SECTION TWO CHRISTMAS NUMBER PAGES 9 TO 20

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

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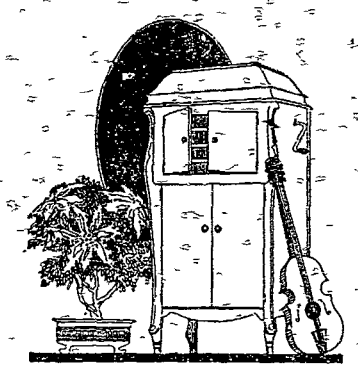
CHRISTMAS

AND AN

Operollo Phonograph

IS A COMBINATION HARD TO BEAT FOR REAL JOY

The first duty of a gift is to give pleasure to the receiver; the second duty of a gift is to show the thought of the giver.



An Operello Phonograph is a Christmas gift that carries to all the glad Christmas spirit. Not a frivolous gift today, but a gift that, as time goes on, grows dearer to the receiver. It will give all your family all the joy of the world's best music and delight them not only on Christmas day, but for many years to come.

PLAYS ALL MAKES OF RECORDS.

F. R. Woodworth & Brother

Furniture and Upholstering

Phone 236-W. Northville, Mich.

Verses to Send With Christmas Presents

With Embroidery or Any Needlework.
May all your years be glad and bright,
Deep filled with pleasant days,
And all your hours know sweet delight
Of love that lives and stays!
With some such wishes, true and kind,
Each Christmas should begin.
While some of these must surely bind
Because they've been sewed in!

With a Gift to a Smoker.
When clouds of smoke around you float
Think sometimes of this loving (friendly) (cordial) note.
When pictures in the smoke you see
Waft now and then a thought to me,
But though you newer joys evoke,
Don't let our friendship end in smoke."

With a Box of Candy.
"Sweets to the sweet," the wise old saw,
I quote because 'tis fitting.
And tribute pay unto the law
With gladness unremitting.
"Like unto like" is also true,
Therefore these candies haste to you

With Music or Musical Instrument.
Because the very thought of you,
Makes music in my mind,
Pray let me share the music true,
The sweetest (gayest) (brightest) I could find

With a Laundry List or Bag.
This gift is clean, as you may see,
So, every time you'd cleaner be
Just send a pleasant thought to me.

To "Her," With a Pair of Gloves.
O little thumbs, and fingers, too,
I can but wish that I were you,
Since you, unchid, may clasp her hand,
Tell her—but no! She'll understand.

With a Book.
I cannot make new worlds for you
Yet these closed covers truly frame
A wondrous world of rapture true—
Be pleased to enter in my name!

To a Lady, With Slippers.
O pretty slippers, small and slight,
Be sure to lead her steps aright,
And when her dainty feet you hold,
Guard them alike from hurt and cold

With Shaving Materials.
should you cut yourself in shaving,
Don't blame me!
Small effect has bitter raving
When the wound one may not see
But should your razor smoothly glide,
Include me in your smile so wide.

With Picture of Some Rural Scene.
If your thoughts of town are weary,
Rest your eyes and dream,
Gazing on this picture cheery
Of woodland (rural) (springtime) (vernal) vale and stream,
Remember that had I my way,
Such joys would greet you every day

With Any Christmas Gift.
Here's a thought of joyous cheer
For Christmas and for all the year!

WE HAVE GIFTS FOR ALL

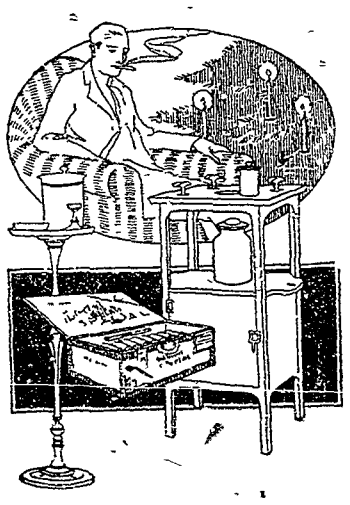
Both the old and young will find many useful and appropriate Gifts here, we are especially pleased with our showing of Gifts for the children this year. We have

Dolls, Games,
Picture Books,
Toys of all kinds,
Stationery,
China and
Glassware.
Candies
Christmas
Cards
and
Booklets.

The Parmalee Variety Store

Moved To New Location

COME IN ANY TIME



We have moved our Pool and Billiard Parlors to the building formerly occupied by the D. U. R. Waiting Room on North Center St.

Meet your friends here pass a social hour.

Cigars
Tobaccos
Confections.

Present HIM with a

Box of Cigars.

GEORGE PICKELL
Northville.

MICHIGAN GRAINS WIN HIGH HONORS

Eight out of the sixteen prizes awarded for samples of rye, more than half of all the premiums given out in the class for wheat, and high awards for other crop exhibits, are among the notable victories scored by Michigan farmers at the International Grain and Hay Show, which closed its week of display on December 6, at Chicago

In their class for wheat (soft red winter) Michigan growers competed against the entire United States and Canada, such famous wheat states as Kansas and the Dakotas being included. In spite of the high class of competition met, state farmers came off with flying colors, as their total of more than half the prizes indicates.

Another feature of the exhibits which is regarded as a triumph for Michigan farming interests is the fact that Rosen Rye and Red Rock Wheat, varieties developed and introduced by the Michigan Agricultural College, stood head and shoulders over any thing else at the show. Rosen Rye took first, second, fourth, and fifth places among its total of nine awards out of the possible sixteen, while no other variety of rye entered succeeded in cornering the prizes to any extent at all

The same was true of wheat. Red Rock took the first three places in its class, along with many other lower awards, and was easily the outstanding wheat of the show. Although first place was lost to Michigan in the wheat entries (John Dunbar, of Rudyard won second honors), local growers take consolation in the fact that the Ohio man who carried off the blue ribbon did it with a Michigan product, Red Rock. The Michigan Educational Exhibit at the show was the largest and best entered, the Michigan Crop Improvement Association, the Michigan Potato Growers Exchange, and the Michigan Agricultural College uniting to prepare the display. A large map of the state upon which were posted views of the varied farming industries, a mound of selected Potoskey potatoes, bins of Rosen Rye and Red Rock Wheat, and a special display for the Upper Peninsual were features of the state display. "Practically all the Michigan exhibits which were at Chicago will be on hand for the Crop Improvement show during Farmers Week at the College, the first of February", says J W Nicolson, secretary of the Michigan Crop Improvement Association "Other growers who did not exhibit at the International will get into the game at this time and see how their samples compare with the best in the state The result will be one of the best grain shows ever seen in Michigan, or any where else, for that matter"

WANT DEER SPARED.

A dispatch from Calumet says "The heavy slaughter of deer, estimated to be the greatest since hunting was legalized, has prompted sportsmen throughout the upper peninsula to urge a closed season next year In some counties official action has already begun and hunters are signing petitions requesting the legislature and state game commission to order a closed season until 1921

"Conservative estimates show that more than 8,000 hunters crossed the straits, or came to the upper peninsula through Wisconsin points, in addition to the 4,000 hunters from the 15 counties Weather conditions were ideal for hunting.

"Considering that more than 12,000 hunters were in the woods, the record of four fatalities shows the toll to be exceedingly small"

REPRESENTS AN IMMENSE SUM.

Cherries, grapes, apples and pears worth $14,000,000 were sold by Michigan growers last year

This announcement was made to the Michigan State Horticultural society at the closing session Thursday afternoon of its annual convention at the Hotel Statler, Detroit.

The announcement caused a furore in the meeting and led to many arguments, ranging from protests advanced by some that the estimates was too low, others saying it was too high.

The topic was switched when several members began open debate on the question of "pests" and insects. This was followed by sharp criticism of Michigan Agricultural college by some of the fruit growers who claim they were not warned of the coming of the coddling moth in time to spray their trees, and consequently lost thousands of dollars' worth of fruit

The convention adjourned late Thursday afternoon to meet in February at Beaton Harbor

POULTRY SHOW AT YPSILANTI

Arrangements are now well under was for the big mid-winter poultry and pet stock show to be held in the Occidental hotel, Ypsilanti, Dec. 17, 18, 19 and 20, during which the Michigan Agricultural college will hold a free poultry school in connection with the show

The Washtenaw County Poultry Breeders' association is in charge of the exhibition, assisted by the farm bureau, of which E W Martin, who managed the Ann Arbor fair, is president.

For information concerning the show, which will be the biggest ever attempted in Washtenaw county, watch the papers

E W Martin, manager, Ann Arbor; Ernest Wright, superintendent, Ypsilanti; or Mrs. S J Sova, secretary, Ypsilanti, will gladly answer any inquiries addressed to them

COUNTY ASSOCIATION WILL INCORPORATE.

Incorporation of the Wayne County Sunday school association under the religious education committee of the Detroit Council of Churches was voted at a meeting of 100 delegates of the association in convention session in First Baptist church, Detroit

While the association will still regain its organization intact, it will be under the direction of the religious education committee and will cooperate with the latter in enlarging the scope and activity of the Sunday school work in Detroit and Wayne county

Officers will be elected by an executive board of nine, named as follows at the meeting James Atkinson, C M Carson, Rev. O T Olson, Richard Cudmore, Mrs. Frank Rec, Mrs R J Hutton, R. L. Flynn, L J Tooley and Richard Harfst.

Necessity for establishment of a community training school for Sunday school teachers was urged by T L Rude secretary of the Toledo Sunday school association.

Other speakers at the Friday session were Rev Gains Glenn Atkins, pastor of the First Congregational church, Detroit Frederick Washburn, field worker of the Michigan State Sunday school association Mrs. Phoebe Curtis Chicago, children's division specialist, and Herbert C Mayer superintendent of the young peeples' division, Ohio State Sunday school association

The convention closed Friday evening with a festival concert in Orchestral hall, given by 300 women under the direction of Dr George H Lau— Free Press

A NOTABLE ATTRACTION.

