

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX, NO. 21.

THE RECORD - NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

WHY NOT TELL US?

Again, for the "empty-umth" time, the Record calls attention to the fact that its office force is neither omnipresent or omniscient. Often some one says, "I have been 'way' on my journey," or "I have been awfully sick," or "I had a housefull of company," or "I had a party," and "you never mentioned it in your paper at all." No, doubt you did, and no doubt we didn't, but it was just because we didn't know about it. Again, some one will say, "I would have given you some items last week but I didn't know just how to write them up." This latter kind of communication makes us wonder if those good people think that our personal and local items are all written up by the folks to whom they refer. As a matter of fact, those whose items are used verbatim are limited to very few, but that makes no difference; we appreciate them just exactly as much. The facts are what we want. Names plainly written, the places from which your visitors come, when they came or went, etc., etc. Tell us about it and we will do the rest and thank you in behalf of our readers and ourselves.

REWARD OFFERED.

The Board of County Road Commissioners is offering a reward of \$25 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons destroying or in any way damaging any of the highway signs that have been erected throughout Wayne county. In some places the signs, put up at considerable expense, have been interfered with as above mentioned, and the vandalism must be stopped immediately.

K. F. DINNER TUESDAY NIGHT.

Next Tuesday night at 6:30 the K. F. will have a goose or turkey dinner on the occasion of their annual meeting. All members and all former members are asked to be present.

PATRIOTIC FUND PLEDGES.

W. J. Lanning will be at the Lapham State Savings bank next Saturday December 14, and Monday, December 16, and Tuesday, December 17, to receive payments on Patriotic Fund pledges.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

I will be at the Northville State Savings bank Tuesdays, beginning December 19, and Saturdays, December 14, 21, including Saturday evenings, for collection of taxes.

C. F. CASTERLINE,

20 tf-c. Township Treasurer.

NOTICE TO NOVI TAXPAYERS.

I will be at Wixom December 17, 24 and 31; Novi, December 19, 26; January 2; Lapham State Savings bank, Northville, December 21, 28, January 4, 1919, hours, 10:30 to 2:30, for the purpose of collecting taxes.

JAS. N. ERWIN,

21w1c. Treas. Novi Township.

REFUSED OR NEGLECTED TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE UNITED WAR FUND FOR OAKLAND COUNTY.

The following residents of Novi Township refused or neglected to subscribe to the United War Fund for Oakland County and the Novi Board declares that in its belief they are able to do so.

The names are hereby authorized to be published in the Northville Record and are as follows:

George Bentley. Fuerst-Brothers.
Ed. Halsted. William Taft.
Joe Holman. Frank Pratt.
James Shaw. Sam Spencer.
Dandison Brothers. William Dingman.

(Signed):

DAN MATTHEWS,
H. M. BOGART,
F. W. DUFFEE,
L. B. FLINT,
FRANK D. CLARK,
EARL BANKS,
J. O. MUNRO,
JAS. N. ERWIN,
ED. SEELEY,
JOHN E. WEDOW,
GEO. NEWBOUND,
F. E. PEARSALL,
FRANK HAMILTON,
E. J. VER DUYN,
ALEX. CHRISTENSEN,
CHAS. HARMON,
NOVI WAR BOARD.

Dated, Novi, Mich., Dec. 3, 1918.

OUR CALENDARS FOR 1919.

Already the Record has received a number of inquiries concerning its Annual Gift of Calendars to Subscribers. The answer is that, between Christmas and New Years we expect to have a limited number of Calendars for paid-in-advance Subscribers ONLY. None will be given out to children under any circumstances whatever. If you want one of our Calendars see that the above conditions are strictly complied with.

THE LOCAL "FLU" SITUATION.

Health Officer, Dr. Schuyler, has received notice from the State Board of Health that strict quarantine of all influenza cases must be inaugurated and enforced to the letter from now on, and that all physicians must immediately report the cases under their care, to the local health officer, who, in turn is obliged to report to the state board. If the epidemic, which has taken a new start here as in other places, is not at once checked under the quarantine system, the closing of all public places will be again put in force by state orders. The situation appears to be well under control locally, at present, with but half a dozen homes or so placarded. It is currently stated, however, that there are many mild cases which have not been reported, either because a physician has not been called or because if called, he has not notified the health officer. It would scarcely seem as if any doctor would thus endanger lives, as fatal results might very easily ensue by contagion from even mild cases. Northville has been very fortunate, so far, compared to many other localities, and it is hoped that a proper precautions will be taken to preserve such comparative immunity from fatalities due to this dangerous disease.

RED CROSS NOTES.

As everybody probably knows by this time, next week in the time for the nation-wide Red Cross Christmas Roll Call. A committee of 15 ladies of the Northville Red Cross society will start in the first of the week to canvass the village and township of Northville. Everybody be prepared to become a Red Cross member for 1919. Those who have subscribed to the Patriotic Fund and have paid their pledges, will obtain their Red Cross membership without further payment.

CHRISTMAS CHINA.

Mrs. T. H. Turner will have her customary supply of hand-painted china on sale during the holiday season, at Mrs. McCully's millinery store on Main street. The usual variety of beautiful and useful articles will be obtainable.

RECORD LINERS PAY-TRY ONE.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

(Parents, relatives or friends, are requested to furnish correct addresses, where errors occur, and to keep the Record posted as to any changes.)

Ambler, Roy—Eng. Corps, A. E. F., via Paris, France.
Alexander, Leslie—Co. B, 56th Ammunition Train, Camp Eustis, Va.
Beckman, Donald A.—Great Lakes Training Sta., Ill.
Bryan, Karl H.—39th Artillery Brigade, C. A. C. Headquarters, Dept. A. E. F.
Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery Corps, C. A. C., A. E. F.
Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.
Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
Buckley, Clifford—Ordnance Dept., Detroit.
Brassow, Wm. C.—Co. A, 301 W. S. T. Camp, Holabird, Baltimore, Md.
Curtis, Clark—S. A. T. C., Sutherland, Florida.
Cowell, Wesley—3rd Co., 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Hancock, Ga.
Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
Cram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.
Casterline, Orrin, Sergt.—Eng. Camp Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Motor Truck Co. 553, Camp Lonesome, Alexandria, Va.
Chapman, Milo—Co. D, 338th Inf. Amer. Exp. Forces.
Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F. Cole, Floyd—24 Co. 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Dickerson, James R.—Co. A, 323 Machine Gun Bn., Am. E. F., A. P. O. 762.
Dunham, Scott H.—Dixon, Ross M., 1st Sergt., Returned Dept. 774, A. P. O. A. E. F.
Dubay, James F., First Sergt., Co. F, 10th Eng. (Borist) American E. F. Desautels, Raymond C., Lieut.—Park Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.
Desautels, Leo A.—Philadelphia Navy Yards, Barracks 210, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dailey, Morris L.—Providence, Rhode Island, 223 Federal Bldg.
Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng., A. E. F.
Ely, Claude—37th Co., 10th Recruit Bn., Camp Syracuse, N. Y.
Fox, Walter—Co. H, 1st, A. E. F. Foss, Paul, Corporal—Co. I, 538th Inf., 35th Div., A. E. F.
Foss, Vm.—U. S. S. Orion, care postmaster, N. Y.
Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., 65. Co., Light Tanks, Camp Summerall, Tobyhanna, Pa.
Freyd, Chas.—S. N. T. C., Ann Arbor.
Garfield, Truman—155th Aero Squad., care U. S. A. S., 35 Eaton Place, London, England.
Green, Lloyd—C. Co., U. S. M. G. Bn., American E. F.
Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.
Greene, Norton, Corporal—Co. F, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.
Hunt, Harry E.—Motor Trans. Corps, Ft. Sheridan, Illinois.
Hyde, Alfred C.—Co. A, 343 Bn., Tank Service, Camp Polk, Raleigh, N. C.
Hutton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C. A. E. F., via New York.
Hall, Frank N.—Hall, Lon O.—Co. D, 340th Inf. Camp A. E. F., via New York.
Henry Thos. B., Major—Hospital Aberdeen, Md.
Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 380th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.
Heaney, Spencer J.—Camp Med. Supply Dept., Camp Custer.
Hills, William—Co. B, 106 Supply train, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.
Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck, A. E. F.
Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, A. E. F.
Jordan, Ralph B.—Field Artillery, A. E. F.
Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf., American E. F.
Jones, Wm. T., Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. Bn., A. E. F.
Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th Aero Sq., Payne Field, West Point, Miss.
Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Kestell, Stanley J., Sergt.—Co. C, S. N. T. C., East Lansing, Mich.
Kidd, Archie—Med. Dept., Amer. Exp. Forces, France.
Kyor, James D., Corporal—323 Headquarters Co. Field Art., A. E. F.
Kyor, Asa B., Corporal—6 Co., 3rd

Regt. Motor Mechanics Air Service, A. E. F., via New York.
Klein, Homer.
Kuehler, Walter—Ord. Dept., Combat Train, 44th Artillery, C. A. C., A. E. F. O. 719, A. E. F.
Lanning, Floyd—S. N. T. C., Ann Arbor.
Lapham, Luther B.—11th Co., 3rd Regiment Bn., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
Levenworth, Loren F.—Co. C, 21st Machine Gun Bn., American Expeditionary Forces, France.
Long, Archie—1st Co., 1st Bn., 160th Depot Brigade, 10th tent, Camp Custer.
Lyke, Ralph—Co. A, 2nd Bn., Heavy Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.
Langfield, Conrad, Lieut.—Sanitary Corps, Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.
Lambright, Robert A.—Squad E, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Lanning, Orrin—U. S. S. Michigan New York City, care postmaster.
Miles, Chas. E.—Chf. Co. E, 55th T. Bn., S. E. A. E. F.
Martin, Edward U.—102 Aero Squadron, A. P. O. 717, A. E. F. France.
Montgomery, Earl, Sergeant—Co. F, 210th Eng. A. P. O. 737 A. E. F.
Murphy, Chas. F., First Lieut., 34th Reg. Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.
Malcomson, Leo, Top Sergt.—Co. H, 55th Inf., A. E. F.
Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 328th Field Artillery, Amer. Exp. Forces.
Morse, Charles W.—Co. 578, Bar. 9, Great Lakes, Ill.
Murray, Wm. Foster—Receiving Ship Bay Ridge Barracks A. 2, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Montgomery, Scott—S. A. T. C.—Ann Arbor.
Miller, Wendell—S. A. T. C. Ann Arbor.
Moyer, John L.—P. S. Hospital, Ft. Barry, Calif.
Newman, Alan—19th Rec. Squadron Aviation Section, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
Perkins, Peter L.—Eng. Reg. band, A. E. F.
Ransom, Louis T.—Headquarters Co., 325 Reg. U. S. M. C., A. E. F.
Raymond, Fred—F. S. Santo Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y.
Ryder, Ralph W., Sergt.—E. A. School of Instruction, A. P. O. No. 722, A. E. F. France.
Roche, Barney—Co. B, 16th Reg. Eng., American E. F.
Roche, James—Eng., A. E. F. Richmond, Harold—24th Co. 2, N. Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Simmons, George, Sergeant—Co. E, 310th Eng. A. E. F., A. P. O. 769.
Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.
Schultz, Charles A., Corporal—12th Co. 1st Reg. Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.
Stark, Daniel J.—Co. E, Sec. A, M. A. C., S. A. T. C., E. Lansing.
Stage, L. D.—Corporal—Ben'l Hospital No. 9, Educational Dept., Lakewood.
Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. 4, American E. F. France.
Stimpson, Reid—Co. 30, Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Simmons, Harry M.—488 Overseas Casualty Co. No. 1437713, A. E. F.
Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., A. C. 330 Inf., A. E. F.
Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.
Thomas, George—Co. C, 338th Inf., 85th Div., A. E. F.
Taft, Gerald—S. N. T. C., Ann Arbor.
Teshka, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via N. Y.
Tibbitts, Harold J.—10th Machine Gun Bn., Headquarters American E. F.
Turner, Harold E.—River Rouge, Mich.
Traynor, Mortimer—77th Inf., 559 Bar., Camp Custer.
Thompson, Clarence—325th Field Hospital, 207 Sanitary Train, P. O. 742, A. E. F.
VanSickle, Don—14th French Motor Battery, Bldg. 1183, Camp Custer.
VanValkenburg, Carl—D. Corporal—Med. Dpt., Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
VanSickle, Harry—Bare Hospital, No. Ward 34, Camp Merritt, N. J.
VanValkenburg, Floyd H.—328th Inf., Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Custer.
VanValkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler Northern Bombing Groups, A. P. O., No. 4, A. E. F. France.
VanValkenburg, Milo T.—Co. F, 27th Engineers, A. E. F., A. P. O. 714.
VanValkenburg, Franklin W.—40 M. G. Bn., Co. B, Camp Custer.
White, Wm. H.—8th Co., M. T. D. Group 1, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Wilcox, Oswald—131st Co.; 8th Bn., 160th Depot Brigade.
Wood, Harold E.—U. S. S. Massachusetts, care Postmaster General, New York City.
Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.
Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.
Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal B. N., A. E. F.
Williams, Ruel G.—Ambulance Co. No. 163, 17 Sanitary Train A. E. F.
Whipple, Asa—Naval Detachment, E. Lansing, Mich.
White, Harry H.—Walter Reed Sanatorium, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.
White, Harold—Reg. 19, Camp Ross, Co. 503, Barracks 1063, Great Lakes, Illinois.
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
Wilcox, Oswald L.—46th Co., 13 Bn., 160 D. B., Recruit, Camp Custer.
Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Wheeler, Arthur F.—A. E. F.
Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, Engineers, A. E. F.
Yerkas, Joseph A.
* Deceased.

APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY.



Carpet Sweepers. Food Choppers. Carring Sets. Granite Roasters. Alum. Salt & Pepper Sets. Safety Razors. Boys' Axes. Regular Razors. Razor Hones. Rayo Oil Lamp. Shaving Brushes. Child's Knives and Forks. Express Wagons. Baby Push Sleds. Washing Machines. Clothes Wringers. Ever-Ready Safety Razors. Flash Lights & Batteries. Perfection Oil Heaters. Thermos Lunch Kits. Thermos Bottles. Table Spoons. Nut Picks and Cracks. Glass Baking Dishes. Photograph and Records. Casseroles. Fish Rods, Reels & Tackle. Guns, Rifles & Revolvers. Roller Skates. Base Ball Goods. Steering Sleds. Thermometers. Tea Spoons. Berry Spoons. Child's Spoons. Dessert Spoons. Crumb Sets. Coaster Sleds. Percolators. Express Wagons. Ice Skates. Butcher Knives. Auto Spot-Lamps. Auto Robes. Auto Tires & Tubes. Auto Chains. Auto Pumps. Tire Gauges. Nickel-Plated Coffee Percolator. Nickel-Plated Tea Pots. Nickel-Plated Coffee Pots. Nickel-Plated Nut Picks. Aluminum Ware. Clauss Shears. Toy Wheelbarrows. Bicycles & Sundries. Shot Guns. Air Guns. Jack Knives. Velocipedes. Asbestos Sad Irons. Dustless Mops. Toy Blackboards. Manicure Sets. Stoves and Ranges.

