



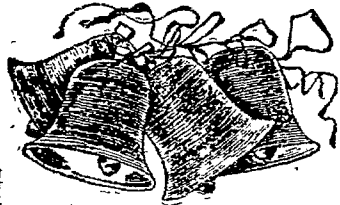
## Displaying the Bells

It is but natural that our thoughts, turn to the changing calendar this month; and that, as the old hospitalities slip into the past, we open our doors to the welcome which the New Year bids us give to our friends.

A Bell Supper is a pretty fancy to give, while the New Year's bells are ringing, and while it may partake of the nature of a high tea and therefore have the abandon and charm of that old-time simple dignified feast, it may also be touched with novelty which makes any entertainment successful.

Delightful little invitations may go forth on small be-lauzed cards, bearing the date, which may be any convenient day during the early part of January. These may bear little calendars if wished with in invitation written above the oval calendar and or they may simply have the bidding in quaint fanciful lettering and a New Year's sentiment or motto or good cheer also expressed thereon.

When the guests have all assembled a pretty innovation would be to have a jester enter the room with the traditional Court jester costume and cap and bells. He can begin the entertainment by narrating some amusing stories, and when he has started the



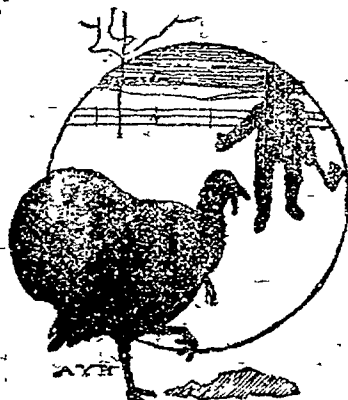
ball rolling he can call upon each person present to tell some joke or amusing tale—a bell ringing at the end of every two minutes, when the narrator must instantly cease, raising the fun to a fast and furious if the "point" of the joke is to be reached in the time allowance. As one person ceases another is called upon to begin immediately, and so on. The chiming of bells calls the merry group to supper, and any suitable menu may be served, but if it can favor of olden days so much the better. If wished the holly wreaths from the Christmas tide still grace the rooms, and while they need not furnish the who's who's, they can be supplemented with decorations which will accord with their bright cheery presence. If a large number of guests are asked it is convenient and also pretty to seat them at small tables and for twenty persons an effective way of placing them would be at four tables set with five covers each.

## A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

By Hervey Newton.

The path, Lord, is untrod; its far off any line fade into the dim horizon; unknown are the shoals and rocks; the hand on the helm is weak, the heart betimes faint, and the skill imperfect, hold then, Lord, not only the helm but the mariner, as the solitary life boat, freighted by Thyself for eternal issues, in the darkness of the night pushes its keel across the firm of the New Year, that the weak will may be steadied and energized by Thine Own the arm nerved by the infinite heart quieted close up against the heart of the Christ, every sense sharpened by the Heavenly companionship, and the ear made quick to catch the cry of other mariners in distress, and the hand prompt and strong to the rescue; if sudden tempest lash the sea and mountain billows sweep down to engulf my bark, may there be that absolute understanding between Thee and me, that my eye with its silent appeal, shall on the instant catch Thine, and the sea as quickly hush into a great calm; may all the year find me in the attitude toward Thee of a faith that waits not on criticism or philosophic statement, but overleaps all, to appropriate as its very own all Thou hast said and all Thou hast revealed of Thyself; may I see the unrolling year in Thy perspective, and each day as the onward movement of Thy larger plan; and so each night fall find the little boat closer to the stormless calm of the Glory Shore.

## The Deceived Turk.



He had escaped at Christmas, And felt happier than a sinner; But little did his turkship know He was kept for a New Year's din.

## "SUB-MISTLETOE."

The dawn of day will usher in A glad New Year's beginning, The day when all one's friends and kin Forswear their dreadful sinning.

Mabelle and I compare our vows (Her pet sins all are missing) Though overhead are mystic boughs; Also, she swears off kissing! Her lover, I, just and sigh, Perplexed with doubt and sorrow— "Resolves don't take effect," I cry.

"You're the first," tomorrow, I am, could take my lawful prize. A kiss for every berry— Swift as an arrow off the flies. Alert and ever wary.

Then, with demure and blushing face Wherefore and mirth are blended, She hies her to another place Where mistletoe's suspended. And underneath the fateful bough

So daring she tarrys. Then murmurs, "It's much better now. This has so many berries!" —Edith F. Kelley.

## New Year's Eve in Paris

New Year's Eve and the Jour de l'An are the great days in Paris. Presents, less treasures are exchanged on that day, of course. On the first of January, all the young men call on their friends, bringing each family a sac, or box of delicious marrons glacés.

Many persons do not call until the last minute, and one day a poor young man came rushing in, and said: "What on earth shall I do? I've just discovered that I have two hundred calls to pay!" So he called for an automobile, and with his cards ready, sped from one part of the city to another, leaving them with every second carriage.

On this day the courtesans also expect a present. The legs alone say about these potentates the better, for one feels as good as dead of Richelieu. These people do too much good to be spoken badly of, and too much evil to be spoken well of. Suffice it to say that, if their presents are not up to the mark, they will be disagreeable for the whole of the coming year. They will tell people you are put when you are in and that you can receive them when you are tired. They will keep your letters for days and annoy in the thousand and one ways they know about. So New Year's Day is a light matter.

Butchers, bakers and grocers come with their presents too. The butcher sends you a nice cake and wishes you a Happy New Year. The fishmonger puts your hand in your pocket as you wish him the same. The grocer gives you an extra orange; and the milkman offers you an apple, all with the best greetings.

Long before New Year's the letter carrier gets his dues. Sometimes he calls more than a month ahead. He brings the eternal "Calendrier des Postes et Telegraphes" with the days of the week and the month, and the corresponding saints. Perhaps a woman on a bicycle is pictured on it, as are also the rates of postage. The postman is an important person. He delights in bringing you registered letters because then he knows he will get a "tip" even if you are hard up and have just received the picture of your second aunt instead of the expected check.

The stores in Paris have a mania for advertising useful presents. Can anything be more horrid? Presents should be things one would not get under ordinary circumstances. Isn't it wretched to receive a pair of rubbers or an everyday umbrella on such occasions? But one French mother found something still more useful for her little boy. It was a big bottle of cod liver oil. For every spoonful he took she gave him two sous to put in his bank. At the end of the year, when the bottle was empty she broke the bank, and with the money bought him a new bottle of cod liver oil. And that was the only gift he received from one year to another. —C. D. G., in the New York Evening Post.

