

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIX, NO. 4.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NORTHVILLE DEEP SPRINGS WATER CO.

M. A. Porter has resigned as superintendent and manager of the Deep Springs Water company here. Mr. Porter was the discoverer of these now famous springs and had charge of their entire development. When N. W. Annis of Detroit purchased the springs something like a year ago, Mr. Porter continued with the new company and had charge of the construction of the new buildings and the installation of the new machinery, and materially aided in the development of business up to its present huge volume. Mr. Annis has done wonders in a publicity and sales way of putting the water on the market until today its fame is known on every street corner and Northville has received a volume of advertising the value of which cannot be estimated.

As in his famous fur business, Mr. Annis has shown an ability that spelled success for the sale of Northville's justly famous Deep Springs Water from the day of his purchase of the plant.

Direct from the springs the water is sanitarily bottled and daily shipped to Detroit by way of huge motor trucks, where it is delivered to homes in much the same manner as one obtains milk.

SUPPLY OF SUGAR IS SUFFICIENT

F. S. Neal, of Northville, assistant Food Administrator, says:

"There is a sufficient supply of sugar available for all necessary purposes. Because of certain restrictions people are sometimes unnecessarily alarmed. These restrictions are however for the purpose of insuring a sufficient supply of sugar at all times for everyone."

Canning and Preserving.
"For canning and preserving purposes there is a plentiful supply and the local food representative has authority to approve of purchase for as much as is required to an amount not exceeding 75 lbs. in lots of 25 lbs. or less. The restrictions are, the sugar is solely for canning or preserving purposes and for immediate use (within one week). The government is urging every family to can and preserve as much food as possible."

For Home Use.
"For home use, the requirements are 2 lbs. per person per month. This is in addition to the canning sugar. In this requirement householders may take into consideration visitors, threshers, extra help, etc."
"The purpose of the government is not only to conserve the sugar just at this time but also to insure an equal distribution. It is not a shortage of sugar so much as it is a shortage of means of transporting the raw material from other countries, Cuba, Jamaica, etc. In the mean time can all you can."

RED CROSS NOTES.

The sewing classes, which were to have resumed work at the school building next Monday, August 19, will not commence work there until Monday, August 26, when it is hoped the intensely heated term will be over. Any person, however, who would like work to do at home, during this time can obtain it by applying to Mrs. Kittie Harmon.

All ladies who have knitted articles or yarn are urgently requested to turn in same at the work-rooms on or before August 26. This must be done whether work is completed by that time or not, as it has become necessary, on account of the yarn shortage, to inventory all supplies in that line for information required at national headquarters. Finish work if possible, but if not, turn it in anyway, with all yarn in your possession.

TIME TO "GROOM THE OLD HEN."

Ed Fuller has been finally persuaded to again assume the responsibilities of the poultry department of the Northville fair and he suggests that the Record remind poultry raisers that right now is none too soon to begin "grooming the old hen." He says that "Old Fish" didn't want to take the job this year but that's no sign he isn't going at it harder than ever now he has it. We would add that Mr. Fuller's department was one of the star exhibits last fall and every poultry and pet stock owner in the vicinity should take hold and help him to make another success this year.

NEW RATES IN EFFECT.

The Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry. announces that it has filed with the Michigan Railroad Commission new passenger rates effective Friday, Aug. 9. These rates are according to the various franchise terms and result in some increases in the fares to and from Detroit and other points along the line.

Under the new tariff the rate of fare between Detroit and Northville will be 40 cents in addition to war taxes and the Detroit City fare.

The additional revenues coming to the company through these changes will go only a small way towards meeting the additional costs of operation incurred through the war labor board's award, states A. D. B. Van Zanet, publicity agent of the Detroit United Lines. We feel sure that the patrons of this line, just as do the people of Detroit, fully realize the absolute necessity of the company increasing its revenues because of the greatly increased cost of doing business.

PATRIOTIC FUND COLLECTION.

The monthly Patriotic fund pledges are now payable to Mr. Lanning at the Lapham State Savings bank today and tomorrow, Friday and Saturday, August 16 and 17. Every person should bear this in mind and be ready each month to meet the obligation incurred by the signing of the pledge.

LETTER FROM

ROSS M. DIXON

Sergeant Ross Dixon, who has been transferred from Florida to Virginia, writes his parents as follows:

Dear Mother, Dad and Irene: Arrived here last night, and awfully busy getting things straightened around. Had a dandy trip, but awfully hot. We stopped at all the big towns for an hour or two. Savannah looked like home to me in a way, after being in Florida. This is a good camp, just a mile out of Hampton, a small town, and seven miles from Newport News. Await big camp, as Newport News is the largest shipping port in the U. S., filled with warehouses and docks, all filled with stuff, waiting for ships to take it across.

I don't think we will be here very long, but do not know for sure; about 2 months I think and then we will probably go to New York or else across. I hope to see Newport News and Norfolk, before leaving here.

Love to all. DICK

STATE FAIR TICKETS

Tickets for the State fair will be on sale at this office as heretofore, and at the old price 35 cents each or 3 for \$1.00. No war tax is levied on fair tickets.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Union service in the evening in the Presbyterian church, Rev. W. C. Francis, preaching.

The "Farther Lights" class will meet in the church parlors Tuesday evening, August 20.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
"The Church Around the Corner."
Sunday morning service at 10 a. m. Subject: "Efficiency," "Godlike or Godless?"
Union service in Presbyterian church at 7:30; the Methodist pastor preaching. Subject: "Who is My Brother?"
Union prayer meeting on Thursday night in the Methodist church.

Please keep in mind that the Methodist ladies will serve lunches during the fair.

Woman's Home Missionary society will meet at the home of Mrs. Calkins on Tuesday afternoon, when a pot luck lunch will be served. Automobiles will leave the church at 1:30. Each member bring a guest.

You are heartily welcomed to the above named services.

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.)

- Amber, Roy—Eng. Corps, A. E. F.
- via Paris, France.
- Bryan, Karl—Headquarters Co. Band.
- Co. B, A. E. F.
- Brady, Frank W.—Coast Artillery.
- Co. C, A. E. F.
- Barber, Jack—Motor Co. E.
- 15th Engineers, A. E. F.
- Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S.
- Engineers, A. E. F.
- Blowers, Hiram—E. Co. A, Field
- Hospital, Service, Fort Presidio,
- San Francisco, Calif.
- Buckley, Clifford—Ordnance Dept., Det-
- roit.
- Brassow, Wm. C.—Co. A, 301 W. S.
- T. Camp, Holabird, Baltimore, Md.
- Bates, Miles F.—Sapper No. 2011702.
- Eng. Training Dept., St. Johns,
- Quebec, Canada.
- Covell, Wesley J.—Co. B, U. of M.
- T. D.
- Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris
- Island, S. C.
- Crain, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers,
- A. E. F.
- Casterline, Orrin, Sergt.—Reg. Camp
- Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.
- Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Camp
- Holabird, Colgate, Md. M. R. S. Co.
- Unit 306.
- Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F.
- Co. E, Floyd—24-Co. 2nd Prov. Regt.,
- Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Dickerson, James R.—11th Machine
- Gun Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Dunham, Scott H.—A. E. F.
- Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron,
- 1st Sergeant, Langley Field, Hamp-
- ton, Va.
- Dubaur, Charles C, Sgt., Camp U. S.
- Troops, A. P. O. 741, S. O. S., Amer-
- ican E. F.
- Dubaur, James F., First Sergt., Co. F,
- 10th Eng. (Forest), American E. F.
- DesAutels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park
- Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.
- DesAutels, Leo A.—Co. M, Reg. 7
- Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Daley, Morris L.—Providence, Rhode
- Island, 223 Federal Bldg.
- Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng., A. E. F.
- Fox, Walter—Co. H, 1st A. E. F.
- Foss, Paul, Corporal—Co. I, 338th
- Inf., 85th Div., A. E. F.
- Ross, Wm.—U. S. S., Orion, care post-
- master, N. Y.
- Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C,
- Light Tanks, Camp Summerall,
- Tobyhanna, Pa.
- Garfield, Truman—155th Aero Squad-
- ron, Co. I, S. A. S., 35 Easton Place,
- London, England.
- Green, Lloyd—C. C. U. S. M. G. Bn.,
- American E. F.
- Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn,
- via N. Y.
- Greene, Norton, Corporal—Co. F,
- 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
- Hutton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C.
- A. C., Cape Henry, C. B. Va.
- Hall, Frank N.
- Hall, Lon O.—Co. D, 340th Inf. Camp
- A. E. F., via New York.
- Henry, Thomas E.—Post Hospital,
- Aberdeen, Md.
- Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 39th
- Aero Squadron, Selridge Field,
- Mt. Clemens.
- Hills, William—Co. B, 106 Supply
- Train, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery
- Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.
- Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck,
- A. E. F.
- Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th En-
- gineers, A. E. F.
- Jordan, Ralph B.—Field Artillery,
- A. E. F.
- Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf.,
- Camp McArthur, Texas.
- Jones, Wm. T.—Sergeant, Co. A, 329th
- M. G. Bn., Camp Custer.
- Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th
- Aero Sq., Payne Field, West Point,
- Miss.
- Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L.
- G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
- Kestell, Stanley, J.—Co. K, 3rd Reg.
- Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Kidd, Archie—A. E. F., France.
- Kysor, James D., Corporal—328 Head-
- quarters Co. Field Art., A. E. F.
- Kysor, Asa B., Corporal—6 Co., 3rd
- Regt., Motor Mechanics Air Service,
- A. E. F., via New York.
- Klein, Homer.
- Lapham, Luther B.—11th Co. 3rd Re-
- placement Bn., Camp Gordon, At-
- lanta, Ga.
- Lyke, Ralph C. A., 2nd Bn., Heavy
- Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettys-
- burg, Pa.
- Langfield, Conrad, Lieut.—Sanitary
- Corps, Surgeon General's office,
- Washington, D. C.
- Limbright, Robert A.—238 Aero Sq.,
- Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.
- Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Post
- master, Fortress Monroe, Va. Bat-
- tleShip Michigan.
- Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng.,
- A. E. F., via New York.
- Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A.,
- O. R. C., American Expeditionary
- Forces.
- Malcomson, Leo, Corporal—Co. H, 58th
- Inf., American E. F.
- Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 323th Field
- Artillery, Camp Custer.
- Martin, Edward Aero Squad., A. E. F.,
- Battery E.
- Miles, Charles Elbridge—Chanfeur,
- Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Sig. Corps,
- A. E. F.
- Moyor, John L.—P. S. Hospital, Ft.
- Barry, Calif.
- Newman, Alan—19th Rec. Squadron
- Aviation Section, Camp McArthur,
- Waco, Texas.
- Perkins, Peter L.—Eng., Reg band, A.
- E. F.
- Ransom, Louis T.—Headquarters Co.,
- 13th Reg., Marine Barracks, Quant-
- ico, Va.

- Raymond, Fred—F. S. Santo Domingo,
- care Postmaster, N. Y.
- Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, Field
- Artillery, A. E. F.
- Roche, Barney, Eng., A. E. F.
- Roche, James, Eng., A. E. F.
- Richmond, Harold—24th Co., 2. N.
- Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Simmons, George, Sergeant—Co. E,
- 310th Eng., 85th Div., A. E. F.
- Salow, Ed.—180th Depot Brigade, Med.
- Dept., Camp Custer.
- Schoutz, Charles A., Corporal—12th
- Co., 15th Reg., Motor Mechanics,
- Signal Corps, A. E. F.
- Stage, L. D.—General Hospital No. 9,
- Educational Department, Lakewood,
- N. J.
- Stimpson, Ray—Truck Co. 4, American
- Stimpson, Reid—Co. 30, Prov. Regt.,
- Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Stimpson, Harry M.—Co. C, 123rd Inf.,
- Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov.
- Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., 2nd Re-
- placement Camp, Camp Lee, Va.
- Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E.
- F.
- Thomas, George—Co. C, 338th Inf.,
- 35th Div., Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.
- Teshke, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf.,
- A. E. F., via N. Y.
- Tibbits, Harold, J.—10th Machine Gun
- Bn., Headquarters American E. F.
- Turner, Harold—Marine Band, Head-
- quarters, Detroit.
- Thompson, Clarence—Motor Amb. Co.
- 35, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Chica-
- go, Ill.
- Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt.
- Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
- Vansickle, Harry—Base Hospital, No.
- 5, Ward 12, Mineola, L. I.
- Van Valkenburg, Floyd H.—338th Inf.,
- Co. E, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp
- Custer.
- Van Valkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler,
- U. S. N.
- Van Valkenburg, Milo T.—Co. F, 27th
- Engineers' band, Camp Leach, Wash-
- ington, D. C.
- Wood, Harold E.—Co. C, 3rd Reg.,
- Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mecha-
- nical 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. Camp Custer.
- Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co., Sanitary
- Troop, A. E. F.
- White, Harry H.—Walter Reed Sanit-
- orium, Takoma Park, Washington,
- D. C.
- Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field
- Artillery, A. E. F.
- Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F,
- 322 E. A. N. A. Camp Sherman,
- Chillicothe, Ohio.
- Wheeler, Arthur F.—A. E. F.
- Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, Engineers,
- A. E. F.
- * Yerkes, Joseph A.
- * Deceased.

SOLDIER ITEMS.

Corporal Paul Foss and Lon O. Hall and George Thomas are more Northville boys whose friends have been notified of their arrival in France—and have notified the Record.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, JR.

William H. White, Jr., who has been home on a visit since giving up his work at Flint, has entered the U. of M. military training class at Ann Arbor.

Morris Daily has been transferred from Headquarters Barge office in New York City to take charge of a branch office in Providence, R. I.

Private Charles Hutton left for Ft. Story, Va. Tuesday after spending an eleven-day furlough with relatives here.

Floyd VanValkenburg of the Quartermaster's Dept. at Camp Custer was home over Sunday.

Paul Wilber who is stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga. spent Sunday with his parents here.

CAKE DEMONSTRATION.

When in need of cake, why not buy Wilson's, and save waste and help the government. Be sure and attend the free demonstration at Brock & Co's store this coming Saturday afternoon and evening, August 17.

NO BUNK PROMISES NECESSARY

JOSEPH M. WEISS HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRUE.

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

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

TIRE INSURANCE

HARTFORD

Why Not Minimize Your Tire Troubles?

There is one sure way to do this and that is to equip your car NOW with tires that are absolutely Right in design, workmanship and materials.

Hartford Tires on your car will insure

a season of pleasure and tire satisfaction you've never experienced with any other make.