Anything in the Hardware Line.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



DID YOU SAVE FOR CHRISTMAS?

A little each week placed in this bank or a little each month will make returns that will flow out for you on Christmas day in a glad some and surprising manner. Interest at 3 per cent.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK Northville, Mich.

GIFTS FOR "HIM" AND GIFTS FOR "HER"

Parisian Ivory, Perfume, Books, Stationery, Candy, Flashlights, Safety Razors, Brushes, Shaving Mirrors, Cigars, Kodaks, Fountain Pens, Thermos Bottles. We now have on display a complete line of Xmas Booklets and Dennison's Gift Dressings. TIME IS SHORT Make Your Selection NOW.

A. E. STANLEY The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

Writer "Unhoned and Unsung." Perhaps no other American has left such a mass of clever writing, evolved through a life of thoughtful research and curious reflection, and has died so unrecognized by the public, educated or otherwise, as Henry Adams, says Henry Osborn Taylor, in the Atlantic Monthly. A born "intellectual," Adams was a virtuoso in writing, caring always for form, and possessing an in-born of sedulously acquired aptitude for the phrase and for the artistic paragraph. Perhaps his most notable work was a nine-volume "History of the United States, 1807-1817," with its ancillary "Lives of Albert Gallatin and John Randolph."

Adams avoided recognition willfully, not merely from the thoughtless, but from the sincerely thoughtful; and purposely he carried oblivion to a grave that has no stone to mark his name. He is an example as extraordinary as he is unique.

No Mother to Guide Her. "I've must have had a pretty difficult time raising Cain," said the facetious one.

"In what way?" asked the chap who never missed a chance for a lead.

"Well, imagine trying to devise a relief remedy for colic and worms without the assistance of the old folks."

Flattering. Edith—What makes you think Jack loves me so desperately?

Maud—Oh, a thousand things! He always looks so pleased for instance, when you sing and play—Boston Evening Transcript.

Cuticura Heals Itching Burning Skin Troubles. All Druggists, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HAD EXAMPLE BEFORE HIM. Lop-Eared Youth "Could Not Doubt That Some People Could Speak Fast Without Stuttering."

A venerable citizen of the Straddle Ridge neighborhood entered a luncheon in Polkville, dragging after him a gauner-necked, lop-eared youth.

"What kind of pie have ye got yere?" he asked of the brisk waitress.

"Peach, apple, mince, raisin, pinks, apricot, mince, raisin and coker-nut-custard!" she answered with considerable rapidity.

"Put!—which?" returned the old fellow.

The young lady repeated the list with still greater speed.

"Please say that over ag'in, if you'd jest 'as liv'!" requested the ancient man.

"Say, looker here!" demanded the waitress. "Can't you understand anything?"

"Oh, yes; I understand all right!" he turned to the lop-eared youth.

"There now, Emmett?" he triumphantly said. "You see, it's jest as I told you; a person kin talk as fast as he pleases without stutterin', if he'll only take keer!"—Judge.

Not Frederick! "You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"

"M'm!" she ejaculated, turning to look at the little meek man sitting behind her. "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me."

A Good Match. "When I get a car, I want one which will suit me." "Then, my dear, you had better get a runabout."

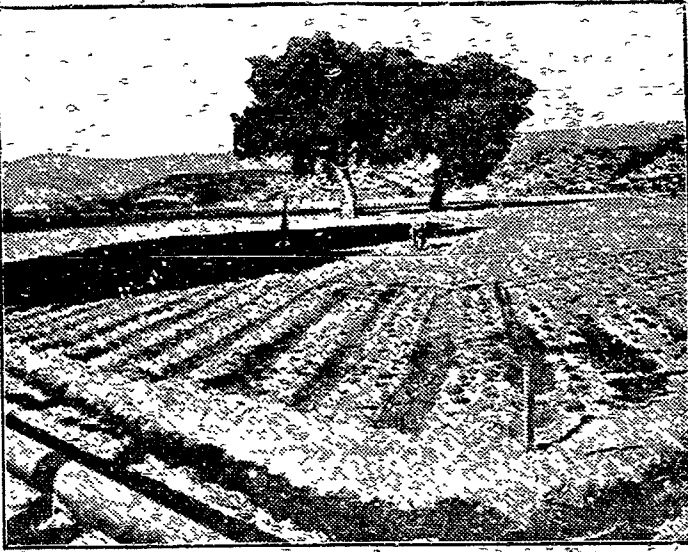
Solid Winter Nourishment

The real food elements of wheat and barley so made as to be rich in sugar, and ready to eat from package with milk or cream. That is **Grape-Nuts** A Substantial Food and Economical

Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture)

BIGGEST WAR GARDEN IS IN ARIZONA MOUNTAINS.



Gila County Gardener Planting His Crops. The Big Pipe Line in the Foreground Irrigates This and Other Sections of the Co-operative Plot.

USE IRRIGATION TO RAISE FOOD

America's Largest War Garden Tucked Away in Mountain Regions of Arizona.

DREAM OF A COUNTY AGENT

Employees of Large Mining Company, Formerly Dependent on Canned Goods, Now Have Fertile Gardens of Their Own.

Would you expect to find America's largest war garden tucked away in the mountains of Arizona, at an altitude of 3,350 feet? There it lies in fertile expanse, dependent upon irrigation for every drop which waters its soil.

This garden is the realized dream of County Agent J. R. Sandig of Gila County, Ariz. As emergency agent, his part in the program of work was to stimulate food production in Gila County. He saw hundreds of employees of the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company, in Miami, Ariz., dependent upon canned goods for food because they could not raise fresh vegetables in the arid soil of Miami. He saw also a great tract of land which needed, only irrigation to make it suitable for gardens. Here was a chance to increase the nation's food supply. Mr. Sandig put the case to the copper company. The result was 7,050 one-eighth-acre gardens, which supplied \$30,000 worth of vegetables last year and are expected nearly to double that figure in 1918.

The gardeners are miners, smelter men and millmen. They are a cosmopolitan group of many Americanized nationalities. Most of them have never gardened before where it was necessary to irrigate. In spite of this the crops from March 1 to December 1, 1918, promise to pass the \$50,000 mark in value. More than \$27,000 worth were accounted for by July 10.

How They Irrigate.

A gardener requires about 30 minutes to irrigate his garden, and he can easily do it before breakfast or when he returns from work in the evening. Gardens need irrigation once a week. Water is pumped from deep wells and carried to the gardens in large pipe lines, from which it is distributed to the individual plots by means of head gates and check gates.

Preference is given to necessary vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, peas, sweet corn, cabbage and tomatoes; while space not occupied by these is given to melons, squashes, pumpkins, peppers, peanuts and other less essential crops.

The double crop system is used, so that there is something on the ground all the time. For example, melons are planted among the beans, so that when the beans are gathered the melons will be on the ground.

A flock of hens for the miner's backyard is encouraged to help utilize the waste from the gardens, such as tops of beets, radishes and cabbage leaves.

Gardens for Whole Families.

It is not unusual to see a whole family at work in the garden, the little children almost hidden in the luxuriant growth of vegetables. The county agent or an assistant visits the gardens frequently and shows the gardeners how to plant, irrigate, cultivate and spray their vegetables.

The management of the gardens is in the hands of the employees' committee of the copper company, which issues bulletins of directions for the use of the gardeners. Ground, seed, water and spraying materials are furnished free by the company, as is also protection for the products. Marketing and canning and drying facilities are likewise free to all.

Through the county agent's efforts a war gardeners' market was built last year. In it all surplus products are

disposed of at no expense to the grower. This year the market has been enlarged and a canning and drying building added, so that gardeners can learn to can and dry their own products. Drying and canning work is under the direction of the county home-demonstration agent of Gila county.

Other Gardens Started.

The success of the gardens has been assured from the outset. Since last year two other large copper companies in the vicinity have started gardens for their employees, on the advice of the county agent. An estimate of what this work has meant to Gila county is \$70,000. This amount is exclusive of the small backyard gardens which have sprung up everywhere. The county agent estimates that these backyard gardens increase from 75 to 200 per cent in a district where regular war gardens have been started.

OKRA GOOD IN GARDENS

Okra, or gumbo, is a desirable addition to the vegetables grown in the home garden. It has been grown and used for years in the South, where it is found in almost every garden, and is increasing in popularity in the North.

In regions where the growing seasons are very short, okra plants may be started in a hotbed or greenhouse and transplanted to the open ground.

Okra is easily grown on any good soil, and a few plants will be sufficient for the average family.

The edible portion consists of the pods, which must be gathered and used while young and tender.

Okra is used mainly in soups, but may be served as a vegetable, boiled or baked, or as a salad. It may be kept for winter use by canning or drying.

The United States department of agriculture has recently republished Farmers' Bulletin 232, "Culture and Uses of Okra." Sent on application.

Co-operative Stores.

While co-operative stores in the United States are relatively unsuccessful as compared with typical co-operative stores in European countries, the lack of success is not due to the failure of the underlying principles of such enterprises to hold good in America, but to the business methods generally followed in such undertakings in this country. This conclusion has been reached as a result of a survey of 60 co-operative stores made by the office of markets and rural organization of the United States department of agriculture. In many American co-operative stores which have failed, mismanagement, inadequate accounting and auditing, lack of co-operation, poor business methods, and lack of judgment are responsible.

The results of the survey indicate that the co-operative store has tended to bring about lower prices, smaller margins of profit, more efficient business methods, and other practices beneficial to the farmer.

With the application of efficient business methods and the education of the farmer to a clear understanding of the functions of co-operative stores, they may be made successful. Instances are cited of unusual savings and large dividends to members of various associations. Such associations procure capable managers by paying adequate salaries; take advantage of large-scale purchasing and cash discounts; maintain proper accounts and cost records; and watch stock turnovers.

The more general, underlying conditions which investigations indicated should be present if a co-operative store is to be successful are: (1) good leadership among the members, (2) capable management, (3) favorable environment, with regard both to physical location and to social or occupational affiliations.

The KITCHEN CABINET

The men of the last overcame because they had convictions. We of the present frequently fail because we have nothing but opinions.

HOT SUPPER DISHES.

For those who have their heavy meal at noon, the hot dish, whether soup or escalloped, is an essential on these cool autumn nights. If the family is small, a few tablespoonsful of mashed potato, tomato, beans or other vegetable will be sufficient for the basis of a good cream soup.

Spanish Meat Dish.—This is a real good, tasty dish, and one which may be prepared with small amounts of meat. A half-cupful of finely minced meat will season a dish sufficient to serve four persons. Sliced, parboiled potatoes are placed in the bottom of a well-greased dish; then sprinkle over the meat and a thin layer of finely shredded Spanish onion; over this, a thick layer of tomato and bake for an hour or more in a moderate oven. The seasoning should be well done. Adding cayenne pepper and any gravy will also add to the flavor.

Hash From Boiled Dinner.—Chop fine the vegetables left from an old-fashioned boiled dinner with some of the corned beef; season and add some of the broth saved from the vegetables, and cook slowly in a frying pan for an hour on the back part of the stove. Serve with dill pickles and bread and butter.

Rice and Egg Omelet.—Put a quarter of a cupful of washed and drained rice in a frying pan, add two tablespoonsful of sweet fat and cook until the rice is slightly yellow, then add soup stock, if at hand, or boiling water. Cook until the rice is tender, then add seasonings, and stir in two or three eggs and a half-cupful of milk. Turn out on a hot serving dish and serve with curled bacon.

Egg and Sausage Omelet.—Beat five eggs until light; add a finely chopped onion (a small green one), a spoonful of chopped green pepper and two tablespoonsful of ham or liver sausage. Season well and put into a hot omelet pan turn out on a hot platter and garnish with parsley.

Oysters Fried in Batter.—Make a batter with two tablespoonsful of milk, two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour and a dash of salt. Dip well-dried oysters in the batter and fry in two tablespoonsful of hot fat.

Sweet potatoes cooked until tender, then buttered and sprinkled with sugar and set into the oven to brown is a pleasant way of serving them.

For woman is not undeveloped man. But diverse. Not like to live, but like in difference. —Tennyson

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

"The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it." The happy hostess, one who entertains frequently and whose invitations are always welcome, is she who gives of her best to her friends. She who impoverishes herself and family for weeks to pay for an extravagant entertainment is not extending true hospitality to her friends.

In these maidless days when a vast majority of our housewives are their own cooks—there would be little entertaining unless the meals prepared were largely such as may be all ready to serve with little additional work at the last minute. No guest enjoys roasted hostess for the first course. We cannot forego the pleasure of having our friends around our tables frequently, so it is necessary that the entertainment be simple; and simple food well prepared and daintily served is usually in favor with the best people.

In these days of food substitutes we are looking for originality expressed in the manner we deal with them and in this short time we are already snowed under with new recipes which have been worked out by our efficient and loyal American housekeepers.

She who serves her friends with food and entertainment within her means is bound to be respected by those worth while and the others don't count. To the average human being a good old-fashioned dinner table, where each is given a share in the serving is a positive joy to the dinner-guest who has been surfeited on eight-course dinners whose only recommendation is the employment they give our long-suffering physicians.

Let us then continue to entertain simply, within our means, going calmly on, envying nobody, setting a wholesome example which will be followed with gratitude by even the lavish and well-to-do.

One young housewife gave a plain old-fashioned boiled dinner to her friends and they talked of it for days. Each hostess has some dishes in which she excels and she is wise who does not try experiments on her friends.

The only movable part of a new flour sifter is a flat coil of heavy wire which passes back and forth over the wire mesh as the implement is shaken.

Nellie Maxwell

WRIGLEYS

All Now in Pink Wrappers

To save tin foil for Uncle Sam, WRIGLEYS is now all wrapped in pink paper and hermetically sealed in wax:

1. The tangy flavor of mint
2. The luscious different flavor
3. The soothing flavor of peppermint

All in pink-end packages and all sealed air-tight. Be Sure to get WRIGLEYS because

The Flavor Lasts!