## For the New Year.

For strength we ask For the ten thousand times repeated task, The endless misadventures of every day;

No not to lay My life down in the cause I cherish most, That were too easy, but, whatever it cost,

To fail no more In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor, In love toward the unlovely, and to give

Each-day I live, To every hour with outstretched hand Its meekness, and its love, its power, Its meekness, and its love, its power.

## Blame Your Thyroid Gland if You are Too Fat or Too Thin

Are you too fat or too thin? If you are either you need no longer be discouraged. Science has at last discovered a cure for this condition. Many need no longer fret when it is the fashion to be thin and she is entirely too plump for fashion's requirements. Neither need she fret if fashion demands a plump figure.

Dr. Herbert M. Rich, children's physician at Harper hospital, told the Wayne County Medical society in a recent session at Detroit how this was done and showed that many of fashion's fair devotees were having it done. Dr. C. P. McCord, of the Parke, Davis Co., told of experiments that company was making toward perfecting this work, and other physicians present told of the women who depended on them to become and remain, literally, molds of fashion.

Use Sheep's Glands. It is done through the thyroid, or the pituitary gland, different patients requiring sometimes the use of the thyroid; sometimes the use of the pituitary. Those glands control not only height, but thickness and circumference. If anything goes wrong with them dwarfs or giants, living skeletons or superlatively fat people may develop. But these glands can be regulated, stimulated or stunted, almost at will, by the use of the corresponding glands of sheep.

"It is the same stuff the anti-fat people use," explained Dr. Rich, "but to get results without danger each case must be watched and treated individually. To take stock doses of the stuff is very likely to bring about a serious illness."

"But it is a fact that many women of fashion are using this means of becoming fat or thin as the mode requires. When carefully administered the use brings about no ill effects. It has not yet reached the point where it can be localized; where certain portions of the anatomy can be made fat or thin without affecting the rest. That is done by massage or other methods."

Experiments Help Children. "The primary purpose of the experiments with the height and weight controlling glands was to help infants who are stunted. Rickets causes dwarfism very often, but if the pituitary gland is treated and fed or corrected before actual dwarfism sets in the child may be made normal. Rickets is caused by ill-nourishment. I have classified different varieties of dwarfism into those that can be helped and those that cannot."

Dr. Rich showed pictures of the varieties of dwarfism and showed one girl of 12 years whose weight had been increased six pounds in 9 months by treatment of the glands.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Hot water has more medical virtues than many believe or know. Because it is so easily procured, thousands think it valueless. The uses of hot water, however, are many.

For example, there is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the painful part in forehead or nape of the neck will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.

A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics. Very hot water will stop dangerous bleeding.

## False Economy

There is a marked tendency among women to believe they are exercising proper economy by getting along with poor or without proper tools with which to do their work.

The sooner a woman learns that makeshifts which only wear out her strength are not economies, the better for her and her family. Many housewives worry on from year to year with sadly inefficient house-keeping tools, and reduce themselves to mere wrecks after a few years. Their families gain nothing by it, but lose much.

Labor-saving appliances are cheap in the end, and a woman should insist upon having them, so that she may preserve her temper and health for her family's sake as well as her own. The farmer's wife who did a large family honing for years with two irons is not a model of economy, but a simpleton. It is pitiful, almost heartbreaking, to think of such a waste of time and strength on the part of a human being. Some women will spend a whole day at the wash tub instead of buying a wringer that would save their wrists and backs, and be less injurious to the clothes than hand-wringing. After all, a woman is not a drudge, and no housewife whose kitchen is properly supplied with good tools will find the housework beyond her strength. On the contrary, it becomes a pleasure, and the properly constituted woman will take a keen pride in keeping her home, and particularly her kitchen, in spick and span order. Beginners in house-keeping should remember to begin well. If they begin with makeshifts, they will probably continue with them to the bitter end!

Household utensils were never so cheap and really efficient as now, and with care will last nearly a lifetime, so there can be no excuse for muddling along with clumsy or poor tools. A good workman, however poor, will have good tools. He stints himself in no way to buy them, and so, too, should women if they took a proper pride in their homes.

## Laughter as a Tonic.

The act of laughing develops a large number of muscles, including those of the face, neck, chest and abdomen. But much more than this laughter accomplishes. It has a highly beneficial influence on the heart and lungs.

In what may be called a "fit" of laughter the lungs may be almost completely emptied of their contained air. Fresh air is then drawn in to the full extent of their capacity, inflating those little air cells which contained previously only stagnant air or bacilli—for in the shallow breathing that we ordinarily practice, comparatively large tracts of air cells are but little used. While this process is going on the general circulation is accelerated, impure and fresh air hurried in, and with the forcible ascent and descent of the diaphragm during inspiration and expiration, the liver and other abdominal organs undergo a kind of kneading not unlike that undergone during massage, which is of great benefit in rousing from that torpor to which they are liable. If "you can let yourself go," and laugh with a will, you can even bring almost all the principal muscles of the body into play. Remember, "a good laugh is a good thing."

## HOME TRIED RECIPES

Asparagus Soup. Take the tops from 1 1/2 lb. of asparagus and soak them in water for some time. Then put them into three pints of nicely flavored stock, to which has been added a cupful of new milk, and let it boil for ten minutes. If necessary color with a little spinach green. Time to make, one hour.

Lyonnais Potatoes. Cut a quart of cold potatoes into dice a little over an inch square. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and when it is hot add a white onion minced fine. Cook until soft. Add the potatoes, tossing them with a fork in the frying pan until they are evenly colored a delicate brown. Sprinkle a half teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a table-spoonful of minced parsley over them and stir with a fork again. Serve at once with steak.

Chocolate Pudding. One-half cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 square melted chocolate mixed with egg, sugar and butter; 1 cup flour, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar. Steam 1 hour.

Sauce—Creamy piece of butter size of an egg and 1 heaping cup of powdered sugar, adding sugar slowly. One well beaten egg. Flavor with vanilla.

## Calf's Liver.

Calf's liver can be delicately prepared with cream gravy. Soak the liver for half an hour, and then dry it thoroughly, cut in slices a third of an inch thick, and drop for a moment in boiling water. Then either strip off the skin or else cut it several times to keep the slices from curling. Dry and drop the slices into deep hot fat and brown. Then put in a saucepan with cream enough to cover, thicken with a little butter and flour rolled together. Season well with salt and pepper and serve.