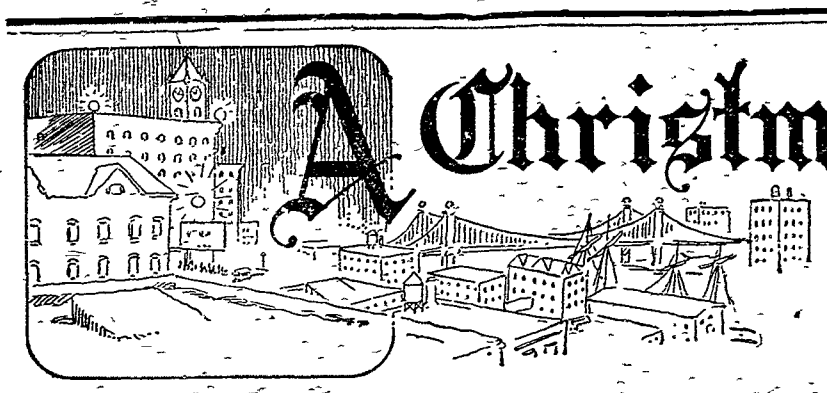
The coming to Ann Arbor of one of the world's greatest musical organizations, the New York Chamber Music society, consisting of eleven virtuosos all of whom have won gold medals for their artistic perfection, will be an event of more than usual importance in the musical life of the city

Under the direction of Carolyn Beebe, a famous pianist, this group of artists consisting of violins, viola, cello, doubel bass, clarinet, flute, oboe bassoon, and French horn, have been assembled and for several years have been winning laurels in this important field of musical endeavor. Music critics speak in glowing terms of their work and the repertorie of superlative adjectives is always exhausted when they are under discussion The program chosen for their Ann Arbor debut which will consist of numbers from Beethoven, Brahms, Gossens, and Wolf-Ferran, has been characterized as "serious, very fine and beautiful"

The widespread interest in the event is attested by the number of orders for tickets from many localities which are being received each day at the office Those interested should communicate with the secretary of the University School of Music, Ann Arbor.

Special interurban cars will be provided for the accommodation of out-of-town patrons.

Charles Lovering of Boston left today for California after spending a week with Harry White of this village



A Christmas Regeneration

By Lindsay Denison

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ALONG about two thousand years ago a Little Child came into this world through a stable. Probably stables weren't very clean and sweet two thousand years ago—not nearly as nice as they are today. But the things that Little Child brought to the world were so dear and beautiful and good that most of us have come into the way of thinking that his memory and ever-living presence and influence are exclusively the property and the privileges of the righteous, or those who abide in ways and places which are clean.

But it is nevertheless true that the soft tug of the Little Child's baby hands is felt today by folks who are not very nice and who live in places far more deplorable than ever was that Nazarene stable. Wherefore:

Cowles and Roberts watched the waiter set down the glasses and turn away. Then they laughed, each at the other, but without gladness.

"Bobs," said Cowles, "you don't seem to yearn for your medicine."

"No, Charley," sneered Roberts, "and I don't observe an absorbent haste on your part. What do you suppose is the matter with us?"

"We're 'fraid, Bobs," said Cowles. "That's what's the matter with us. We're 'fraid. 'Fraid of starting in. You've seen the kids on that slide thing down at Luna park. They bunch themselves along toward the start and then hang there until somebody from behind pushes them off. That's the way I feel. I'm waiting for somebody to come along from behind and give me a start. 'Cause I know, just as those kids know, that I am going to get bumped, and scraped, maybe, good and plenty before I reach bottom."

"Right!" said Roberts. "That's just the way I feel, too." He looked around the room critically. "And as yet nobody seems at all inclined to start us along on the descent. What's the matter with the old place, Charley? Here it is half past nine o'clock, Christmas eve, and there are less than twenty people here—and all of them cross. What are you looking at?"

"There's a bronze-haired, brazen-faced little person sitting right back of you, Bobs—don't turn, she's looking right at you. I've seen her before. I ought to know who she is. But I can't remember for the life of me."

"One of those 'Where-have-I-seen-that-face-before' situations?" Roberts cautiously looked obliquely into the mirror and studied the woman's face.

"I'll bet you know her, too," retorted Cowles. "She is probably the lady cashier who used to smile across her desk at us languishingly when she gave us our change for our beef and beans—before you got plutocratic and married and shook all your friends. By the way, how is the family? This is a lovely joint for a six-months' bridegroom to be in on Christmas eve. But I've been so long watching you young men, 'reformed by marriage'—beg your pardon, old man!" he cried, as he looked away from the hauntingly reminiscent face of the woman opposite and caught the hurt look of his friend. "What's the matter? You're not having any trouble at home, are you? You haven't been scrapping with Rose?"

"Why do you think I'd ask you to meet me at a joint like this, tonight of all nights, if there wasn't trouble with Rose?" growled Roberts. "I'm

"We're 'Fraid Bobs."

not fit to be married to a girl like Rose, or any girl, anyway, Charley, and I—" his voice broke a little; he caught himself and went on. "Let's drop it, Charley!"

They both stared at the table, for a moment.

"Bobs," said Cowles, after awhile, speaking slowly and low, "you can kick me for being fresh, if you like. I know it's none of my business. But I like you too much not to tell you that I hate to see you starting out on a tear because you've got a grouch on your wife. Now, I'm hopeless and my grouch isn't with anybody I care a hoot about, anyway. But you, Bobs—"

"Drop it, Charley! Drop it!" Roberts laughed bitterly. "Let us proceed with that stirring melodrama which I suppose you would call 'The Souse's Christmas Eve.'" He glanced again at the girl whose face he could see in the mirror. "I know who she is, Charley," he said. "The girl opposite you, I mean. Do you remember Sadie Cargill? The girl who sang 'Coraline' and 'If You Wouldn't—Then I Would,' at the Casino about five years ago? Don't you remember that everybody was crazy about her?"

Cowles looked up cautiously.

"Sure!" he said. "That's who she is. But what in the world is she in this place for? Sadie Cargill in Big Jimmy's! Whew, what a come-down!"

"I seem to remember somebody was saying the other day that she had gone pretty well to pieces," said Roberts. "Didn't take care of herself. Whoever it was said he had seen her in the chorus of a fly-by-night musical

Studied the Woman's Face.

comedy out Kansas City way and that she seemed to have hit bottom."

"Yes," said Cowles, studying the girl's face, "it is Sadie, all right. She seems to have kept all her good looks, too, except that her face has hardened terribly. Don't you remember what a soft-cheeked, innocent, merry little thing she always was?"

Roberts nodded and looked again into the mirror. He shook his head at what he saw. "Yes," he murmured, "she was. And now, before you recognized her, you called her 'bronze-haired and brazen-faced,' and she is."

"I hope," spoke up the young woman, with startlingly distinct voice and with unlimited acidity of intonation, "that the next time you two see me, you'll remember me! Take a good look."

Both men sprang to their feet, snatching off their hats.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, earnestly, "but really I didn't realize that you could see from the mirror how I was staring at you. I'm awfully sorry and very much ashamed. Really I am—we both are."

Miss Cargill looked him over with approval and was obviously mollified.

"Oh, that's all right," she said, with a tired smile. "I'm sorry I barked at you that way. A woman is a good deal of a fool to make a kick when a man looks at her in Big Jimmy's. But I'm sore on the world tonight and kind of cranky. Come on over here, both of you. Perhaps you can talk me out of it."

Cowles and Roberts looked at each other and laughed. And because Sadie, despite the hardening, was undeniably charming with the old graciousness of the Casino days, they carried their glasses to her table. Cowles smiled as they set them down, still full, beside hers.

"We were afraid, too," he explained.

"You in trouble, too?" She sighed. "Well, I'm used to it. Better tell your old auntie your poor little sorrows. Maybe I really can do you some good." She turned to Roberts. "First off, what's biting you?"

Cowles interrupted precipitately.

"Let me tell mine," he urged. "I'm the worst case. I've just lost my job. I'm a newspaper man and I've never been noted for my saving disposition."

Miss Cargill nodded with a smile which seemed reminiscent. Almost involuntarily she hitched her chair over a little closer to Cowles. The instinct of the stage lady to cuddle up to the youth who may some time "get her name in the papers" is as imperishable as the instinct of self-preservation.

"Well," continued Cowles, "my rent comes due in a week. Also all the bills. Also it is the Merry Yule Tide when the young blood gets square with all the nice girls who have been especially nice to him. And I've been canned! Fired! Lost my job! And by the latest count I have on my person just thirteen dollars and forty cents good and lawful coin of the United States and nothing more coming to me. That's all."

Roberts took up the story.

"No, it isn't all, Miss Cargill—I beg your pardon," he cried as he saw her wince.

"It's all right," she said wearily. "Don't bother. It's all right. I haven't used that name for some time and I kind of hoped nobody would remember it. Fact, I'd rather like you boys to call me that tonight. Christmas eve's kind of different. Go on."

"Charley didn't tell you how he lost his place. He lost it because he took the blame for a bad break made by another man—the other man had a flock of kids, and Charley wouldn't see their Christmas spoiled—that's why!"

"Nice boy," she said softly. "Nice boy!" And then, after a moment: "And, anyway, this is the first job you ever lost, isn't it? Thought so. It's nothing when you get used to it. I know." Her voice was even; but her foot was tapping the floor under the table. "It's when you get used to it, and think you can always get another and one day find that nobody will believe you when you say that you're going to steady down and be good—that's what hurts. This time next year you'll be laughing at yourself for feeling down."

"No, I won't!" growled Cowles. "I've done my best for three good years and I've been decent when I didn't have to be decent and I've been straight with myself and the game. It don't pay. I'm going to cut loose now and take things as they come."

Miss Cargill studied the ugly blaze in his eye intently and shook her head. The hard lines in her face became more rigid.

Cowles reached for his glass. She stopped him.