Spohn's Distemper
Puts a ... Stop to all
CURES THE SICK
And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 60 cents and \$1.15 a bottle, \$5.50 and \$11.00 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses. Spohn Medical Co. Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Why?
A man at sixty years of age is either a failure or a success. BEECHAM'S PILLS have been made for sixty years and have the largest sale of any medicine in the World! Millions use BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Pape's Diapepsin
FOR INDIGESTION
EAT ONE TABLET! NO GASES, ACIDITY, DYSPEPSIA OR ANY STOMACH MISERY.
Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy
The moment you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain and dyspepsia distress stops. Your disordered stomach will feel fine at once. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail and cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Cruel Treatment. Yeast—The Germans in the internment camps in this country say we are treating them cruelly.

Criticism—How so? "They claim we're taking all the 'kick' out of the beer we let 'em have."

Soothe Itching Skins With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Severe Injury. Civilian—"How did you get that wound stripe?" Private—"Me heart broke when we didn't march to Berlin."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Marine Eye Remedy
Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

DON'T LET YOUR CALVES DIE
from Scours or Calf Cholera
Many calves and all are ruined if these ailments are neglected. Both can positively be prevented and overcome with DR. DAVID ROBERTS' Calf Cholera Remedy
At our dealers or POSTPAID \$1.00
Consult Dr. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for price list of medicines. Send FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Why?
A man at sixty years of age is either a failure or a success. BEECHAM'S PILLS have been made for sixty years and have the largest sale of any medicine in the World! Millions use BEECHAM'S PILLS
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Every Woman Wants Partine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Partine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN Wanted To Sell
Our West Virginia Grown Nursery Stock. Fine landscaping outfit. FREE Cash Commission Paid Weekly. Write for Terms. The Gold Nursery Co., Mason City, W. Va.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 13, 1918.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. Earl Hennassy spent Saturday in Detroit.

Myron Severance was home from River Rouge, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry are recovering from an attack of the "flu."

O. B. Anstead has resigned his position in the Co-operative store and will move his family to Toledo, soon.

Mrs. Marion Proud and grand-daughter of Alma were guests at W. M. Chambers' home part of last week. Mrs. Charles Hagan of Mt. Pleasant also visited there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Golden and the latter's mother, Mrs. J. Shannon, came out from Detroit and spent Monday. The Golden's left Tuesday for their home in Centralia, Illinois.

Next News.

Mrs. Nettie Phelps returned to Pontiac Sunday after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Clyde Putnam.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kent and children spent Sunday with the former's sister and family. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Rixen.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Parks are the proud parents of a 10-lb. daughter, born Tuesday, December 10, at the home of Mrs. Parks' mother in Detroit.

Sunday guests at the Melow home were Mr. Walter Miller and sister, Maida, Mr. Rudolph Corrad and sister, Frieda, Mr. Fackler and sister, Lena, and Mr. Otto Kaufman, all of Detroit.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid society will hold a bazaar in the church parlors next Wednesday, December 18. A fine dinner will be served, price 25c, and the bazaar articles will be sold for the benefit of the church treasury.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Robert Cargies has been on the sick list the past week.

So far this vicinity has been fortunate in escaping the "flu."

Mr. and Mrs. B. Johns spent the week in Detroit with their daughter, Mrs. H. Ray Russell.

Mrs. J. A. Deveraux was the guest of Mrs. George Crawford in Pontiac the first of the week.

R. S. McCormick is spending some time at the home of John Bentley. Mr. McCormick has just been discharged from government service.

Mrs. W. L. Richardson who was called to Pontiac last week to care for her son and daughter, who were ill with influenza, has contracted the disease and is ill in Pontiac.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)

"The Church Around the Corner"

Class meeting at 9:30. A Woodmansee, leader.

Service at 10. Subject: "God Justified by Man."

Sunday school at 11:30. Lesson study: "Joseph and His Brothers," Genesis 45: 1-15. Epworth League at 6:30. Topic: "How I was Won to Christ." Leader, Miss Merle Parmelee.

Evening service at 7:30. Subject: "The Man who Came to Christ at Night."

Prayer and Bible study hour at 7:30 on Thursday night.

The Woman's Home Missionary society meets at the home of Mrs. J. N. VanDyne on Center street, on Tuesday afternoon.

The public is cordially invited to all of the above services.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The text for next Sunday is in Acts 1:3, together with the context—"Ye shall be My Witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the Uttermost part of the earth."

In the morning we shall discuss the questions "What?" and "Where?" In the evening, the question "How?"

The Sunday school at 11:20 a. m., and the Christian Endeavor service at

6:30 p. m., are open to all who will come.

Prayer meeting and work council next Thursday evening at 7:30.

The Christmas party of the Martha Chapter will be held at the home of Mrs. Ina Bauman, Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

The Sociability Supper, held in the church parlors a few weeks ago was such a success that the ladies are planning another, in response to many requests. The date for this next one has been set for New Year's eve. Everybody reserve that evening for the enjoyable event.

LUTHERAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The pastor, feeling like a released prisoner, since the influenza quarantine is lifted from his house, is glad to announce that if nothing turns up to prevent there will be English services next Sunday afternoon. The combined Clarenceville and Northville choirs will rehearse for the Christmas exercises immediately after the service.

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers.)

The net proceeds of the recent Thanksgiving masque amounted to \$55.

The High school now has one gold star on the service flag, in honor of Scott Dunham.

Forty-eight girls of the High school are now taking physical training. Miss Barber is the teacher.

School will close for the Christmas vacation on Friday, December 20, and open again on Monday, December 30.

The Senior class, chaperoned by Supt. and Mrs. Bowen, enjoyed a class party at the gym last Friday evening.

More than one-third of the school pupils have been absent during the past week or two on account of illness.

The following list of students shows the ones on the honor list for November.

Ruth Cattermole, 5-A; Harold Belles, 4-A; Helen Cunningham, 3-A, 1-B; George Henry, 3-A, 1-B; Elizabeth Henry, 2-A, 2-B; Howard Stark, 1-A, 4-B; Edmund Verkes, 1-A, 3-B; Russell Millard, 4-B; Floyd Salow, 4-B; Harold Bloom, 5-B; Starr Northrop, 4-B; Verne Stilwell, 4-B; Marie Van Valkenburg, 4-B.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent For Sale Lost Found Wanted notices 1 cent a line per week. Send for 1 cent.

AUTO CASINGS—Vulcanized at Huff's Hardware. 32tf.

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. 31-17-P.

NOTICE—Have a \$7000 property in Durand. What have you to exchange or will sell. Address Box E, Northville. 21tp.

AUTO OWNERS—Use 12-20 Anti-Freeze liquid in your radiators. It keeps up the leaks, and protects your radiator to 20 degrees below zero. 3 gallons supplies a Ford radiator. \$1.00 per gallon in 5-gallon lots. Denatured alcohol. \$1.25. Huff's Hardware. 19-tf.

WANTED—Stoves, furniture, etc.—What have you to sell? F. R. Woodworth. Phone 233-W. 18tf.

FOR SALE—Single buggy, harness and some hay. George Mosher, 36 Cady St. 21w1p.

FOR SALE—Seven-room house on Randolph St., electric lights, water, 1/4-acre lot, good barn. Call 371-J. 21w4p.

FOR SALE—100 Bushels spring wheat, \$2.50 if sold now. Frank Rice, 87 First St., Taylor, Mich. 21w1c.

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull, 14 months old. Apply John E. Morris, Farmington, Mich. 21w1p.

FOR SALE—"White Way" washing machine, hand power. Perfect condition. Mrs. Will Lanning. Phone 135-J. 20w2p.

FOR SALE—9-room house on Yerkes Ave., Bealton; also quantity of stacked hay. Wanted to buy Holstein bull, under 2-yr-old. George Gibson. Phone 130 J-3, Northville. 20tf-c.

FOR SALE—One ice rack, one Saginaw handy wagon. Cheap, if taken soon. Albert Ebersole. 20w2p.

FOR SALE—145-acre dairy farm; large 10-room house, with basement and large cistern; 2 barns, granary, silo, small orchard; 20-acres woods; fine water in house and at barn; 23-acres wheat on ground. E. D. Whipple, owner, R. S. Ann Arbor. 20w4p.

FOR SALE—Timothy hay, in any amount under 25 tons. Howard Greer. Phone 190 R-2. 19w3p.

FOR SALE—Cheap—Span of horses. J. C. Morse, Phone 183 R-3. 16-tf.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished light house-keeping rooms on Main street. P. Q. Box 276. 20w2p.

FOR RENT—House on Randolph St., 7 rooms, and bath; all modern improvements. Phone 40. 21w1p.

WILL YOUR NAME BE ON RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP CARD

THERE WILL BE NAMES OF ALMOST EVERY NATION ON THAT GREAT ORGANIZATION'S ROLL CALL.

WEAR YOUR BADGE OF HONOR

Membership Has Increased From a Few Hundred Thousands to 20,000,000 Since 1916, Lets Make It 100,000,000.

John Brown? Here! Stanislaus Czelusniak? Here! Tony Celotti? Here! George Washington Johnson? Here! Armovian Chapourian? Here! Patrick Gallagher? Here! Mrs. William Jones? Here! Miss Daisy Templeton? Here! Thus will they all answer to their names as the roll is called—the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call—December 16 to 23, the greatest peace-time call to service ever issued in the United States. It is a call to a service that represents the greatest of all human qualities—Mercy.

There will be many strange names on that roll, names that breathe the atmosphere of almost every nation upon the earth, but that know and understand the meaning of one universal name—Red Cross.

The Roll Call follows Red Cross Sunday, December 15, and will continue one week. It will be a call to arms, not steel arms, but human arms stretched out in a service of love, and the call will be heard in every home. Every man, woman and child will be asked to heed the call and by so doing link themselves with the greatest organization for the preservation of human life, relief of the suffering and help to the fallen. The Great American Red Cross symbolized by a red cross upon a white background. Answer to the call involves the purchase of Red Cross memberships at one dollar for many, but a dollar is all that is asked. The badge of that membership is a distinction, but the mark of membership will be the pride that follows a duty well performed.

There are fourteen divisions, of the American Red Cross in this country. Through every division, every chapter, branch and auxiliary, the call to membership will be heard and heeded. To be a member of the American Red Cross is to be an American. Since 1916 the membership of the Red Cross has increased from a few hundred thousands to 20,000,000. After this campaign, if all hopes are realized and the great American public does its full duty, the membership will reach almost 100,000,000.

No greater proof of the unity of this nation, its power and its right to supremacy will be needed in the eyes of the world than that such a membership in one organization could be possible. The greatest value of the Red Cross membership is the realization that you are a part of an organization that knows no geographical limitations in its labors, but is hailed as "Our Preserver" wherever suffering and need descends upon humanity. One dollar can buy no greater blessing nor bring greater satisfaction.

Peace has brought no rest to the American Red Cross. Instead peace has increased its labors and re-directed them. The Red Cross must help in preparing the way for effective reconstruction. Much of the work that will be done by the Red Cross is largely of a reconstructive nature in itself, for the stricken peoples of the allied nations are in dire need of the commonest necessities of life. Without them they will have no strength for the reconstruction work in which they must take part.

For months the ill and wounded must be cared for. Soldiers will be moving homeward or from post to post to perform their duties incident to garrison work. Canteens will exist for sometime. Hospitals must be maintained for a long period. Clothing must be supplied. War has left many cities, towns and villages in desolation and the work of the Red Cross must be identical with that which would be performed where earthquake, flood, fire or famine had left its blast marks.

In America the soldiers who come home will need much attention and the Red Cross must continue to do its share. The return of soldiers may bring back support to the families to some extent, but many soldiers will remain abroad for months, many will never return and many will return unable to render much assistance to their families. Again the Red Cross must help.

Membership in the Red Cross at this time means a contribution to this work. It means that in the years to come the Red Cross man and woman can say proudly, "I know all about the great war and the great reconstruction period after the war, for I did part of the work. I was then, as I am now, a member of the American Red Cross."

All Patriotic Fund subscribers whose pledges are paid in full automatically become members of the Red Cross. Those who have not paid in full can obtain memberships making their December payments.

LON O. HALL

Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall of Northville township, who is with the 340th Infantry, now in France.

A LETTER FROM TRUMAN GARFIELD.

Under dates of Nov. 1 and Nov. 8, one of our Northville boys tells of at least reaching France.

Just a few lines to let you know I am well. After almost eight months in England, we are at last in France. Like it alright, but can't understand the people. They do not speak English very much. We had a pretty rough ride across the channel. Was sea sick for awhile.

You probably will be wondering why I have not written lately. Have been pretty busy since landing in France, traveling from one camp to another. Guess we are now in one where we will stay for awhile. It is near a town named Roumanin. This is some country. Like it much better than England. Was certainly glad when we left there. Well, it will soon be a year since I left home. It don't seem as tho I had been away that long, but in another way it seems like ten years. Have a great time understanding the people here. Can now say a few words and hope to be able to talk more before we get home.

Pvt. T. A. GARFIELD,
165th Aero Sqdn., France.

Not a Botanical Species. The artichoke, which originally came from Barbary, is not a botanical species, but a variety of the thistle which grows spontaneously all along the African coast of the Mediterranean from Morocco to Palestine.

"Where Can I Safely Buy an Overcoat?"

That is a question a good many men are asking themselves right now. Many have already solved the problem by coming to Mabley's. SELECT AN ALL-WOOL MABLEY OVERCOAT.

We have only one kind of overcoat fabric—all wool—at the best rock low price. It's the only kind successful, self-respecting men wish to wear, and it is the only kind a store with a reputation such as Mabley's would every offer to its customers.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner. DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

GUESSING CONTEST

FOUR USEFUL PRIZES for the FOUR BEST GUESSES.

In our window we have placed a large Pumpkin which we want everybody to look at very carefully. When you have decided that you know how many seeds are in this Pumpkin, step into the store and we will give you a guessing coupon to fill out.

On the evening of Saturday, December 21, at 8:00 o'clock, we will cut the Pumpkin open and count the seeds.

The Four Persons guessing the nearest to the correct number of seeds in the Pumpkin, will each receive a Valuable and Useful Present as a Xmas Gift from our store.

Come in on Saturday Evening, December 21, and see who gets the presents. There will be Four Gifts Given away—One for Men; one for Women; one for Boys and one for Girls.