People may sympathize with a man who makes a fool of himself occasionally, but not with one who insists on doing so continuously.

## COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Household Will Find Them So To have the plus and minus of a

bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of readers.

H. A. Stephens, Main St., Milford, Mich., says: "The first I noticed of kidney trouble was when my back began to hurt. I suffered from numbness and when I stood I had pains across the small of my back. My kidneys were out of order and the secretions were irregular in passage. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief and I don't have any signs of kidney trouble or backache now."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for "kidney remedy"—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Stephens had. Foster-McMillan Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

When fame does come to the average man it roasts on his tombstone.

Love may be blind but small brothers see everything in sight.

It is twice as easy to fool yourself as it is to fool other people.

A self-made man is often the only one satisfied with the job.

Ambition is all right if a man has energy to back it up.

It's a poor photograph that is assumed of its record.

Crooks often take their whiskey straight.

Warned over love reminds us of hash.

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## The Northville Record.

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NEAL PRINTING CO.  
Established 1888

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 31, 1915.

## THE U. S. A. AND PEACE.

F. W. Fitzpatrick, writing on the subject of "Business and Armament," describes the U. S. as being "not an aggressive, quarrel-picking, jealous, territory-grabbing kind, but that of the peace-loving man who simply asks to be let alone but who will defend his house, his own and his family's lives, and his property in case of attack."

In the article referred to above, it is pointed out that under conditions that have existed for months as a result of the war it is but natural that our relations with some of the nations involved which are "normally most touchy and just now with hair-trigger feelings," should be somewhat strained. But even if we avoid becoming involved in the present struggle, the article says, our peace and safety will be menaced when the war ends and the powers now fighting "fall" upon each other's shoulders in a loving embrace and proceed to recoup their losses from the small fry and non-participants.

The article describes war as a "necessary evil" which we must accept and be prepared for or "fall into step with the brown-bitten oppressor and decadent China." It is admitted, however, that when we once provide ourselves with a powerful army and navy there is danger that we shall "develop a corrupted spirit of a spirit of bravado" that a military clique may grow up and control the destinies of the nation.

All this is pointed out in the article, and it is suggested that we should be prepared to meet the possibility of a "fall" upon our shoulders. The article is a well-written and thoughtful one, and it is hoped that it will lead to a more realistic view of the situation.

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According to the administration program the outgo next year for army and navy purposes will be 365 millions or a jump of 125 millions over this year. Pensions are one of the few diminishing items, but even now they will cost about 161 millions for the year. In other words it will cost in the time of peace in our own quiet United States, a cool million dollars a day for Uncle Sam's police force.

Moses led the Jews out of Egypt into the Promised Land, and now Uncle Sam has been leading them from the Promised Land back into Egypt. Nearly 3,000 Jewish refugees have been taken from Palestine by our warships to the land of the Pharaohs. History seems to be repeating itself backwards.

The expression "free as air" has a slight doubt cast upon it by the inference that is conveyed in the garage signs, "free air." You might think that they were handing you something for nothing, whereas, it's only the matter of placing the air where it will do the most good automatically.

At certain times, most of us have

wondered why anything that hurts so swearfully as does one particular spot on one's elbow when one bumps it should be called a "funny bone." Our office suggester suggests that perhaps the apparently paradoxical name was given because the elbow is so closely connected with the humerus.

If you had a sure-thing, mean, snuffy, sneezy, wheezy, blowy, aggravating, red-nose, bleary-eye cold, spose it would be any more bearable if your family Doc told you you were suffering from a severe attack of rhinitis? Which same is the botanical name for that kind of an affliction.

Mrs. C. C. Morrow leaves tomorrow to visit her son, Rev. O. W. Morrow, in Van Wert, Iowa—Birmingham Eclectic.

And when the two Morrows meet, still it won't be tomorrow, since tomorrow never comes they tell us. Neither old axiom all muddled up.

Russia has just completed a new railroad from Novonikolaevsk to Semipalatinsk. These names have a familiar sound? It's just like a Pere Marquette brakeman calling out stations on the West Michigan branch.

A Connecticut pastor has attempted to solve the non-attendance problem as related to the young men of this church jurisdiction by having young lady ushers at the Sunday evening services.

A skunk's other name is mephitis mephitis, but like a rose, he smells just the same whatever cognomen you apply to him. (Without apology to the fellow who said it about the rose).

And with only a year or two of these New Year Resolutions to be accomplished it will have cost some good things.

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## WISDOM WHISPERS.

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## WEEK'S CALENDAR

## METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The sacrament of the Holy Communion will be administered at the morning hour of worship at the Methodist church next Sunday. The pastor's sermon-topic will be, "The Preciousness of Christ."

An attendance contest has been arranged for between our Sunday school and the Methodist school of Plymouth. The contest will open next Sunday and continue three months. The attendance in each school will be reported by phone and announced in both schools every Sunday. Plans are made for an enthusiastic and spirited contest.

The Epworth League service at 6 o'clock will be under the direction of Mrs. F. L. Walker. Topic: "Keeping the Morning Watch." Let every member be on hand and bring another with him.

"New Year Resolutions" will be the pastor's theme for evening service of worship at 7 o'clock.

The Epworth League will hold its regular business and social meeting at the home of Miss Jessie Clark on East Main street, Tuesday evening, January 4.

The official board will hold its regular monthly meeting at 8 o'clock next Thursday evening.

The mid-week devotional service Thursday evening at 7 o'clock will be especially helpful to all who attend. This meeting is of vital importance to the religious life and no one can have the life he ought to live for our Lord without the help of this service.

The church extends its cordial greetings and best wishes to the entire community for a happy and prosperous New Year, and pledges its best service to all for this end.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

During the year ending Dec. 31, 1915, the Presbyterian church in Northville has been blessed with a number of new members. This is a very encouraging sign, and it is hoped that it will lead to a more realistic view of the situation.

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be, "Discovering a New Trail."

Last Sunday the following Sunday school officers were elected: Supt., Daniel Lafferty; ass't Supt., Wm. Corrin; Sec., Elbridge Miles; Treas., F. S. Brown; Organist, Mrs. F. S. Brown.

A new class of young people is to be organized. We desire to see a rallying of all to the work.

Our Christmas exercises were well carried out and apparently enjoyed by all.

## ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

German services on the afternoon of New Year's day. An interesting sermon about the barren fig tree will be preached.

No services next Sunday, there being Communion in Clarenceville.

On the following Sunday, that is, January 9, there will be communion service in Northville. This service will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning, standard time. The Communion services begin at 9:30, standard time.