Eliminate for this season your old friend "The Tire Bugaboo" and content on

Hartford Tires

Try one Hartford Tire. You will buy more; it is ours until you are satisfied.

ANYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE. WE AIM TO PLEASE YOU.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

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

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

Northville State Savings Bank

Buy Mabley Clothes with Confidence.

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

SPECIAL VALUES IN OUR BOY'S CLOTHING.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE

THEATRE.

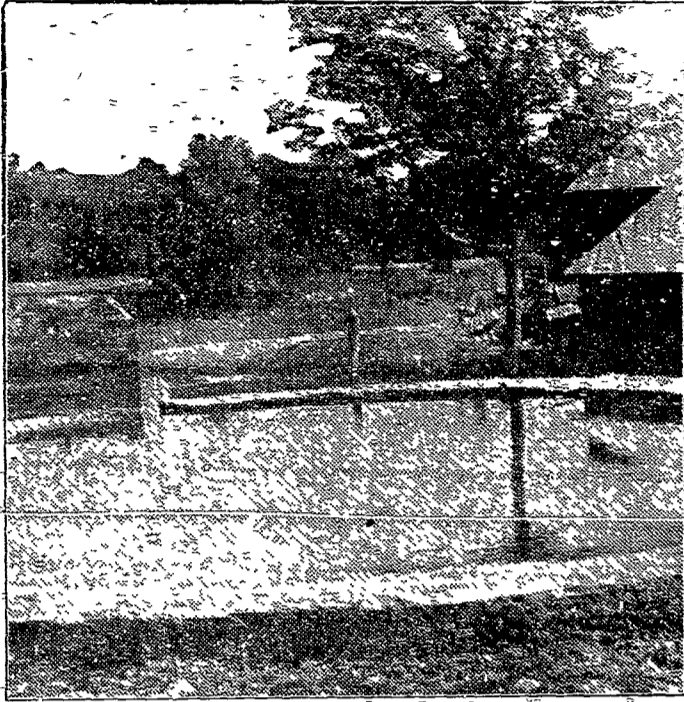
Two Performances Daily
8:15 and 8:35 p. m.

Spandis Seats at 10-20-25c

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

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

ENCOURAGE USE OF FISH.



A Suburban Pool Capable of Putting Fish on the Table Many Times Oftener Than Usual.

EAT FRESH FISH AND SAVE MEATS

Sport of Fishing May Be Made to Serve Nation's Food Needs and Give Exercise.

MUCH GRAIN IS CONSERVED

Seas, Lakes, Rivers and Ponds Offer Practically Unlimited Quantities of Fish, Living on Food of No Use to Man.

Every pound of beef, veal, mutton or pork that goes on the table represents a consumption of many pounds of corn or other valuable grain fed to the cattle, sheep or hogs from which the meat was taken. The more of these red meats you eat the more cereals you are taking out of the supply that is so greatly needed for the nation's war needs at this time. To a large extent, too, these statements apply to all kinds of poultry. The one kind of meat, the production of which does not require the consumption of other human foods, is fish. The seas, lakes, rivers and ponds of this country offer practically unlimited quantities of fish that live on food which is of no use to man. When you eat fish you save meat and save grain, both of which your government asks you to conserve.

Ordinarily it is possible to secure good, fresh fish at the meat market, but whether justly or not, fresh fish is always more or less under suspicion in the meat markets of cities and towns that are distant from the sea coast or the lakes. The suspicion in most cases is not justified, but even if it were it would not follow that people of inland towns and cities must necessarily refrain from eating fresh fish.

Fish for Family Use.

There are a large number of streams and ponds from which one may take the fish needed for family consumption, and there should be very many more such ponds. A fish pond does not necessarily take up much space and need not be confined to large places. Practically all country families, and very many suburban families, could have, without any great difficulty, a fish pond or pool in which enough fish could be grown at minimum expense to supply the table and to save large quantities of other meats and cereals.

There is a great deal of pleasure and recreation, too, in catching the fish. And there is a decided satisfaction in knowing that the fish you eat have been taken from your own pond or stream within a very short time before being prepared for the table. The United States department of agriculture has long urged a more general adoption of the family fish pond, and it points out the exceptional need for such practice at this time. It would be a genuine national service if several times more people than now indulge in fishing for sport or otherwise would, by devoting a little of their spare-time to it, take enough fish from stream or pond to place this excellent food on the table several times oftener than is now the general practice.

The hour or two that every man should devote to some form of recreation, if intelligently applied to fishing, would afford the same rest and rejuvenation that is to be had from non-productive sports and would, at the same time, be not only a domestic but a public economy.

There is another source of meat

supply native to ponds and streams in which much fewer people avail themselves than of fish. That is frogs. There is no more delicious meat than frog legs. Yet with the exception of a few hotels widely scattered along the lakes and a few of the streams, frog legs are rarely served. Around practically every pond of any considerable size there are enough frogs if properly utilized to furnish an occasional meal and to furnish a very fine sport in shooting or otherwise taking. More attention to fish and frogs would result in the saving of much food and would be of personal benefit to those who might become interested in it.

FISH FOR YOUR SECTION.

Probably every kind of fish has some peculiarly attractive qualities. The following species of fish are native to the sections indicated:

New England—Alewife, cod, cusk, flounder, gooselike, grayfish, haddock, lake, halibut, herring, mackerel, mullet, pollock, salmon, scup, sea trout, shad, smelt, squeteague, swordfish, weakfish, whiting.

Middle Atlantic—Alewife, bass, bluefish, butterfish, carp, catfish, cod, flounder, gooselike, halibut, mackerel, perch, rock, salmon, shad, smelt, spot, weakfish, whiting.

South Atlantic—Alewife, bass, bluefish, carp, catfish, drumfish, mullet, perch, shad, Spanish mackerel, spot, squeteague.

Pacific Coast—Barracuda, bass, flounder, grayfish, halibut, herring, pike, rockfish, sable fish, salmon, smelt, trout.

Mississippi Valley—Black bass, bowfin, buffalo, burbot, carp, catfish, crappie, drumfish, pike, red snapper, rock bass, sturgeon, sucker.

Great Lakes—Bass, bowfin, burbot, carp, catfish, drumfish, lake herring, lake trout, perch, pike, sturgeon.

Gulf—Barracuda, buffalo, carp, catfish, croaker, drumfish, mullet, Spanish mackerel, squeteague, sturgeon.

More Sheep Needed. That mutton and wool production in this country can be increased greatly admits of no doubt. This can be accomplished by developing sheep husbandry on farms, especially in the Eastern and Southern states. Steps should be taken in the East and South to do away with the sheep-killing dog menace by state or local action. Large results can be secured by improving methods of breeding and management on the range; by securing the restocking of improved farm lands with sheep; by the larger use of forage crops and pastures; by encouraging sheep and lamb clubs; by the elimination of parasites; by protection against losses from predatory animals; and by having lambs ready for market at from 70 to 80 pounds weight, thereby requiring a minimum of grain to finish them and making possible the maintenance of larger breeding flocks.

Feed for Next Winter. Far-seeing farmers may advantageously plan to secure their winter supply of feed in September and October when danger of spoilage is past and avoid the uncertainty of deliveries during the winter when the demand for feed usually exceeds the output of the mills.

The velvet bean may be utilized by farmers in the field with various kinds of live stock, especially cattle.

DAILY DAIRY

PLAN TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER

Quality Is Improved If Standard Methods and Care Are Practiced by Farmer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The butter made on the farms of the United States may be materially improved in quality in most cases, if standard methods are employed and greater care is exercised in carrying out the necessary details. The department gives the following outline of the essential steps to be taken in making good farm butter:

1. Produce clean milk and cream. Cool the cream immediately after it comes from the separator. Clean and sterilize all utensils.

2. Ripen or sour the cream at from 65 degrees to 75 degrees F. until mildly sour. Always use a thermometer in order to know that the right temperature is reached.

3. Cool the cream to churning temperature or below and hold at that temperature for at least two hours before churning.

4. Use a churning temperature—usually between 52 degrees and 66 degrees F.—that will require 30 or 40 minutes to obtain butter.

5. Clean and scald the churn, then half fill it with cold water and revolve until churn is thoroughly cooled, after which empty the water.

6. Pour the cream into the churn through a strainer.

7. Add butter color—from 20 to 35 drops to a gallon of cream—except late in the spring and early in the summer.

8. Put the cover on tight; revolve the churn several times; stop with bottom up and remove stopper to permit escape of gas; repeat until no more gas forms.

9. Continue churning until butter granules are formed the size of grains of wheat.

10. Draw off the buttermilk through the hole at the bottom of the churn, using a strainer to catch particles of butter. When the buttermilk has drained out, replace the cork.

11. Prepare twice as much wash water as there is buttermilk, and at about the same temperature. Use the thermometer; do not guess at temperatures. Put one-half the water into the churn with the butter.

12. Replace the cover and revolve the churn rapidly a few times, then draw off the water. Repeat the washing with the remainder of the water.

13. The butter should still be in granular form when the washing is completed.

14. Weigh the butter.

15. Place the butter on the worker and add salt at the rate of three-quarters of an ounce to a pound of butter.

16. Work the butter until the salt is dissolved and evenly distributed. Do not overwork.

17. Pack in any convenient form for home use or make into one-pound



Drawing Off Buttermilk.

prints for market, wrapping the butter in white parchment paper and inclosing in a paraffined carton.

NEAT PACKAGES FOR BUTTER

One-Pound Print Is Most Desirable, as It Presents More Attractive Appearance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For home use butter is frequently packed in glazed earthenware crocks, which are very satisfactory and convenient receptacles for butter on the farm. If the glazing is imperfect, however, the crock absorbs butter and soon becomes insanitary.

For market the rectangular one-pound print is the most desirable form. It presents a more attractive appearance than the crock or "country roll," is more convenient and easily handled, and can be inserted into a carton which not only protects the butter but also adds greatly to the appearance of the package. To make prints, the printer is pressed upon the butter on the table until it is completely finished, the surplus is then scraped off with the needle and the print pressed out on parchment wrapping paper.

A Bird in the Hand

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

POULTRY CLUB WORK.



A Detachment of the Juvenile Army of Poultry Growers and the Weapons With Which They Are Defeating the Kaiser.

DOINGS OF FARM BOYS AND GIRLS

Youths Are Developing Into Poultry Experts Under Guidance of Specialists.

CLUBS IN VARIOUS STATES

From Small Beginning Organization Has Developed to Include Eleven Commonwealths—Results Obtained by Members.

Thousands of girls and boys of the United States have enlisted with Uncle Sam as poultry raisers. The bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, cooperates with many state agricultural colleges to assist juvenile farmers in poultry husbandry.

The girls and boys of today who show an interest in better poultry husbandry by becoming successful members of the poultry clubs will be our breeders, fanciers and poultry producers of tomorrow. The splendid development of poultry clubs marks this line of work as one of the most important in the poultry office of the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture.

Started in Small Way.

Poultry club work was started in Virginia in 1912 with 11 clubs and 150 members. From this small beginning an organization has developed to include 11 states with 1,010 clubs in 390 counties and a membership of about 15,000 energetic boys and girls. Successful results have encouraged still other states through the Smith-Lever fund to carry on work of a similar nature in co-operation with the bureau of animal industry, but this club history covers only the states in which a poultry specialist assigned to each state has supervision of the work, and furnishes the subject matter to carry it on: The organized states are: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Kansas, Washington, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Several new states have requested the assistance of a specialist in their poultry club efforts for the coming year.

Educational Features.

Girls and boys are assisted in their work by local school teachers, county farm agents and county home demonstrators. Many of the members live in the country, and help in the introduction of standard-bred stock, improvement of housing and feeding methods and marketing conditions. Other members who live in towns maintain backyard poultry plants, and all aid materially in the production of poultry and eggs.

Poultry clubs have their educational features and are carried on so that the boys and girls have an opportunity to learn simple business methods. Club members study poultry bulletins furnished by the state and government, and subject matter prepared by the specialist. The members write compositions on poultry management as a part of their work. Each member keeps a record, or business account, showing accurate figures on expenditures, receipts and profits, number of eggs set, number of chickens raised, etc.

Results Obtained. During the year 1917 these boy and girl club members hatched 98,273 chicks, and raised 80,310 matured fowls. Over \$17,908.25 worth of poultry and eggs for market and breeding purposes were sold or consumed at home and the total value of their receipts, stock on hand, and prizes won amounted to \$41,312.42. In addition to the exhibits of fowls and eggs made at county fairs and other poultry

shows, these poultry club members are now demonstrating in many instances their ability to judge poultry and to carry on the various phases of poultry work such as setting hens, operating an incubator, preserving eggs, captioning cockerels, killing and dressing fowls for market. There were 104 exhibits held where 624 members exhibited 6,280 birds and 329 dozens of eggs. The total value of special and cash prizes awarded to the members making these exhibits amounted to \$8,090.75.

Features of Work.

Another feature of poultry club work that has been inaugurated is that of holding short courses at various state schools and colleges for the benefit of poultry club members who have made a good showing in their work. On such occasions members are sent to one of the state schools with all expenses paid and there given a course of instruction in poultry. Such courses not only provide a valuable course of instruction, but promote the various forms of amusement in a more favorable attitude toward education and what the social side of farm life can be made to be. Another feature that is being taken up is poultry management contests. These contests are conducted by the poultry club agents and seemingly are going to arouse much enthusiasm among the club members and will be the means of their obtaining a most practical course of instruction and the proper methods of handling and caring for poultry.

Girls and boys poultry clubs are a proven instrument of value in the forward movement in nation-wide poultry culture, not only on account of the very satisfactory development, but more especially in the manifest enthusiasm displayed by the boys and girls.

ENCOURAGE BOY OR GIRL.

Poultry growing is one of the nation's most important industries.

Poultry growing in connection with general farming yields a larger margin of profit than most other branches of agriculture.

Poultry growing is certain to become increasingly important and is likely to become increasingly profitable.

Poultry growing is not a casual matter in which one may be successful without study and effort. Anything like a large measure of success in poultry growing requires expert knowledge.

The United States department of agriculture, through its boys and girls poultry club work, is imparting to thousands of boys and girls expert information that will contribute largely to their success in life.

Encourage your boy or girl to join a poultry club—and encourage your community, if it has not a club, to organize one.

You will be contributing to the success and prosperity both of your child and your neighborhood.

Determining Chickens' Ages.

A common way of testing the age of dressed poultry, as described by home economists specialists of the United States department of agriculture, is to take between thumb and finger the end of the breastbone, farthest from the head, and attempt to bend it to one side. In a very young bird, such as a "broiler" chicken or a green goose, it will be easily bent, like the cartilage in the human ear; in a bird a year or so old it will be brittle, and in an old bird, tough and hard to bend or break.