Sleds to brighten the eyes of ruddy-cheeked lads and lassies.

Every little chap wants a Wagon or Sleigh. (No Xmas morning is quite complete unless the little fellow gets a New Wagon or Sleigh.) We Have a Most Wonderful Collection of Dandy Sleighs and Wagons, for the little fellow. Some of them are large enough to even pull Daddy in—Priced from a few dimes to a few dollars.

Yours for Business,

ELLIOTT'S HARDWARE

Northville, Michigan.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Shop Now!

It is our Policy to Give our Customers the Very Best Possible Service whenever they come, but we believe that it will be more satisfactory to you if you will do your Christmas Shopping Early.

We have always given a great deal of attention to

HANDKERCHIEFS

and this year is no exception to that rule. Our line is sure to please you.

Our line of Men's Handkerchiefs, Larger than ever before, 25c, 50c, \$1.00

We are making a Specialty of a Half-Dollar Tie.

Umbrellas—All Prices—Men's and Women's.

Men's, Women's and Children's Hosiery—See our line of Silks, at, 59c to \$1.89 pair.

Blankets—Nothing better for a real useful Gift.

Sweaters and Sweater Coats We can save you money.

NEW PERCALES.**PRETTY GINGHAMS.****GOOD OUTINGS.****FINE YD. SILKS****VELVETS.****TURKISH TOWELS.****FANCY WASH CLOTHS****APRONS****TABLE RUNNERS.****DAMASKS.****RUGS.****NIGHT GOWNS.****PILLOW CASES.****Men's and Women's****BAGS and PURSES.**

You can make a very Pretty Gift of one of our New Bags or Purses.

Ribbons—A Mammoth Line to select from, both Plain and Fancy.

New Waists—in Silk or Crepe-de-Chine, for the Holiday Trade.

Needleworkers—will find C. M. C. O. N. T. Royal Society, Silk Floss, etc., at this store.

A Belated Shipment of Children's Underwear has just arrived. We believe we can take good care of your wants now.

Boys' and Girls' Caps, Toques, etc., all colors.

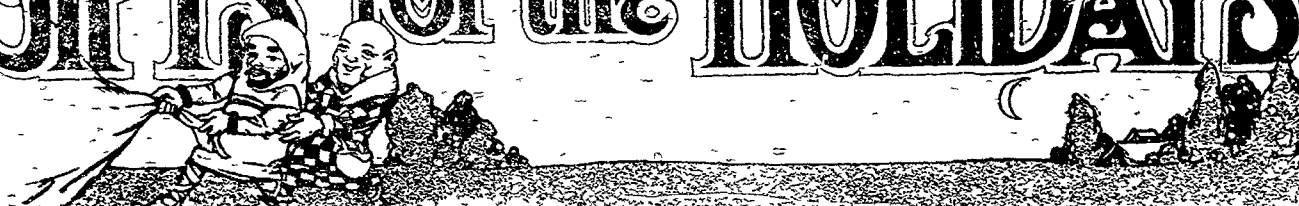
BEGINNING SATURDAY, DEC. 14

This Store will Remain Open Evenings until Christmas. Come in and look Around whether you are going to buy or not

C. A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

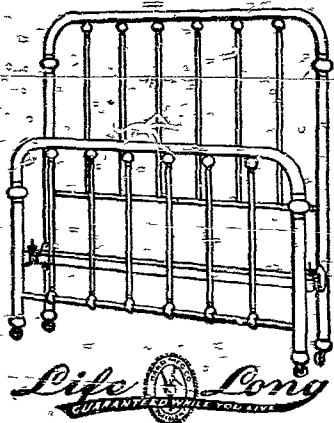
GIFTS for the HOLIDAYS



SCHRADER BROTHERS' FURNITURE IS THE MOST APPROPRIATE

THIS WILL CERTAINLY BE A DIFFERENT XMAS—AND YOU'LL WANT TO GIVE WORTH-WHILE PRESENTS.

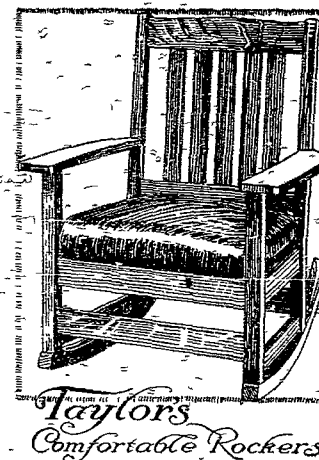
Everybody fully realizes that this will be a different Xmas. One that will be full of joy, happiness, keen delight and the spirit of victory. In order to help make our first Peace Xmas the greatest in the history of all the world, we made extra special efforts to place before you the Finest Selection of Appropriate, Useful and Sensible Gifts Ever Shown in Northville—pieces which will truly enable you to express your friendship to anyone in a sincere manner.



HERE ARE A FEW REMINDERS AND WE ASSURE YOU WE HAVE MANY MORE ARTICLES NOT MENTIONED. WILL YOU PLEASE COME IN AND SEE US? YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY, BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE OUR LINE.

LIBRARY TABLES.
KITCHEN CABINETS.
CHINA CABINETS.
BUFFETS.
BOOK CASES.

SEWING TABLES.
HALL MIRRORS.
TABOURETS.
CARD TABLES.
SMOKING SETS.



IRON BEDS.
BRASS BEDS.
SEWING
CHAIRS.
SETTEES.
DAVENPORTS.
PEDESTALS.
BOOK CASES.
MEDICINE
CHESTS.
FOOT STOOLS.
TELEPHONE
SETS.
LADIES' WRIT-
ING DESKS.



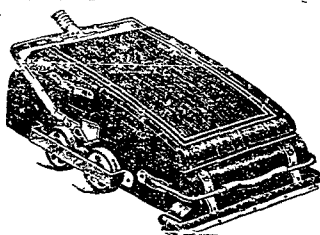
SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.

BABY
CARRIAGES.
GO-CARTS.
BISSELL
CARPET
SWEEPERS.
CEDAR
CHESTS.
WAISTS and
SKIRT BOXES.
EASY CHAIRS.
ROCKERS—
All Finishes.
ELECTRIC
FLOOR
LAMPS.
CHIFFONIERES.
BED ROOM
SUITES.
PARLOR
PIECES.



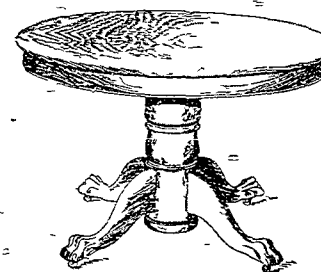
The
Housewife
Would
Certainly
Appreciate
This
KITCHEN
CABINET
for a
Christmas
Present.

HARGO
VACUUM SWEEPER



For \$6.75.
The Best for the Money.
Makes a Nice Useful Christ-
mas Present.

DON'T FORGET
That we have an
IMMENSE
STOCK of
SMALL AND
ROOM-SIZED
RUGS



Eat Your Christmas Din-
ner on one of Our New
Dining Tables.

SHOP EARLY.

WE DELIVER GOODS ANYWHERE FREE.

Schrader Bros.,

THE FIRM NAME THAT STANDS FOR QUALITY and LOWEST PRICES. Furniture Dealers—Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE and PLYMOUTH.

Fifteen Million Tons of Shipping

Building 15,000,000 tons of shipping is the big job laid out for American shipyards. It will take years to do this. Men working in shipyards are assured of steady jobs if they make good. This great fleet of ships must be built. The United States is going to become the first maritime nation of the world.

We need men accustomed to out-of-doors work to help us build ships. The pay is set by the Emergency Fleet Corporation under direct Government control, and is higher than ever before in the history of the industry. Do not hesitate because you have never worked in a shipyard before. We will train you for some good job and will pay you well while you are learning.

It will take us years to build our share of 15,000,000 tons. A shipyard is the ideal place to make good money this winter. Get in touch with us, either by calling at yard or by writing to us immediately. Some of the best jobs are open right now. Great Lakes Engineering Works, River Rouge and Detroit, Mich.—Adv.

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



Optical Specialist.

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

THRIFT STAMPS.

"Give me a whiskey," said the red-faced man, rushing up to the Thrift Stamp booth in the hallway of a big New York office building and throwing down a quarter.

The girl in charge smiled, handed out a Thrift Stamp and swept the quarter into her box.

"Why did he ask for a whiskey?" inquired a grinning bystander who had overheard the request.

"It really isn't funny," responded the girl gravely. "That man has been in the habit of dropping into the cafe across the hall five or six times a day for a drink. Now, whenever the craving gets so strong that he can't stay at his desk, he comes downstairs and buys a Thrift Stamp. It will be time enough for the rest of us to laugh at him when we can show sand enough to give up our pet weakness for Uncle Sam."

"You're right," Mrs. said the abashed inquirer, hauling out a \$5 bill. "Let me have a bottle of champagne."

Catarh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonic known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrh conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, Inc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Monday, December 2nd, 1918.

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

Quorum present. Minutes of meeting of November 4th, 1918, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Detroit Edison Co. sts., Oct.	\$287.00
Detroit Edison Co., power, Oct.	75 05
Joe Weston, labor, highway	12 00
Darwin Hawkins, labor, high	10 00
Perry Austin, labor, highway	108 70
Henry Cooper, labor	14 00
John Cooper, labor	7 50
Harry Austin, labor	59 10
Chas. Hinman, labor	20 00
Myron Taylor, labor	4 00
M. R. Seeley, labor w. w.	21 60
M. F. Stanley, rest room	20 00
Joe Weston, w. w.	4 20
Joe Montgomery, highway	14 00
S. Montgomery, highway	10 50
Harland Wilcox, highway	50
Chas. Hinman, rest room	3 60
Detroit Edison Co., rest room, hall	
clock	3 60
P. S. Palmer, repair scraper	2 75
Fire Department	11 50
Neal Printing Co.	15 02
Am. Bell & Fry Co.	2 24
T. E. Murdock, disinfectants	8 00
J. A. Hart	10 91
C. L. Dubuar	58 30
Dr. R. Schuyler	108 00
F. R. Woodworth	50

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

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

On motion council adjourned. THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Secretary Baker Urges Letters With "Home-touch" For the Boys

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

My dear Mr. Fosdick:

The eyes of the world are upon our soldiers overseas today not more for what they have done than for what they are now called upon to do. Before them lie the tasks of helping to rehabilitate the devastated lands of France and Belgium and of making sure that the victory in which they have so gloriously shared shall be a permanent one.

This means that we may not expect some to have them all with us here and to about the same to face. The postponement of their homecoming will be often unpleasant as well in their minds as in ours. They will yet meet and must overcome many difficulties without either the incentive or the excitement lent in the past by the activities of war. They need our help and encouragement now perhaps more than at any other time since they left home in order that they may be inspired and strengthened to maintain that fitness of character, manner and conduct which has earned for them such universal respect.

I believe that among all the influences which may be focused upon this object, the strongest and most far-reaching is that which emanates from home letters, and I therefore urge the mothers, fathers, wives and sisters of our soldiers overseas to express themselves earnestly in their letters as their share in seeing that the high standards which America represents both here and abroad shall be constantly upheld.

Cordially yours,

Newton B. Baker
Secretary of War.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick,

Chairman, Commission on Training Camp Activities.

TURN THE BOYS' THOUGHTS HOMEWARD, SAYS FOSDICK, ASKING CO-OPERATION

Washington. (Special.)—Just before leaving for France to superintend the demobilization activities of those organizations which recently took part in the United War Work Campaign, Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, was interviewed with regard to the present situation of our overseas forces.

"The problem presented by the gradual demobilization of more than two million men three thousand miles from home is one which will tax all our social resources," said Mr. Fosdick. "It is above all a morale problem, and it must be faced as such, with the full co-operation of families and friends here in this country, if it is to be solved successfully. Every one who has a son, a brother, must help."

"While the war was on our boys were fully occupied, they were still filled with the spirit of adventure, looking forward rather than back. Now, however, the fighting is at an end. They are going to remain, most of them, many months doing work which will be neither exciting nor particularly interesting. They will get lonesome, bored and terribly homesick."

"The \$170,000,000 raised in the recent United War Work drives to be used precisely to bridge over this period by providing recreation and amusement. But no amount of mere money expended in such a way will be enough. What these boys really want is not diversion, but human interest and sympathy. These things expressed in letters from home will warm their hearts and create a home atmosphere around them, even while they are absent from the family circle."

"Such letters may be a very necessary sheet anchor to windward in the case of some boys. The thought of some one waiting for them, counting on them, will, more than anything else, make them hold back and think twice before plunging into situations which might mean harm and unhappiness for them."

"We have raised the cleanest army in the world. We have kept it clean. We hope to bring it back as clean and strong as it was when it left us. But while we believe our soldiers will stand the present test—the hardest of all in some ways—as bravely and successfully as they have stood every other test of their manhood and endurance, it is our duty to give them all the help we can."

"This, as I have said, can best be rendered by means of letters which will begin now, at once, not only to satisfy their home longings, but to turn their thoughts from tasks already accomplished to the long years of life ahead of them."

HOME FOLKS MUST HELP.

Washington. (Special.)—The War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities has hit upon an important and entirely new idea in the "Letters-from-home" plan just announced.

Full the boys through the most trying period of their service by writing the right kind of letters, letters full of the home feeling, the mother feeling. This appeal is made to mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts by the War Department. It is hoped that millions of inspiring letters will be written the week of December 15, designated as "Letters-from-home" week. Pulpit and press are co-operating to make a great success of the plan.

YESTERDAY—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Yesterday they fought and won over there. Today you are still celebrating in your heart. Tomorrow your boy is coming home.

Suppose you give a minute or two out of your happiness and think what his home-coming is going to mean. Look mentally at New York harbor. Creeping slowly up past the green hills of Staten Island is a big troopship, with its decks and rails packed with shouting khaki-clad lads. Of course, there are a few gray heads, but there isn't an old heart on that ship. You know they are Uncle Sam's boys—part of the millions—and you are proud of every one of them. But over and above everything else, YOUR BOY IS THERE.

His eyes are sparkling. You hear his voice calling. You know his mind is leaping across the Alleghenies to where you are waiting with loving arms and tender lips—at home.

What would you not give to be on that pier when the transport is made fast? Your boy is going ashore into a great, throbbing city, where all is noise and hurry. You know that if you were there to take your boy in your arms there wouldn't be any big city—it would be just heaven for you both.