Please remember the services and do not get your dates mixed.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY. Christian Science service in the Ladies' Library Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock.

## MRS. NORA SMITH

## WRITES FROM SOUTH

## ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE LAND OF ORANGES AND COTTON.

The Record is pleased to give to its readers the following letter, received by Mrs. Lydia Northrop from her niece, Mrs. Nora Kellogg Smith, a former resident here and well known to many Northville people.

Mrs. Smith's letter is from Clermont, Florida, and bears date Dec. 19. She writes on page as follows: With a party of 15 people we arrived here from Ocala, Fla. We are all except one couple, coming in a large motor car, and have found our own rooms in a double hotel house, very comfortable and well furnished. We are all very happy and are enjoying the trip very much. We are all very happy and are enjoying the trip very much.

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DETROIT, MICH.

## New Years Presents.



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## IF ANYBODY HAS

Died  
Eloped  
Married  
Divorced  
Left town  
Embezzled  
Absconded  
Had a fire  
Had a baby  
Sold a ranch  
Been arrested  
Come to town  
Cracked a safe  
Bought a home  
Killed an officer  
Robbed a church  
Been assassinated  
Committed suicide  
Fallen from an airplane  
That's News—Telephone us.

—Fenton Independent.

THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE DETROIT, MICH.

Completely equipped for the treatment of all forms of hydrophobic diseases, Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. Sulfur-Oil treatment, and other methods to value by any spa in America or Europe.

WAYNE HOTEL AND COTTAGES in connection. Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D & C Pier. Coolest spot in Detroit. Large plan, \$1 per day and up.

J. R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

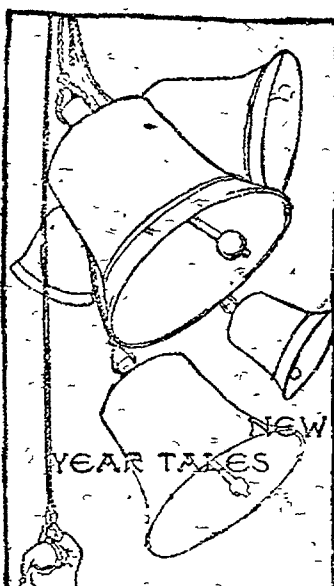
TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.











NEW YEAR TAKES

"When I grow up," said Benny, "I'm going to be a bookkeeper. Like Uncle Ben." And he tucked his pencil behind his ear, and spread out his papers on the table with a business-like frown on his little forehead.

Just then his mamma called from the next room. "Benny, dear, won't you go up stairs and bring me my work basket?"

"Oh, dear," grumbled the little boy, "I'm always wanted to do things for people. I've been upstairs and been upstairs all I'm just tired out."

"Too tired even to be a bookkeeper?" asked grandma. "For I've just thought of a way you can begin right now to keep accounts." Benny's face cleared up in a minute. "When you come downstairs again I'll tell you all about it," said grandma. Benny bounded up the stairs two at a time.

"Now," began grandma, when he had perched himself on the arm of her chair, all out of breath from his run. "Suppose we keep accounts for a while beginning with New Year's morning, and see how things stand at the end of a week. You must think over everything that happens, and decide whether you owe your pleasures most to your own self or to others."

"I'll write at the top of this page," The other people in the world to Benny Bolton, debtor, and you can put down the name of each person opposite the things you do for them."

Benny was greatly interested. It seemed very much like real bookkeeping. "And on this other page," went on grandma, "you can enter all the things other people do for you and see how the records balance."

At the end of three days Benny came to grandma with a solemn face. "One account is running pages and pages ahead of the other," he said. "See, this," and to his own credit was placed "Mamma's friend to store for mamma," shared my New Year's candy with the boys and let them ride twice on my sled. "Tuesday—Helped grandma wind yarn and played with baby till mamma came back. "Wednesday—Helped pure apples to make pies for dinner and went upstairs late for mamma."

On the opposite pages, were entered: Benny Bolton debtor—to mamma for breakfast, and specially for buckwheat cakes, and maple syrup that she wouldn't have had except that I begged her. To sister Bessie for mending coat and sewing up baseball and gloves. To grandma for making a thumb stall. To mamma for dinner and supper and some cookies she made specially for me—between times—and let me have all I wanted because it was New Year's. To papa for my new sled and rubber boots. To Bob Wilson for lending me his new steam cars a whole hour. To mamma for staying with me after I went to bed and telling me a long story. "Tuesday"—"But oh, grandma," sighed Benny, "there is almost a page and a half of things people did for me on Tuesday."

"Well," said grandma, "I don't believe we need read any further. But if I were you I'd go on keeping these accounts for a few weeks. I feel certain you'll make a much better bookkeeper, or, indeed, a better man, for the practice this will give you. At all events you are sure already aren't you, that you'll have to work pretty hard and be just as obliging as possible to everybody to get even with the rest of the world in pleasantness?"

Benny looked again over his closely written pages and went to put the account book back on its shelf, with a thoughtful little face.

Spanish Rabbit.

Peel and slice a Spanish onion and add five minutes and drain. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter in the blazer, add the sliced onion and cook slowly for ten minutes. Add half a cupful of milk and one cupful of mild cheese crumbled fine. Stir well as the cheese melts and season with salt and paprika. Beat one egg, add two tablespoonsful of milk or cream and stir it into the cheese mixture. Serve on toast as soon as well mixed.

The Old Year and the New.  
Why do you mourn that the old year is dying?  
A new one is coming to take its place.  
Leave with the old year all sobbing and sighing  
And look to the future with smiling face.

Memory may, with a backward flung finger,  
Point to a page that is blotted with tears  
Learn well its lesson, then let memory linger  
Long on the page that ennobles and cheers

History, unwritten, must tell of your sorrow,  
Unfading letters, your joy should record!  
Look with a chargeless faith, to ward Hope's tomorrow  
Trusting the future for ample reward

Time moves more swiftly with each passing season  
Scarce is summer ere autumn draws nigh  
Soon comes the winter, and that is the reason  
One cannot live in a vision gone by.

Life is too brief to be spent in regretting  
Ponder the things we good and the true  
Practice true kindness at all times, forgetting  
Lives unexpressed another may do

Then, in the year that is dawning in splendor,  
Pure and unstained by a word, thought or deed  
Live so that Love, with a memory tender,  
Ne'er for a sigh of regret shall have need

—Mary E. Caswell.