Tricky dealers have been known to break the end of the breastbone before showing the bird, thus rendering the test useless.

HOME TOWN HELPS

CITY MANAGERS MAKE GOOD

Newspaper Points Out Many Instances Where New System Has Proved of Great Value.

St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest city in the United States, is now operating under one of the most modern of charters. It's a city manager charter that forbids candidates for commissioner, personally, to solicit votes. Once elected, a commissioner is forbidden to dictate any appointment by the city manager. Already, the new plan has meant a considerable saving of public money in St. Augustine.

In Niagara Falls, where, owing to failure of the New York legislature to pass adequate legislation, the city manager administration is still hampered by partisan elections, the tax levy has been reduced to 97 cents per \$1,000 valuation.

In Sherman, Tex., the city manager installed a complaint system, by which each complaint is recorded, referred to the department concerned and followed up if necessary until cared for. The number of complaints in six months dropped 80 per cent. Public works improvement bonds amounting to \$150,000 were voted by the people.

So obvious a step toward efficient government as depositing city funds in a responsible bank, willing to pay interest on daily averages, will save San Jose, Cal., \$5,000 a year under the city manager plan.—Omaha News.

DEAD TREE MADE ATTRACTIVE



Foliage has been added to the rather bare trunk of this fine pepper tree by placing a fern box in its crotch.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

GET AFTER NEGLECTED LAND

Every Citizen Should Recognize a Duty in Seeing That It Is Kept Cleaned Up.

Look not only to your own backyard, but take a proprietary interest in any vacant yards or neglected patches of land that are in your neighborhood. You really ought to have had them cleaned up last autumn, but if you didn't then, in the cause of food conservation and with the hope of an increased crop from the home gardens this summer, have these patches cleaned up.

The department of agriculture sent a plea to the people of the land to clean up all plots that were used as war gardens last year in order that the insects that had been harbored in a dormant state in the underbrush and rubbish might be exterminated and not permitted to multiply and increase. Ideally, entomologists tell us, as soon as the crop has been harvested, the remnants should be promptly cleared away and burned with the insects which they harbor.

Many persons apparently believe that the action of winter snows and winds would be sufficient to destroy insect life, but such is not the case.

Elbert Hubbard's Work Goes On.

A reminder of Elbert Hubbard, victim of the Lusitania, is contained in this paragraph in a New York paper: "At East Aurora the Roycrofters continue to flourish. Their annual convention is usual. But no invitation is necessary to attend it. Anyone who goes there is welcomed and the speakers include you if you want to speak. That's the Roycroft idea. The notables are scheduled, but in the grove the open-air theater is an open forum. Any subject goes. We hear that the work phase of the Roycrofters is the big thing now. Which as we recall it was Hubbard's hope. A place where everything that was made was first useful and then beautiful. He used to say, 'If it's useful it is beautiful, but many useful things can be made more beautiful. That's what we want to do.'"

Leave Nature's Work Alone.

The most costly work in landscapes is moving earth; therefore do as little of it as possible, for seldom does it really aid in gaining pleasing results.

Fitting the Theory.

"I have an idea that rooms reflect the personality of their occupants." "Then the lady who uses this room must be of a very worrying disposition, to judge by the fret work in it."

GOOD-BYE BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

For centuries all over the world GOLD MEDAL Haariem Oil has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, gallstones, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It frequently wards off attacks of the dread and fatal diseases of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body allied with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment, or "brickdust" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the loins or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a

box of imported GOLD MEDAL Haariem Oil Capsules. They are pleasant and easy to take. Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill. Take a small swallow of water if you want to. They dissolve in the stomach, and the kidneys soak up the oil like a sponge does water. They thoroughly cleanse and wash out the bladder and kidneys and throw off the inflammation which is the cause of the trouble. They will quickly relieve these stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gallstones, gravel, "brickdust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied after a few days' use. Accept only the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haariem Oil Capsules. None other genuine.—Adv.

His Disappointment

"I found a letter lying on the sidewalk this morning," grumbled old Riley Reziwew of Petunia. "It was signed 'Lucile,' and at first looked as if it might be worth reading. But when I had read the first line or two, which said, 'John and I went to Bethel to the big singing last Sunday, I just threw it down again. What kind of a letter was that to lose on the public street?'—Kansas City Star.

Miss Sallie Laney, an east Tennessee schoolteacher, has a record of mowing six acres of hay in one day.

By Absent Treatment

Miss Skreecher was giving a concert all by herself and had succeeded in puncturing the roof in several places. The man with a heavy shock of bald-head started for the door, reeling as he went. A friend met him at the door.

"What's the matter, old top?" asked his friend in a stage whisper.

"Oh, I'll be all right as soon as I get out of hearing distance. Just an attack of high-O sickness."

Chicago city morals committee indorses low-necked dresses for women.

Paris Achieves Lovely Afternoon Gowns



Now that women feel it a duty to make afternoon gowns do service for evening wear, the ingenuity of costumers is put to the test. From one of the great Paris designers comes the lovely gown pictured above and it is a triumph of French discernment and good taste; for it is quiet enough for daytime wear and distinguished enough for evening. It is of black satin with embroidery in silver thread. This combination appears also in French millinery from the most authoritative sources, but in hats black frame velvet is used instead of satin.

We may accept this gown as a criterion in hues and general make up of styles for the coming season. It has a narrow, plain undershirt of moderate length and a straight hanging over-garment vaguely confined to the figure by an easy girdle terminating in sash ends. The girdle is made of satin and that portion that encircles the waist is embroidered while the sash ends are plain. The skirt portion of the overdress is as long as the underskirt at the back and considerably shorter in front. This is a new development of the tunic skirt which is destined to reappear in winter gowns. The embroidered band on the back portion is not so wide as it is on the front.

The sleeves and collar are especially interesting because they are both new departures. Both are as plain as possible but each is original. The sleeves are cut full length and flaring but are trimmed away at the wrist until the upper portion extends only a few inches below the elbow. The up-standing collar is of black crepe georgette and is supported by a few very small, unnoticeable wires.

Satin in black and in dark colors, promises to be of all fabrics the most used for afternoon gowns. New draped skirts and new tunic skirts appear and silver tinsel in embroidered bands is sure to be followed by silver lace in conjunction with them.

What Englishwomen Are Doing.

Six hundred and seventeen thousand English women have gone into business—198,000 into government positions; 62,000 into transport service; 50,000 into banking and finance; 307,000 into selling and clerical positions.—From Mck. C. R. Drug Topics.

Very Much So.

"How are the German troops doing?"

"I notice by the news reports they are still in the running."

Be sure you're right; then be sure you're sure.

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain, and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Watch Your Stomach In Hot Weather

A Cool, Sweet, Strong Stomach Your Best Safeguard Against Summer Sickness

Keep your stomach in good working order during the hot summer months and you will have little to fear in the way of sickness. The advice many physicians give as hot weather approaches.

Good, sound, common sense advice, too. For very frequently, and especially in the weather, these common stomach disorders which so many people seem to regard as of minor importance, do open the way for serious illness.

So keep your stomach sweet, cool and comfortable all summer long. The extra work—change of diet—poison that come with hot weather—all hit us in the stomach. The strongest stomach will need help this summer as never before.

The one easy way if you have the right remedy is to aid the stomach of too much acid. Because it's superacidity that interferes with digestion and assimilation, and this causes about all those stomach miseries you are so familiar with—heartburn, food-repeat-

ing indigestion, sour, gassy stomach and that miserable, bloated, puffed-up condition after eating.

Now here is good news. An easy, sure relief has been found to get rid of the harmful acidity and gases in the stomach. It is called EATONIO, a good-tasting compound that you eat just like candy. A tablet or two of EATONIO after meals will work wonders. You can have no idea of what a sure, quick comfort EATONIO brings until you do try it. Use EATONIO after your meals, enjoy a good appetite and get full strength from the food you eat. At the same time protect yourself from summer stomach and bowel miseries.

Get a big box of EATONIO from your druggist today. He will tell you that people who have used EATONIO say that they never dreamed that anything could give such quick and wonderful results. It costs only 50c a box and if it fails in any way, your druggist, who you know and trust, will return your money.

Help Save the Harvest

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

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for

Help to Harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918

Meets with a request for all available assistance to GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

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

Those who respond to this appeal will get a

Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Fine Comfortable Homes

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

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

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

UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

DETROIT, GRAND RAPIDS, PORT HURON, TRAVERSE CITY

Among the Blouses for Fall



There is really an endless assortment of blouses all ready for women who look to the blouse more than ever to provide them variety in their apparel. Since we may not have so many frocks, what with the scarcity of wool and labor and everything, we must turn to the blouses made of cottons or those of silk to add the spice of variety to skirts and suits that are serving overtime.

Blouses are of two characters—those that are moderate in price—anywhere from about three dollars to eight or ten—and those that employ lavish or difficult handwork that brings their value up to two or three times the outside price of those in the other class. It seems inconsistent to talk of war-time economy in the same breath with these extravagantly priced affairs, but it is not always so; some of them are remarkably durable. The blouses that most women will buy, however, are the moderately priced models that are new and smart in design. French voile, fine batiste and georgette crepe are the materials to select—no matter what the price—for it is not in the materials but in the laces and other decorative features that take much time to make, that the high value lies. Women who know how to do exquisite needlework have the advantage because they can do this exacting handwork for themselves. Fine organdie is another material that helps solve the problem of dainty blouses at moderate prices.

Georgette remains a great favorite and the two new models shown in the picture for fall are of this delicate and beautiful material. They are among the considerable number that

either slip on over the head or fasten along one shoulder. In the blouse at the left two colors are used—a panel at the front in color joined to the white of the blouse by handwork. Hemstitching is used in voile or other cottons and in silks to introduce a becoming touch of color by joining it to white blouses. This blouse has the round neck finished with a frill and the bands of ribbon laid over the cuffs, which are among new style features.

The blouse at the right is of georgette in a pale color, braided with soutache in the same shade. It fastens on the shoulder under a collar that is ornamented with two small silk covered balls.

Julia Bottomley

When You Put Lacs On.

We are not doing much in the way of fancy work nowadays. Knitting takes up all our spare time, and to it we devote our energy. But perhaps you will have occasion to sew some lace on a curving edge—like that of a centerpiece—and if you do, writes a correspondent, here is a little trick divulged by a woman who is experienced in such things. Roll the lace in a little roll and tie it with a thread so that it will not unroll. Then dip the straight edge in hot water. Just the edge, and about half the width of the lace. Write the water out and dry the lace, still in the little roll. When it is dry the inside will be slightly shrunken, so that it will measure less than the outside, and so you will have less difficulty in fitting it to the curved edge of the centerpiece.

"Beauty is Only Skin Deep"

but a beautiful skin is possible only when the liver and kidneys are active, and the bowels functionate properly. The secret of beauty as well as of health is to maintain perfect digestion and elimination. BEECHAM'S PILLS help to preserve beauty and maintain health, because they influence liver, kidneys, skin, and stomach to functionate in harmony, and efficiently.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA

Get under the Shower of Gold

coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. or their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. MacINNIS
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

Trying It Out.

"Why did the kaiser fire you?"

"For making a speech which was not well received."

"Tough luck, kaiser."

"All the more, since it was one he wrote himself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When He's Happy.

Mrs. Flatbush—Does your husband enjoy good health?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—He doesn't seem to. He's never really happy unless he thinks there's something the matter with him.

The man who marries for money seldom gets round shouldered carrying what he gets

ASTHMADOR

AVERTS - RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA

Begin Treatment NOW

All Druggists Guarantee

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, house flies, etc. Kills all insects. Made of metal, can't melt. It's over, will not melt. It's over, will not melt. It's over, will not melt. It's over, will not melt. It's over, will not melt.

HAROLD SOMERS, 160 DE KALVAU, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PATENTS

WATSON B. COLMAN, Wash. D. C. Books free. 117-119 6th St. N. W. Wash. D. C.

Packers' Profits—Large or Small

Packers' profits look big—when the Federal Trade Commission reports that four of them earned \$140,000,000 during the three war years.

Packers' profits look small—When it is explained that this profit was earned on total sales of over four and a half billion dollars—or only about three cents on each dollar of sales.

This is the relation between profits and sales:

<p>Profits</p>	<p>Sales</p>
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If no packer profits had been earned, you could have bought your meat at only a fraction of a cent per pound cheaper?

Packers' profits on meats and animal products have been limited by the Food Administration, since November 1, 1917.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 16, 1918.



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

DETROIT'S RIOTS.

One man is dying and many are suffering more or less serious wounds received in riots Saturday and Sunday. Detroit Newspaper Item. This refers to the street car trouble over an increase of one cent in fare. Politicians and newspapers egged on the scrap until the fair name of Detroit was dragged in the gutter of riot and lawlessness.

If the proposed raise to 2 1/2 cents a mile on the D. U. R. suburban lines goes through the fare from Northville to Detroit and return would be in the near neighborhood of a dollar and a quarter, which makes it very doubtful if the inevitable decrease in passenger traffic would leave the net profits for the company any higher than at present.

And speaking of temperature, 105 in the shade is a very suitable (if not comfortable) antithesis to 26 degrees below an old place last winter. The weather factory has certainly done its darndest by way of contrasts; and may be will "behave" now for a few seasons.

The Record extends thanks to its contemporaries for congratulations and compliments in connection with its recent 49th birthday. All the good words were much appreciated.

Novi News.

Flint Brothers are building a large fruit cellar on their farm. Mrs. N. A. Bourne is entertaining her niece, Miss Ash of Detroit. Mrs. Josh Root and Mrs. Ella Spencer were in Redford, Saturday. Misses Margaret and Bernadine VerDun visited Dearborn friends over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wright and daughter of Lansing are visiting relatives here. M. B. McCrumb has sold part of his land here to Ida and Lucy Pratt of Northville. Mr. and Mrs. Delos Leavenworth of Ypsilanti are spending several days with relatives here. Mrs. W. D. Flint leaves the first of next week for Ludington to spend the hay fever season. Mr. and Mrs. D. Donelson and Rev. O. J. Lyon, wife and son, were Pontiac visitors Monday. Mrs. Chas. H. Deor and daughter of Pontiac were callers at the J. O. Munro home, Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Benzinger and daughter of Detroit called on Mrs. Lizzie Coates Sunday afternoon. The Baptist Sunday school picnic will be held at Silver Lake this Friday. Automobiles will be at Mr.