"No," she said, "let's all start even. I want to know your friend's troubles."

"Never mind about mine," said Roberts, looking away from them both. He was almost, but not quite, surly. Cowles shook his head at her surreptitiously.

"Don't be afraid," she murmured. "I won't make any breaks. And he needs help more than you do." She turned to Roberts again. "Married?" she asked him.

"How did you know that?" he asked, his face still turned away.

"Oh, I knew," she said.

"Well?" he said.

"You've been having trouble at home?"

Roberts nodded.

"Tell me! What about?" She leaned across the table toward him, speaking very softly with misty eyes. Roberts did not raise his head.

"Christmas presents," he said.

She drew back her head and laughed, just three or four pearly notes and then became grave again—sincerely grave.

"Now, see here," Roberts blurted out, looking straight into the woman's pitying eyes. "I am going to tell you about it. I know it isn't decent. But I haven't told anybody and I know I'm right—anyway, more right than she is!—and you've been up against things a lot—and I want to tell you about it."

"That's right," she whispered as gently as though she had been petting a curly head at her knee.

"Well," he recited in a monotone, "she asked me to meet her at Tiff-

"It Is Sadie, All Right."

any's today and I did. And she picked out a ring and I told her I couldn't come within five hundred dollars of paying for it unless—unless I broke my promise to increase my brother's college allowance. And she was hurt and then she was angry and she said things. You don't know—but there was a man—a rich man—an old man—over in Brooklyn and—when she first met me she had almost made up her mind to marry him. Anyway—she said things and I said things and both of us were nasty—and bitter. This was all going uptown in a cab. And when we got to the door she said she wasn't going to get out—that she was going back to her own people in Brooklyn—and I said I didn't care. And I don't!" His voice broke, even on the defiant note. "But it hurts . . . and don't you think I was right?"

Cowles was staring at him somewhere between amazement and amusement.

"And is that all?" he began, "that—"

"Stop!" Miss Cargill said to him sternly. "It's enough! Let me tell you two something. Now this isn't to print." She looked at Cowles. He nodded, that simple nod of the genuine American reporter which is worth all the gold bonds of Wall street. "It never got out why I left the Casino. But it was because I was married on the quiet." She looked up and saw the waiter standing near. She plucked a pencil from Cowles's waistcoat, tore the margin from a newspaper sticking out of his pocket and wrote a name on it.

"Married to him," she said, showing the slip to Roberts and Cowles in turn. Cowles whistled in astonish-

"Charley Didn't Tell You How He Lost His Place."

ment. Roberts stared at the paper with dimmed eyes; they cleared and he looked up quickly. "It didn't get out," she explained, "because I really cared. I didn't want any press agent foolishness about him. Besides, I was going to quit the business, anyway. I did, all right, all right!" She laughed sourly and went on. "He was just out of college, and I was a lot younger than I am now and different—I was sort of different from anybody around the Casino, I guess." Her voice caught, but she tossed her head and continued. "And that made him like me. And I liked him and we were married and went away. But as soon as he came to know me better he found (what I'd known all along) I wasn't up to his family standard. He knew he would have to tell them about our being married, and that when the time came and they looked me over I wouldn't exactly stack up with his people—manners, you know, and when to do things and how to do them and the sort of people I liked. And he tried to tell me. And I got mad—and we came back on different boats. And if I'd told him how much I wanted to learn to be the way he wanted me—if he'd told me that he wanted me to try—why then—why then it would have been just one of those funny little married tiffs. But I was mad. I said I didn't care. Not even when they came and took my baby. I didn't care. I've never cared.

"Well, that was just a starter. And after the very first, I didn't care any more. Something broke and all the care dropped away from me. You've got your troubles of where to eat and sleep and drink," she said to Cowles. "And you've got a heart that's pretty near to breaking—and maybe will," she said to Roberts. "But as for me, I've had all those troubles for years and I haven't cared. Because I haven't any heart." Her eyes began to shine and her eyelashes became wet suddenly. "At least I thought I didn't, until today.

"I live about twenty blocks uptown. You know what these New York flats are. And in the flat under me there's some respectable married people, with a baby. A little girl about five. And she's been sick. And I guess the father hasn't had a job in a long time. Anyway, the other day I saw him taking a china clock under his coat—it looked like a wedding present—and I guess people don't hock their wedding presents until pretty near the last. And the floors are so thin you can hear everything that goes on down there. And the baby—anyway, the little girl began asking two weeks ago about a Christmas tree. And yesterday they told her that Santa Claus was getting snobbish nowadays and wasn't interested in poor people—or poor people's little girls—not even when they were sick. And she cried all day. She was crying when I came out last night. She was still crying when I got home this morning. She's cried all day today. And I'm broke. I've only got ten dollars between me and the river. And my rent's two weeks overdue and I've got to pay that before I quit, because the landlord's been dead white to me. And I've never cared before for four years, but—I care now—I care—I can't help it. I do. I do."

She dropped her hands to the table and her head on them. She sobbed; they were long, dry, heartbreaking sobs.

"Don't cry, Miss Cargill," urged Cowles, patting her shoulder clumsily. "Don't cry—Sadie!" She jerked away from under his hand and cried on.

"Miss Cargill," said Roberts, leaning over toward her and speaking very softly, "you have been very kind to both of us. Will you let us be kind to you. Please stop crying. Please! And then try to tell me just how much money you need."

She lifted her head and glared at him.

"What good will money do that poor baby when she wakes up tomorrow morning and finds—" She gritted her teeth and reached for her worn and rusty gloves and then for the long untouched glass.

"Wait!" cried Cowles in a tone that made them all start. His voice fairly rang. "Wait, wait, wait!" he repeated, pulling out his watch and looking at it. They were both staring at him curiously.

"It's Christmas Eve," he said. "The stores are open until midnight. It's only a little after ten o'clock. Come on for a cab and Eighth avenue! Here's where we knock the eye out of one set of troubles!"

The fat little proprietor of the Eighth Avenue Five and Ten Cent Emporium was galvanized from weary somnambulance into new life when two young men and a very fluffy (even though a bit shabby) young woman leaped out of a cab to his counters. He bounced around and scolded his clerks into a state of thorough irritation. But their work-sick wrath gave way to curiosity and then hilarity as the three customers went laughing, quarreling and consulting, up and down the disheveled counters. The fat proprietor went down into the cellar and came up with an armful of pasteboard packing cases in which two clerks especially detailed laid away each toy as it was singled out. There were dolls and tin railroad trains and whirligig things and rattles and stuffed rabbits and woolly dogs that squeaked, and more dolls and building blocks and flying machines and Noah's arks and little stoves and doll's furniture and more dolls—to say nothing of candelholders and silvered angels and shiny balls.

"Time! Call the game a minute!" cried Cowles. "Let's count up. How much have we bought?"

The fat proprietor, exuding greasy appreciation, made figures on a pad. "Fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents," and with a burst of generosity, added: "I'll throw off the six cents."

Roberts laughed, but Cowles was serious.

"Bobs," he said, "I'm afraid we've gone far enough. Half of fifteen is about as far as I really ought to go."

"But where," insisted Miss Cargill, gently shouldering between them, "do I come in?"

She thrust a five-dollar bill into Roberts' hand.

"No," said both of them in a breath. She flushed, and in the next breath they both cried: "Why, yes, of course."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

In a hansom laden with bundles and a Christmas tree cut away from the sidewalk decorations of the Emporium, Miss Cargill and Cowles departed northward. Roberts couldn't go because there wasn't room after the Christmas tree had been put in.

"I'll meet you," he called to them, "at Big Jim—no, not there. At the little drug store on the corner above. Merry Christmas to the kid."

It was nearly twelve when Cowles alighted at the drug store and met the

"She Picked Out a Ring."

eager Roberts in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Tell me about it," demanded Roberts. "How was it?"

Cowles' eyes were brimming.

"We had to wake the family up in the flat below," he said. "At first they were sleepy and kind of mad. Thought we were patronizing them. But Sadie was so everlastingly tactful and sweet . . . pretty soon they began to cry, and I thought we'd never get the darned old tree up for the mother's hugging her. Say, it was the grandest looking tree since the Garden of Eden. Honest! . . . And when it was all fixed, the folks wanted to go in and wake up the baby and bring it out, and light up, and let Sadie see the fun. . . . Sadie wouldn't have it. She laughed a little . . . said she didn't believe in Christmas Eve trees, morning was the time to have 'em. I didn't laugh. Couldn't . . . I saw her face and it 'most broke my heart. . . . Then they asked her to come down in the morning; she said she couldn't. Said she was going away on a long journey before morning—oh, no, Bobs, it's all right; she may have meant to kill herself—I think she did—but she won't now; it's all right. Wait till I tell you. And we walked up to her flat. . . . Oh, I forgot to say, that on the way uptown she got to crying like a little girl because she didn't have any dolly of her own, and I bought her one—horrible thing, painted-china face and most as big as she was. . . . we walked up to her flat; she had the doll in her arms with her head down on it. I lighted the gas. She walked into her bedroom, laid the doll under the cover with its head on the pillow and threw herself down beside it.

"I started to say something and she lifted her head and told me to get out and the quicker the better—then she fell down beside the doll again and began to cry. I never heard

"We Had to Wake the Family."

anybody cry like that. I went out to the door and rattled the handle . . . sneaked back to her door again, because I didn't dare leave her—you know—after the way she had been feeling and talking. She had cried herself to sleep with her arm out across that doll . . . So I turned the lights out and came away."

"What are we going to do now?" said Roberts after a while.

"I tell you what we're going to do," said Cowles. "You and I are going down to the Metropole and get hold of Ted Tonwill and make him give Sadie Cargill a chance—a good chance—in his new show. He'll do it if we ask him, both of us together. And she will keep steady and make good. And we'll send her a telegram about it so she will get it first thing in the morning, before she gets to thinking any more about 'long journeys.'"