SONG OF EXPECTANCY  
By John G. Tabb

Time will tell us only wait,  
He alone the secret knows,  
He alone the Delphic gate  
Smits, or open throws

Time will tell us Kind is best:  
Sorrow wins not by delay  
But the wine of Joy to be  
Ripped day by day

New Year Bells.

See the children gayly go  
As the bells are ringing,  
Cross the country, white with snow,  
Their happy voices singing.

Tis New Year morn, and they're away  
To the church beyond the hill  
And there they'll meekly, humbly pray  
To do their Master's will



Sin is a foe that all must fight,  
For he's lurking everywhere,  
And each must war with all his might,  
Using Good Resolve and Prayer.

For the strongest weapon we can use  
Against our common foe—  
To make him to our victory yield—  
Is Righteousness, you know.

—Washington Star.

New Year's Shop.

"Good, Resolutions for Sale Here To-day!"

This is the sign on the door.  
The children come flocking in throngs  
From their play,  
For they know it is only upon New Year's day

That these can be found in the store

Old Father Time keeps the shop  
Where they're sold,  
And he keeps it in such a queer way.

Not one can you buy, for silver or gold,  
You can take, though, as many as both arms will hold,  
Or but one need you carry away.

There is only one thing that each buyer must do,  
Before you can enter the store.  
You must leave all bad habits, be they many or few,  
And all things that hinder a life good and true.

Outside, as you go in the door.

Before you come out, all these habits and things  
As by magic have gone from the way.

At so many good sales old Father Time sings,  
Then the door of the New Year wide open he flings,  
And the children troop gaily away.

—Maude L. Chamberlain.

The New Year

For a long time—longer, possibly, than most of us would care to admit—at regular intervals a new year has come to us, unchallenged and unknown, and taken complete charge of all our affairs.

The New Year is always an inexperienced youth. He brings with him no previous character. He carries no references nor recommendations. He just comes, takes charge of everything with unblushing forehead, and runs it to suit himself, without consulting our comfort or wishes in the slightest degree.

The effrontery of such a proceeding is apparent on its face. But why we should stand it is quite another matter.

Youth, of course, should always command our undiminished respect. So far as this rascally little youngster himself is concerned, we take off our hats to him. We greet him heartily. We admire his robustness, his rollicking figure, his air of en-



thusiasm and his evident ambition to excel. At the same time, all of us know by previous experience that he is bound to prove incompetent. We have been fooled too many times before that we really ought to be ashamed of ourselves for if we should attempt to expect anything different.

Perhaps it is some inherent defect in us, however that we do go on expecting it and greet him at ways with such unflinching optimism, ringing bells over his advent, and generally conducting ourselves just as if we didn't even suspect that we were going to be fooled once more.

The worst of the matter is that he himself doesn't know or realize his thorough incompetence. He actually believes in himself, rosy and honestly believes that he has a mission in life.

Maybe, after all, it is just the feeling of kindness toward him on our part which makes us loath to underrate him which, out of courtesy and true politeness makes us pretend that we like him just because we don't want him to know the truth about himself too soon.

He will find that out later on, of course. He will have certain moments of humility and discourage himself when he will come to weep with us over the mistakes he is making and we are making. His will one also to attain some measure of contentment over the sorry trick he has, perhaps, innocently enough played on us. And no doubt also or will be of some service to us. His cruelties may harden our fibre, his very insincerities may help to deepen our sympathies.

But, after all, when all is said and done, the most that we may hope to do with him is to steal an hour or so occasionally, when he is off his guard, and insist upon his dropping things and having a good time with us; insist for the time in forgetting responsibilities and other deterrent influences on our spirits. Let us take these moments when we can, to make merry with this companion whom Fate has thrust upon us, and if, during the rest of the time, he is forbidding, stern, unyielding and even revengeful, for some fancied wrong that we have done him, let us take comfort in the thought that he is only an impostor after all, and that in the end we shall triumph over him.—Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's.



"A Happy New-year!"  
My boy said to me;  
"A Happy New-year, mama!"  
Then sat himself down,  
With a terrible frown,  
And found fault with things near and far.

The toast was "too soft,"  
The biscuits, "too hard,"  
And nothing was as it should be.  
The weather was "horrid,"  
He hated such days,  
And the streets were "just like a sea."

"A Happy New-year?"  
I presently said  
"And when is it going to begin?"  
"Why, it's started already,  
At midnight last night.  
How could you help hearing the din?"

He looked at me once,  
Then dropped his eyes low,  
And said, "I forgot, mama, dear.  
How can you be happy  
If I am so cross?"  
I'll help make it a Happy New-year.

—Sarah E. Gannett.

HAPPY NEW YEAR



We wish you all a glad New Year  
We hope you will be good,  
And try to do an evening's good  
Exactly as you should.

Remember, that the ear is young  
And in heart and mind  
Just times if we should have  
All sorts  
Of wickedness from youth.

Gifts for the New Year.  
If all loves gifts of grace or power  
Lay spread before my choice this hour.

What should I claim as life's best dowry?  
Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?  
Unfailing wealth, in honor won?  
Unfailing health—all gifts in one?  
Nay; all of these may go.

For love, that comes, our lives to bless,  
Must evermore be counted less  
In grace, and might and tenderness,  
Than gifts that from us flow.

And health the tender soul may drain  
Of power to share the sufferer's pain  
And strength is weakness power is vain.

That soothes no human woe  
And wealth of treasure, land or gold,  
Is only sweet to have and hold  
To those whose mercies manifold  
In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dawning, tempting three  
How can I choose? Choose Thou for me.

Give or withhold but let me be  
Content God's will to know.

Give love until I love outpour—  
Give peace, that those whose hearts are sore  
May feel for them I suffer more  
Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish greed—  
Wealth for the sad world's pain and need.

Give Thou Thyself, then, rich indeed  
All else may come or go  
—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Washington Home Magazine.

The Year's End.  
Full happy is the man who comes at last  
Into the safe completion of his year.

Weathered the perils of his spring,  
That blast  
How many blossoms peeping and  
"Dear"



And of his summer, with dread passions fraught,  
That oft, like fire, through the ripening corn,

Blight all with mocking death and leave distraught  
Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn.

But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight,  
Oh, grateful is he to the powers above

For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night  
By hearthside genial with the warmth of love

Through silvered days of vistas gold and green  
Contented he glides away, serene  
—Timothy Coe in the Century.