But you can't be there and you must wait. And while you are waiting, doesn't it make your heart beat faster to know that, after all, your boy isn't going among strangers? Instead something is waiting on that pier to make him feel that part, at least, of home is there. Not your home and not your boy, but as near it as human hearts can make it.

There will be a friendly hand and a cheery greeting, a place to rest, and real home food that couldn't be cooked that way in France or taste half as good in the trenches. And there will be a host of friends—new? Why, bless you, they will be old ones in a minute. And these friends are going to help him see the best things of the great city as they ought to be seen and keep him from being lonely for one single minute until the final handshake is given and the "Good-bye" is added. "Tell your mother we did our best for her boy," War Camp Community Service.

"FOLLOW THROUGH."

The American Expeditionary Forces went abroad to fight, to be wounded, to be killed, if necessary—fully determined to carry out their pledge to victory.

What was the direct pledge of the American people to those men? The contract was not all on the shoulders of the troops. The nation had to take one side of the contract. The American people assumed the solemn obligation to back up the fighters. The Army in France took a contract



PATRIOTIC FUND.
DETROIT

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—all you need is a heart and a dollar.

Prepared by War Advertising Board of Detroit.

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G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

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JEWELERS
WOODWARD AVENUE AT GRAND RIVER
DETROIT

Send for Catalog

TO-DAY'S OFFICIAL BULLETIN

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call

"I summon you to the Comradeship"

WOODROW WILSON,

President American Red Cross.

Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and President of the American Red Cross, knows better than any other one man, the problems facing the world in the coming reconstruction period.

Every avenue of information is open to him. His realization of the magnitude of the work ahead of the Red Cross has led him to summon every loyal American to its support.

The worthiness of the cause—the dire necessity of the people in the devastated countries of Europe—will arouse America to quick response to the Red Cross' appeal for universal membership.

The moral effect, when the people of the United States stand unanimous for what the Red Cross represents, will be as great as the material power of our money and energy.

The Red Cross Christmas Roll Call occurs December 16th-23rd. Every man, woman, and child in Mich. should answer—"I am a member." All that is required is "a heart and a dollar."

Authorized by American Red Cross Detroit Chapter.

CELEBRATING DEC. 25

Yuletide Festival Once Marked
Return of Sun God.

Observance of Day Is Habit of More
Than Twenty Centuries' Standing—
"Yule" Means Sun—Communi-
nity Christmas Tree.

Celebrating the 25th of December is a habit of more than twenty centuries' standing. It is a remnant of that good nature of our early ancestors, which has disappeared to a great extent with the irritating problems of civilization. All the rest of the year, writes Frederic J. Haskin, we fight and grab things away from each other and wear our nerves to a frazzle, but at Christmas we close our commercial exchanges, eat tremendous quantities of food and send presents and postal cards to our friends and relatives bearing our good wishes. At least this is what we are supposed to do. Many people do a great deal more in the way of community Christmas trees, visits to the hospitals and baskets for the poor, and still others regard the whole thing as absurd and consider abstinence from Christmas gifts a sign of strength of character.

Long before the birth of Christ our ancestors in northwestern Europe celebrated the 25th of December, which marked the passing of the winter solstice or the return of the sun in the heavens after conquering the powers of darkness. That was the day of the sun worshippers. The problem of the universe was just beginning to puzzle and our ancestors figured it out in a straightforward manner that was not half bad for supposed savages. All plant life, it was observed, depended on the sun for its existence, and all animal life depended on plant life, so that the power of the sun was greatly respected and it was personified in the person of the god Thor. Thor was watched with considerable interest, since there was always some doubt as to whether he would survive the winter solstice. Hence the feasting and merry-making when he continued to shine clear and strong in the heavens.

Meaning of the Word "Yule."
Besides Thor there were numerous gods who lived in the branches of trees. Therefore the people gathered mistletoe boughs and holly branches and put them in conspicuous positions in their houses, where they might easily be seen from the outside, in the hope that some wandering god would take a fancy to them and take up his residence among the red berries. In Germany the early Huns chopped down the evergreens and brought them indoors for the same purpose. The burning of the yule log and the term yuletide are survivals of these early December festivals whose influence is still to be seen today in our own Christmas celebrations. "Yule" means sun.

With the dawn of Christianity and the conversion of the sun worshippers, the birth of Christ was substituted as the cause for celebration and the festivities became religious demonstrations. The people still gormandized, trimmed their houses with holly branches and gave presents, but the 25th of December usually saw them comfortably seated in church.

So Christmas has come down to us with all these traditions. The German Santa Claus legend has improved it considerably for the children, and it is now known almost entirely as the children's season.

Community Christmas Tree.
Among the finest Christmas institutions today is the community Christmas tree, which originated in Madison square, New York, five years ago and since then has spread to communities all over the United States. The community "Tree of Light" is usually planted in a central location in the city, trimmed with balls and ornaments and lighted with electricity. Citizens are organized into committees to collect donations for the tree and employ bands of musicians to play Christmas carols and hymns. In Baltimore last year groups of men and boys carrying holly-trimmed lanterns walked through the streets singing and greeting each pedestrian with "Merry Christmas!"

While every year there is an increasing number of persons who decide to "be sensible" and send cards in the place of Christmas presents, the average person lacks the courage to face his family empty-handed on Christmas morning. But Christmas is a spirit, which you either have or haven't. If you haven't it, the holidays are only a bore; on the other hand, if you allow yourself to become enthusiastic there is really a lot of fun to be derived from it, even though you're lonely and away from home. Last year a traveling man who was compelled to spend Christmas away from his family in a strange city gathered a number of little tenement waifs together, took them into a large restaurant and treated them all to a Christmas dinner. "I never had so much fun in my life," declared the traveling man.

The Christ-Babe.
We give the Christ-babe his cradle in our hearts, and afterwards he sets up his cross in our hearts, and in our hearts he plants his throne.

A Real Good Fellow.
A real good fellow is a man who keeps something of the Christmas spirit all the year round.

Duty Brings Vision

Tolstol tells a lovely little story of two pilgrims who set out for Jerusalem. Yeseel stopped to help a starving family. He bought food, fetched water, split wood, started the great oven fire, nursed and fed the sick, redeemed the mortgage on the home, and bought back the cow, horse, and scythe with which the living was earned. His money was all gone, and he could not hope to overtake his companion on the road, so he returned home and devoted himself again to daily duty. Yeseel would not pause to help anyone. He reached Jerusalem, the sacred places, obtained earth from Calvary, water from the Jordan, and blessed amulets of every kind, but because of the throng he could not reach the Holy Sepulchre. Yet, under the lamps themselves where the blessed fire burns before all, he saw a vision of Yeseel, wearing a halo of shining glory about his head. For Yeseel had brought his body to the Holy Land, but Christ himself had come to the soul of Yeseel. And he learned that in this world God bids everyone do his duty till death—in love and good deeds.

HOLY-CITY'S CHRISTMAS TIME

Distressing Scenes Witnessed in Church of the Nativity—Guards on Duty Day and Night.

Although much has been written up on the subject of Christmas in Bethlehem, writes Harold J. Shepherson in the Wide World, and we have had glowing accounts of its gorgeous processions and ceremonies, none appears to have been held enough to tell the world of the distressing scene which may be witnessed in the one spot on earth where man would expect peace to reign at that glad season of the year. Christmas is a long business at Bethlehem. First come the Latin ceremonies, which take place on December 25, followed 13 days later by the Greek services, while 13 days later comes the Armenian Christmas feast. The services are held in the Church of the Nativity, one of the most remarkable edifices in the world. The holy of holies of the church is the grotto or manger. It is a small underground chamber, said to be the actual site of the stable where the Savior was born. Just in front of the altar is a silver star, let into the marble floor, said to mark the exact spot of the nativity.

In the various ceremonies the bitter rivalry exists between the various sects, and even during the ordinary services Turkish soldiers have to be on guard day and night in the church to prevent strife. On special occasions, such as Christmas time, an extra force of soldiers is necessary if order is to be maintained. It is during Christmas festivities that the church is cleaned. To prevent quarrels among the rival priests the authorities many years ago set down definite rules as to what portions of the walls, pillars, floors, etc., this or that body may clean or sweep. Despite these elaborate precautions, however, trouble often arises. During the Christmas festivities of 1913 a deplorable scene was witnessed in the sacred building. Two sects disputed the rights to clean a certain portion of the church. They went to the governor of Bethlehem and he decided a certain sect possessed the right to do the work. When they started to sweep, however, the rival priests flew at them and soldiers had to hold one sect back while the other did the sweeping.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

Children of Russia, Spain and Italy Devote Day to Worship in Their Churches.

The children of Russia, Italy and Spain spend Christmas day in worship at their churches and receive their presents on January 6.

On this same day French children have a great celebration and cut the "king's cake," which is a round cake, usually with a china image baked in it. Whoever cuts the slice that contains the image is king or queen for the day, and the rest of the children must do everything the king or queen does.

In Norway and Sweden they have Christmas services in their churches at four o'clock in the morning and the kind-hearted children scatter wheat for the hungry birds.

Germany was the first country to use Christmas trees, and from England we get our idea of hanging the stockings by the chimneys, burning the yule log and hanging up the branches of mistletoe.

In Holland on Christmas eve the children fill their stockings with hay and oats for the white horse that they believe Santa Claus rides. In the morning they find the hay and oats gone and instead are presents for good children and a rod or chunk of coal for the bad ones. The young men of the town arise at two o'clock in the morning and sing Christmas hymns, carrying a star on a high pole that is lighted by a candle inside of the star. The singing of Christmas carols is the way we follow the story in the Bible, when the shepherds heard the angels sing when Christ was born. "Peace on earth; good will to men."



A Merry Christmas
By Lillian Hall
Copyright by Lillian Hall
Newspaper Syndicate

Poor Mrs. Midgely sat in her disordered living room in an utterly hopeless attitude. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I haven't the heart to tidy the house or even myself. To think of Christmas only three weeks away, and not one gift for the children and no hope of getting any. I am glad they are at school; I can at least have a good cry!"

Just as she was getting out her handkerchief preparatory to enjoying this unusual luxury she heard the postman's step on the porch. Habit forced her to gulp back the tears and go to the door. He handed her several letters, one of which she recognized, as bills with the exception of one, which bore the handwriting of her sister Judith.

"Anne, dear," she wrote, "at last I can visit you, and shall be with you in a few days."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! To think of Judith visiting us at a time like this, when we can hardly manage with the high cost of living, to set the table, let alone having a holiday time!"

Mrs. Midgely realized in the desired cry, then realizing there was much to be done, she dried her eyes, and with the relief that the shedding of tears



Became a Great Help to Judith.

gave her, she started in to put the house in order.

"At least we'll be clean," she said to herself, "I made broom and duster myself."

Some months before this time Henry Midgely had lost his position as bookkeeper on account of the failure of the firm for which he worked. They had had no idea of impending conditions and were almost staggered by the blow. The Midgelys had four growing children and every month had lived up to the salary. Mr. Midgely had just found another position. When Anne wrote home she did not tell her family of their loss, and she bravely set herself the task of making up for the months when debts had accumulated.

Christmas! That was the hard part. Nothing for the children! They had had such jolly times before, with presents for everyone. Now she had more work than ever to do and less time for making presents, even if she had the money with which to buy material.

"I shall have to tell Judith," she said to her husband that night, when they were seated by the lamp and the children were in bed, "how sorry we are that we cannot make her visit a pleasant one."

"It is too bad," said he. "Judith is such a slave to your father, looking after his every whim and never thinking of herself. I wish she had a home of her own. I always planned to give her a really good time whenever she should make that long-deferred visit."

Judith arrived, her face shining with happiness.

"As last I am here! Are you quite well, Anne?"

"Oh, yes, dear," Mrs. Midgely's voice had a strange note in it. Judith looked up quickly.

"You don't look well, Anne. What is the matter?"

Poor Anne let the floodgates of her tears open and told Judith her troubles.

"It's only that we don't want you to have a stupid time, Judith."

"Never mind about me," answered Judith. "I am wildly happy just to be here with you all. But I am glad you told me."

"Anne, dear, we must take an inventory of stock and see what we can make for the kids for Christmas." "There is nothing," said Anne. "We'll make something!" determinedly answered Judith.

"You can make things out of comparatively nothing," laughed Anne. "But you can't make them out of absolutely nothing."

"Yes, we can! I'll send for my yarns and knit a cap and mittens for each child. They are using bright colors and combinations of colors. In that way we can use four left-over yarns, too. We'll have plenty without buying any more, and I knit rapidly. I've done lots of this work for the Red Cross."

She made looms with empty spools and pins, from which each child helped to make a mitten. No more waiting for the "other mitten." The children were entertained with the idea of being useful and of helping Aunt Judith.

The sisters looked up discarded dolls and sewed up legs and arms, painted the faces and restored the hair. Entire outfits of clothes that could be taken off and put on were made from bits of cloth found in the scrap bag, and they crocheted lace enough for the trimming. These were for the two little girls, Martha and Peggy, aged seven and nine.

How to make eleven-year-old Ralph happy with left-overs was the problem. Then Judith remembered that years ago she had been the recipient of a stamp book which she had not used.

She wrote her father for it, and then invested in some mixed stamps for Ralph to make a beginning with. A few new puzzles and toys from the ten-cent store made a goodly array of bright things for Tommy, who was the youngest child.

"Now for the dinner," said Judith. "Let's not try to have the usual Christmas dinner, but think up something different."

"I did so want to ask Mr. and Mrs. Lambert," sighed Anne. "They came from England several years ago, and are so alone at Christmas time. I had hoped to have them, but of course I cannot do it this year."

"That gives me the very idea, Anne. We'll invite them and surprise them with a regular English dinner—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and gravy, and have roly-poly pudding for dessert."

The days flew by with the sisters as busy as bees. Anne was never happier in all her life. She had not time for repining, and found that by simply making the best of everything she had no real troubles at all. Henry, too, caught the spirit of hope and remarked to his wife:

"It won't be long until we have made up for lost time, and I like my new position better than the old one, because it has more of a future to it."

The Lamberts were delighted with the invitation, as they were expecting a lonely day, far away from Merrie England.

One day, when Judith came in from shopping, Anne met her with the news: "A nephew, John Leigh, has surprised the Lamberts. He has seen service in France, and is sent here by the British government on a mission to Washington. He has a week's vacation and has come to spend it with them. I insisted that he come to our Christmas dinner, and they are all going to call tonight."

"How interesting," exclaimed Judith. "Perhaps he can advise me about my Red Cross work."