"Good! Of course that's what we'll do," cried Roberts. "Only let's hurry. Because I am going over to Brooklyn to get Rose and tell her what a cad I know I am. And" (not without the hurry of embarrassment), "I don't want to wake her father up any later than is necessary."

Cowles reached out and took his hand and gripped it, saying not a word. They turned toward the Metropole. In twenty steps Roberts stopped short and pulled Cowles under a street lamp.

"But look here, Charley," he said, "what are you going to do? We've fixed Miss Cargill up all right. And, bless her, she has fixed me up. But I don't see that either of us has done anything for you."

"You have done just this," said Charley, a little unsteadily. "Instead of taking to the rosy and thorny path of graft, I'm going over to the station to get the one o'clock train for Statonville, where I've got an aunt who has been begging me to come up over Christmas. And when I've got a little rested and my nerves steadied down, I'm going to take a night desk on the Planet that's been offered me, only I was soured on the game. But, Bobs—"

Through a break in the roar of the city's night came the far-off tinkle of chimes ringing in the Christmas morn. Cowles looked up at the sky. So did Roberts. The sky was dark, all but for a single star twinkling through the flying clouds, over the dome of the Grand Central station. They looked at each other and then, because they both saw things in their faces that wouldn't quite bear looking at, turned their eyes away and walked on.

"But, Bobs," continued Cowles softly after a while, "this has always been a day for beginning things over again, rather. . . . And it wasn't I who helped—or you—or even Sadie Cargill. It was—a Little Child."

Telling the Story of His Life

Is There a Santa Claus?

Classic Answer of a New York Journalist Affirming a Little Girl's Belief

ONE of the finest things ever written about Christmas was the editorial printed 20 years ago by the New York Sun in answer to the earnest appeal of a little New York girl to be told whether Santa Claus really exists. Its author, Frank P. Church, was an accomplished journalist and wrote much on many subjects, but his fame will rest chiefly on this beautiful setting forth of an eternal truth. With Dr. Clement Clarke Moore's "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it is one of the great classics of the Christmas season.

The answer to the eternal question as printed in the Sun follows:

"We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"'Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says if you see it in the Sun it's so. Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

"'VIRGINIA O'HANLON,
"'115 West Ninety-first Street.'

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay 10 times 10,000 years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Christ Is Born

by Louise F. Elmendorf

The world, late racked with pain through bloody years,
Has climbed its weary long-pathed Calvary,
Where millions died, as Christ, that they might free
Others from wrong and black oppression's tears.
Once more now through the world comes to our ears
The song of all the ages, "Christ is born."

Mute tongued to notes of joy have been the bells,
And only childhood and old age dared try
To sing, so near the threatening battle sky,
The song that told, though dulled by shrieking shells
Whose bursting turned a thousand homes to hells,
The wonder of the ages, "Christ is born."

Our faith in God has brought to us the goal;
War-weary lands have peace on earth again;
And in the scarred and fire-purged hearts of men,
Made sweet and strong by suffering of the soul,
Through travail of a world once more made whole,
Anew in human hearts the Christ is born.

Dear God, the Christmas songs are fraught with prayer
That Thou wilt be with those whose tears still pay
That we may have the glory of this day;
That men may live their thanks; that lives may bear
Eternal witness for Thee, everywhere
Proclaiming that in us the Christ is born.

Changed His Mind.

Doris—I thought you and George were going skating?

Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with mistletoe he asked me to go for a walk.

One Christmas Eve

by RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1915, by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE shades of the pretty home were pulled down and the gloom of dusk was alleviated by one light only in the room where the mourning denizens, Harold Bruce and his wife, Laura, sat. They were awaiting the arrival of a taxicab ordered in time to catch an evening train for the South. Both were somber-faced and wearied of mien. They had not spoken for some time, for it was a situation where words meant nothing. The wife never lifted her tear-stained eyes, the husband wore a set expression upon his face as though exerting the utmost will power to repress the poignant emotion which consumed him.

Without, joyous shouts echoed, the sound of merry sleigh bells tinctured the air with Christmas eve fervor, and the contrast of this long-anticipated holiday presentation with what they had hoped and planned for, wrenched their souls to the point of anguish. Their lives desolated beyond repair, poignant memories ever present, they scarce dared to rest their glance upon the portraits of two smiling, happy faces looking down from a heavily framed picture, for only that morning they had received the terrible news that the originals, their only children, Don, aged six, and Etta, two years his junior, had been victims, with many others, of a disaster by cyclone and flood that had devastated the district where they had their winter home in Florida.

All they knew was that the pretty bungalow and many others, with their occupants, had been swept away, and hundreds were said to have perished, and no word had been received as to the fate of their two little ones, nor of Rhoda Marsh, who had them in charge.

Rhoda Marsh had come into their thoughts almost as frequently as little Etta and her brother. Each recalled that it was a Christmas eve four years

Both Were Somber-Faced and Wearied of Mien.

back when Harold Bruce had come home from the funeral of his mother, bringing with him a wistful-eyed, sad-faced mite of a girl.

"Laura," he said to his wife, "this is Rhoda Marsh, a poor orphan child whom my mother adopted, who has given her the tenderest care to the last hour of her life and was a blessing to her old age. She is left without a home. Should we give her one?"

"We should, and we shall," came the quick reply, as Mrs. Bruce gazed into the earnest, longing eyes of the girl of fourteen, and read there truth and innocence and a soulful appeal to all that was maternal and sympathizing in her nature.

It proved to be a wise and fortuitous choice. As the children came along Rhoda proved to them a true and loving sister, nurse and friend.

Then came a test of the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the girl just merging into young womanhood. Both of the children were taken down with a dangerous contagious malady. The house was quarantined. Rhoda braved the perils of infection. Day and night she was the constant attendant of Don and Etta. She found so sure a loving place in the hearts of those she had benefited, that her eyes beamed with joy and happiness whenever she was in their presence.

The physician who attended the children was Albion Merritt. He had entered the profession the protege of a wealthy man, and had acquired a clientele of prominence and a large income. It was when the little ones were convalescent that he had come to Mr. Bruce, who was a close personal friend.

"Bruce," he said, "I cannot find words to express my admiration and respect, yes, and something deeper, for that sweet little heroine, Rhoda, whose studious care of the children, far more than my ministrations, is responsible for their recovery."

"Yes," answered Mr. Bruce with genuine fervor in his tones, "she is a jewel of worth and constancy. Both my wife and myself realize what we owe to this poor waif who has endeared herself to us as though she were our own daughter."

Doctor Merritt proved his expressed sentiments by very often visiting the Bruce home after that. The children loved him and he would drop in for an hour or two and play with them and talk with Rhoda and listen to her singing at the piano, for music with Rhoda was her one great passion. There never was a visit on his part that Rhoda did not greet him with a beautiful, tender flush upon her fair, expressive face, and one night her kindly benefactors indulged in playful badinage when she accompanied Doctor Merritt to the door.

"Doctor Merritt has become quite a beau—eh, Rhoda?" intimated Mr. Bruce.

"Three times in a week," spoke Mrs. Bruce. "Rhoda dear, he is a loyal chevalier."

"Please don't," pleaded Rhoda, looking serious, shy and embarrassed. "He is only a great good friend to all of us, and he has so encouraged my singing that it has made me more anxious than ever to please him."

Early in November Mrs. Bruce, the children and Rhoda went to the Florida winter home where the family spent four months of the year. There were anticipated happy days in the pretty bungalow when Mr. Bruce should join them later on. It was just two weeks before Christmas when Mrs. Bruce decided to take a trip North and remain with her husband until the holidays, when he would be ready to accompany her to Fair Villa. It was a few days after her coming that her husband said to her: "Laura, Doctor Merritt has fairly haunted the house evenings since you went away. I met him today and told him of our plans, and he was especially pressing in his inquiries about Rhoda. I presume he will be here this evening to ask you about Rhoda," but the young physician did not materialize as expected, and the next day the Bruces understood that he had left the city.

It was two days before Christmas when the dreadful news came of the disaster in the South. Fair Villa had been practically swept off the map; their winter home had been carried away by the raging waters. Telegrams contained vague and distracting details. They had no reason to hope that their loved ones had escaped the general fate of those who were missing among the former residents of the little inland town. They were now ready to go South and seek a trace of their two little children and of Rhoda, in whom they had so trustingly left them in charge.

"It must be the taxi," spoke Mr. Bruce, arousing with a sigh from his painful reverie as the doorbell rang, but he crossed the outer threshold to come face to face with Doctor Merritt. The manner and words of the latter were jarring to the bruised sensibilities of the bereaved father, for the young physician was radiant of face. His eyes suggested a fervent exhilaration as he greeted Mr. Bruce with riotous embrace and waved his hand gayly to Mrs. Bruce, who had followed her husband into the hallway.

"A glad and merry Christmas to both of you!" hailed Doctor Merritt jubilantly.

"You haven't heard?" spoke Mr. Bruce in a low, reproachful tone.

"Why, what do you mean?" questioned Doctor Merritt.

"The disaster at Fair Villa—the children."

"Why, bless you!" fairly shouted the doctor—"they are right here!"

Harold Bruce wavered against the wall for support. Mrs. Bruce uttered a wild scream. Across the threshold from the porch there rushed little Etta and her brother. Joy, delight, ecstasy mitigated the shock of what at first stunned the frantic parents as an appearance from the dead.

"And last, but not least, she whose mission in life seems ever to be to bring healing and happiness, and love, and peace to all those who are dear to her!" in a gently reverent tone continued Doctor Merritt, and with supreme satisfaction the young physician viewed the five reunited ones in a maze of embraces, kisses and tears. Rhoda, clinging to Mrs. Bruce, hid her face in modest confusion, as Doctor Merritt recited her brave battle against the elements in a great storm upon a battered raft until she had brought the children to safety.

"But you, Doctor Merritt?" propounded Mrs. Bruce wonderingly—"how came you to be at Fair Villa?"