Welsh Rabbit No. 2.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer, adding half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, one quarter teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one-quarter cupful of beer. When the butter is melted add one pound of soft American cheese, which has been cut into small dice, stir constantly as the cheese melts and add as much more beer as needed to make the cheese smooth, about half a cupful in all. When the cheese is all melted, and about as thick as thick cream, turn it at once over toast or wafers.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The Story of a Little Boy and a Little Girl and Their Animal Friends.

The little boy and the little girl had many friends among the animals. There was the rabbit, the turtle, and the owl and the proud bluejay and pretty, cooing rook. The old gray goose and the speckled guinea hen and the quacking duck and the strutting rooster and the clucking hens were their friends, too. So were the pigeons and the old black crow, and the little, mischievous, scampering squirrel. These friends all knew that early New Year's morning the little girl and the little boy would go to the evergreen playhouse for the gift the New Year brought. Nobody had ever told the little girl and the little boy that the New Year would bring them a gift, but all children know a great many things that no one tells them.

The evergreen playhouse was a beautiful circle of evergreen trees with an opening on one side for a door. This playhouse had only the sky for a roof, so it was very gay and cheerful. A stone for play stood in the center of the house.

All these bird and animal friends of the little girl and boy thought it would be nice to bring New Year's gifts and lay them on the table in the evergreen playhouse—fine, good, New Year's gifts.

So early New Year's morning the little boy and girl went hand in hand to the evergreen house and stood quietly inside the door.

Then they looked at the table and there saw all the beautiful New Year's gifts.

"Feathers!" shouted the little boy when he saw what some of the birds had brought. "Feathers of all sorts of colors! I know, what I will do I am going to make an Indian war-bonnet that is a war-bonnet—a perfect beauty!"

"Oh, see the red grains of corn and the yellow grains of corn!" cried the little girl as she saw the present the barnyard fowls had brought. "I'll string them for a necklace!"

"Oh, goodly look at the nuts!" laughed the little boy as he saw the nuts the squirrel had brought. "Won't they taste fine?"

"There's my little doll—the one I lost!" shouted the little girl. The sharp-eyed crow had brought it back from his hiding place.

And there's my lucky penny!" shouted the little boy. For that rare old penny a crow had brought that back, too.

So they laughed over their presents until all their animal friends came in to see.

"Come," cried the little boy, "We'll all have a dance around the table!"

So around they went, the birds and chickens and squirrel and the crow and all the friends squeaking and quacking and crowing and chirping and cawing, while the little girl and boy sang "la la, la" to no tune at all. Just before they were so happy.

"Merry, children," called their mother, who came out to the evergreen house to see what was going on. "What are you doing?"

"Just having fun!" answered the little boy.

"Oh, the mostest fun mamma!" cried the little girl, "with all our friends!" —Jesse Wright Whitcomb in January, St. Nicholas.

A Faithful Failure.

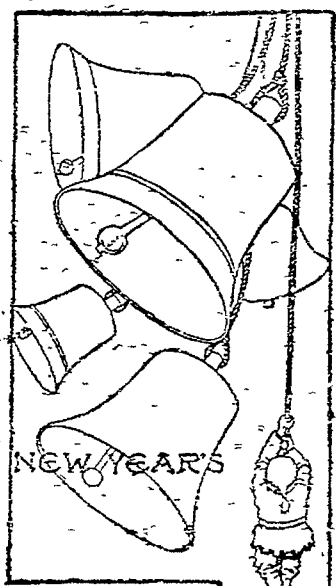
To look back upon the past year and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose, and how often we have been cowardly and hung back in treacherous and rushed unwarily, and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness—it may seem a paradox but in the bitterness of these disclosures a certain consolation resides.

Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinnercall when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him, year after year he must thumb the hardy varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. Here he is one who meant well, tried a little failed much—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons; which calls a defeated soldier from the field, defeated, ay, if he were Paul, or Marcus Aurelius, but, if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his lifelong blindness and lifelong disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones. There, out of the glorious sun colored earth out of the day and the night and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

New Year's Novelties.

Small boxes filled with stuffed dates, a calendar pasted on each cover, are quaint novelties for New Years. On the calendar may be written "May your dates be as full of pleasure and prosperity."

Small photographs of a hostess herself mounted on calendars make another pleasing gift and one that is appreciated by one's guests because of the personal touch. If used as place cards the guests' names may be written on the first leaf of the calendar pad.



NEW YEAR'S

"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Job, xxvii, 7.

New Year's Day is like a traveler reaching a summit on his path, where he surveys the road he has left behind and looks ahead to that over which he has yet to go. These epochs are momentous in every life history, and no wise person will fail at these periods to take his reckoning.

Most thoughtful persons are moved at this season to make resolutions; in fact, New Year's Day is like a grand bazaar day in which various fine and beautiful resolutions are spread out to view. But alas how many of these are only made to be broken! We are determined to turn over a new leaf in the book of life, and yet the fair, unspotted leaf is soiled almost in the very act of turning it.

What then? Shall we give up making resolutions? Not at all. All effort is fragmentary. (Because purposes miscarry, is no reason why we should not form them. Were every New Year's resolution to be broken we would still have lived better for making them. And some of them will be kept, while the very endeavor will have lifted us to a higher plane and increased our self respect.

We should, most of all, ask ourselves if we have a true life aim. No man can hit the mark if he is not aiming at it.

Resolve to break off bad habits. We all have our defects of disposition and character. These we cannot help. But it is our voluntary self-indulgence that makes them our masters. Now is the hour to fight them, to reject them into blood, to break them off at once and for all.

Look on the bright side. The world is full of beauty and life sparkling with joy to the unbroken vision. It is our gloomy spirit that distorts our view. The worst evil we are imagined ones that never come to pass. Let us look for joy, for goodness and beauty and happiness and we shall find a radiant, beloved world.

Let us do better in the home. It is here, where we are often most thoughtful, that we need to do our very best. More depends on the atmosphere of home than upon all else. Resolve that those who love you most and sacrifice the most for you shall see only your most pleasing side—shall have only respect, gentleness, love. Ah, how much of the recuperative power needed for the strain of life's wearing duties depends upon the temper, manners and habits of home!

If, then, you will wear a morning face and keep the eager, unsullied heart of a child, be strict in the judgment of yourself and kindly in your judgment of others, be more eager to praise than to blame; note the harmonies of life rather than its discords, and set your arm upon duty. God and the unfading, this new year will bring you no sorrow without its comfort, and over and over again it will fill your cup with blessing.—J. B. Remensnyder, St. James' Lutheran Church.

Welsh Rabbit.