Goodell's store at nine o'clock to take picnickers to their destination.

Mrs. Alice Flint and daughter, Mary of Ypsilanti, visiting L. B. and W. D. Flint and their families.

Mr. Coleman, who purchased the Edwin Hazen farm on Grand River avenue, is remodeling his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Holcomb and little daughter of Pontiac visited their aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Coates, last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stokes and children of Detroit, formerly of Coleman, Florida, spent Sunday at the home of J. O. Munro.

George Dennis and sister, Miss Maude Dennis were motor callers at the home of their cousin, Mrs. Jay Hazen Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by Elibue Cady and a boy friend of Detroit and Mrs. Della Harmon of Northville. Mr. Cady's boyhood home was in that neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. N. Dow Thompson and children, all of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Holcomb and daughter of Pontiac, Mrs. Archie Kent and children and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Sawoy and son of this place visited the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Taylor and Mrs. L. E. Coates, Sunday.

A very pleasant social event took place Monday evening, August 12, when Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Munro celebrated their fifteenth marriage anniversary with the assistance of about 50 of their friends. The company was served with ice cream and cake, several young ladies acting as waitresses, at the small tables set on the lawn, which was illuminated by electricity, presenting a beautiful sight with its flowers and shrubbery. The crystal wedding idea was carried out in the gifts which included some handsome cut glass. Mr. and Mrs. Munro were also the recipients of many congratulations and good wishes.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. J. Patton was a Northville visitor Tuesday. Mrs. Harry Benton of Saginaw is visiting her mother this week. Mrs. R. D. Stevens returned home Tuesday from a short visit at Flint. Dr. Ray Clark of Detroit visited his parents, B. L. Clark and wife, Tuesday. Mrs. J. L. Caikins and children of Northville were over Sunday visitors here. Lucile Price of Milford was the guest of Lucile Baum a part of this week. Rev. Brass went to Walled Lake Wednesday to officiate at the funeral of Joseph Tuttle. School begins here August 26th with the Misses Emma and Fannie VanDeusen as teachers. Marjorie, Madison and Ruth Taylor of Dearborn are spending this week with their grandparents. Messrs. Martin, Furman, Madison and Chambers went to Mt. Clemens Sunday, to visit Selfridge Field. Mrs. Floyd Taylor of Dearborn visited her parents, J. G. Madison and wife, Monday and Tuesday of this week.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The topic for Sunday morning will be, "The Satisfied Life." The topic for the C. E. service Sunday evening will be, "Our Pens for Christ." This service is growing both in attendance and interest. Hot weather seems to agree with the Wixom people. A splendid congregation last Sunday, with 91 in S. S. We have a few reservations in the front row for church service. If you wish a (rear) seat, come early. You'll Know Him. Sometimes Trouble masquerades as Joy, but we recognize him before he plays one tune on the fiddle, for the fiddle strings snap, and the dancers fall down, and darkness drowns the lights. A Hint to Snorers. If you are the object of continual jibes from your family on the score of snoring, try fastening vertical strips of isinglass plaster over the lips. Truly Said. It is difficult to think nobly when one thinks only to get a livelihood.—Rousseau.

BIG AIR DRAGONS

Craft of the Future Will Be Armored Dreadnaughts.

Winged Fighters Promise to Be Developed Much the Same as That of Naval Construction.

The fighting airplanes of the future will grow larger and larger. They will soon become the dreadnaught of the air. The development, writes a Washington correspondent, will be much the same as that of naval construction.

This is the prediction of a Government expert. It is based on the brief report from London telling of the construction by Germany of metal-inclosed battleplanes, which Germany is building to meet Americans in the air.

From the outset I have been convinced that the United States should devote much of its genius and constructive ability to the development of a powerful fighting airplane," he said. "Germany may be building a sort of aerial armor-plated, but the Kaiser will have no monopoly in this respect.

My judgment is that development of an effective fighting force in the air will follow much the same line as naval construction. In modern navies, in fact, in all navies of history, the heavy ship of the line, which could take and give the most punishment was the backbone of the fleet. This will be true of the airplane flotilla of the future.

All of the allied nations now are building much heavier battleplanes. This tendency will increase. At all times there must be light and exceptionally fast scout machines. Just as we must have scout cruisers also, large and speedy battle cruisers also may be a development of the immediate future, but the slower and more stable machine with a real punch, the airplane that can give and receive a maximum of punishment and still remain aloft must be the backbone of the aerial fighting forces of the future.

The most powerful airplanes which have been seen in this country are the Caproni biplanes and triplanes at the Langley flying field, Newport, News, Va. The big Handley Page battle planes turned out by Great Britain also have great carrying power and are capable of a large measure of destructive work. It is predicted that these powerful flying machines will soon give place to planes of far greater capacity and capable of withstanding a veritable broadside in a sky battle.

The new American Liberty motor continues to meet every test to which it is subjected.

Poetry a Requisite.

If poetry could be in an instant swept not merely out of print, but out of language and tradition, there would be babel indeed, writes Brian Hooker in the Century Magazine. We should go about isolated each one from each by a chaos of misunderstanding, with no more communication than we could improvise out of intellectual terms. We could suggest nothing, connote nothing, say nothing but what we could define. The practical reality of that loss one may measure by our proverbial ignorance of certain savages and oriental races whose poetry is alien to our own. Nor is that all; for poetry is not alone our common repository of past experience, but to a degree far greater than we realize our source of present action. There is no need more than to remind any observer of human nature that mankind acts rather upon passion than upon conviction. Brutus demonstrated his point in prose; it was a poetic appeal that made the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. We define and determine and decide, and still do nothing, but when we begin to feel, something is done.

Tommy's "Manx" Shirt.

A pretty V. A. D. nurse who officiates in the linen closet of one of London's big military hospitals, according to a correspondent, relates this enlivening tale:

A few days ago fresh regiment was served out to a number of newly arrived Tommies who were in need of it. Suddenly one of the men said: "Say, nurse, what do they call cats that haven't any tails?"

"Why, those are Manx cats," replied the unsuspecting nurse.

"Well, then," said the Tommy, "you've given me a Manx shirt."

Girls As Army Dentists.

Should the Preparedness League of American Dentists accept the offer of services from seventy-five young women students of Columbia university, says the New York Herald. Army recruits soon may have their teeth looked over by young women dentists.

The young women, having completed the course in oral hygiene at Columbia, are fully qualified dental hygienists and each has a license to practice this brand new profession. The young women want to clean the teeth of the soldiers before they go to camp.

As the Tanks Appear.

Imagine a big mechanism that seems to have a malign life of its own, transcending human management, impervious to human attack. Imagine a giant caterpillar the size of a small house, a caterpillar whose skin is steel and whose eyes are death and spouting cannon. Imagine this monster crawling down upon you, immune from everything but the mere direct hit of a big shell; able to climb, delighting to amble into and out of holes, implacable, resistless, fatal—such is a British war tank—Exchange.

WARRED ON DEATH PENALTY

Sir Samuel Romilly, British Statesman, First to Bring End to Capital Punishment Statutes.

The remarkable career of Sir Samuel Romilly, the British statesman, came to a tragic end 90 years ago. He was the first influential man in England to attempt to bring about the abolition of capital punishment, notes a London correspondent. When he entered public life the English statutes punished with death nearly 300 crimes, ranging from murder and treason down to keeping company with gypsies. Romilly, who was of French descent, launched an agitation against these codes, and in 1808 he succeeded in repealing the Elizabethan statute which made it a capital offense to steal privately from the person of another.

From that time until his death he waged war unceasingly against these cruel statutes, renewing his motions session after session, and although he failed, he cleared the way for the success of others who kept up the agitation. Romilly was devoted to his wife, and when she died, October 23, 1818, the philanthropist fell into a delirium of grief. Four days later his grief had so preyed on his mind that he went mad and killed himself.



Orrin P. Gulley

County Treasurer

Past Efficiency is a guarantee of future worth.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

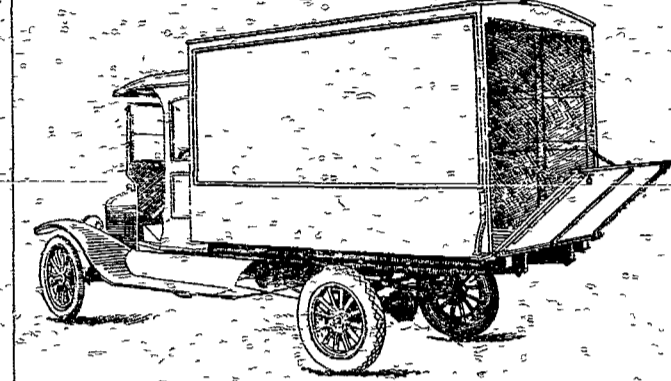
BIG SALARIES

are being paid in Detroit, for competent office help. We will qualify you in a few months for a good position either in business or with our government. Modern courses, extensive curriculum, expert instructors, a record of 66 years preparing men and women for business, and an Accredited School. Send for free bulletin.

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY 61-69 W. Grand River Ave.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Mr. Truck Owner



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

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

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

GLOBE FURNITURE CO.

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR DETROIT

SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 8 1918

PHYSICAL PICTURE OF THE GROWTH OF MICHIGAN COMBINED WITH THE GREATEST AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS OF AMERICA

Agricultural and Industrial and Livestock Exhibits. Better Babies and Body Building contests. Federal, State, County and City displays. Horse and automobile racing, auto polo, patriotic pageants, superb fireworks depicting the world at war. Demonstrations of women's war activities in every phase. Daily exhibitions of mechanical farm labor saving devices. Dog show, Cat Show. The largest road building machinery exhibit and the greatest road building demonstrations ever arranged in Michigan.

Increased prizes for livestock. Sixty-five thousand dollars in premiums. Special features each day. Attended annually by nearly one-half million visitors.



"United we stand, divided we fall"

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
Special August 2nd
Dedication of Hall.
L. D. STATE, H. ARMSTRONG,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

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

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

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 89 K. T.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER - HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
foot west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

DR. N. J. MALLOY - PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office on Main St.
Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m. and 2 to
4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays by
appointment. Phones: Office, 252-J.
Residence, 252-M. 11fc.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C.
CHIROPRACTOR.
505-6 Woodward Bldg.
Cor. Woodward and Clifford Aves.
DETROIT, MICH.
Residence, Northville, Mich.

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

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Toilet Preparations.

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

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

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Central Standard Time

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

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

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

J. A. Bartlett & Co.
Mr. Robt. Horton.

A Mild Protest.

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

The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—also he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

Northville Newslets.

Several Northville people have reported seeing a white sparrow during the past few weeks.

Dr. Schuyler is making extensive improvements on his residence on North Center street.

A fine big electric sign is the latest improvement installed by the enterprising Alseum management at the theatre.

The Wyandotte Herald and the Oxford Leader are two more weekly papers to raise their annual subscription prices to \$1.50.

Don't forget that you can get the regular 50 cent state fair admission tickets at this office for 35 cents each, or 3 for \$1.00.

Miss Clara Wagner is the new chief operator at the local telephone exchange, Miss Lucile Calkins having resigned her position.

W. H. Cattermole has purchased Fred Skarritt's agricultural implement stock and has moved back to his own store on Center street.

The Northville band is now displaying a service flag with nine stars, that number of its former members being now in the U. S. service.

The Wayne Review risked its editorial neck last week by asking that tobacced question "has it been hot enough for you?" in its local columns.

Mrs. Harry Morris has been seriously ill for a couple of weeks past; but is now recovering very nicely, and Dr. Turner believes her to be out of danger.

No more Monday night Scout meetings will be held until the Monday following Labor Day, but all Scouts are expected to be on duty Saturday nights as usual.

Ruth, Genevieve and Margaret Green spent August 5 with Warner Neal, at Northville, and helped him celebrate his third birthday.—Farmington Enterprise.

Milford's five-day Chautauqua opens this coming Saturday, August 17. Eighty-seven guarantors are backing the affair this year, which certainly speaks well for the public spirit of Milford citizens.

Wyandotte has a new style of "early closing." Most of the proprietors of stores, markets and shops there have signed an agreement to close up at 12 o'clock every Thursday, "during the summer months."

Belleville is to have its eighth annual home-coming August 23. The Northville band will help to make the music for the occasion and Northville players will take part in the ball game. A number of former Bellevillians are now Northvillians.

Enthusiastic comments are heard on all sides on the wonderful pictures, Wednesday night at the Alseum, when the celebrated film, "20,000 Leagues under the Sea" was shown. The management is again to be congratulated on providing such a treat for Northville.

Two recent fires, both doing much damage, have been reported as resulting from the intensely dry weather. The entire crop of oats, standing in the shock, and also a quantity of hay on the Freydl farm just outside of town were destroyed by flames resulting from a spark from a railroad engine, and the fine apple crop on the DeKay-Calkins farm west of the village was practically ruined when fire supposed to have been started by a cigar swept through the dry grass of the orchard.

Northville friends of Rev. Karl P. Miller, who succeeded Rev. B. F. Farber as pastor of the Plymouth Presbyterian church, are interested to know that Mr. Miller has been appointed a chaplain in the 86th Division of the National Army, with the rank of First Lieutenant. He offered himself for service some months before coming to Plymouth a year ago, but was not called for examination until a few weeks ago. He is to report at Camp Grant, Ill. The members of his congregation at Plymouth regret exceedingly to lose their popular young pastor.

"WE WON'T WIN IF WE WASTE"

Tested Wartime Recipes
FOR USE IN MICHIGAN
(Clip and save these recipes for future reference.)

Some More Wheat Savers.

Remember that macaroni, spaghetti, crackers in general, are made of wheat savers, however; but should not be used at strictly wheatless meals.

Remember when using cornstarch or rice flour in puddings, or for thickening sauces and gravies, to use half as much as you would were you using flour.

Remember that Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice, squash and pumpkin are all excellent for filling up wheatless gaps.

MEAT SUBSTITUTES

The average housewife has for years prepared and served dishes which are in reality excellent meat substitutes, although she has not thought of them in that way. By planning her menus so that one or more of these dishes will be served on the special days, the problem of "Meatless Day" will cause little inconvenience.

MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS.

A glass of milk may well take the place of a small serving of beef.

Use milk soups, such as potato soup, cream of pea soup, celery soup, etc. Reliable recipes for these are found in most cook books.

Skimmed milk is rich in protein. Use it often.

Cottage cheese is one of the best known meat substitutes. Have it for lunch or supper on some meatless day.

