go only when there is a favorable wind; and the steamboat people, who go along bravely and steadily whatever the wind or weather in which class are you?"

Sunday morning at ten "The Man Who Went Out." The Sunday following we'll talk about his coming back.

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock

In the evening at 7:30: "Thy Neighbor."

Prayer meeting next Thursday evening in our church.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The Church Around the Corner." Sunday morning service at 10.00 o'clock.

Sunday school at 11:30. Epworth League at 6:30.

No preaching service at night.

Equal Suffrage meeting in Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon.

Union prayer meeting Thursday night in Methodist church.

WAR MUCH WORSE

THAN SHERMAN SAID

(Continued from page 1).

larily relish passing through it, but I finally did start out. I would run a few feet and then drop flat while a shell whistled over me. I wish I could describe the feeling I had. Cy-clones aren't in it with those big 210's. After 10 hours, which was really ten minutes, I reached the trench and rested before starting back with the officer. We made the trip back

safely, although I don't know how we missed the shells. But lots of things have happened since that were just luck—nothing else. That afternoon we went over and made a good advance—although at some cost. However, we didn't let Fritz stop long enough to dig in, but kept pushing him back till our own legs ached from running after him. It wasn't exactly a rout though. Every few yards the boche would plant some machine guns—sacrifice guns—to harass our advance. The machine gunner was often chained to his gun so he could not retreat—he could only fight till he was killed because he was usually under the impression that the Americans cut the throats of all prisoners. Some of these gunners were women. In one town where our casualties were quite heavy, eight German machine guns were placed in the tower of a church, and a large Red Cross flag displayed. When the deception was discovered they didn't need the services of first-aid men. It's a cinch that Gen. Sherman was tongue-tied. It's worse than hell. We killed men and saved men for 7 long days and nights, till we were all completely exhausted. Half the band, wounded and sent to the hospital, were sent to the hospital. The grave itself does not wounded and shell shocked, and on the last day one of our number was killed. A dugout where we had been around it. Regards to all.

resting caved in under a direct hit I had left the dugout only a few minutes before to look for something to eat, and while I was away 3 officers and about 15 men were killed there. The doctor in charge of my battalion knew I had been in the building and naturally assumed I was among the dead. We were relieved that night, and Dr. Williams, who is from Alpena, and an old friend, immediately wrote his wife that I was killed. I met him today and he thought he saw a ghost, and hastened to explain what he had done. So it is up to me to get a wire home somehow. And I just this second thought how it could be done! I will write to your correspondent in Paris. Even officers are having difficulties cabling, and it would probably be impossible for me but for one thing, and I will write them tonight, and I had better cut this short so as to get a letter off to Goetz Freres, Paris, to cable you tonight. Will write again soon. Yours, etc.,

Musician KARL H. BRYAN,

125th U. S. Inf., Headquarters Co.

Band, Amer. Ex. E. A. P. 9784.

Visited the grave of Quentin Roosevelt, his wrecked plane, completely exhausted. Half the band, wounded and sent to the hospital, were sent to the hospital. The grave itself does not wounded and shell shocked, and on the last day one of our number was killed. A dugout where we had been around it. Regards to all.

FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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

RECORD LINERS PAY-TRY ONE.



FLOWERS

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the 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,

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,

Commissioners.

7-10

SPECIAL FOR FAIR WEEK

If in need of Good Linen Table Cloth, Try

THE WHITE HOUSE

2 1/2 yards long, \$5.50, \$6.50 and \$7.50

Ladies' Flannel Gowns—good supply at present—going fast. Cannot replace them cheaper than the goods are sold by the yard.

All Wool Fleisher's Yarn, Grey and Kaki. We have a limited supply. The government has taken over all yarns in the wholesale houses. We cannot buy another pound—so buy early.

EDWIN WHITE

NORTHVILLE, MICH. DRY GOODS.

Alseium Theatre

ALL FAIR WEEK

Starting Monday, September 23

Henderson Stock Co.

OPENING PLAY

MONDAY NIGHT

A MAN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

ADMISSION, 15C, 25C, 35C.

Seats on sale at Murdock's Drug Store—Saturday

At the Church Street Garage

I SELL THE FAMOUS

Palmer Safety Cord Tubes

ALL SIZES

Also Tires and Supplies of All Kinds

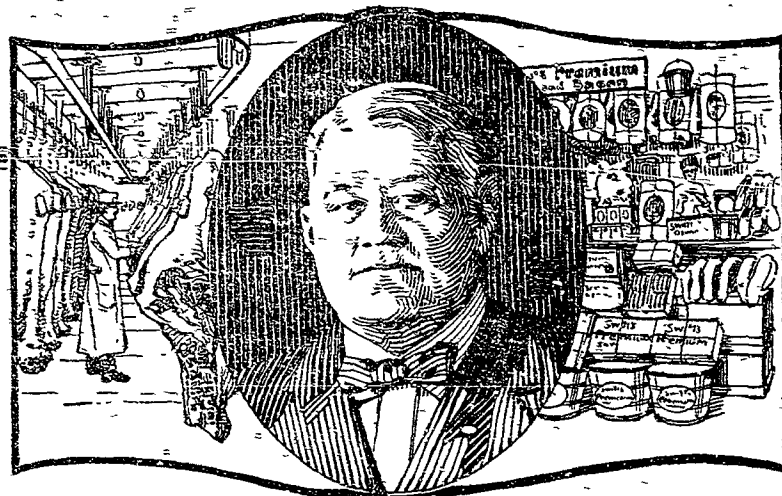
for your Auto

HIGH GRADE OILS AND GREASES

Water White Kerosene Oil for your Cook Stove

OPEN ALL THE TIME

CHURCH STREET GARAGE



The Branch House Man

This is one of the Swift & Company Branch House Men.

They are all pretty much alike in the way they feel toward their work—and that is what this ad is about.

They know that most people couldn't get such good meat promptly and in good condition if it weren't for the branch houses of which they are in charge.

They know that the branch house is one of the most important links in the chain of preparing and distributing meat for a nation.

They know that Swift & Company must have its branch houses run at the highest notch of usefulness; that even a Swift &

Company branch house won't run itself, and that it is up to the branch house man to run it properly.

Any branch house man who doesn't see his work in this light is transferred to some other place with Swift & Company to which he is better adapted.

They are picked men, these branch house men. Every time you sit down to a steak or chop, or cut of roast, you can give a grateful thought to the whole crew of them.

And remember, in a general way, that everything that makes life smoother and more convenient for you, is the result of the thoughtfulness and effort of a lot of people of whom you have never heard.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