In a blazer place one tablespoonful of butter or one butter ball and add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, the same amount of mustard and a dash of cayenne pepper. When these are well mixed add half a pound of mild, soft cheese cut in small pieces. Stir until the cheese is melted, and then add half a cupful of thin cream and one egg beaten together. Cook until slightly thickened and perfectly smooth and serve on hot toast. This recipe does not call for beer, as most Welsh rabbits do.

Rik-Tum Rabbit.

Turn into the hot blazer one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of tomatoes, a saltspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt a little paprika and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Heat these together and add two cupfuls of grated cheese, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and two well-beaten eggs. Cook until the cheese is smooth and turn over crackers or toast.

## Sale Bills PRINTED

If you intend to have a sale get our prices

We are fixed for turning out work of this kind in double-quick time.

## Leaders for the New Year

### THE J & K "FIT THE ARCH"

The Stylish Shoe for Ladies.

### THE "KEITH KONQUEROR"

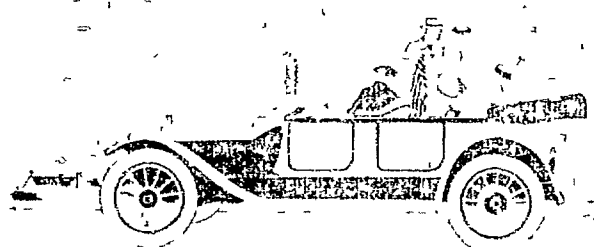
Northville Favorite Shoe for Men.

### GOODRICH "HIPRESS"

The Best Rubber Footwear.

## CARRINGTON & SON

NORTHVILLE, MICH.



## These Running Boards Are Costly.

The running boards and foot boards of Model 13 are of cast aluminum—the most expensive material, and the best for permanent beauty. They are typical of this car—an Oldsmobile through and through. Aluminum can be cleaned easily and retains its new appearance no matter how old the car.

Note that the running boards are equipped with mud scrapers, so your guests can remove the mud from their shoes before entering the car.

Price of this Oldsmobile \$1,095. Demonstration on request.

**Oldsmobile**

Plans of the great new Oldsmobile indicate they are equipped with the Oldsmobile "Shield" of the Car B. They will tell you they are the best in the world.

FRANK S. NEAL, AGENT, Northville, Mich.

## KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Buy your wife an ACORN GAS RANGE for New Years; you will eventually anyhow, so why not now? They are sold by the Gas Company.

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Dr. and Mrs. P. R. Alexander spent last week-end in Maple Rapids.

Mrs. Marion Somerville of Detroit is visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. W. J. Thompson is spending a couple of weeks with her sister in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gregory of Detroit were Christmas guests of Wm. Davis and family.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Brown went to Detroit Friday for a Christmas visit, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy of Cleveland were Christmas time guests of Northville relatives.

Mrs. Claude McFarland is receiving a visit from her mother, Mrs. Charles Leduc of Cheboygan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steers spent Christmas at the home of their daughter and family in Detroit.

Mrs. L. B. Childs of Atlanta, Ga., is spending the holidays at the home of her father, Dr. R. Schuyler.

Sydney Liddell and family of Milford were Christmas visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter and their guests, the Misses Quigley spent Christmas with relatives at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Hurdock and daughter, Dorothy, were here from Ypsilanti for a Christmas visit with relatives.

Harold Wheaton, who is attending Alhambra college, spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wheaton.

After visiting a month at the home of Mrs. Neal, Mrs. Marguerite Higney left Wednesday for her home in Seneca county.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Clark and son, Loral, spent Christmas with relatives in Ypsilanti. Loral remained over part of the week.

Mrs. Eliza Lane was called to Ann Arbor last week on account of the dangerous condition of her daughter, who is a pupil operator.

A Christmas reunion was held at the home of Clark Home Sunday. Over forty were present including all the Clark and Wallace families.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron White and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stockman spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey White in Highland Park.

Mrs. M. Carbone has returned from a trip to Europe for two or three months past, arrived home in New York last week in time to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth.

Word comes from New York that Earl Booth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth, has gone to Cuba to do some mining engineering for the Chicago Copper company.

The Misses Marge and Bire Quigley returned to Ypsilanti yesterday—Thursday—after a few days' stay at the home of their cousins, A. K. Carpenter, and wife.

Mrs. Jas. Sessions entertained Mrs. Clara J. Sessions and daughter, Marguerite, and son, Charles, of Ann Arbor and C. A. Sessions and family of this place on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough and their sons, C. A. and Will returned last week from Lyons, Ohio, where they went to attend the burial of Mrs. McCullough's only brother, Ceylon Hoyer, who died in the hospital at Ann Arbor Dec. 15.

Floyd Evans was here from Buhl, Minn., for the holidays, accompanied by Master Nels Ruan, a 10-year-old youngster from that city. The boy had the time of his life, having never before been away from home. They spent Sunday in Detroit where Mr. Evans assisted Giv Fulkens in some

special Christmas music at the Central M. E. church.

Mrs. James Black is visiting relatives in Lansing.

Mrs. C. Vroman of Saginaw is the guest of her son Joseph.

Mrs. Henry Perry of Wixom was the guest of relatives here Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Yorks is entertaining her cousin, Mrs. Mattie Ryder of Dunkirk, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Pettibone of Albion spent a part of the week with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franklin of Detroit have been visiting Northville relatives.

Mrs. C. Churchill of Detroit has been spending a few days with Miss Mary Davidson.

Mrs. Frank Thompson and daughter, Allie, are spending the week with relatives in Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Churchill and son of Detroit were guests of Joseph Vroman for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Baroum and daughter, Madeline, were guests of relatives at Pontiac, Christmas day.

Arthur Phillips and daughter, Yvonne, of Brown City and Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McLaughlin of Highland Park spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phillips.

Fred Puckney went to Flint last week and brought home his son, Fred, who had the misfortune to get his foot smashed while in the employ of the P. M. R. R. in that city. He is getting along nicely.

Mrs. and Mrs. B. R. Northrop entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lafine and son of St. Louis and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller and son and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sealey over Christmas at their pleasant Redford home.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Aachmer returned home Monday from a visit with the latter's brother, Bert Aachmer, in Kenton, Ohio. They were accompanied by Miss Helen Wager of Cedar Rapids, who is spending the week with them.

Geo. J. Jones of South Lyon was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Higney, Christmas day. Other guests at the Higney home were Jackson Hendrix, of Plymouth and Mrs. Flora Hendrix of Detroit.