American cheese is also an excellent meat substitute. Use it for such. Add cheese (cut up fine) to rice, to kidney beans, etc. This makes the dish rich in protein and uses dry bits of cheese.

EGGS

Eggs are an excellent substitute for meat. When reasonable in price serve them often as a substitute. Eggs may be boiled, steamed, poached, baked, scrambled, etc. There are many simple methods of cooking eggs—look them up in a good cook book or government bulletin.

NUTS

Get into the habit of serving nuts occasionally as part of the meal at which no meat is served. Peanuts are very nutritious and comparatively inexpensive.

Do your bit—small sacrifices now may save you from making greater ones later.

Macaroni and Cheese

Macaroni is made of Durum wheat flour—a flour containing too much gluten to be used in making a good loaf of bread. Dishes using macaroni may therefore well be served as meat and wheat savers.

1 C Macaroni broken in small pieces
2 qts boiling water
1 C milk
2 T flour
Buttered bread crumbs
1 T butter
1-4 to 1-2 lb. cheese
1-2 t salt
1 t cayenne pepper

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain in a strainer and pour cold water over it to prevent sticking. Make a sauce of the flour, butter, milk and cheese. Combine sauce and macaroni. Cover with buttered crumbs, heat in the oven until the crumbs are brown.

Macaroni may be heated in tomato sauce and sprinkled with grated cheese just before serving. Spaghetti or vermicelli may be used as the macaroni.

Cereals

Whole grains may well help to supplement a smaller consumption of meat.

One simple suggestion:
- 3-4 C graham flour
- 2 C boiling water
- 1 t salt

Add graham slowly to salted boiling water. Cook at least 30 minutes. Instead of serving with sugar, add chopped dates. Nuts may also be added. This may be served hot as a lunch or supper dish; or cold, with cream, as a dessert.

Irish Stew

4 lb mutton (or less)
2 C potatoes (cut in cubes)
3 C carrots (cut in cubes)
1-3 C turnips (cut in cubes)
1-4 C flour
1-2 small onion (cut in slices)
Seasoning

Cook same as beef stew. Serve with dumplings, which may be made of cornmeal.

Club Sandwiches (Two)

2 slices toast
2 leaves lettuce
2 slices bacon (cooked)
3 T chopped chicken (cooked)
3 T salad dressing
4 olives
2 slices tomato
1-2 egg (hard boiled)

On one slice of toast place a lettuce leaf, cover with 1 slice of bacon, 1 slice tomato, 1-2 T chicken. Cover with half the salad dressing, garnish with hard cooked egg and olives.

Creamed Chicken

1-2 C chopped cooked chicken
1 T fat
1 T flour
1-2 C milk
1 t salt
1 t pepper

Make a sauce from the fat, flour, milk and seasonings. Add chicken and cook slowly until chicken is heated through. Serve on toast or wafers or in timbal molds.

NOTE—In all of these recipes all measurements are level, and T equals tablespoon, C equals cup, f. equals few grains, d. equals few drops.

CARL VAN VALKENBURG



Who is with the Medical Department at Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

This coming Saturday night George Beban appears in the Pallas-Paramount film "A Roadside Impressionary." Price 15 cents, which includes war tax.

Taxation in Rome.

During a certain period the republic of Rome did not pay taxes. The third Macedonian war resulted in victory for the Romans and brought to an end the ancient kingdom of Macedonia in 168 B. C. In describing the triumph accorded the victorious Roman general it is related that the celebration continued for three days. On the first day 250 wagons carried the statues and paintings which had been plundered from Macedonian cities. On the next day there passed many wagons, carrying Macedonian standards and armor, followed by 3,000 men loaded with the silver money and silver plate which had been secured in the booty. On the third day came a procession of men carrying gold spoils, followed by the conqueror in a splendid chariot. Rome so filled her coffers with treasure by this plunder that the republic never thereafter taxed her citizens. Thus, while the statement is historically true, the fact that there was no taxation in the ancient Roman republic for a period of several years is not at all creditable to the Romans, for the condition was the result of plunder instead of the economical administration of public affairs.

PRIMARY ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that a Primary Election, for all Political parties, for the township of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, will be held in the Village Hall, Northville, Tuesday, August 27th, 1918; at which time the following officers are to be nominated:

Governor; Lieutenant Governor; United States Senator; Circuit Judges; Representative in Congress; State Senator, Representative in the Legislature; Probate Judges; Sheriff; County Treasurer; Register of Deeds; Prosecuting Attorney; Circuit Court Commissioners; Coroners; Surveyor; County Road Commissioner and County Drain Commissioner.

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

ERNEST MILLER,
Township Clerk.

Dated, Northville, Mich., August 1st, 1918.

ALBERT E. SHERMAN

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

at the August 27 Primaries for

CIRCUIT JUDGE

Mr. Sherman has been active in the practice of law in the City of Detroit for ten years and was School Inspector for four years. Graduate of Michigan State Normal school; Detroit College of Law and thoroughly believes the judiciary should be selected by the people. There are four to be nominated; look him over. Primaries August 27.

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

THOMAS B. COUCH

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EXCHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

Dear Friends and Charlie—

Well, I am getting well again. Charlie says: "Tom, you are getting fat." He was making fun of me, but never mind Charlie, the cat has nine lives. The stores told the Bond bread man he sold to me they would not more. I then humped around till I struck the Cable-Draper Co., with the Luxury bread and as I was about to sell all the bread in town, those folks with the fertile brain told the Cable-Draper man he had to let them have the bread also or they would get the government after him. If my brain was as alert as theirs I would now be rich, but when my brain gets active it works the wrong way and the people get the money.

I'm now going to drop in the hole and pull the hole in after me.

I have a lot of flour from the Valley City Milling Co. of Grand Rapids—Lily White and the Rowena Rye flour. This flour struck harder treatment coming from Grand Rapids here than I have struck in the grocery business here, but as I said before, the cat has nine lives. Now this flour is the best in the world, but has struck hard usage, and I am going to sell it. I have 8 sacks that are going at \$1.35, with the cereals so cheap you will hardly miss the money. The Rowena rye flour at the same price, without cereal.

I will have 500 loaves of bread Saturday—Luxury, Bond, Butternut and Mother's; large loaves on sale here, one day only, at 13 cents. Come early and avoid the rush. Every loaf will be fresh.

Will have cookies by the wholesale.

Do not forget the Shredded Wheat at 2 for 25cts or the Meadowgold Creamery at 50 cts. or the Nutola at 30 cts.

I have a lot of 14-oz. packages of Corn Cake Tobacco at 35c. Also remember the Binder Twine at 26 cts. With these few remarks I will close.

THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT


at this bank and receive interest on your deposit for the full time.

No better way of showing ones patriotism than to form the habit of saving regularly and thus be in a position to do our share in financing the war.

Your banking needs given careful attention

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

All Outdoors Invites Your Kodak.



Take a Vest Pocket Kodak on your trip. It is as small as a diary, and tells the story better.

Here we have the L A Jr. Takes Pictures.

2 1/2 x 4 1/4, the most popular size Kodak in use to-day. We have this machine in three prices, according to quality of lense. Come in and look over our complete line of Kodaks and Cameras. All prices, from \$2.00 to \$20.00.

A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EXCHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

Dear Friends and Charlie—

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THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a Strictly Sanitary Condition. All Milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

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

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

TRY A LIVER IN THE RECORD.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Medical Ask Your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. Red and Gold Ribbon. Take as directed. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS. Always Reliable. Known as Best. Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By **LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN**

© 1918, BY PAT ALVA O'BRIEN



CHAPTER XII.

The Forged Passport.

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house, in which he lived. While, in view of what subsequently happened, I would not be very much concerned if he got into trouble for having dealt with me, I realize that the hardships he had endured in common with the other inhabitants of that conquered city may possibly have distorted his idea of right and justice, and I shall not deliberately bring further disaster on him by revealing his identity.

This man—we will call him Huyliker because that is as unlike his name as it is mine—was very kind to me on that memorable night when I aroused him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight.

He invited me inside, prepared some food for me and, putting on a dressing gown, came and sat by me while I ate, listening with the greatest interest to the short account of my adventures.

He could speak English fluently, and he interrupted me several times to express his sympathy for the sufferings I had endured.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get to Holland."

I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Don't think of that," he replied; "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Huns beyond their power to harm will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, O'Brien, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what a lot I had been through. As a matter of fact, I could not have weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds at that time, whereas I had tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety when I was with my squadron in France.

I lost no time in getting into bed and still less in getting to sleep. I don't know what I dreamed of that night, but I had plenty of time to go through the experiences of my whole life, for when I was aroused by a knock on the door and Huyliker entered in response to my invitation to enter, he told me that it was nearly noon! I had slept for almost twelve hours.

I cannot say that the thought did not run through my head that perhaps after all I was lying in a fool's paradise, and that when Huyliker reappeared it would be with a couple of German soldiers behind him, but I dismissed such misgivings summarily, realizing that I was doing Huyliker an injustice to let such things enter my head even for an instant. I had no right to doubt his sincerity and it would do me no good to entertain such suspicions. If he was going to prove treacherous to me, I was powerless any way to cope with him.

In a few moments my host reappeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee—real coffee, not the kind I had had at Courtrai—several slices of bread, some hot potatoes and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Every mouthful of that meal tasted like angel-food to me and Huyliker sat on the edge of the bed and watched me enjoying it, at the same time outlining the plans he had made for my escape.

In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Belgian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event that I was called upon to speak.

Huyliker said I would be given sufficient money to bribe the German guards at the Dutch frontier, and he assured me that everything would work out according to schedule.

"Yours is not the first case, O'Brien, we have handled successfully," he declared. "Only three weeks ago I heard from an English merchant who had escaped from a German detention camp

and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course, but the fact that the plans we had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you."

I told Huyliker I was ready to follow his instructions and would do anything he suggested.

"I want to rejoin my squadron as soon as I possibly can," I told him, "but I realize that it will take a certain length of time for you to make the necessary arrangements, and I will be as patient as I can."

The first thing to do, Huyliker told me, was to prepare a passport. He had a blank one and it was a comparatively simple matter to fill in the spaces, using a genuine passport which Huyliker possessed as a sample of the handwriting of the passport clerk. My occupation was entered as that of a sailor. My birthplace we gave as Spain, and we put my age at thirty. As a matter of fact, at that time I could easily have passed for thirty-five, but we figured that with proper food and a decent place to sleep at night, I could soon regain my normal appearance, and the passport would have to serve me, perhaps, for several weeks to come.

Filling in the blank spaces on the passport was, as I have said, a comparatively easy matter, but that did not begin to fill the bill. Every genuine passport bore an official rubber stamp, something like an elaborate postmark, and I was at a loss to know how to get over that difficulty.

Fortunately, however, Huyliker had half of a rubber stamp which had evidently been thrown away by the Germans, and he planned to construct the other half out of the cork from a wine bottle. He was very skillful with a penknife, and although he spilt a score or more of corks before he succeeded in getting anything like the result he was after, the finished article was far better than our most sanguine expectations. Indeed, after we had pared it over here and there, and removed whatever imperfections our repeated test disclosed, we had a stamp which made an impression so closely resembling the original that without a magnifying glass, we were sure, it would have been impossible to tell that it was a counterfeit.

Huyliker procured a camera and took a photograph of me to paste on the passport in the place provided for that purpose, and we then had a passport which was entirely satisfactory to both of us and would, we hoped, prove equally so to our friends the Huns.

It had taken two days to fix up the passport. In the meanwhile Huyliker informed me that he had changed his plans about the convent and that instead he would take me to an empty house, where I could remain in safety until he told me it was advisable for me to proceed to the frontier.

This was quite agreeable to me, as I had had misgivings as to the kind of a priest I would make and it seemed to me to be safer to remain aloof from everyone in a deserted house than to have to mingle with people or come in contact with them, even with the best of disguises.

That night I accompanied Huyliker to a fashionable section of the city, where the house in which I was to be concealed was located.

This house turned out to be a four-story structure of brick. Huyliker told me that it had been occupied by a wealthy Belgian before the war, but since 1914 it had been uninhabited save for the occasional habitation of some refugee whom Huyliker was befriending.

Huyliker had a key and let me in, but he did not enter the house with me, stating that he would visit me in the morning.

I explored the place from top to bottom as well as I could without lights. The house was elaborately furnished, but, of course, the dust lay a quarter of an inch thick everywhere. It was a large house, containing some twenty rooms. There were two rooms in the basement four on the first floor, four on the second five on the third and five on the top. In the days that were to come I was to have plenty of opportunity to familiarize myself with the contents of that house but at that time I did not know it and I was curious enough to want to know just what the house contained.

Down in the basement there was a huge pantry but it was absolutely bare, except of dust and dirt. A door which evidently led to a sub-basement attracted my attention and I thought it might be a good idea to know just where it led to in case it became necessary for me to elude searchers. In that cellar I found case after case

of choice wine—Huyliker subsequently told me that there were 1,500 bottles of it! I was so happy at the turn my affairs had taken and in the rosy prospects which I now entertained that I was half inclined to indulge in a little celebration then and there. On second thought, however, I remembered the old warning of the folly of shouting before you are well out of the woods, and I decided that it would be just as well to postpone the festivities for a while and go to bed instead.

In such an elaborately furnished house I had naturally conjured up ideas of a wonderfully large bed, with thick hair mattress, downy quilts and big soft pillows. Indeed, I debated for a while which particular bedroom I should honor with my presence that night. Judge of my disappointment, therefore, when after visiting bedroom after bedroom, I discovered that there wasn't a bed in any one of them that was in a condition to sleep in. All the mattresses had been removed and the rooms were absolutely bare of everything in the way of wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The Germans had apparently swept the house clean.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to make myself as comfortable as I could on the floor, but as I had grown accustomed by this time to sleeping under far less comfortable conditions, I swallowed my disappointment as cheerfully as I could and lay down for the night.

In the morning Huyliker appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money.

I told him that I banked at Cox & Co., London, and that if he needed any money I would do anything I could to get it for him, although I did not know just how such things could be arranged.

"Don't worry about that, O'Brien," he replied. "We'll find a way of getting it all right. What I want to know is how far you are prepared to go to compensate me for the risks I am rendering you!"

The change in the man's attitude stunned me. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Of course I shall pay you as well as I can for what you have done, Huyliker," I replied, trying to conceal as far as possible the disappointment his demand had occasioned me, "but don't you think that this is hardly the proper time or occasion to talk of compensation? All I have on me, as you know, is a few hundred francs, and that, of course, you are welcome to, and when I get back, if I ever do, I shall not forget that kindness you have shown me. I am sure you need have no concern about my showing my gratitude in a substantial way."