"I arrived there after the disaster," was the reply. "I had gone there on a specific mission, later executed, to ask our peerless Rhoda, queen of all womankind, to become my wife," and as Rhoda extended her hand he covered it with kisses and pressed it to his happy, happy heart.

He Covered It With Kisses.

"If there was a mistletoe here I would march you two promptly under it!" threatened Mrs. Bruce, immersed in thrilling joy and gratitude.

"There shall be one before Christmas morning arrives!" cried Doctor Merritt in tones that rang out like a cheer. "Come, Bruce, you and I on a hunt for Santa Claus and the choicest gifts he can bestow. Oh! nowhere in the world, and never to any others, has there come a happier, merrier Christmas than the one we shall celebrate!"

Sleigh
bells
peal with
merry jingle,
church bells set
the air a-tingle, while
with there the door
bells mingle in a syncopated
score. There's the sound of happy
greeting as acquaintances
are meeting; there's the knell
of Christmas fleeting as the clocks
strike o'er and o'er; Johnnie's trumpet's
shrieking shrilly, Philip's drum and
fife's not still; he makes attempt to drown
but ill sounds of guns that outside roar.
There's the squeak of Mollie's dolly, and the
squawk of Dollie's polly, and the screams of
laughter jolly from this happy little
four. But above all Christmas noises
made by little girls and boys is one that's
better than all toys is; more good
cheer it holds
in
store.
'Tis
the
sound
of mother pitchin' things
about out in the kitchen
as she calls (she knows
we're itchin') "Come to
dinner!" through the door.

"Who Said There Ain't No Santa?"

CHRISTMAS HEADQUARTERS

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HANDKERCHIEFS IN FANCY BOXES

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Is the one that not only gives pleasure on Christmas Day, but the one that remains a joy and comfort through the many days that follow. This is the kind that we bring to your attention. You will find our store filled with many attractive and serviceable things for each and every member of the family that will be a lasting memory of your thought for them. We make the following suggestions:

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HAIR ORNAMENTS, BOOTIES

BABY HOODS, TOWELING
BLANKETS, WAISTS,
FANCY RIBBONS, MITTENS
GLOVES, SWEATERS
STOCKING CAPS,
DRESSER SCARFS
DOLLS, CHRISTMAS BOXES
TOILET SETS, in many styles,
NUT CRACKERS and SHAVING SETS
CIGAR TRAYS and SMOKERS' SETS.

Christmas Candies and Nuts

You will find here an immense stock of Candies and Nuts—the newest and freshest to be procured. Better place your orders early. Remember last year.

Christmas Tree Fixings

We have a lot of fancy "fixings" for your trees—just the things you need.

Toys! Toys! Toys!

From the appearance of our store you would think Santa Claus had unloaded his sleigh here. In fact he has made this store one of his stations, and we invite you to inspect our large and varied assortment of Toys—the children's delight.

Books! Books! Books!

Nothing is more acceptable than Books for Christmas Gifts and we have an immense assortment from which you may make your selections.

In our assortment of Books you will find them suitable for both children and grown-ups. Just the proper things for the long winter evenings.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Make especially appropriate Gifts and you will find here a countless array of pretty things.

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By purchasing your Christmas Groceries from our fresh stock you will insure the success of your Festival Dinner. We shall have everything you may desire in Groceries.

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NORTHVILLE. - - - - - - - - - MICHIGAN.

Santa Starts Off

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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"SANTA CLAUS' dog, Boy of the North, was barking," said Daddy, "for there was great excitement up North.

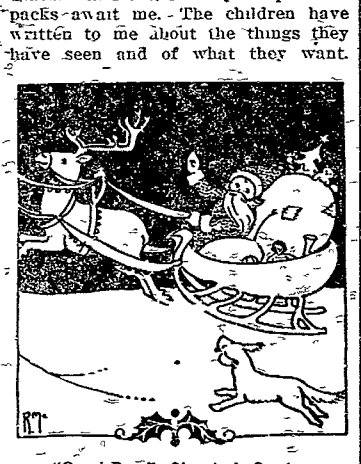
"The excitement was, as perhaps you may be able to guess, that Santa Claus was about to start his trip.

"'I have more things to do this year than ever before, it seems to me,' said Santa Claus.

"Boy of the North wagged his tail and gave funny little short barks which was his way of laughing. 'You say that every year,' he was trying to tell Santa Claus, as he put his cold nose in Santa's hand and rubbed up beside him.

"The reindeer were waiting. The bells on their reins were jingl-ng and the sleigh was filled with packs and packs of toys.

"'Now, let me see,' said Santa Claus. 'There are many shops were packs await me. The children have written to me about the things they have seen and of what they want.



"Good-Bye," Shouted Santa.

That is why I like the stores to have so many of my toys. The children get a good idea of what they want.

"'Then they write me letters, the precious dears! They write of what they want and how much they care for me and how much they love their sisters and brothers and mothers and daddies and playmates and dogs and other pets

"'But I musn't stop to think of all these letters for I must get started, for I've a long way to go'

"He knew he had to start soon for the reindeer could hardly wait any longer, and were trying to hurry him.

"'I won't be late,' said Santa Claus. 'I have never been late yet—and I've been doing this trip—this trip to the lands where there are children—for a good many years.'

"And the reindeer made queer sounds and jingled their bells again for they knew Santa Claus was right, but still they were in a great, great hurry!

"They were thinking of the roofs they would dash across. Oh, how anxious they were to start!

"And Boy of the North was anxious too for them to start, for although he didn't go with them, he longed to see them come back and hear about the trip.

"'Yes,' continued Santa Claus, 'I must get the packs from the different shops. I know just what all the children want.

"'Then I must keep a good many engagements I've made—promises to appear at some big Christmas trees, although I never let the children see me when I'm arriving with my pack. Oh no, that's my fun—to keep all that a great, great secret.

"'And they love secrets, the little dears! Now let me see—have I the nuts and raisins, the bright new pennies for some of the stockings and the big oranges, too! Yes, we're really and truly ready at last.'

"When Santa Claus said 'We're ready,' the reindeer pranced, Boy of North barked and Santa Claus sprang into the sleigh.

"Off went the reindeer with Santa Claus and the toys, games and countless other things for Christmas morning.

"'Good-bye, Boy of the North,' shouted Santa Claus. 'Good-bye, dear old North home, good-bye everyone and everything.

"'I'm off on my big trip of the year.'

"And as he shouted this the reindeer were almost out of sight and the last that could be seen of Santa Claus was as he waved his red cap with the red tassel.

"'Now,' said Boy of the North, 'I will have everything ready for him when he gets back.'

"So the dog got Santa Claus' slippers and his heavy, warm winter wrapper which his master wore when he wasn't working. He put them near the fire, but not too near. For he knew Santa Claus would be gone quite a long time and when night had passed and the next day had come, even though it was not bright, he would then move them very near the fire and have them ready.

"And Boy of the North fell asleep and dreamed and his dreams were happy, as his life always was, for you can imagine how happy the dog of Santa Claus must be."

The Kris Kringle Chariot

By EDITH RANSOM AVERILL

(Copyright.)

ROSY-cheeked schoolboy on his new red sled sped down the long snow-clad hill. A dozen gayly chattering girls tripped towards the lightly frozen pond with their skates. A farmer came into view with a wagon load of newly cut Christmas trees. Yuletide cheer was effervescing, but there was no responsive echo of its fervor in the hearts of John Lane and Martin Freer.

"I'm in accord with you completely," the latter was saying. "My son, Sidney, has the chance of his life to enter a law career in the city. Since he fell in love with your half niece and ward, Edna, he seems to have lost all ambition of making his way outside of winning her."

"A foolish fancy," declared John Lane. "Edna is too young to think of marrying."

"We are going to send Edna away to a private boarding school after the holidays," he continued "and that will probably end the affair."

Meantime Edna Merrill pined in her prisonlike solitude and Sidney sought to devise a way to get word to her.

At their last meeting he had said, no matter what comes, they shall not part us."

"They are going to send both of us away, widely apart," mourned Edna. "Oh, don't let them do it!" to which Sidney replied "Have you the faith to believe in me, to act with me without question if I find a way to defeat two old men, who have forgotten what love means?"

"I have given you my heart solely and trustingly," answered Edna staunchly.

"Then you shall hear from me when I have matured all my plans," promised Sidney.

There was a certain solace for Sidney in climbing the high garden wall at the rear of the Lane grounds and gazing up at the window of the room that held his heart's treasure. He had a note written detailing his plans and hopes, and he had almost despaired of delivering it, when, the afternoon before Christmas, he observed that the window was open.

Sidney added a few lines to the note, gathered up a handful of snow, enclosed the note in the white sphere, aimed let fly, and it passed through the open window.

The note had suggested the elopement he and Edna had previously discussed. He had added a line, "I will be in the lane at eight o'clock. Don't fail me."

There was a light in that upper window, now closed, when Sidney returned, and the lamp was set in a peculiar way. Across the frosted inside of a pane two words had been scratched, reading "At eight."

A few minutes later the light was extinguished and a speeding figure crossed the garden, unlocked a rear door in the wall and the lovers were united.

"Quick," spoke Sidney. "It is a question of getting to a friend of mine, a clergyman at Amherst."

He clasped Edna's arm and they hurried down the lane.

The lane the fugitives were now in was deep with snow. As they neared a large barn within which showed a light Sidney drew Edna through its open door.

"We must hide for a spell," he said, and, as quite breathless, they entered the great rambling structure, they stared in amazement at a scene strange and striking.

In its center was what looked like an old circus chariot. There was gilt and holly and evergreen trimming in profusion. Four horses were attached and upon a sort of throne in the center was seated a gorgeously attired Santa Claus.

"We'll better start," spoke one of the men, "if we want to get to Amherst before everybody is abed," and catching sight of a sign on the chariot Sidney was made aware of the fact that to advertise a new soap this modern publicity van was touring the district, giving away samples as holiday presents.