Ernest Christenson of Gillette, Wyoming, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Christenson. About twenty children and friends were entertained by the Christenson home Tuesday evening in his honor.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ashley, who have been in Europe for two or three months past, arrived home in New York last week in time to spend Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth. They certainly had a great experience in the war zone. Jim was with the Red Cross ambulance corps for a month or two near Paris, and after leaving the service they visited some of the noted places of France and Italy.

### Farmington Flashes.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Salox is ill.

Oron Everett is recovering nicely from a recent attack of pneumonia.

Port to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten, a 11-12 pound girl, Marcell Christine.

Fred Bery and family have moved into the Holcomb tenant house from Novi.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilbur have been visiting the latter's brother, Ernest Sprague, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Ex-Governor Warner, who has been at Battle Creek for a course of sanitarium treatment has returned home considerably improved in health.

Charles Westfall, who had been in poor health for some time past, died Sunday morning. He leaves a widow, one son and daughter, a brother and several sisters.

Stephen Tredway died at his home here Wednesday, December 22, at the age of 84 years. He had lived in this village for 27 years. He had been in poor health for some time but death was due to apoplexy which occurred last week. Two sons and five daughters survive.

The funeral of C. M. Doherty, for many years in the hardware business here, and for some time past-night operator at the local telephone exchange, was held Monday from his late home, and the body was taken to Ypsilanti by funeral car for burial. Mr. Doherty was 48 years of age. He leaves a widow.

A few cents invested in the For Sale columns of the Record will sell anything you want to get rid of.

## John D. Mabley

SAYS: Mabley Clothes Are Better. We do not say "as good" but would be glad to show you the superiority of Mabley Clothes.

\$10.00 \$15.00 \$20.00 \$25.00 \$30.00

Our \$5.00 Boys' Suit is a leader with us and none but the very best fabrics and making goes in. TRY ONE FOR YOUR BOY.

Mabley's Corner DETROIT Grand River and Griswold. Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

### From Our Exchanges.

Howell put on metropolitan airs this year, and had a municipal Christmas tree, with all the proper accompaniments.

At the north line of Birmingham is a sign, "Fifteen miles an hour, please." And the street is barricaded with railroad ties!—Birmingham Eccentric.

We have never known a Christmas that wasn't worth every nickle it cost us—Towry Corners Cor. Orion Review.

Newburg church has a fine new furnace, two new memorial windows, and has also been newly papered and plastered. It is expected the building will be dedicated in about two weeks.—Wayne Weekly.

The longest jury room session of any case ever tried in Lenawee county was a case last week. The jury was out twenty-two hours, and fifteen minutes and finally reached a compromise verdict.—Niles Leader.

There were no services at the M. E. church Sunday on account of the scarlet fever cases in this vicinity. The Christmas exercises were also postponed in an effort to stamp out the disease as soon as possible.—Baltimore Enterprise.

Mr. Earlham of Rochester put a strychnine on some cheese as a feast for the rats and mice that infested his mill. Soon afterward, Mr. Earlham and the family dog—a fifteen-month-old puppy—were both found dead. The result of a rat and mouse war.

### GARRICK RE-ARRESTED, DETROIT.

The attraction of the circus that drew Detroit for the week commencing last Monday evening, will be Cyril Harrington's comedy success, "A Day of Silk Stockings."

A Day of Silk Stockings is a most delicate but deliciously humorous manner with the adventures of a young married couple who have separated over a difference in opinion as to the make of automobile they will purchase. After the separation both regret their quarrel and the husband, in order to secure a reconciliation through an interview with his wife, conceals himself in the wardrobe of her hotel room at the country house of a mutual friend. Before he can disclose his presence to her, a former admirer of hers who but recently occupied the guest room prior to her being assigned to it returns unexpectedly. The husband, discovered by the other man, is mistaken for a burglar as he is in making for some amateur theatricals. He is overpowered, and bound with the lady's own damny silken lacy and thrown into the bathroom, or safe keeping, but escapes, causing no end of complications and embarrassment to the couple who need him to establish an alibi.

### SOME SPEED, THIS.

What is said to be the greatest speed ever attained by man on the face of the earth was made over a level stretch of salt deposit in Utah some time ago when an automobile was driven at a speed equivalent to almost 143 miles per hour. The crystallized salt bed there makes a perfect roadway for rapid auto travel for it is perfectly level and even in the hottest weather it does not heat the tires of the machine.

### C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the sixteenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of ELLEN SIMONDS, a mentally incompetent person.

The final account of Solomon Lambert, as guardian of said ward, having been rendered to this court.

It is ordered, that the eighteenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern standard time, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

### \$50 REWARD.

RESOLVED, That the Village of Northville offer a reward of \$50.00 to be paid to the person or persons securing the conviction of any person or persons selling intoxicating liquors within the limits of said village at retail in violation of any ordinance of said village, or of the laws of the state of Michigan, and

That this resolution be published in a conspicuous place in the Northville Record, such publication to continue for not less than four weeks from this date, or until the further order of this council.

By Order COMMON COUNCIL. Dated, Northville, Dec. 6, 1915.

### STATE OF MICHIGAN, IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE, IN CHANCERY.

MARY H. POWER, Complainant, vs. IRA POWER, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns; Amy Power, or her unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns; Jonathan Power, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns; and David Power, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery, at the City of Detroit, on the 6th day of December, 1915.

It appearing from the bill of complaint, filed herein that Ira Power, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Amy Power, or her unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns; Jonathan Power, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns; and David Power, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, are properly made parties to the bill of complaint herein.

Upon motion of complainant's solicitor it is ordered that the appearance of the defendants be entered herein within four (4) months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearance they severally cause their answers to the bill of complaint herein to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint, and on the day of this order, and in default thereof and failure to appear as aforesaid by said unknown defendants.

It is further ordered that within twenty days from this date the complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county and that this said publication be continued therein in full each week for six weeks in accordance.

(A true copy.)

GEORGE D. COHN, Circuit Judge.

ARLO A. EMERY, Deputy Register.

C. C. Yerkes, Solicitor for Complainant.

It is further ordered that the title to said land be returned to the township of Livonia, Wayne county, Michigan, described as the S. 1/4 of one hundred and forty (140) acres, more or less, of the northwest quarter of section five (5).

MARY POWER, Complainant.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the fourteenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of SAMUEL JOHNSON, deceased.

Pitt N. Everett, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account.

It is ordered, that the eighteenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern standard time, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the sixteenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM COLE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Willard F. Cole, praying that administration of said estate be granted to Charles A. Sessions or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the twentieth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern standard time, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.