"That's all right, O'Brien," he insisted, looking at me in a knowing sort of way; "you may take care of me afterwards, and then again you may not. I'm not satisfied to wait. I want to be taken care of now!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? How much do you expect in the way of compensation? How can I arrange to get it to you? I am willing to do anything that is reasonable."

"I want — pounds," he replied, and he named a figure that staggered me. If I had been Lord Kitchener instead of just an ordinary lieutenant in the R. F. C., he would hardly have asked a larger sum. Perhaps he thought I was.

"Well, my dear man," I said smilingly, thinking that perhaps he was joking, "you don't really mean that, do you?"

"I certainly do, O'Brien, and what is more," he threatened, "I intend to get



Outlining the Plans He Had Made for My Escape.

every cent I have asked, and you are going to help me get it."

He pulled out an order calling for the payment to him of the amount he had mentioned and demanded that I sign it.

I wavered it aside. "Huyliker," I said, "you have helped me out so far and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now, I think, I see what your motive was, but I certainly don't intend to be blackmailed and I tell you right now that I won't stand for it."

My first impulse, after the man had left, was to get out of that house just as soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me, and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty, and when I got there I would have to use my own ingenuity to get through.

It was evident, however, that Huyliker still had an idea that I might change my mind with regard to the payment he had demanded, and I decided that it would be foolish to do anything until he paid me a second visit.

At the beginning of my dealings with Huyliker I had turned over to him some pictures, papers, and other things that I had on me when I entered his house, including my identification disk, and I was rather afraid that he might refuse to return them to me.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast Huyliker had brought to me. From the windows I could see plenty to interest me and help pass the time away, but my experiences while in that house I shall tell in detail later on, confining my attention now to a narrative of my dealing with Huyliker.

That night he appeared as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he entered the room where I was awaiting him, "what do you say? Will you sign the order or not?"

It had occurred to me, during the day that the amount demanded, was so fabulous that I might have signed the order without any danger of its ever being paid, but the idea of this man, who had claimed to be befriending me, endeavoring to make capital out of my plight galled me so that I was determined not to give it to him whether I could do so in safety or not.

"No, Huyliker," I replied. "I have decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. I shall see that you are reasonably paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance from you at any price, and what is more I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you a day or two ago!"

"I'm sorry about that, O'Brien," he retorted, with a show of apparent sincerity, "but that is something I cannot do."

"If you don't give me back those papers at once," I replied hotly, "I will take steps to get them, and a—d quick too!"

"I don't know just what you could do, O'Brien," he declared coolly, "but as a matter of fact the papers and pictures you refer to are out of the country. I could not get them back to you if I wanted to."

Something told me the man was lying.

"See here, Huyliker!" I threatened, advancing towards him, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him straight in the eye, "I want those papers and I want them here before midnight to-night. If I don't get them I shall sleep in this place just once more and then, at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall go to the German authorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed for me, tell them how I got it, and explain everything."

Huyliker paled. We had no lights in the house, but we were standing near a landing at the time and the moonlight was streaming through a stained-glass window.

The Belgian turned on his heel and started to go down the stairs.

"Mind you," I called after him, "I shall wait for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities. I am a desperate man, Huyliker, and I mean every word I say."

He left himself out of the door and I sat on the top stair and wondered just what he would do. Would he try to steal a march on me and get in a first word to the authorities so that my story would be discredited when I put it to them?

Of course, my threat to give myself up to the Huns was a pure bluff. While I had no desire to lose the papers which Huyliker had and which included the map and the last festing place of my poor chum Raney, I certainly had no intention of cutting off my nose to spite my face by surrendering to the Germans. I would have been shot, as sure as fate, for after all I had been able to observe behind the German lines I would be regarded as a spy and treated as such.

At the same time I thought I detected a yellow streak in Huyliker, and I figured that he would not want to take the risk of my carrying out my threat even though he believed there was but a small chance of my doing so. If I did, he would undoubtedly share my fate, and the pictures and papers he had of mine were really of no use to him, and I have never been able to ascertain why it was he wished to retain them unless they contained something—some information about me—which accounted for his complete change of attitude towards me in the first place, and he wanted the papers as evidence to account to his superiors for his conduct towards me.

When he first told me that the plan of placing me in a convent disguised as a priest had been abandoned he explained it by saying that the cardinal had issued orders to the priests to help no more fugitives, and I have since wondered whether there was anything in my papers which had turned him against me and led him to forsake me after all he had promised to do for me.

For perhaps two hours I sat on that staircase musing about the peculiar

turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huyliker ascended the stairs.

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had," O'Brien," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

I looked through the little bunch he handed me. It included my identification disk, most of the papers I valued, and perhaps half of the photographs.

"I don't know what your object is in retaining the rest of my pictures, Huyliker," I replied, "but as a matter of fact the ones that are missing were only of sentimental value to me and you are welcome to them. We'll call it a beat."

I don't know whether he understood the idiom, but he sat down on the stairs just below me and cogitated for a few moments.

"O'Brien," he started finally. "I'm sorry things have gone the way they have. I feel sorry for you and I would really like to help you. I don't suppose you will believe me, but the matter of the order which which I asked you to sign was not of my doing. However, we won't go into that. The proposition was made to you and you turned it down, and that's the end of it. At the same time, I hate to leave you to your own resources and I am going to make one more suggestion to you for your own good: I have an-

other plan to get you into Holland and if you will go with me to another house, I will introduce you to a man who I think will be in a position to help you."

"How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble?" I answered, sarcastically.

"You can arrange that when you see him. Will you go?"

I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself and decided to see the thing through. I knew Huyliker would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of the fact that I had the tell-tale passport, which would be his deathknell as well as my own.

Accordingly I said I would be quite willing to go with him whenever he was ready, and he suggested that we go the next evening.

I pointed out to him that I was entirely without food and asked him whether he could not arrange to bring or send me something to eat while I remained in the house.

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he replied, "but I'm afraid you will have to get along as best you can. When I brought you your breakfast this morning I took a desperate chance. If I had been discovered by one of the German soldiers entering this house with food in my possession, I would not only have paid the penalty myself, but you would have been discovered, too. It is too dangerous a proposition. Why don't you go out by yourself and buy your food at the stores? That would give you confidence and you'll need plenty of it when you continue your journey to the border."

There was a good deal of truth in what he said and I really could not blame him for not wanting to take any chances to help me in view of the relations between us.

"Very well," I said; "I've gone without food for many hours at a time before and I suppose I shall be able to do so again. I shall look for you to-morrow evening."

The next evening he came and I accompanied him to another house not very far from the one in which I had been staying and not unlike it in appearance. It, too, was a substantial dwelling house which had been untenanted since the beginning save perhaps for such occasional visits as Huyliker and his associates made to it.

Huyliker let himself in and conducted me to a room on the second floor where he introduced me to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was his own brother. The other was a stranger.

Very briefly they explained to me that they had procured another passport for me—a genuine one—which would prove far more effective in helping to get me to the frontier than the counterfeit one they had manufactured for me.

I think I saw through their game

right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say.

"Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huyliker's brother.

"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied. "If the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?"

"There was considerable hesitation on the part of Huyliker's brother and the other chap at this.

"Why, I don't think that's necessary at all, Mr. O'Brien," said the former. "You give us the old passport, and we will be very glad to give you the new one for it. Isn't that fair enough?"

"It may be fair enough, my friends," I retorted, seeing that it was useless to conceal further the fact that I was fully aware of their whole plan and why I had been brought to this house. "It may be fair enough, my friends," I said, "but you will get the passport that I have here, putting my side and indicating my inside breast pocket, 'only of my dead body!'"

I suppose the three of them could have made short work of me then and they would have done so had they been the wiser—but I had gone through so much and I was feeling so mean towards the whole world just at that moment that I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"I have that passport here," I replied, "and am going to keep it. If you gentlemen think you can take it from me you are welcome to try!"

To tell the truth, I was spilling for a fight, and I half wished they would start something. The man who had lived in the house had evidently been a collector of ancient pottery, for the walls were lined with great pieces of earthenware which had every earmark of possessing great value. They certainly possessed great weight. I figured that if the worst came to the worst that pottery would come in mighty handy. A single blow with one of those big vases would put a man out as neatly as possible and as there was lots of pottery and only three men, I believed I had an excellent chance of holding my own in the combat which I had invited.

I had already picked out in my mind what I was going to use, and I got up, stood with my back to the wall and told them that if they ever figured on getting the passport, then would be their best chance.

Apparently they realized that I meant business and they immediately began to expostulate at the attitude I was taking.

One of the men spoke excellent English. In fact, he told me that he could speak five languages, and if he could lie in the others as well as I knew he did in his own tongue, he was not only an accomplished linguist, but a most versatile liar into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," said the linguist, "it is not that we want to deprive you of the passport. Good heavens! if it will aid you in getting out of the country, I wish you could have six just like it. But for our own protection, you owe it to us to proceed on your journey as best you can without it because as long as you have it in your possession you jeopardize our lives, too. Don't you think it is fairer that you should risk your own safety rather than place the lives of three innocent men in danger?"

"That may be as it is, my friends," I retorted, "and I am glad you realize your danger. Keep it in mind, for in case any of you should happen to feel inclined to notify the German authorities that I am in this part of the country, think it over before you do so. Remember always that if the Germans get me, they get the passport, too, and if they get the passport your lives won't be worth a damn! When I tell the history of that clever little piece of pasteboard, I will implicate all three of you, and as I am an officer I rather think my word will be taken before yours. Good night!"

The bluff evidently worked, because I was able to get out of the city without molestation from the Germans. I have never seen these men since. I hope I never shall, because I am afraid I might be tempted to do something for which I might otherwise be sorry.

I do not mean to imply that all Belgians are like this. I had evidently fallen into the hands of a gang who were endeavoring to make capital out of the misfortunes of those who were referred to them for help. In all countries there are bad as well as good, and in a country which has suffered so much as poor Belgium it is no wonder if some of the survivors have lost their sense of moral perspective.

I know that the average poor peasant in Belgium would divide his scanty rations with a needy fugitive sooper than a wealthy Belgian would dole out a morsel from his comparatively well-stocked larder. Perhaps the poor have less to lose than the rich if their generosity or charity is discovered by the Huns.

There have been many Belgians shot for helping escaped prisoners and other fugitives, and it is not to be wondered at that they are willing to take a few chances as possible. A man with a family, especially, does not feel justified in helping a stranger when he knows that he and his whole family may be shot or sent to prison for their pains.

Although I suffered much from the attitude of Huyliker and his associates, I suppose I ought to hold no grudge against them in view of the unenviable predicament in which they are in themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

We Suppose This Is So.

In place of most of our troubles we might easily have much worse ones.—Albany Journal.



Your Lives Won't Be Worth a Damn.

Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

Author of "THE IRON TRAIL," "THE SPOILERS," "HEART OF THE SUNSET," Etc.

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ROSA AND HER TWO COMPANIONS FACE DEATH FROM STARVATION OR DISEASE

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, step-mother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurgents is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cueto. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but badly wounded and half-conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp. Rosa, with the faithful servants who had remained with her, is forced to obey the concentration order of General Weyler, the Spanish commander, and seek refuge in Matanzas. O'Reilly returns to Cuba with a band of filibusters, which includes Norine Evans, an American girl who has dedicated her fortune and services as nurse to the Cuban cause. Although warned by Cuban officers that both Esteban and Rosa probably are dead, O'Reilly refuses to abandon the search. He joins the forces of General Gomez, the Cuban commander.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"I inferred as much from what Lopez told me." The general nodded his white head. "Well, you'll make a good soldier, and we shall be glad to have you." He extended his hand, and O'Reilly took it gratefully.

The city of Matanzas was "pacified," so ran the beautiful bando of the captain general. And this was no exaggeration, as anyone could see from the number of beggars there. Of all his military operations, this "pacification" of the western towns and provinces was the most conspicuously successful and the one which gave Valeriano Weyler the keenest satisfaction; for nowhere did the rebellion lift its head—except, perhaps, among the ranks of those disaffected men who hid in the hills, with nothing above them but the open sky. As for the population at large, it was cured of treason! It no longer resisted, even weakly, the law of Spain. The reason was that it lay dying. Weyler's cure was simple, efficacious—it consisted of extermination, swift and pitiless.

Poverty had been common in Matanzas, even before the war, but now there were so many beggars in the city that nobody undertook to count them. When the refugees began to pour in by the thousands, and when it became apparent that the government intended to let them starve, the better citizens undertook an effort at relief; but times were hard, food was scarce, and prices high. Moreover, it soon transpired that the military frowned upon everything like organized charity, and in consequence the newcomers were, perforce, abandoned to their own devices. These country people were dumb and terrified at the misfortunes which had overtaken them; they wandered the streets in aimless bewilderment, fearful of what blow might next befall. They were not used to begging, and therefore they did not often implore alms; but all day long they asked for work, for bread, that their little ones might live. Work, however, was even scarcer than food, and the time soon came when they crouched upon curbs and doorsteps, hopeless, beaten, silently reproachful of those more fortunate than they. Their eyes grew big and hollow; their outstretched hands grew gaunt and skinny. The sound of weeping women and fretting babies, became a common thing to hear.

Dogs and cats became choice articles of diet, until they disappeared. The government did supply one quality of food, however; at intervals, it distributed yucca roots. But these were starchy and almost indigestible. From eating them the children grew pinched in limb and face, while their abdomens bloated hugely. Matanzas became peopled with a race of grotesquely misshapen little folks, gnomes with young bodies, but with faces old and sick.

Of course disease became epidemic, for in the leaky hovels, dirt-floored and destitute of any convenience, there could be no effort at sanitation. Conditions became unspeakable. The children died first, then the aged and infirm. Deaths in the street were not uncommon; nearly every morning bodies were found beneath the portales. Starving creatures crept to the market in the hope of begging a stray bit of food, and some of them died there, between the empty stalls. The death wagons, heavy with their daily freight, rumbled ceaselessly through the streets, adding to the giant piles of unburied corpses outside the city.

Typhoid, smallpox, yellow fever, raged unchecked. The hospitals were crowded, and even in them the commonest necessities were lacking. It is believed that men have returned from the grave, but no one, either Spaniard or Cuban, had ever been known to return from one of these pesthouses, and, in consequence, those who were

stricken preferred to remain and to die among their dear ones.