"Step into that low space at the back," he whispered to Edna. "We shall be safe there."

When the unique Santa Claus vehicle arrived at the edge of Amherst, the fluttering lovers left it unnoticed. There was a hurried walk to the home of a clergyman.

The same telegram was sent by the happy bride and bridegroom to John Lane and Martin Freer. It read: "Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Freer wish their loving friends a Merry, Merry Christmas."

Don't Mistake The Cause

Many Northville People Have Kidney Trouble and Do Not Know It.

Do you have backache?
Are you tired and worn out?
Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed?
Are the kidney secretions irregular?
Highly colored; contain sediment?
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Use a tested kidney remedy.
Read this Ann Arbor testimony.

P. J. Desmond, 301 W. Summit St., Ann Arbor, Mich., says: "Whenever my kidneys get weak, causing my back to ache or be sore, or the kidney secretions pass too freely, or when I am tired or languid, I use a box or so of Doan's Kidney Pills. I am soon all right again. Doan's have never failed to help me and I keep them in the house all the time and wouldn't be without them. I advise anyone to use Doan's Kidney Pills if troubled with their kidneys."

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(Kits damaged, 50c.)
WHITE WEESELS—$1.50, $1.00, 50c.
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Will call for lots of $20 or over. Write or phone. At home mornings and evenings and Sundays.

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PLYMOUTH, - - MICHIGAN.

New Blacksmith Shop

I desire to announce to the public that I have opened a Black shith Shop in the rear of the former Cattermole shop on North Center Street—and I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing Horse Shoeing.

All work entrusted to my care will receive careful attention and I solicit the patronage of the public.

Remember the Place—in the rear of the Central Cash Meat Market, formerly occupied by the Cattermole Blacksmith Shop.

J. H. WILKINS

Northville. Proprietor.

Orchard Heights

WISHES YOU

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND GUARANTEES A

VERY PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

ESPECIALLY SO IF YOU WILL

STOP, LOOK AND CONSIDER

NORTHVILLE'S FUTURE

and with it

The Investment Possibilities of this Exclusive Residence Section. 18 BUYERS TO DATE.

C. C. Yerkes. L. A. Babbitt. M. N. Johnson---LOVE-WELL FARMS CO.

Auction!

Geo Rattenbury, Auctioneer

Having sold my farm, I will sell at Public Auction, on the premises known as the Christopher Brassow farm, located at Farmington Junction one mile east of Farmington Village, on the Grand River Road, on—

Tuesday, Dec. 16

at 10 o'clock a. m sharp, with a

GOOD HOT LUNCH AT NOON

the following described personal property, to-wit.

HORSES.

1 Bay Team of Mares, 6 yr old, wt., 2,800 lbs
1 Black Gelding, 12 yr old, wt., 1,350

CATTLE.

1 High-Grade Holstein, 7 yr old, fresh October 26th.
1 High-Grade Holstein, 7 yr old, fresh September 24th; bred Nov. 23
1 Red Cow fresh Sept 28, bred November 26th.
1 H. G Holstein, 6 yr old, fresh Sept 22; bred November 24th.
1 Holstein, 8 yr old, fresh Sept 2
1 Guernsey Cow, 6 yr old, fresh Aug. 15th
1 H. G Holstein, 4 yr old, giving milk, due March 2, 1920
1 Holstein, 3 yr old, fresh Sept. 14, bred November 22
1 H. G. Holstein, 2 yr old, giving milk, due March 16th
1 Reg Holstein Heifer, (No 398977), milking, due April 12th
1 Reg Holstein Heifer, (No 398977), milking, due March 22nd
1 H. G Holstein, 3 yr old, calf by side
1 H. G Holstein, 4 yr old, due soon
Registered Holstein Bull (No 21,245)
1 Holstein Calf, 8 months' old, eligible to register.
1 Holstein Calf, 7 months' old, eligible to register.
1 H. G. Holstein Calf, 9 weeks' old
(These Cows have all been tested by the Oakland and Wayne County Cow Testing Association)

HAY AND GRAIN.

About 12 Tons of Hay
A Quantity of Corn Stalks
About 5 Acres of Corn in Shock
A Quantity of Straw.
250 Bushels of Oats
A Quantity of Corn in the Ear
75 ft. of Ensilage.
30 Grain Bags

FARM TOOLS.

These include everything used on a good farm, and are nearly all new.
1 MODEL E, B. L. K. MILKING MACHINE (Complete, in splendid condition.)

TERMS: One Year's Time will be given on good Endorsed Bankable Notes, with Interest at 6%. Payable at the Farmington State Savings Bank

GEO. E. BRASSOW
PROPRIETOR.

CHAS HEISE, Clerk
WM. SHAW, Note Clerk.

EXPENSIVE-THOUGHTS.

"My wife thinks such a lot of clothes"

"Mine doesn't. At least she often remarks, 'I don't think much of this dress,' and then goes and orders another."

History and Material Wealth.

It is time we remembered that history does not concern herself about material wealth—that the life-blood of a nation is not that yellow tide which fluctuates in the arteries of trade—that its true revenues are religion, justice, sobriety, magnanimity, and the fair amenities of art.—Lowell.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

Interesting Items from our exchanges—gathered with pencil, paste pot and scissors.

A new factory is to be started in Holly by eastern men. Wire springs and allied products will be manufactured.

Governor Roberts says the people are sitting on a seething volcano Well they've got to get heat some way.—Saginaw News Courier

America is the hope of the world Perhaps that is why Germany, France and Britain can settle strikes and we can't.—Muskegon Chronicle.

Frank H Carroll, president of the First Commercial Bank of Pontiac for seven years, has resigned his position and will leave Dec. 16 for California

L G Greer of Pontiac was elected as one of the directors of the Mich. Implement and Vehicle Dealers' Association at a meeting held at Saginaw last week.

East Lansing—H. A. Springer, of Port Huron, quarterback for the Michigan Aggies the fast football season, was today elected to Captain M A C. during the season of 1920

Jackson—A double grave hold the bodies of Mr and Mrs Lowell Ford of Liberty township, principals in a double tragedy Sunday when Mrs Ford killed her husband with a shot-gun charge and then ended her own life by drinking carbolic acid

Battle Creek—Maj-Gen John Biddle, formerly commander of American forces in the United Kindom, is expected to take up his new duties as commanding officer of Camp Custer about Jan 1st. He was aide to the Prince of Wales, during the latter's tour of the United States.

"Serving on the jury is just as important as paying your taxes," Judge Frank S. Covert told a new jury in circuit court yesterday. "It is a duty you owe the community and you should not shirk it because you can perhaps make more money following your usual occupation.—Pontiac Daily Press.

Milford—No opposition to the proposed concrete pavement for the main street of this village developed at the informal hearing held by the county road commissioners in the board of commerce rooms here. Several Milford business men met the commissioners and heard the project outlined in detail

AN UREST.

"You mean to tell me you work 18 hours a day?"

"At least that, just at this time of year," answered the man with dust in his eyebrows. "My wife is cleaning house and I have o move most of the furniture"

HER DELICATE SENSIBILITIES.

"Why have you broken your engagement with Billy Sands?"

"Oh, I couldn't stand for his slang. I treid to put him wise that father was sore on the phony talk, but he couldn't seem to get hep, so I gave him the razz-dazz."

A DUBIOUS BLESSING.

"I have never acted contrary to the dictates of my conscience," said a profiteer the other day.

"Well, some of us," said a bystander, "are not blessed with such easy-going consciences."

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

Christmas Means Love

We cannot picture it without seeing the spangled Christmas tree girt with the faces of gleeful youngsters, glad parents, and happy bodies returned home from town or far metropolis. It sounds like bells and crackling logs and shouts of children. And even our old, round-shouldered, sorrow-ridden planet, with his eye knocked out on his cheek, pauses to smile from sea to sea, and love is everywhere rejuvenated.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NOTICE

Of the Division of the Township of Northville Into Two Election Precincts.

At a meeting of the township board of the township of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, held on Thursday, December 4th, 1919, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, The township of Northville has previously constituted a single election precinct, and

WHEREAS, It is evident, from an examination of the registration books of said township, that there are, now, more than six hundred voters in the said township of Northville.

Now, therefore, be it RESOLVED, That said township of Northville shall be divided into two election precincts in the following manner, to-wit.:

Precinct No. 1 to consist of all that part of the territory in the township of Northville lying west of a line described as follows: Commencing at the intersection of Center street in the Village of Northville with the Base Line road at the northerly limit of said Village; running thence southerly along said Center street to the southerly limits of said Village; thence southerly along the north and south quarter lines of Section 10 and 15, in said township, to the south line of Section 15.

Precinct No. 2 to consist of all that part of the territory in the township of Northville lying east of the line above described.

Clerk of Said Township.
ERNEST MILLER.

The Mistletoe Kiss

By J. E. SHERWIN

(Copyright.)

THERE never was such a doll. It was the very acme of toy invention, classic of features, graceful of form, appareled in materials duplications of the latest modes of fashion. Flexible of joints, some inner mechanism moved eyes and lips, and then it talked—talked? Bless you! yes, in the clearest childish accents. No wonder it did all these things, for, when Warren Brill asked the price, the salesman replied

"Seventy-five dollars, sir."

"Whew!" aspirated Roy Burton, who had accompanied Brill on his Christmas shopping tour.

"I'll take it," said the latter.

"Why, you've gone clear daffy," remonstrated Burton. "You've got no little ones at home."

"N-no, that's so," replied Warren in his diffident, hesitating way, "but you see," and he grew flustered—"Miss Deere—"

"Eh! Nellie Deere? Surely you're not thinking of giving that grown up beauty a doll?"