Everyone was delighted to meet the handsome young soldier and eager to hear stories of "over there" from one who knew. John became a great help to Judith with her plans for the children's Christmas and her Red Cross work. In fact, he thought of so many things that he came to the Midgelys at least once a day and every evening. He trimmed the tree while Judith made the simple things to adorn it.

One evening Mrs. Midgely remarked to her husband: "I never saw a young man so interested in children."

He looked up from his paper in amused surprise. "My dear, do you really think he is interested only in the children?"

"John, you don't mean Judith?"

"Certainly. It has been evident from the first."

Christmas arrived—a glorious day, with snow on the ground. The children had hung up their stockings. Into the bottom of each had been placed the bright new cap and mittens, and a gay bag of candy on top, while the other gifts were grouped about the tree.

After the successful dinner was eaten they spent the evening in singing carols. John had a good tenor voice and Judith accompanied him on the piano. Then he sang military songs he had learned in the trenches.

The guests took their departure, vowing it the happiest Christmas of all. Mrs. Midgely turned to her sister.

"Only think, Judith, I was afraid you would have a dull time. The children have missed nothing, and you have been an angel of mercy!"

A World Crime

By BLISS GARMAN
of The Vigilante

Only a remnant of the ancient Armenian race remains, mostly old men and children. The rest of it has been wiped out by the Turk and the Teuton, Turkish racial animosity directed by cold-blooded Teuton efficiency and brutality. We are asked in the name of humanity to save the remaining sufferers from starvation, and their race from obliteration.

The tale of this episode of the great war is a harrowing one, and it will last until all history fades out forever, and this is a good time to recall it—good for us who have lived for four years and had no real sense of war, while millions were living in hell.

The story cannot be told fully yet, but there are incidents, pages in the horrible chapter, which should fill us with implacable horror of the Teuton-Turk and a moving, active pity for his victims.

The Armenian atrocity had one conception and one purpose, but it was carried out in various ways. The first portion of the Armenian race to feel the blow was not the native population of Armenia proper, but the scattered Armenian communities in various Turkish towns and cities. The procedure in over fifty places through Anatolia was identical. The same directions from Constantinople were exactly carried out in each case by the local authorities and in one or two instances where these authorities were too humane to fulfill their monstrous orders they were removed and more rigorous officers put in their places. Usually the procedure was in this wise:

The First Cruelties.
On a given day the streets of whatever town it might be were occupied by the local gendarmerie with fixed bayonets, and the governor summoned all able-bodied men of Armenian race that had been exempted from military draft to present themselves now on pain of death. "Able-bodied" included any male between fifteen and seventy years of age, and these were all marched out of the town by the gendarmes. They had not far to go for the gendarmes had been reinforced for the purpose from the galleys, and the brigades and Kurds were waiting in the hills. They were waiting to murder the prisoners. The first secluded valley witnessed their wholesale massacre, and acquitted of their task the gendarmes marched leisurely into town.

This was the first act. It preceded the pitiful possibility of resistance, to the second, which was more ingenious and far-reaching. The women, old men and children, who made up the remainder of the Armenian population, were not given notice of deportation within a fixed term—a week or ten days. Whole households were uprooted and driven off to an unknown destination, while their homes and property were transferred to Moslems.

To read of such things is to imagine that these victims must have been savages, some bands of half-civilized pitiable creatures, the lowest grade of humanity. They were not.

So the diminishing columns passed on to the most desolate regions of the south until the remnants reached, in some cases, the Euphrates. Here those that remained alive were loaded into boats or on rafts, floated out into the middle of the stream and shoved overboard.

Thousands Are Slaughtered.
The Novoye Vremya of Petrograd contained this news: "The Turkish atrocities in the district of Bitlis are indescribable. After having massacred the whole male population of the district, the Turks collected 9,000 women and children from the surrounding villages and drove them in upon Bitlis. Two days later they marched them out to the bank of the Tigris, shot them all and threw the 9,000 corpses into the river."

A newspaper in Tiflis reported: "The Turks have massacred the whole male population in the plain of Marsh. Only 5,000 people have succeeded in escaping and finding refuge in Sassan, where the insurgent Armenians are still holding out."

One of the directors of an educational institution supported by foreign missionaries in an Anatolian town testified: "Of the Armenian people as a whole we may put an estimate that three-fourths are gone, and this three-fourths includes the leaders in every walk of life—merchants, professional men, preachers, bishops and government officials—I have said enough. Our hearts are sick with the sights and stories of abject terror and suffering. The extermination of the race seems to be the objective, and the means employed are more fiendish than could be concocted locally. The orders are from headquarters, and any reprieve must be from the same source."

No reprieve from that source ever came. Not until the allied armies on the western front put a quietus on the Potsdam gang could there be any reprieve for this pitiful people. Not until the "Unspeakable Turk," defeated by the British under Allenby, has finally been sequestered in strict bounds can Armenians be safe. We have had no part in the horror of putting the Turk where he belongs. We can at least come to the aid of his pitiful victims and help to restore them to some small share in the freedom of life.



Your Labor Counts—every ounce of work you do helps some soldier! This war in the workshop as it was in the trenches. Some of our American women are borne down physically and mentally by the weaknesses of labor. They suffer from backache, dragging sensation, bearing-down pains, very nervous and pain in top of head. If they ask their neighbors they will be told to take a Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce's which has been so well and favorably known for the past half century.

Weak women should try it now. Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. This temperance tonic and nerve tonic will bring vim, vigor and vitality. Send Dr. Pierce, Box 108, N. Y., 10c for trial package.

Oak Harbor, Ohio. "I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and have also given it to my daughters and have always been very well satisfied with the results obtained by its use. I have taken the 'prescription' during pregnancy to keep me in a strong, healthy condition, which it did, and it helped me in every way."

"When my daughters began growing into womanhood I gave it to them and it proved most beneficial. It can highly recommend 'Favorite Prescription' to the expectant mother, and to young girls."—Mrs. Lucius Ryan, Box 150.

Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those painful attacks of indigestion, that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well, besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all this, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach miseries there is no telling where your stomach troubles will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day to get rid of your stomach miseries—take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel at once. It drives out all the gas and bloat, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn, ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong.

There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-mouth ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can then eat the things you like and, what's more, every mouthful you eat will come in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have punch and pep—the power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed; you are to be satisfied or money refunded.

EATONIC

(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)
Magic Relief for Bad Stomachs

SAVE COAL

BY USING
Phoenix Mineral

The Coal Saver

THOUSANDS of people are using this wonderful PHOENIX MINERAL and find it a great coal and money saver. Simply to use, treats coal in a minute; coal then has no soot, less smoke, no bad gases nor clinkers, and few ashes. Therefore, 1/2 to 3/4 more heat. It makes no difference what grade of coal or coke you use.

Phoenix Mineral is guaranteed not to injure your stove, range or furnace or boiler, but rather makes them last longer and heat better. Remember it produces 1/2 to 3/4 more heat. One dollar can treat one ton of either hard or soft coal or coke. Buy Jack Frost, with less coal and more heat and save money. Send for test package. It will demonstrate how these things are done. SEND ONE DOLLAR TODAY for this package to Continental Chemical Co., Denver, Colo.

We want a live agent in your locality. Write for our proposition.

Backache?—you need immediate help. Ask druggist for Dodd's. Insist on box shown, standard for 40 years.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 51-1918.

Love Versus Wine

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seven Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The English lion was roaring, and his growls could be heard all along the western front. No doubt many a German general was stirring uneasily in his large concrete shell-proof dugout, his eyes behind the German front-line, as the ever-increasing thundering roar reached his ears.

We had a close-up view of his majesty, the king of beasts, and to us he was a sorry-looking specimen. Patches of hide were worn away, while in his tail were two big knots. If these knots had been labeled it would have been easy to read "Neuve Chapelle" and "Gallipoli." The memory and pain of these two disasters no doubt increased the intensity of his thunder.

The British bombardment of the German lines was on, a bombardment which lasted over eight days and nights. It was the forerunner of the Big Push, or "Battle of the Somme."

Atwell and I were sitting in a dug-out of the support trench. Atwell was a great, big, lovable fellow, and was my mate. We both had been detailed to the divisional intelligence department, and were engaged upon "spy work."

Atwell, although of a naturally cheery disposition, occasionally relapsed into fits of despondency.

In the light from a stump of a candle I was making out my previous day's report to turn into brigade headquarters. Occasionally the entrance to the dugout would light up with a red glare as a shell burst in the near vicinity. Atwell was sitting on his pack, with his back leaning against the wet and muddy wall of the dugout. The rays from the candle lighted up his face.

Finishing my report, I got out a "rag," lighted it, and with an uneasy feeling listened to the roar of the hell outside. A long-drawn sigh caused me to look in Atwell's direction. Never in my life have I seen such a dejected and woe-begone countenance. This, in a way, angered me, because I, myself, right then, had a feeling of impending disaster, a sort of unknown dread, perhaps intermingled with a far-away longing for the fields and flowers at home. I wanted to be cheered, and Atwell's face looked like a morgue.

Forcing a smile I slapped Atwell on the knee and said:

"Come out o' your trance. We've both got a good chance for Blighty with this bombardment on."

Atwell looked in my direction, and in a tone of voice which from him I had never heard before, answered:

"Yank, I've been out since '14. I've buried many a mate and I've seen many a lucky bloke or a stretcher bound for Blighty, and never gave it a thought, but right now I feel as if my stay in the trenches will be short. I've had something on my mind since September, 1914, and it's been worrying me pink. I'm going to tell you the story, and I'll give you my oath that you're the first one that's ever heard it from my lips; but I've got to have your promise that you'll not judge me too harshly. I've just got to get it out o' my system."

Just then a sighing moan could be heard overhead. It was one of our "mine-laying" shells aimed in the direction of Berlin. We both instinctively turned our eyes toward the entrance of the dugout and waited for the burst. Nothing happened.

"Another bloomin' dud," ejaculated Atwell. "A few more hundred pounds gone to seed," and then again the gloomy look spread over his countenance. I was getting nervous and uneasy. Trying to hide my fear, I said:

"For the love o' Mike, Atwell, crack a smile. Give us that story of yours, or else I'll go bughouse. You had better get it off your chest, because I'm thinking that Fritz will soon be replying to our strafing, and if an eight-inch shell ever hits this dugout they'll need no wooden crosses for us, because our names will appear under the caption 'Missing.'"

With another sigh escaping from his lips, which sent a cold shiver up and down my spinal column, he lighted a rag and started in. This is what he told me:

"It was back in September, 1914. You know I came out with the first hundred thousand, the time when all the fighting was done in the open. The Germans were smashing everything before them in their drive on Paris. Our regiment was one of the few opposed to Von Kluck. It was a case of hold them for a few hours and then retreat—always retreat. We didn't even have time to bury our dead. The grub was rotten, and we were just about fagged out, dead tired, with no prospect of a relief or respite in front of us.

of ten to twenty men in charge of a sergeant, to reconnoitre on our flanks. One day I was sent out in charge of one of these parties. Oh, yes, I was a sergeant then, but I lost my stripes—disobedience of orders they called it. I suppose I ought to feel lucky I wasn't shot, but I'll leave it to you whether I did right or not.

"At that time I was in for a commission, but, of course, didn't get it. If I had received it, no doubt by this time I'd be pushing up the daisies somewhere in France. In those days officers didn't last long—made fine targets for the Boches.

"This patrol I was in charge of carried rations for three days. We were to scout around just in front of the advancing enemy, but our orders were not to engage them—just get information. If the information obtained was valuable enough, I was to send it in by one of the men. There were fourteen of us, and we were mounted. I was in the Lancers, then, and was considered a fair rider.

"The first day nothing happened. We just scouted around. By nightfall we were pretty tired, so when we came to a village, wasn't a village, either; just five or six houses clustered around a church. I decided to go into billets for the night.

"Riding up to the largest house, which had a four-foot stone wall running around its garden, I dismounted at the gate and knocked with the hilt of my sword. Pretty soon a light appeared at the front door. The house was on a sort of a knoll so this door was in plain view. Then, the sweetest voice I ever heard called out in trembling tones, in perfect English, too, but with just the suspicion of an accent.

"Who is there, please?"

"I answered, 'Just a few English Lancers who desire a place to rest for the night. The barn will do. We don't want anything to eat, as we have rations with us. So, if you will accommodate us, miss, I will be much obliged.' I was in love with that girl before I saw her—the voice had done the trick.

"She answered, 'Just a moment, please, until I tell father,' and then the door shut and the light disappeared. We didn't have to wait long before the door opened, and she called to me.

"Father bids you welcome, and so do I, soldiers of England."

"Then she opened the gate. There she stood on the gravel path, with the lantern held shoulder high. I trembled all over, thought I saw a vision. I tell you, Yank, she was beautiful. One of the kind you would like to take in your arms, but won't for fear of crushing. No use for me to try to describe her, Yank, it's out of my line; but she captured me, heart and soul. There I stood like a great, big boob, shaking and stuttering. At last I managed to blurt out a stammering 'Thank you, miss.'"

"She showed us the way to the stables and stood in the door holding the lantern so we could see to unsaddle. I was fumbling around with the buckles, but for the life of me couldn't get that saddle off. One of the men, with a wink and a broad grin, came over and helped me. 'That grin got my goat, so on the sly, I kicked him on the shin. He let out an explosive—'damn.' After that, 'damn' the silence was painful. The poor fellow felt like a fool. I was sorry for him, even though I could have killed him for his thoughtlessness. But our embarrassment was short-lived, because a silver laugh came from behind the lantern, a laugh that was not loud, but it echoed and re-echoed among the rafters overhead. I can hear it right now, Yank.

"After the horses had been unsaddled and fed, the men looked appealingly at me. I knew what they wanted—they were dog tired, and dying to hit the hay. Just as I was about to ask permission for them to turn in, the angel butted in with:

"'Poor, tired soldiers, sleepy and hungry. Come right into the house. Jean has some supper and wine ready for you.'"

"We stammered our thanks and followed her into the house like a string of sheep. Yank, to me that meal was in a dream. She fitted around the table, filling a glass here and there, laughing

with us and making us feel at home. The war was forgotten. By this time I was madly in love with her, and she knew it, because when she leaned over my shoulder to replenish my glass with red wine, her hair would brush my cheek, and once she rested her hand on my shoulder and gave it just the slightest squeeze. I was in heaven.

"It was getting late and the wine

was beginning to tell on the men. They were falling asleep in their chairs. I had a hard job waking four of them to go on guard. They got their rifles and were standing around me for instructions, when our hostess came over to me, and, resting her hand on my arm, with again the slightest of squeezes and pleading eyes, interceded for them.