Yes, Matanzas was pacified. Weyler's boast was true. Nowhere in the entire province was a field in cultivation; nowhere, outside the garrisoned towns, was a house left standing. Nor was the city of Matanzas the only concentration camp; there were others dotted through Santa Clara, Habana and Pinar del Rio. In them half a million people cried for food. Truly no rebellious land was ever more completely pacified than this, no people's spirits ever more completely crushed.

Into Matanzas, city of beggary and death, came Rosa Varona and her two negro companions, looking for relief. They made the journey without mishap, for they were too destitute to warrant plundering, and Rosa's disguise concealed what charms remained to her. But once they had entered the city, what an awakening! What suffering, what poverty, what rags they saw! The three of them grew weak with dismay at the horror of it all; but there was no retreat.

Asensio built a makeshift shelter close under La Cumbre—from it the ruins of the Quinta de Esteban were visible—and there they settled down to live. They had hoped to lose themselves among the other prisoners, and in this they were successful, for none of their miserable neighbors were in any condition to notice them, and there was nothing sufficiently conspicuous about two tattered blacks and their hunchbacked daughter to draw attention from the soldiers.

Asensio foraged zealously, and at first he managed somehow to secure enough food for his little family. One day the soldiers seized him, and put him to work on the fortifications along with a gang of other men who appeared strong enough to stand hard labor. Asensio was not paid for this, but he was allowed one meal a day, and he succeeded in bringing home each night a share of his allotment.

It is surprising how little nourishment will sustain life. Rosa and her two friends had long felt the pinch of hunger, but now they plumbed the depths of privation, for there, were days when Asensio and his fellow countrymen received nothing at all. After a time Evangelina began making baskets and weaving palm-leaf hats, which she sold at six cents each. She taught Rosa the craft, and they worked from dawn until dark, striving with humble, tireless fingers to supplement Asensio's rations and postpone starvation. But it was a hopeless task. Other nimble fingers worked as tirelessly as theirs, and the demand for hats was limited.

Their hut overlooked the road to San Severino, that Via Dolorosa on which condemned prisoners were marched out to execution, and in time the women learned to recognize the peculiar blaring notes of a certain cornet, which signified that another "Cuban cock" was about to crow. When in the damp of dewy mornings they heard that bugle they ceased their weaving long enough to cross themselves and whisper a prayer for the souls of those who were on their way to die. But this was the only respite they allowed themselves.

Rosa meditated much upon the contrast between her present and her former condition. Matanzas was the city of her birth, and time was when she had trod its streets in arrogance and pride, when she had possessed friends by the score among its residents. But of all these there was not one to whom she dared appeal in this, her hour of need. But even had she felt assured of meeting sympathy, her pride was pure Castilian, and it would never down. She, a Varona, whose name was one to conjure with, whose lineage was of the highest! She to beg? The thing was quite impossible. One crumb, so taken, would have coked her. Rosa preferred to suffer proudly and await the hour when hunger or disease would at last blot out her memories

of happy days and end this nightmare misery.

Then, too, she dreaded any risk of discovery by Mario de Castaño, who was a hard, vindictive man. His parting words had shown her that he would never forgive the slight she had put upon him; and she did not wish to put his threats to the test. Once Rosa saw him, on her way to buy a few centavos' worth of sweet potatoes; he was huddled in his victoria, a huge bladder of flesh, and he made the streets deaf to the plaints of starving children; blind to the misery of beseeching mothers. Rosa shrank into a doorway and drew her tattered shawl closer over her face for fear Don Mario might recognize in this misshapen body and in these pinched, discolored features the beautiful blossom he had craved.

Nor did she forget Colonel Cobo. The man's memory haunted her, asleep and awake; of him she was most despondently afraid. When for the first time she saw him riding at the head of his cut-throats she was like to swoon in her tracks, and for a whole day thereafter she cowered in the hut, trembling at every sound.

In these dark hours she recalled the stories of the old Varona treasure and Esteban's interesting theory of its whereabouts; but she would not bring herself to put much faith in either. Of course it was barely possible that there was indeed a treasure, and even that Esteban's surmise had been correct. But it was little more than a remote possibility. Distance lends a rosy color to reality, or our most absurd imaginings, but like the haze that tints a far-off landscape, it dissolves upon approach. Now that Rosa was here, in sight of the ruined quinta itself, her hopes and half-beliefs faded.

More than once she was tempted to confide in Evangelina and Asensio, but she thought better of it. Although she put implicit faith in Evangelina's dis-



Rosa Shrank Into a Doorway.

cretion, she knew that Asensio was not the sort of fellow to be trusted with a secret of great magnitude—he was boastful, talkative, excitable; he was just the sort to bring destruction upon all of them. Rosa had sufficient intelligence to realize that even if she found her father's riches, they would only constitute another and a greater menace to the lives of all of them. Nevertheless, she wished to set her mind at rest once for all. Taking Evangelina with her, she climbed La Cumbre one day in search of roots and vegetables.

It turned out to be a sad experience for both women. The negro wept noisily at the destruction wrought by Pancho Cueto, and Rosa was overcome by painful memories. Little that was familiar remained; evidence of Cueto's all-devouring greed spoke from the sprouting ferns his men had dug from the naked trees they had felled and piled in orderly heaps, from the stones and mortar of the house itself.

The well remained, although it had been planked over, but it was partially filled up with rubbish, as Rosa discovered when she peered into it. Only a tiny pool of scum was in the bottom. After a long scrutiny the girl arose, convinced at last of her brother's delusion, and vaguely ashamed of her own credulity. No, if ever there had been a treasure, it was hidden elsewhere; all of value that this well contained for Rosa was her memory of a happiness departed. Of such memories, the well, the whole place, was brimful. Here, as a child, she had romped with Esteban. Here, as a girl, she had dreamed her first dreams, and here O'Reilly, her smiling knight, had found her. Yonder was the very spot where he had held her in his arms and begged her to await the day of his return. Well, she had waited.

But was that Rosa Varona who had promised so freely and so confidently

this pitiful Rosa whose bones protruded through her rags? It could not be. Happiness, contentment, hope—these were fictions; only misery, despair, and pain were real. But it had been a glorious dream, at any rate—a dream which Rosa vowed to cherish all ways.

CHAPTER XIV.

That Sick Man From San Antonio. It was part of the strategy practiced by the Cuban leaders to divide their forces into separate columns for the purpose of raiding the smaller Spanish garrisons and harassing the troops sent to their relief, reassembling these bands only when and where some telling blow was to be struck.

When O'Reilly and Branch enlisted in the Army of the Orient they were assigned to the command of Col. Miguel Lopez, and it was under his leadership that they made their first acquaintance with the peculiar methods of Cuban warfare.

There had been, at first, some doubt of Branch's fitness to take the field at all—he had suffered a severe hemorrhage shortly after his arrival at Cabañas—and it was only after a hysterical demonstration on his part that he had been accepted as a soldier. He simply would not be left behind. At first the Cubans regarded him with mingled contempt and pity, for certainly no less promising volunteer had ever taken service with them.

But on the occasion of the very first fight all will disappeared as if by magic, for, although Branch deliberately disobeyed orders, he nevertheless displayed such amazing audacity in the face of the enemy, such a theatrical contempt for bullets, as to stupify every one. Moreover, he lived up to his reputation; he continued to be insanely daring, varying his exploits to correspond with his moods, with the result that he attained a popularity which was unique, nay, sensational.

O'Reilly alone understood the reason for the fellow's morbid irritability, his suicidal recklessness; but when he privately remonstrated he was gruffly told to mind his own business. Branch flatly refused to modify his conduct; he seemed really bent upon cheating the disease that made his life a misery.

But, as usual, fate was perverse; she refused to honor the sick man's hope. When, after blindly inviting death, Leslie had emerged from several engagements—unscathed, his surprise—and perhaps a natural relief at finding himself whole—became tinged with a certain apprehension lest he survive those deliberately courted dangers only to succumb to the ills and privations of camp life. The fellow's tongue grew ever sharper; his society became intolerable, his gloom oppressive and irresistibly contagious. When, after several weeks of campaigning, the column went into camp for a short rest, O'Reilly decided that he would try to throw off the burden of Leslie's overwhelming dejection, and, if possible, shift a portion of it upon the shoulders of Captain Judson.

On the day after their arrival O'Reilly and the big artilleryman took advantage of a pleasant stream to bathe and wash their clothes; then, while they lay in their hammocks, enjoying the luxury of a tattered oil-cloth shelter and waiting for the sun to dry their garments, O'Reilly spoke what was in his mind.

"I'm getting about fed up on Leslie," he declared. "He's the world's champion crepe-hanger, and he's painted the whole world such a deep, despondent blue that I'm completely dismal. You've got to take him off my hands."

O'Reilly's youthful assistant, who at the moment was painstakingly manufacturing a huge, black cigar for himself out of some pruned tobacco, pricked up his ears at the mention of Branch's name and now edged closer, exclaiming:

"Caramba! There's a hero for you. Meester Branch is the bravest man I ever seen. Our people call him 'El Demonio!'"

O'Reilly jerked his head toward the Cuban. "You see? He's made the hit of his life and yet he resents it. My nerves are frayed out. I've argued myself hoarse, but he misconstrues everything I say. I wish you'd convince him that he has a chance to get well; it might alter his disposition. If something doesn't alter it I'll be court-martialed for shooting a man in his sleep, and I'll hit him right in the middle, no matter how slim he is." O'Reilly compressed his lips firmly.

The assistant, who had finished rolling his cigar, now lighted it and repeated: "Yes, sir, Meester Branch is the bravest man I ever seen. You remember that first battle, eh? Those Spaniards seen him comin' and threw down their guns and beat it. I laugh to think of that day."

"Jacket" was at once the youngest and the most profane member of Colonel Lopez's entire command. The most shocking oaths fell from his beardless lips whenever he opened them to speak English, and O'Reilly's efforts to break the boy of the habit proved quite unavailing.

This Camagueyan boy was a character. He was perhaps sixteen, and small for his age—a mere child, in fact. Nevertheless, he was a seasoned veteran, and his American camp-mates had grown exceedingly fond of him. He was a pretty, graceful youngster; his eyes were large and soft and dark; his face was as sensitive and mobile as that of a girl; and yet, despite his youth, he had won a reputation for daring and ferocity quite as notable in its way as was the renown of Leslie Branch.

In order to expand his knowledge of English—of which, by the way, he was inordinately proud—Jacket had volunteered to serve as O'Reilly's striker, and the result had been a fast friendship. It was O'Reilly who had given

the boy his nickname—a name prompted by a marked eccentricity, for although Jacket possessed the two garments which constituted the ordinary insurgent uniform, he made a practice of wearing only one. On chilly nights, or on formal occasions, he wore both waistcoat and trousers, but at other times he dispensed entirely with the latter, and his legs went naked. They were naked now, as, with the modesty of complete unconsciousness, he squatted in the shade, puffing thoughtfully at his giant cheroot.

Once Jacket's mind was fastened upon any subject, it remained there, and after a time he continued:

"Did I told you about that battle of Pinar Bravo? Eh?" He turned his big brown eyes upward to O'Reilly. "Cris! I I skill more'n a dozen men that day!"

"It was a hot scrimmage," Judson attested. "Some of Luque's niggers, those tall, lean, hungry fellows from Santiago, managed to hack their way through a wire fence and get behind a detachment of the enemy who had made a stand under a hill. They charged, and for a wonder they got close enough to use their machetes. It was bloody work—the kind you read about—no quarter. Somehow Jacket managed to be right in the middle of the butchery. He's a bravo kid, all right. Muy malo!"

At that moment Branch approached, his long face set in lines of discontent, even deeper than usual. He had been wandering about the camp in one of his restless fits, and now he began:

"Say, what do you think I've been doing? I've been looking up some grub for Miss Evans, and I can't find any."

"Can't find any?"

"Nothing fit for her to eat. You don't expect her to live on this infernal infernal beef stay?"

"Didn't Major Ramos bring anything along?" O'Reilly asked.

"He says there's a famine at Cabañas."

"We'd better look into this," Judson exclaimed, and, finding that his clothes were dry, he hurriedly began to dress himself.

Together, the three men made an investigation of the camp's resources, only to discover that Branch was right. There was, indeed, but little food of any kind, and that little was of the coarsest. Ordinarily, such a condition of affairs would have occasioned them no surprise, for the men were becoming accustomed to a more or less chronic scarcity of provisions; but the presence of Norine Evans put quite a different complexion upon the matter.

They were still discussing the situation when Miss Evans, having finished her afternoon nap, threw open the flaps of her tent and stepped out.

When she had listened to the account apologetically submitted by her three friends, she drew her brows together, saying, plaintively: "Oh dear! We've been going short for a week, and Major Ramos told me we'd fare better when we got here. I had my mouth all set for a banquet. Couldn't you even find the poor dog a bone?"

"I'm afraid the cupboard is bare," O'Reilly acknowledged.

"Do you know what I want for dinner?" Norine inquired. "Lamb chops with green peas, some nice white bread, a salad, and coffee."

The three men looked at her anxiously. Judson stirred uneasily.

"That's what I want. I don't expect to get it."

With a sigh of relief the captain exclaimed, "I thought you were giving your order."

"Goodness, no!" With a laugh the girl seated herself upon her one camp-chair, inviting her callers to dispose themselves on the ground about her.

"If you can stand the food, I dare say I can. Now then, tell me what you've been doing since you left Cabañas. I've been frightened to death that some of you would be hurt. That's one reason why I've been working night and day helping to get the hospitals in shape. I can't bear to think of our boys being wounded. Everything is so different, to what I thought it would be, and I'm so weak and ineffective. The medical supplies I brought are nearly all gone, and I've learned what hard work it is fitting up hospitals when there's nothing to fit them up with." She sighed.

"I imagined I was going to work wonders—I thought I was going to be a Florence Nightingale, and the men were going to idolize me."

"Don't they?" Judson demanded.

"No. That is—not in exactly the way I expected."

"They all want to marry her," O'Reilly explained.

"Insolent bunch!" growled the captain. Then he swallowed hard and said, "But for that matter, so do I."

"How silly you boys can be!" Norine laughed. "I dare say the others are joking too, but—"

"Joking?" O'Reilly grinned. "Not at all. I'm the only single man in camp who isn't in love with you. When you arrived this morning there was a general stampede for the river. I'll bet the fish in this stream will taste of soap for years to come."

As if to point O'Reilly's words at the moment appeared Colonel Lopez shaved blood-ravaged and clad in a recently laundered uniform which was still damp. The three Americans rose to salute him, but discipline was lax and he waved them back to their seats.