"Oh, dear no!" answered Brill, and he fluttered like a frightened schoolboy. "I wouldn't dare to offer her a gift. I was thinking of presenting the doll to her little niece, Dorothy. I hope Miss Deere won't resent my taking such a liberty Of course we're quite friendly—"

"Friendly!" interrupted Burton. "That's putting it mildly Why, everybody knows you're in love with Nellie, and the way she favors your company shows how she regards you"

"Oh, do you think so, positively?" gasped Warren. His face was a vast map of longing hope. "You don't know how how happy you make me Just put the doll aside," to the salesman. "I shall want some special records made and I'll see you later."

"It's a bold scheme," soliloquized Warren, and proceeded straight back to the toy store. He sought out the salesman. "Now, as I understand it," he said, "a regular baby phonograph device inside the doll makes it say all those cute things, when you operate a button?"

"That's it," acceded the clerk.

"And I can have a special record made?"

"Surely. We can attend to that for you."

Warren met Nellie on the street the day before Christmas, and she mentioned the fact that she had been very much disappointed as to the Christmas tree, they had received, it being straggly and undersized

"Why," spoke Warren eagerly, "I saw the finest layout of trees down at Chester only yesterday, Miss Deere I haven't a thing to do the rest of the day Won't you deputize me to help give the little ones a good time?"

Warren arrived at the Deere home with the tree and various packages. He helped Nellie trim the tree He operated the talking doll to even the wonderment of Mr. and Mrs. Deere, who at ten o'clock indulgently retired.

Warren began to act nervous. He had placed a new record specially

by his side, his finger on the button. Nellie was looping a string made to order inside the doll. He set it on a chair of holly near the folding doors. She looked at him strangely as he said:

"Miss Deere—Nellie, I have something to say to you—that is—yes—something to tell you, and can't say it. Won't you please listen to what my little friend here, the doll, will say for me, and then maybe—maybe you'll say something, too."

"Dear Nellie, I love you. I know that you are a star high above me, and the best man in the world unworthy of you; but I can give you every luxury and add the greatest one of all—love. Say it's not altogether hopeless."

Nelly blushed peony red. Then she smiled slightly, almost quizzically. She moved four steps. They brought her directly under the mistletoe. Warren arose to his feet.

"Oh, Nellie!" he cried, "you—you didn't get under that mistletoe on purpose?"

She hung her head embarrassed, yet inviting. He stole to her, brave as a lion. He circled her waist with his arm. She snuggled closer; he pressed his lips to hers.

"Oh, a merry Christmas to all the world," he jubilated expansively, and in the accents there was the cheer of a happy, happy man.

Christmas Suggestions

OUR LINES OF

HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR

Men's Neckwear,
50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

Men's Suspenders
50c, 65c, 75c, $1.00.

Garters, Arm Bands, Sweaters, Hose, Coats, Underwear, Gloves, Mittens.

A Large Stock to Choose from at Reduced Prices.

STARK BROTHERS
THE SHOEMEN

HOME-MADE CANDIES

We will have a good assortment of our celebrated Home Made Candies for your Christmas festivities. There are none better.

BAKED GOODS

We always carry a good assortment of Baked Goods—good and wholesome.

Try one of our LARGE LOAVES of Bread for 13 cents. You can get nothing better.

Patronize Home Industry.

N. NEVISON

ICE CREAM AND CANDIES

We shall be pleased to receive your orders for Special Brick Ice Cream for your Holiday Feasts. Kindly leave orders in advance so there will be no disappointments.

Choice Candies and Fancy Boxes
And in Bulk in large variety of kinds and mixtures.

Buy HIM a Box of Cigars here.

For Good Wholesome Meals Come Here.

Wares. A Good Place To Eat.

Christmas Joy

There are various brands of this much sought for article. The vain person finds it in display. The depraved person finds it in dissipation. But the person of good common sense finds it in the solid comfort and good cheer of himself and his family. One of the chief features of this cheer is a **Good Wholesome Christmas Dinner.** We shall be glad to assist you in its preparation by supplying you with

Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Chickens

Choice Cuts of Beef and Pork, and Oysters.

May your Christmas be a Joyous One.

HILLS BROS.' MARKET
Northville, Michigan.

The C. & C. Garage

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The Garage For Service

U. S. TIRES and TUBES assure you a lot of good service.

Chains, Hood Covers,
Alcohol for your Radiators,
Gasoline and Oils.
Service.

Bring your Auto troubles here—we will serve you quickly and send you on your way with as little delay as possible.

THE C. & C. GARAGE
(Successors to Deal's Garage).

For Sale.

40 Acres One mile from Brighton; good 8-room house, with basement; barn 40x60, full basement; other outbuildings; some fruit; soil gravelly loam. Price $3,500, $1,500 down.

56 Acres Small house and barn; 40 acres under cultivation; good garden soil; three miles from Whitmore lake. Price $65 per acre. $1,700 down.

80 Acres Clay loam soil; lies level; mostly all seeded; some fruit; large house. Price $75 per acre—half down.

160 Acres Best farm in Washtenaw county. Exceptionally good buildings; two houses. Price $100 per acre. Easy terms.

160 Acres Level black loam soil; three miles from Lapeer; seventeen miles from Flint; good serviceable buildings. Price $55 per acre, $2,500 down.

10 Acres House and barn: one and one-half miles from Plymouth; good truck farm; some fruit. Price $4,200.

See or write me for Particulars.

R. H. BAKER,
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
Office Phone 70 Residence Phone 228 W

FOOD MADE OF WHEAT FLOUR

is the cheapest and best food to be had today. Be economical by eating less expensive foods and more Wheat Flour foods. When buying Flour do not overlook our **Peerless** brand which is always reliable.

FARMINGTON ROLLER MILLS.

A HOME---A LOAN

We solicit a part of your SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Our object is worthy of your support

THE NORTHVILLE LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION

The Birds' Christmas

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union)

"C-H-I-R-P," said one little bird and another bird sang a song.

It was very, very cold, and the birds were having a hard time to keep warm. Somehow, too, they felt the cold more when they were hungry. They hadn't had such very good luck that day or the day before. It had snowed a great deal during the last few days and getting enough to eat had been no easy matter.

Near by they saw a white house. There was a garden around it; a nice big garden and just the place for birds in the summer time.

But these birds were here in the winter time, too, and they were given bread crumbs and suet all winter long. When snow covered the suet it was brushed off for them.

It was all very delightful. The last few days, however, had seemed to be very busy ones in the white house. The birds could see that greens were being hung everywhere, over the pictures, book cases and mirrors, and wreaths were put in all the windows. Preparations were evidently being made for some unusual event.

There seemed to be no end to the amount of greens. Some were wound to look like long ropes and great branches were put behind large pictures. The house was gay indeed with fires, which were burning in all the fireplaces.

Much wood was carried in, and the birds thought how warm the people inside must be, and how cold it was outside. They shivered and wished they had gone South after all.

Then a little tree was carried in and one of the birds that was near the dining room told the others that the tree was put on the dining room table. Another medium sized tree was in the big room where most of the excitement seemed to be going on. Then they hung pretty shiny and shimmering things on the tree and packages of all sizes and description under it.

Had their friends forgotten them? It could not be possible! And yet—yet—they hadn't had any suet in the last day or so, and they had always been supplied with it before. They had stayed North because these people loved birds so.

They knew that they loved birds because they were good to the little feathered people. But the last day or so—well, it was all very surprising.

The birds were just going to sleep, just about to tuck their heads under their wings when they saw more people coming to the house, people with suitcases and bags. There seemed to be great excitement and everybody seemed to be smiling.

It was very hard to be a little bird, the birds thought, and not to feel like singing.

But at last they went to sleep.

"I don't feel like chirping today," said one of them early the next morning. "I don't feel very happy that my friends in the white house have forgotten about me."

"Oh, cheer up, something must have happened," said another little bird. "I still can't believe it possible that they have forgotten us. But we did have a bad day or so, it is true. So cold, and a little hungry."

"Well I'll chirp," said the first bird. And all the birds began to chirp and Mr. Sun rose up in a bright red robe and said:

"It's Christmas morning, birdlings; how do you like my handsome robe? I'm all dressed up for the occasion."

But just then a lady came out of the big house, the lady who was the special friend of the birds.

"Merry merry Christmas, birdies," she said. "I had almost forgotten about you. All the children are home for the Christmas holidays and there has been great excitement. We've been decorating and having everything look gay inside.

"Oh, I didn't mean to forget you birdies. I feel so bad."

They were given fresh suet and nice bread crumbs, and some cake crumbs, too.

"Merry, merry Christmas," said the lady.

"Merry, merry Christmas," chirped the birdies, so the lady said, but they were really thanking her, and in their little hearts felt so glad that the one they had trusted and loved had not failed them!

"Merry Christmas Birdies," she said

THE COMMUNITY SING.

Everything that came out of the war wasn't bad. Much good was developed while the world was at white heat.

One of the best things that the war developed was the Community sing. No patriotic meeting was complete without its en masse songs. And the people liked it.

The war is over. Most of our soldiers are home. The fleet has gone back to its peace-time station. Military attire is giving place to civilian garb and the boys are taking their places in their old jobs. All of which is as it should be.

During the war we learned the value of thrift. All of us, even in these days of high prices, are still planning to pinch out a penny for the bank now and then. Another fine lesson of the war.

And so we must not forget the value of the Community Sing, rich in music and in good companionship. No one can help being benefitted by an hour of music in which he joins his voice with that of his neighbors and his friends.

The Columbus War Camp Community Service has the right idea. It is not going to let the Community Sing die. It is planning to organize choral clubs all over town and hold many neighborhood sings.

Why not have an occasional Community Sing in Northville?

Searching Questions.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question and inquire What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? And whose soul have I now? That of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast.—Marcus Aurelius.

"Mother Ann."

"Mother Ann" was a friendly nickname given to a woman named Ann Lee, an English woman, who came to the United States during the revolutionary period and founded the sect called Shakers. She was illiterate, but a good woman, a religious enthusiast and popular in her day.