"Sergeant," she said, 'let the poor boys sleep. They are so tired. There is no danger. The Germans are miles away. I know this to be true. Do this for me.' And again that squeeze.

"I, like a fool, listened to her, and gave an unwilling assent. The men looked their gratitude. Jean, the manservant, led them out to the barn, where an abundance of hay had been spread for their beds. I was inhaling, when a whisper in my ear made my head swim:

"Don't go yet, my sergeant, stay with me."

"I stayed, worse luck.

"We sat on a settee, talking, and her arm stole around my waist. I wasn't slow, either, and as you know, Yank, I have a pretty good reach. Once, she spoke to me in French, but I shook my head in bewilderment. In a few minutes the servant returned, and Adrienne, she told me her name, called him to her and said:

"Jean, go down in the wine cellar and get some of that old port and give it to the soldiers of England. Poor

boys, it will warm them." She added something in French I could not understand. Then she added:

"Leave a bottle here for the sergeant and me."

"I protested against more wine for the boys. Her pleading overruled my good judgment, and I consented. The servant left to do her mission, and I proposed. Her answer was a kiss. I was the happiest man in France.

"Presently Jean returned and silently placing a bottle and two glasses on the table withdrew. 'We were alone. She took the bottle and, pouring out a glass of wine, touched it to her lips and handed it to me with this toast:

"Drink, my sergeant. Drink to our betrothal. Drink to the honor of France. Drink to the honor of England. Drink to the confusion of our enemies."

"I drank with my fool heart pounding against my ribs. Then blackness.

"When I awoke, I was lying on the settee, my head bursting with pain. The gray dawn was filtering through the curtained windows, and there, in the middle of the room, with my Adrienne in his arms, stood a captain of Uhlans. I was a prisoner. I saw it all in a flash. She had betrayed me. Now I knew why she had wanted no guard posted. That wine we pledged our troth in was drugged. What an ass I had been!

"I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. They were talking in German. Pretty soon the captain came over and roughly shook me. I only grunted. With an exclamation of disgust, he called out in German. Two troopers came in and, lifting me by the shoulders and feet, carried me out into the air. I slightly opened my eyes and saw that I was being carried out to the gate, where two horses were standing with their reins thrown over a hitching post. By the equipment I knew one of the horses belonged to the captain, while the other was the orderly's. The two troopers dumped me down on the road, one giving me a kick with his boot. I was lying on my left side, and by a certain hand pressure on my ribs I knew they had neglected to search me. That pressure was my automatic pistol. A feeling of exultation rushed over me. I would endure them yet.

"Fate worked into my hands. A hail in German came from the stables, and one of the troopers left to answer it. The odds were even, one against one. I slowly turned over on my face, as if in sleep, and my fingers grasped the butt of the automatic, but just then I heard steps on the gravel walk. The captain and Adrienne were coming toward me.

"She stopped beside me and said in English:

"You poor English fool! Make love to me, will you? Good-by, my foolish sergeant. While you are rotting in prison think of your Adrienne, bah!"

"My hand gave the butt of my automatic just the slightest squeeze. I was thinking of her hand on my shoulder. Well, two could play that game.

"The captain said something to the orderly, who left in the direction of the house. Now was my chance.

Springing to my feet and leveling the pistol at the captain, I grabbed the reins of his horse from the post and mounted. The orderly came running toward me, yelling out in German, and I could see soldiers emerging from the stable. I had to act quickly.

"When I mounted, the captain reached for his revolver. I covered him with mine and, with a shriek of terror, Adrienne threw herself in front of the Uhlans' captain to protect him. I saw her too late. My bullet pierced her left breast, and a red smudge showed on her white silk blouse as she sank to the ground. I shot the orderly's horse to prevent immediate pursuit and then away on a mad gallop down the road. It was a long chase, but I escaped them.

The rest of my men were captured. At our headquarters I had to be like a trooper. Told them we had been ambushed and wiped out. It was the only way to save my skin. There were no witnesses against me, so I got off with reduction to the ranks and a transfer to another regiment. They smelled a rat, all right, but had no proof.

"So that is my story, Yank. Just forget that I ever told it to you. Enough to make a fellow get the blues occasionally, isn't it? Just pass me a rag, and take that look off your face."

I gave him the cigarette and, without a word, went out of the dugout and left him alone. I was thinking of Adrienne.

Upon reaching the trench I paused in wonder and fright. The sky was alight with a red glare. The din was terrific. A constant swishing and rushing through the air, intermingled

with the sound of our batteries were

sweating blood. The trench seemed to be rolling like a ship. I stood in awe. This bombardment of ours was something indescribable, and a shudder passed through me as I thought of the havoc and destruction caused in the German lines. At that moment I really pitied the Germans, but not for long, because suddenly hell seemed to burst loose from the German lines as their artillery opened up. I could hear their "five-nines" screeching through the air and bursting in the artillery lines in our rear. Occasionally a far-off rum-lum-rum-rump, crash! Bru-n-n-n-g! could be heard as one of their high-caliber shells came over and burst in our reserve. I crouched against the parapets, hardly able to breathe. While in this position, right overhead, every instant getting louder, came a German shell—hu-z-z! bang-z-z! I was blinded by the flash. Down I went, into the mud. Struggling to my feet in the red glare of the bombardment.

I saw that the traverse on my left had entirely disappeared. Covered with mud, weak and trembling, I could hear what sounded like far-distant voices coming from the direction of the battered traverse.

"Blime me, get 'is bloomin' napper outta 'is mud; 'e's chokin' to death. Pass me a bandage—tyke 'is 'byonnet fer a splint. Blime me, 'is leg 's smashed, not 'arf 'it 'aint. Th' rest o' 'is blokes 'op 'it fer a stretcher. 'Ello, 'e's got another one—quick, a tourniquet, the poor bloke's 'bleedin' to death. Quick, 'up against the parapet, 'ere comes another!"

Whiz-z-z! Bang-g-g!

Another flare, and once again I was thrown into the mud. I opened my eyes. Bending over me, shaking me by the shoulder was Atwell. His voice sounded faint and far away. Then I came to with a rush.

"Blime me, Yank, that was a close one. Did it get you?"

He helped me to my feet and I felt myself all over. Seeing I was all right, he yelled in my ear:

"We've got to leg it out of 'ere. Fritz is sure sendin' over 'whiz-bangs' and 'minnies.' Number 9 platoon in the next fire bay snore clicked it. About eighteen of them have gone West. Come on, well see if we can do anything for the poor blokes."

We plowed through the mud and came into the next fire bay. In the light of the bursting shells an awful sight met our eyes. The traverses were smashed in, the fire step was gone, and in the parados was a hole that looked like a subway entrance. There was mud and blood.

"Every now and then, ducking as a 'whiz-bang' or 'minnie' came over, we managed to get four of the wounded on the stretchers, and Atwell and I carried one to the rear to the first aid dressing station. We passed the dugout which I had left but a few minutes before, or at least, what used to be the dugout, but now all that could be seen was a caved-in mass of dirt; huge square-cut timbers sucking out of the ground and silhouetted against the light from bursting shells, looking like huge giants. A shudder passed through me as I realized that if we had stayed in the dugout we would have been lying fifteen to twenty feet down, covered by that caved-in earth and wreckage.

Atwell jerked his head in the direction of the smashed-in dugout, and, as was his wont, remarked:

"How about that fancy report you were writing out a few minutes ago? Didn't I tell you that it never paid to make out reports in the front line? It's best to wait until you get to head quarters, because what's the use of wasting all that holy time when you're liable to be buried in a dugout?"

Turning my head to listen to Atwell, I ran plump into a turn in the trench. A shout came from the form on the stretcher:

"Why in the bloody 'ell don't you blokes look where you're going? You'd think this was a bloomin' Piccadilly bus, and I was out with my best girl on a joy-ride."

I mumbled my apologies and then form relapsed into silence. The muddy Tommy on the stretcher began to mumble. Atwell asked him if he wanted anything. With a howl of rage he answered:

"Of all the bloody nerve—do I want anything—only a bloody pair o' crutches, a dish o' 'fish and chips' and a glass o' stout."

"When we came to the first aid dressing station we turned our charge over to some R. A. M. C. men, and ducking and running through the communication trench, we at last reached one of the rooky and safe 'elephant dug-outs.' At last we were safe. Stumbling over the feet of men we came to an unoccupied corner and sat down in the straw. Several candles were burned.

Several candles were burned, and a frightened look in their eyes. Strange to say, the conversation had nothing to do with themselves. They were sympathizing with the poor fellows in the front line who were clicking it.

I must have dropped off to sleep. When I awoke it was morning, and after drinking our tea and eating our bread and bacon, Atwell and I reported to brigade headquarters, and were again detailed into the front-line trench.

DAZED BY HUN ATROCITIES

Emotional Faculties of Afflicted Belgians Probably Paralyzed by the Horrors They Had Witnessed.

Mr. Brand Whitlock, former American minister to Belgium, has been talking about the horrors of Louvain in the London Daily Telegraph.

"I was struck by the lack of passion displayed by all those who had so terribly suffered. I seldom heard any of them express hatred of the Germans or any desire for revenge.

"None of them, as far as I could learn or observe, even acted in the tragic manner. There were no heroics and no histrionics, they did not even demean themselves as do people in the cinema or the romantic novels.

"In moments of great danger, or great shame and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not act in the theatrical sense of the word."

To say that a play could be acted without gesture or other expression of what we feel is absurd. Nor would I think history support Mr. Brand Whitlock's inference, whatever may have been the story of unhappy Belgium.

When Mme. du Barry died upon the scaffold in Paris, her shrieks delighted the knitting women. The Duke of Guise ran wildly from his assassins to throw himself at the feet of Henry of France. Pitt wept for his country's misfortunes—the family of the ill-fated Louis XVI did not cease their lamentations all night when they heard that he was to be guillotined at dawn.

The cholera of Judge Jeffreys found expression in the ravings and rantings of a madman. Boabdil wept when he was driven from Granada. Henry VIII could swear like a fishwife—Catherine Howard shrieked at Hampton court, and the superstitious hear her shrieks to this day.

In my view, the unhappy Belgians were dazed by the very horror of the circumstance. The atrocities committed by the Hun were too awful. Shall we wonder if the emotional faculties were paralyzed?—London Dispatch.

Prussian Guard Long Famous.

The history of the Prussian Guard cream of Germany's fighting men, which was smashed by the headlong attack of American troops at the Second Battle of the Marne, dates back to the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, when men believed in the divine rights of kings, and the troops of the guard could be depended on to protect the sacred body of their sovereign when all other supporters fell away.

The Prussian Guard was once a company of archers, known as the Trabant Guards. It was transformed into a real fighting force by Frederick William I, Drill with him was a ruling passion and he lavished much attention on his guard; scouring Europe for giants, as no man under six feet in height could enter his pet regiment. This requirement was abolished by Frederick the Great, who cared only for fighting ability. The stirring example of Napoleon's Imperial Guard caused the Prussian organization to be increased in size, and it now comprises a complete army corps. Into its ranks go the cream of each year's class of Prussian recruits.

Mount Rubber.

"Remember Mount Rubber when you come to Newton," urges the Kansan. Mount Rubber is a heap of rubber rubbish on East Broadway, near Main street, which, when it assumes the desired proportions, will be sold to old rubber collectors and the proceeds turned over to the Red Cross. The nation needs the money, and the public needs its rideance. "Anything like an old auto tire, bicycle tire, rubber boots, old garden hose, rubber out of your neck—in fact, anything in the form of rubber—can be chucked into the pile and it will be a joy for the Kaiser," says the Kansan.

Peculiar Cause for Divorce.

In a divorce case at London, England, the petitioner, a lance corporal in the Gordon Highlanders, said his wife, an Englishwoman, refused to be seen with him on the street because she did not like him in a kilt. When he was on leave later she greeted him with "Oh, those d— kilts!" The husband was granted a decree.

DAIRY



HAVE DAIRY UTENSILS CLEAN

Better Quality of Milk—Results Where Sterilized Cans, Pails and Separators are Used.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An active campaign against the unsterilized milk can, pail, strainer cloth, and separator, as contributing causes to high bacterial count in city milk, is now being carried on this season by the United States department of agriculture in co-operation with the health and milk officials of a number of cities. Already health officers in 150 localities have accepted the department's offer to demonstrate to their local milk producers a simple home-made sterilizer, costing not more than \$15, which if used on the farm will help guard the milk against this initial and serious contamination. How great a bearing sterilization of milk utensils on the farm has on the bacterial content of milk is shown by experiments which have proved that the average milk can, when washed in the ordinary way, may contain over eight billion bacteria, and that almost every milk can so treated harbors millions of bacteria which give a high bacterial count and hasten the souring of milk.

The home-made sterilizer for dairy utensils which is to be demonstrated uses steam as a sterilizing agent. All that is required to develop steam enough to sterilize the ordinary dairy utensils is a two burner kerosene stove, and there is nothing about the device which calls for special skill in its effective use. The department has twenty of these sterilizers, described in Farmers' Bulletin 748, and has offered to supply an outfit for a two-weeks' demonstration to any local health or dairy official who will agree to show it in operation to the milk producers in his section.

The effectiveness of this sterilizer has been fully proved both in the laboratory and on the farm. In one experiment ten gallons of fresh milk were divided into two parts. Five gallons, passed through a separator into a five-gallon can, both utensils washed in the ordinary way, showed at the end of an hour 1,880,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter. The other five gallons, passed through a separator into a can, after both utensils had been washed and sterilized by means of the home-made sterilizer, showed only 24,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter.

The device, moreover, removes foul odors and leaves the utensils dry as well as sterilized. Experience shows that the bacterial count is thus materially reduced, while the producer finds that his milk does not sour so quickly and has an improved flavor.

The specialists of the dairy division are hopeful that the device, wherever it is demonstrated, will come into common use. It is believed that this sterilizer will find ready adoption among small dairymen because of its low cost of construction and operation, and because its use will tend to improve the quality and increase the keeping character of the milk.

Own First-Class Bull.

The owner of a large herd of cows can well afford to own a first-class bull, and the bull association has now made it possible for the owner of a small herd to own a share in a good, well-bred bull.

Clean and Sweet Cream.

The cleanest and sweetest cream is obtained when milk is separated immediately after milking and then cooled to near 50 degrees.



"You Poor English Fool! Make Love to Me, Will You?"



"For the Love o' Mike, Atwell, Crack a Smile."