O'Reilly, fighting with the Cuban rebels, makes a remarkable discovery that puts new life into his hopes. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Botanists have found that Alpine plants which push their way through the snow do so by breathing more rapidly than normally to generate heat.

READY FOR FIGHT IN AIR

Chaplains, Whose Pathways Are Those of Peace, Are Skilled in Military Aeronautics.

Washington—When the United States army went into Mexico in 1915 there was no executive officer in charge of aviation in Washington who had been off the ground in a flying machine. With the recent reorganization of the aviation section and the establishment of a bureau of military aeronautics, headed by Brig. Gen. William L. Kenly and composed entirely of practical aviators, each of whom can handle his own machine in the air, a revolution has been accomplished which has already worked wonders in the morale and efficiency of the service.

Even the chaplains in the air service are required to be able to fly. Today the military aeronautical section is ready to put into the air any kind of battle machines as fast as the production end can furnish them, and it is prepared to fight as well as fly them.

General Kenly is a veteran artilleryman of the regular army. He likes to refer to the American cannoners, who gave the Germans the surprise of their lives in the recent capture of Cantigny, as his "children." In his early career General Kenly was an officer of one of those batteries, the oldest military organization in the service of the country. He trained the regiment in France for just what it did at Cantigny. At his right hand is Lieut. Col. R. L. Kennedy, well known in Chicago, where he did recruiting service.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains; Stops Spavin, Lameness, allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 R free.
ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind—an antiseptic liniment for bruises, cuts, wounds, strains, painful, swollen veins or glands. It heals and soothes. \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Will tell you more if you write. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Soldiers Soothe Skin Troubles with Cuticura
Cuts, Chafing, Itching, Eczema, etc. Each Sample of Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 33-1918.

CHEERFUL HEART GOES FAR

When You Come to Think of It, the Man With a "Grouch" is Seldom Popular.

To keep the face cheerful, the voice cheerful, to do good like a medicine, we must keep the heart cheerful. This is not an easy matter. One does not simply have to say: "I will be cheerful," and then have it so. He has to work for cheerfulness, just as he works to be honest, or kind, or brave, or learned. He must be looking out for bright things to see and do. He must deliberately, yet quickly, choose which things he will think about and how. He has to shut his teeth, as it were, sometimes, and turn away from the gloomy things, and do something to bring back the cheerful spirit again. If we are cheerful for others, we are doing for ourselves. Good given, means good sent back. Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habit sometimes helps us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things—Ed. Change.

There Was But One. "Oh, my dear," said the new proud mother to her husband, "I wish you could see the new baby across the way. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth—and the cunningest little nose. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven, and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels."

"Is it as nice as our baby?" quickly asked her husband.

"Mercy, no! Not half!" was the emphatic reply that came from the vicinity of the dainty-ruffled crib.—Denver Post.

One Thing That Holds Its Own.

Everything else is getting smaller—bouganvilleas and cakes and pies—but the "piece of mind" we get from our critics is the same old regulation size.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

SAVING WHEAT

is only one good point for.

POST TOASTIES

(MADE OF CORN)
—says Bobby.



"Eat Plenty of Hard Food."

There are three things to keep in mind when considering diseases of the teeth—first, that soft food is injurious, and that plenty of hard food should be eaten; second, that infection in the gums and tooth cavities may cause disorders by the pus being swallowed and so conveyed to the stomach and intestines; thirdly, that the pus may cause more serious trouble by being absorbed through the lymphatics.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, it taken internally and acts thru the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.



THE DETROIT Optical Specialist.

will be at Dr. R. Schuyler's office in Northville, Monday, August 19th. Examinations for glasses made at private residences by appointment, without extra charge. City Optical service right at your own home and everything guaranteed. I will come to Northville sufficiently often to give satisfactory service. I keep your glasses in order. —Adv.

FLOWERS

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

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

F. J. Cochran, Attorney, Northville. MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made by Samuel J. Brown and Samuel S. Babcock of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, to Byron S. Stapleton of Cleveland, Ohio, which said mortgage is dated the first day of August, 1891, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 276 of Mortgages, page 246, on August, 3rd, 1891; which said mortgage was assigned by the said Byron S. Stapleton on the twelfth day of February, 1896, to Carrie E. Brown, said assignment being recorded the fifteenth day of February, 1896, in Liber 42, assignments of mortgages, page 165; and the said Carrie E. Brown assigned said mortgage to John H. Wilke on the thirteenth day of January, 1917, said assignment having been recorded April 24, 1917, in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 67 of assignments of mortgages on page 158, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of ten thousand five hundred and fifty-three and 60-100 dollars, and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted to recover said moneys or any part thereof; now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday, the ninth day of September, 1918, at twelve o'clock noon (Eastern Standard time), I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County building in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building, where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, the premises described in said mortgage (or so much of them as have not heretofore been released from the terms of the above described mortgage), or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid on said mortgage together with six per cent interest and all legal costs allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, the following described premises situate in the city of Detroit, in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan as follows, to-wit:

Lots numbered one hundred and forty-one (141), one hundred and forty-two (142), one hundred and fifty (150), one hundred and fifty-one (151), one hundred and fifty-two (152), one hundred and eighty-three (183), one hundred and ninety (190), two hundred and four (204), two hundred and five (205), and two hundred and twelve (212), of Brown and Babcock's sub-division of the westerly 41 2-3 acres of quarter section 29 and westerly 25.06 acres of quarter section 32, ten thousand acre tract according to the plat of said sub-division as recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 16, page 15, of plats. Dated, June 14th, 1918. JOHN H. WILKE, Mortgagee. F. J. Cochran, Attorney for Mortgagee. 47-5.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Ella Bernhardt is visiting her cousin at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Elmer Perrin and son were recent visitors at Milford.

Mrs. John Ruthrauf spent Wednesday with friends in Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin White enjoyed a vacation trip to Cleveland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gleason and children spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit.

Mrs. Henry Hart of Detroit has been a house guest of Mrs. Eva Clarkson this week.

Mrs. Harold E. Turner has been spending a few days with her husband at Bay City.

Mrs. Nora Gambee of Romulus, N. Y. is a guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. George Baker.

James Callahan of Portland, Oregon, visited his cousin, Thomas Gleason and family, last week.

Mrs. F. Wessel and son, Ferris, of Ann Arbor are spending the week with Mrs. Fred Foss.

Mrs. Ed. Lapham and daughter Elizabeth arrived home Saturday from their visit in the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Wigle of Detroit were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. Emma Richardson.

Mrs. John Joslin and two children and Mrs. R. R. Ball of Detroit spent Thursday with Northville friends.

Mrs. Roy Whitney and children of Bentley Mich. are visiting at the Warren VanDyne home this week.

Mrs. Will Somerville and daughter Marian, and Herman Ward, all of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. Lucy Ambler.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutton of Caro were here to enjoy a visit with their son, Charlie during his recent furlough.

Miss Helen Hornberger of Detroit, formerly of this place, was the guest of Miss Ruth Christensen over the week-end.

Mrs. Cornelia Blair returned to her home at Royal Oak Sunday after spending the week with Mrs. Eva Clarkson.

Mrs. Lucy Ambler, who has been spending the past six weeks with friends in Flint, has returned to her home here.

Frank White and family of Grand Rapids have been spending a couple of weeks at the former's parental home here.

M. A. Porter, accompanied by his niece, Miss Elizabeth Lapham, motored to Blissfield Tuesday for a few days' visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Nordman and children motored to their home in Detroit Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Richardson, after a month's visit with relatives here.

Mrs. C. C. Yerkes and son, Edmund are vacationing at Tawas Beach. Mrs. W. E. Scotten and sons and Mrs. E. S. Beard and children have also been at the Beach for some weeks past.

Mrs. Joseph Milner of Macon, Ga., and Mrs. Edward N. Hines of Detroit were guests last week at the Steers home here. The visitor from the south conceded that her state isn't "in it" with Michigan when it comes to genuine hot weather, as temperatures upwards of 100 in the shade do not occur in Georgia.

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

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

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

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

CHAMPION ENTERED IN DOG-SHOW AT STATE FAIR



CHAMPION SHORT CIRCUIT.

Benched among the several hundred dogs that will compete for money prizes, trophies, cups and champion-ship ribbons at the American Kennel Club show to be staged by the Detroit Kennel Club in connection with the Michigan State Fair, on Sept. 5, 6 and 7, will be dogs nationally and internationally famous, dogs that represent fortunes and dogs that are known to every fancier in the civilized world for being as near to perfection as a dog can be. But of all those shown there will not be one to whom more fame is attached than to a dog now owned in Michigan, Champion Short Circuit, a wire-haired fox terrier. A few weeks ago he was crowned stud dog champion of America at the Ladies' Kennel Club show at Meadow Brook, L. I., the second most important dog show in America. Ch. Short Circuit is an English dog who was imported several years ago. He gained fame in his early doghood by winning eight championships without an interruption, a feat almost un- equalled in dog history. The Vickery

Kennels in Barrington, Ill., America's most aristocratic and complete kennels, purchased Ch. Short Circuit but last April they sold him to Capt. Herbert Hughes of the Aviation Service and master of the Gallaich Kennels at Grosse Pointe, Mich. Ch. Short Circuit has everything that you could wish for in a dog. He is just 100 per cent dog and besides a great bench winner and marvelous show dog in the ring, he is a stud dog without an equal. Among his get he numbers the wonderful Ch. Matford Vic, twice champion of America by winning best in show at Westminster, and Gallaich Nettle, who succeeded Ch. Matford Vic for the honor of being the best sire of her sex at Westminster this year. In the ring with Ch. Short Circuit will be Gallaich Nettle, his daughter and show a kennel mate at Grosse Pointe. And there probably will be others of his get nearly as good for the big gun of the wire-haired fox terrier breed has produced many whose fame will be lasting.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Miss Leno, Coe is spending a few days with friends near Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Coe, accompanied by Mrs. W. Coe, are visiting in Ionia.

Mrs. Mae Johns of Detroit, was the guest of Mrs. E. Hoyt for a few days recently.

Mrs. Margaret Wilson of Ypsilanti visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Nook, for the week-end.

Miss Marie Hosner and Mrs. Fred Pommerville of Detroit spent Sunday with relatives here.

The M. E. Sunday school held a largely attended social on Ira Carnes' lawn Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker of Pontiac visited their sister, Mrs. Pratt, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Waterman of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Lincoln of Worden spent Saturday here.

Too Much of Good Thing. "I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence development on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery." "The scenery is all right," replied the man who was looking for a home. "The only trouble is there's too much of it between here and the city."

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent For Sale, lost found wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word.

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

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

LOST—On the 11:20 Detroit car to Northville Sunday morning, a 2-A Brownie camera containing roll of films. Finder notify Mrs. Lucy Ambler. 4w1p.

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE—Chicken Feed. Everything in the line of poultry supplies. Save a dollar by calling Clement Curtiss. Telephone 324 W-2. 3-4p.

FOR SALE—House and lot. Bath, gas, furnace, electric lights. Can give immediate possession. Ruth E. Gillis, Northville. 49c.

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

Men's work is from sun to sun. But woman's work is never done. Unless She Uses Electric Savers. THE ELECTRIC WASHER. Turns wash day into wash hour. It will do your washing quickly, silently and perfectly. THE ELECTRIC SWEEPER. Cleans carpets in almost no time and it prolongs the life of all floor coverings. THE ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE. Makes sewing much easier. It is portable and inexpensive to operate. Divide the Price by the Years They Last. THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

Wayne County Supervisors, Circuit Judges, Lawyers and Abstract Makers.

Commend THOS. F. FARRELL'S SERVICES AS COUNTY CLERK

On October 28, 1915, the Wayne County Board of Supervisors unanimously adopted a formal resolution commending County Clerk Farrell as follows:

- For having made the naturalization records readily accessible for the first time in the history of the office. This work involved the records of 26,176 proceedings affecting the citizenship of foreign-born citizens, of whom the names of 1,978 citizens appeared on no earlier index.
For having revised and re-indexed all corporation and association records in this office since 1884, covering 72 years of these important events.
For having revised the Index to plaintiffs in cases in the Wayne County Circuit Court, from 1898 to 1908, involving 10,880 law suits, references to which were exceedingly difficult by reason of the bad condition of the indexes.
For having established a complete bond record in the office of the County Clerk, enabling immediate reference to these important documents.
For having done this work without increased cost to the county and with an actually lessened appropriation for doing the more useful work.

In a formal communication to Mr. Farrell, dated June 16, 1916, signed by Judges VanZile, Hally, Hosmer, Murphy and Mandell, said:

"The business of the office, with the growth of the city and litigation that necessarily follows, has increased until today the demand for careful, systematic conduct of the business of the office is important. No one could ask for better work than is done by you and your efficient staff. The records are strictly up-to-date and correct in every detail.

Mr. C. M. Burton, of the Burton Abstract offices, and Mr. J. C. Cowles, manager of the abstract department of the Union Trust Company, who know that upon the accuracy of the records depend the integrity of the title of every piece of real estate affected by any legal proceedings, endorse the efficient manner in which Thomas F. Farrell conducted the office of County Clerk.

Scores of attorneys of the Wayne County Bar signed a statement which says:

We do hereby express our hearty approval of the efficiency and courtesy which has marked the administration of County Clerk Thomas F. Farrell, and indorse his candidacy for re-nomination and re-election.



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

Choice of the Detroit Bar Association



JOHN H. GOFF



ORMOND F. HUNT



PAUL W. VOORHIES



ARTHUR WEBSTER

For the Four New Circuit Judgeships

These are the ONLY candidates for the Circuit Bench indorsed by the Detroit Bar Association. The by-laws of the Detroit Bar Association require that names of the four men who receive the highest number of votes in the bar primary be made known to the public. This tremendously important indorsement by an association composed of practically all the active lawyers of Detroit should be taken as a welcome suggestion by all thinking voters. The lawyers KNOW who are best qualified for the high office of circuit judge. They selected Messrs. Goff, Hunt, Voorhies and Webster on merit only. Politics and personality did not enter into consideration. The voters of Wayne County will do well to accept the recommendation of the Bar Association and vote for every one of these four candidates at the primaries August 27. They are all eminently qualified for the place.

Detroit Bar Association Campaign Committee

- Allan H. Fraser, Chairman.
M. Hubert O'Brien Eugene L. Mistersky Sidney T. Miller Matthew H. Bishop
William J. Gray Frank H. Dolany James V. Oxtoby Joseph H. Clark
Alexis C. Angell Orla B. Taylor Leopold A. Kosciuski Frank D. Eaman Wade Mills
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