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Goldie Lumley of Detroit spent Sunday at the T. A. Garfield home.

Charles Leach of Farmington township called on Northville friends Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Madison of Dearborn was a Northville caller Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Chamberlain of Pontiac was a guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. C. Harmon, for the week-end.

B. R. Gilbert and family left Northville this week for Clearwater, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Evelyn Clarkson, who is spending several weeks in Detroit, was at her home here from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Parsons returned to Detroit last week for an indefinite stay after spending a few days at her home here.

Mrs. E. G. Hinkley has recently had as her guests, her sister, Mrs. Geo. Barnes of Chicago and Mrs. Frank Miller of Belleville.

Mrs. Laura McRobert returned home Saturday after spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Weaver, at Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sackett and children, Miss Laura Sackett and Charles Stetson, all of Detroit, called on Northville friends Sunday.

Mrs. Asa Smith has returned to Versailles, N. Y., after spending a few weeks at her Northville home. Her broken arm is still too weak to use.

Thas Clark, a Novi resident of former years, now of Pontiac, visited relatives and old friends in Northville and Novi Saturday and Sunday.

Harold Turner of Ecorse; Don Van-Sickle of Camp Custer, and Gerald Taft of Ann Arbor were among the boys in uniform who visited in town for the week-end.

A number of those interested in the Northville fair, attended the State Association meeting in Detroit this week Wednesday. Among them were Harry B. Clark-James A. Huff, Floyd Northrop, N. C. Schrader, F. S. Neal and Harry Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lanning were recently called to Pontiac to attend

Geo. Rattenbury
AUCTIONEER.
Terms Reasonable; Satisfaction Guaranteed.
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

UPHOLSTERING AND REPAIRING

NEW AND USED FURNITURE
BOUGHT and SOLD.

Make the whole family an Xmas Gift worth while by getting those Shabby Pieces of Furniture Upholstered or Repaired. Complete Line of Upholstery Samples to Select from.

We also Repair Auto Curtains.

F. R. WOODWORTH

Bldg. formerly occupied by Carrington & Son.

THOMAS B. COUCH

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EX-
CHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm
Dare to make it known."

Well, I am selling the best Jersey Milk at 10 cts per quart. I expect the Jersey Cows will kick at me selling such good milk at such low price, but let them kick. I don't have to milk them. I want to say that this milk is milked and bottled by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Freer. They are nice, clean people as ever walked the face of the earth. They worked for Mr. Starkweather for quite a long time, and you all know how Mr. Starkweather's place is run—right up-to-date—and these young people have learned how to milk and to care for milk. If you buy this milk you are getting better milk than they are selling in Detroit for 15 cents per quart.

I have a lot of Brooms to sell at 90 cts., just as good as are being sold at \$1.25. Also am almost giving away a lot of Salsoda in Bulk.

Am selling the Red Wing, Minn. Flour for \$1.55. I bought and sold several carloads of Red Wing and other Flours while in the Grocery Business in Glasford, Illinois, and had quite a few kicks on some kinds in the fall when the mills started to grind new wheat before it had gone through the sweat, but never had a kick on the good old Red Wing or the Lily White, Grand Rapids, Flour.

I have bought me a pair of felt boots. You can tell me from the other storekeepers by my Felt Boots and my Low Prices.

THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

JAMES AND BARNEY ROCHE



Two Northville boys who are with the American Expeditionary Forces, in France.

the funeral of Mrs. Lanning's brother, a victim of influenza-pneumonia.

TREASURY CERTIFICATES.

"All United States Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness of series IV E, dated September 3, 1918 and maturing January 2, 1919, are hereby called for redemption on December 19, 1918 at par and accrued interest pursuant to the provisions for such redemption contained in the certificates."

On December 19, 1918 interest on all certificates of said series will cease to accrue.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK
OF CHICAGO.

Govt Bond Department

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mr. Jacob Fuerst
Mr. Lawrence Fuerst
Mrs. L. Hutton
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lambert
Mr. W. H. McPherson
Mr. Wm. H. McPherson
Miss Fay Schofield
Mrs. E. F. Westmore
Mrs. Fred Willette

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

Because of the fact that our regular meeting would come on Christmas night, it has been thought best to hold the next meeting one week in advance—next week Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. Members are requested to notify others who may not see this notice of the meeting.

CARD OF THANKS.

To our Northville friends, and the Baptist church and Sunday school especially, we wish to express our deep appreciation for sympathy given us in this, our hour of great affliction.
MR. AND MRS. JAS. F. DUNHAM
3003 E. 6th Blvd., Detroit

ADVICE TO "FLU"
CONVALESCENTS

SPAIN AND ENGLAND REPORT
INCREASE IN TUBERCULOSIS
AFTER INFLUENZA
EPIDEMIC.

U. S. Public Health Service Warns
Public Against Tuberculosis.
One Million Cases Tubercu-

losis in United States—Each a
Source of Danger.

Influenza Convalescents Should Have
Lungs Examined—Colds Which Hang
On Often Beginning of Tuberculosis.
No Cause for Alarm if Tuberculosis
Is Recognized Early—Patent Medi-
cines Not to Be Trusted.

Beware tuberculosis after in-
fluenza. No need to worry if
you take precautions in time.
Don't diagnose your own con-
dition. Have your doctor exam-
ine your lungs several times at
monthly intervals. Build up your
strength with right living, good
food and plenty of fresh air.
Don't waste money on patent
medicines advertised to cure tu-
berculosis.
Become a fresh air crank and
enjoy life.

Washington, D. C. (Special.)—Ac-
cording to a report made to the United
States Public Health Service, the epi-
demic of influenza in Spain has al-
ready caused an increase in the preva-
lence and deaths from pulmonary tu-
berculosis. A similar association be-
tween influenza and tuberculosis was
recently made by Sir Arthur New-
holme, the chief medical officer of the
English public health service, in his
analysis of the tuberculosis death rate
in England.

In order that the people of the United
States may profit by the experience
of other countries, the Surgeon General
Rupert Blue of the United States Pub-
lic Health Service has just issued a
warning emphasizing the need of spe-
cial precautions at the present time.
"Experience seems to indicate," says
the Surgeon General, "that persons
whose resistance has been weakened
by an attack of influenza are peculiarly
susceptible to tuberculosis. With
millions of its people recently affected
with influenza this country now of-
fers conditions favoring the spread of
tuberculosis."

One Million Consumptives in the
United States.

"Then you consider this a serious
menace?" was asked. "In my opinion
it is, though I hasten to add it is dis-
tinctly one against which the people
can guard. So far as one can estimate
there are at present about one million
cases of tuberculosis in the United
States. There is unfortunately no
complete census available to show ex-
actly the number of tuberculosis per-
sons in each state despite the fact that
most of the states have made the dis-
ease reportable. In New York city,
where reporting has been in force for
many years, over 35,000 cases of tu-
berculosis are registered with the De-
partment of Health. Those familiar
with the situation believe that the ad-
dition of unrecognized and unreported
cases would make the number nearer
50,000. The very careful health sur-
vey conducted during the past two
years in Framingham, Mass., revealed
200 cases of tuberculosis in a popu-
lation of approximately 15,000. If these
proportions hold true for the United
States as a whole they would indicate
that about one in every hundred per-
sons is tuberculous. Each of these
constitutes a source of danger to be
guarded against."

What to Do.

In his statement to the public Sur-
geon General Blue points out how
those who have had influenza should
protect themselves against tubercu-
losis. "All who have recovered from in-
fluenza," says the Surgeon General,
"should have their lungs carefully ex-
amined by a competent physician. In
fact, it is desirable to have several ex-
aminations made a month apart. Such
examinations cannot be made through
the clothing nor can they be carried
out in two or three minutes. If the
lungs are found to be free from tuber-
culosis every effort should be made to
keep them so. This can be done by
right living, good food and plenty of
fresh air."

Danger Signs.

The Surgeon General warned espe-
cially against certain danger signs,
such as "decline" and "colds which
hang on."

These, he explained, were often the
beginning of tuberculosis. "If you do
not get well promptly, if your cold
seems to hang on or your health and
strength decline, remember that these
are often the early signs of tubercu-
losis. Place yourself at once under the
care of a competent physician. Tubercu-
losis is curable in the early stages."

Patent Medicines Dangerous in Tubercu-
losis.

"Above all do not trust in the mis-
leading statements of unscrupulous
patent medicine makers. There is no
specific medicine for the cure of tubercu-
losis. The money spent on such
medicines is thrown away; it should
be spent instead for good food and de-
cent living."

U. S. HEALTH SERVICE
ISSUES WARNING

Increase in All Respiratory Dis-
eases After the Influenza
Epidemic Probable.

Influenza Expected to Lurk for Months.
How to Guard Against Pneumonia.
Common Colds Highly Catching—Im-
portance of Suitable Clothing—Could
Save 100,000 Lives.

Washington, D. C. With the subsi-
dence of the epidemic of influenza the
attention of health officers is directed
to pneumonia, bronchitis and other
diseases of the respiratory system
which regularly cause a large number
of deaths, especially during the winter
season. According to Rupert Blue,
Surgeon General of the United States
Public Health Service, these diseases
will be especially prevalent this win-
ter unless the people are particularly
careful to obey health instructions.

"The present epidemic," said Sur-
geon General Blue, "has taught by bitter
experience how readily a condition
beginning apparently as a slight cold
may go on to pneumonia and death.
Although the worst of the epidemic is
over, there will continue to be a large
number of scattered cases, many of
them mild and unrecognized, which
will be dangerous spots to be guarded
against." The Surgeon General likened
the present situation to that after a

great fire, saying, "No fire chief who
understands his business stops playing
the hose on the charred debris as soon
as the flames and visible fire have dis-
appeared. On the contrary, he con-
tinues the water for hours and even
days, for he knows that there is dan-
ger of the fire rekindling from smol-
dering embers."

"Then you fear another outbreak of
influenza?" he was asked. "Not neces-
sarily another large epidemic," said
the Surgeon General, "but unless the
people learn to realize the seriousness
of the danger they will be compelled to
pay a heavy death toll from pneumo-
nia and other respiratory diseases."

Common Colds Highly Catching.

"It is encouraging to observe that
people are beginning to learn that or-
dinary coughs and colds are highly
catching and are spread from person
to person by means of droplets of
germ laden mucus. Such droplets are
sprayed into the air when sneezes or
ignorant people cough or sneeze with-
out covering their mouth and nose. It
is also good to know that people have
learned something about the value of
fresh air. In summer, when people
are largely out of doors, the respira-
tory diseases (coughs, colds, pneumo-
nia, etc.) are infrequent; in the fall,
as people begin to remain indoors, the
respiratory diseases increase; in the
winter, when people are prone to stay
in badly ventilated, overheated rooms,
the respiratory diseases become very
prevalent."

Suitable Clothing Important.

"Still another factor in the produc-
tion of colds, pneumonia and other
respiratory diseases is carelessness or ig-
norance of the people regarding suit-
able clothing during the seasons when
the weather suddenly changes, sitting
in warm rooms too heavily dressed or,
what is even more common, especially
among women, dressing so lightly that
windows are kept closed in order to be
comfortably warm. This is a very in-
jurious practice."

Could Save 100,000 Lives.

"I believe we could easily save one
hundred thousand lives annually in
the United States if all the people
would adopt the system of fresh air
living followed, for example, in tubercu-
losis sanatoria. There is nothing
mysterious about it—no specific medi-
cine, no vaccine. The important thing
is right living, good food and plenty of
fresh air."

Droplet Infection Explained in Pictures.

"The Bureau of Public Health,
Treasury Department, has just issued
a striking poster drawn by Berryman,
the well-known Washington cartoonist.
The poster exemplifies the modern
method of health education. A few
years ago, under similar circumstances,
the health authorities would have is-
sued an official dry but scientifically
accurate bulletin teaching the role of
droplet infection in the spread of res-
piratory diseases. The only ones who
would have understood the bulletin
would have been those who already
knew all about the subject. The man
in the street, the plain citizen and the
many millions who toil for their living
would have had no time and no desire
to wade through the technical phrase-
ology."



COLDS, INFLUENZA, PNEUMONIA,
AND TUBERCULOSIS ARE SPREAD THIS WAY

Copies of this poster can be ob-
tained free of charge by writing to the
Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health
Service, Washington, D. C.

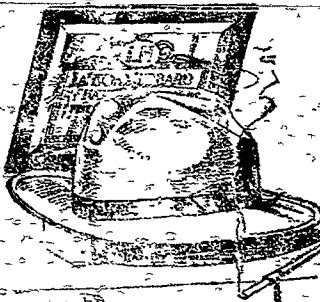
FREYDL, the Tailor

Says



Emphatically

MAKE IT A
PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS



Buy Men's Gifts at
a Man's Store.

Buy Boys' Gifts at
a Boy's Store.

May we suggest—
FINE
HABERDASHERY

Silk Shirts
Dress Shirts
Sweater Coats
Handkerchiefs
Pajamas.

Mufflers
Suspenders
Hose
Gloves
Neckwear

Underwear

THE GIFT IDEAL

for father, husband, brother or friend.

FREYDL, THE TAILOR

Northville, Michigan.



Low Meat Prices

vs.

High Cattle Prices

If the farmer cannot get enough for
his live stock, he raises less, and the
packer gets less raw material.

If the consumer has to pay too much
for his meat, he eats less of it, and the
packer finds his market decreased.

The packer wants the producer to
get enough to make live-stock raising
profitable, and he wants the price of meat
so low that everyone will eat it.

But all he can do, and what he would
have to do in any case to stay in busi-
ness, is to keep down the cost of pro-
cessing the farmer's stock into meat so
that the consumer pays for the meat and
by-products only a little more than the
farmer gets for his animals.

For example, last year Swift & Company
paid for its cattle about 90 per cent of
what it got for meat and by-products
(such as hides, tallow, oils, etc.)

If cattle from the farm were turned
miraculously into meat in the hands of
retailers (without going through the ex-
pense of dressing, shipping and market-
ing), the farmer would get only about
1 1/8 cents per pound more for his cattle,
or consumers would pay only about 2 1/4
cents per pound less for their beef!

Out of this cent or two per pound,
Swift & Company pays for the operation
of extensive plants, pays freight on meats,
operates refrigerator cars, maintains
branch houses, and in most cases, de-
livers to retailers all over the United
States. The profit amounts to only a
fraction of a cent, and a part of this
profit goes to build more plants, to give
better service, and to increase the com-
pany's usefulness to the country.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.