MAGAZINES

Subscriptions taken for all Magazines and Newspapers at lowest clubbing rates. We duplicate the offers of any responsible Publisher or Agency. Leave orders F. R. Woodworth's store, or address,

WOODWORTH MAGAZINE AGENCY
NORTHVILLE, MICH

Sheffield Table Silver

Beautiful new designs in Sheffield Silver Sets and single pieces

Roll Dishes and Baskets	$6.00 to $12.00
Bread and Sandwich Trays	$4.50 to $6.00
Candlesticks and Vases	$2.50 to $15.00
Baking Dishes	$8.00 to $20.00
Tea Sets, 5-piece	$32.00 to $150.00
Coffee Sets, 3 piece	$18.00 to $55.00

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders
Illustrated Silver Booklet on Request

WRIGHT, KAY & CO.
JEWELERS
WOODWARD AVENUE AT GRAND RIVER
DETROIT

1861

Special Special Special

Look At This

70 Acre Farm—with 6-room house, barn 30x50, silo, cement floors in cow stable; 7 cows, 3 horses, tools, hay and grain. Eight miles out. $9,000. $2,500 down.

M. E. Atchison, = Northville
Res. Phone, 56-R. Office Phone, 79.

Christmas Gifts For The Man

Are always appreciated when bought at the Men's Store. Check up from this list!

Silk or Wool House Robes, Silk Neckwear,
Silk Half-Hose, Handkerchiefs, Silk Shirts,
Silk Mufflers, Pajamas, Fancy Vests,
Sweater Coats, Auto or Dress Gloves,
Walking Sticks, Leather Belts, Knitted Jackets,
Hats and Caps, Underwear, etc.

JOHN D. MABLEY CO.
Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.

Camel Cigarettes

What you pay out your good money for is cigarette satisfaction—and, my, how you do get it in every puff of Camels!

EXPERTLY blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel cigarettes eliminate bite and free them from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor.

Camels win instant and permanent success with smokers because the blend brings out to the limit the refreshing flavor and delightful mellow-mildness of the tobaccos yet retaining the desirable "body." Camels are simply a revelation! You may smoke them without tiring your taste!

For your own satisfaction you must compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price. Then, you'll best realize their superior quality and the rare enjoyment they provide.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

Lots 43, 56, 93, 108 and 5 feet off south side of lot 6, Daniel DeForest Addition, Village of Wayne.

Amount necessary to redeem, $185.26, plus the fees of the Sheriff.

The same being for taxes for the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898 1901 to 1915.

ERNEST H. RIGGS,
BERTHA H RIGGS

To Myron H Ellis and Elizabeth M Bell, last grantees in the regular chain of title of such lands or of any interest therein as appearing by the records in the office of the Rigster of Deeds of said county.

Mary C Wendt, grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General for the last year's taxes appearing of record in said registry of deeds

Wayne ss

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of

I do hereby certify and return, that on the 14th day of August A. D. 1919, I served a notice of which the within is a true copy upon Mary C. Wendt, and that on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1919, I served another such notice of which the within is a true copy upon I. F. Wendt, and to whom said notice is addressed, by personally delivering such notice to said above named persons, in said county of Wayne, the said persons being residents of said county

CHARLES GOUDY,
Deputy Sheriff of the county of Wayne
My fees, $1 80 18-21

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne ss

I do hereby certify and return that the within notice was delivered to me for service on the 1st day of August 1919, and that after careful inquiry, which has been continued from that time until this date, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of Myron H. Ellis, Elizabeth M Bell, the persons appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county, to be the last grantees in the regular chain of title to the within described lands at the said date of the said delivery of such notice to me for service or of the mortgagee named in all undischarged recorded mortgages, assignee of record of said mortgagee of said premises or of the grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against said land, for the latest year's taxes appearing of record at the date of such delivery to me or of the heirs of said grantee or mortgagee, or assigns, or the whereabouts or the postoffice address of the executor, administrator, trustee, or guardian of such guardian of such grantee, mortgagee, or assignee upon the foregoing described land

CHARLES GOUDY,
Dep Sheriff of said county
Dated, August 14 1919
My fees, $1 80 18-21

The persons in actual open possession of said lands Mary C Wendt and L F Wendt holders of record of all undischarged recorded liens

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

Lot 7, block 2, Kengel's Subdivsion of part of lot 8, Miltary Reserve, township of Dearborn.

Amount necessary to redeem, $27.99, plus the fees of the Sheriff

The same being for taxes for the years 1909, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917 1918

CHAS. S. CLARK,
Place of business, Wayne, Mich.

To Fannie B. Newell, last grantee in the regular chain of title of such lands or of any interest therein as appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne ss.

I do hereby certify and return that the within notice was delivered to me for service on the 12th day of September, 1919. and that after careful inquiry, which has been continued from that time until this date, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of Fannie B. Newell, the person appearing by the records in the office of the register of deeds of said county, to be the last grantee in the regular chain of title to the within described lands at the said date of the said delivery of such notice to me for service or of Fannie B. Newell, the mortgagee named in all undischarged recorded mortgages, or of assignee of record of said mortgage of said premises or of the grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against said land, for the latest year's taxes appearing of record at the date of such delivery to me or of the heirs of said grantee, or mortgagee, or assignee, or the wherebaouts or the post office address of the executor administrator, trustee or guardian of such grantee, mortgagee or assignee upon the foregoing described land.

Dated Sept. 12th, 1919.

CHARLES GOUDY,
Deputy Sheriff of said county
My fees, $3.60. 18-21.

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges If payment as aforesaid is not made the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne

Lot 5, bolck 3, Electric Railroad Addition of part of lots 9, 10, 15, 16, of the Mather farm Subdivision of lots 3, 4, Military Reserve, Dearborn township

Amount necessary to redeem, $27 64 plus the fees of the Sheriff.

The same being for taxes for the years 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918

CHARLES S. CLARK.
Place of business, Wayne, Mich

To Rosa Strauss, last grantee in the regular chain of title of such lands or of any interest therein as appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne ss

I do hereby certify and return that the within notice was delivered to me for service on the 12th day of September, 1919, and that after careful inquiry, which has been continued from that time until this date, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of Rosa Strauss, the person appearing by the records in the register of deeds of said county, to be the last grantee in the regular chain of title to the within described lands at the said date of the said delivery of such notice to me for service or of Rosa Strauss, the mortgagee named in all undischarged recorded mortgages, or of assignee of record of said mortgagee of said premises or of the grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against said land, for the latest year's taxes appearing of record at the date of such delivery to me or of the heirs of said grantee, or mortgagee, or assignee, or the whereabouts or the post-office address of the executor, administrator, trustee or guardian of such grantee, mortgagee or assignee upon the foregoing described land

Dated Sept 12th, 1919

CHARLES GOUDY,
Deputy Sheriff of said county
My fees, $3,60 18-21

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all Interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

Lot 7, block 8, Soutt Add. Village of Wayne, Sec 32, town 2, S, range 9 E.

Amount necessary to redeem, $27.46, plus the fees of the Sheriff.

The same being for taxes for the years 1909, 1910, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916

JOSEPH H. COLEMAN.
Place of business Wayne, Mich.

To Mary Stewart, last grantee in the regular chain of title of such lands or of any interest therein as appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne ss

I do hereby certify and return that the within notice was delivered to me for service on the 29th day of July, 1919, and that after careful inquiry, which has been continued from that time until this date, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of Mary Stewart, the person appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county, to be the last grantee in the regular chain of title to the within described lands at the said date of the said delivery of such notice to me for service or of Mary Stewart, the mortgagee named in all undischarged recorded mortgages, or of assignee of record of said mortgagee of said premises or of the grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against said land, for the latest year's taxes appearing at the date of such delivery to me or of the heirs of said grantee, or mortgagee, or assignee, or the whereabouts or the postoffice address of the executor, administrator, trustee or guardian of such grantee, mortgagee or assignee upon the foregoing described land

Dated Sept. 3, 1919.

CHARLES GOUDY,
Dept Sheriff of said county
My fees, $1.80. 18-21.

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all Interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

DESCRIPTION OF LAND.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne

Block 2, lots 24 25 26 27, 28, 29, 30, sec. 32, town 2 S, range 9 E In Soutt Addition Village of Wayne

Amount necessary to redeem, $110 34 plus the fees of the Sheriff.

The same being for taxes for the years 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914

JOSEPH H COLEMAN,
Place of business Wayne, Mich.

To James Stewart, last grantee in the regular chain of title of such lands or of any interest therein as appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne ss

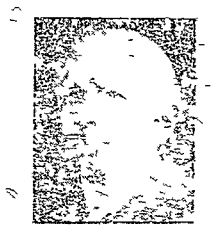
I do hereby certify and return that the within notice was delivered to me for service on the 29th day of July, 1919, and that after careful inquiry, which has been continued from that time until this date, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of James Stewart, the person appearing by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county, to be the last grantee in the regular chain of title to the within described lands at the said date of the said delivery of such notice to me for service or of James Stewart, the mortgagee named in all undischarged recorded mortgages, or of assignee of record of said mortgage of said premises or of the grantee under the tax deed issued by the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against said land, for the latest year's taxes appearing of record at the date of such delivery to me or of the heirs of said grantee, or mortgagee, or assignee, or the whereabouts or the postoffice address of the executor, administrator, trustee or guardian of such grantee, mortgagee or assignee upon the foregoing described land.

Dated Sept 3, 1919

CHARLES GOUDY
Dept Sheriff of said county
My fees, $1 80 18-21

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.

THE DETROIT



Optical Specialist.

Who has been making visits to Dr. Schuyler's office, Northville, for some time making examinations of the eye for glasses, announces the opening of his new office at 109 Woodward Ave, corner Congress St.—ground floor entrance—Phone 782, regrets that owing to increasing Detroit practice he will not be able to come to Northville hereafter, except in emergency cases, where patrons will not be able to come to Detroit; notice of such visits will appear in this paper

Geo. Rattenbury
AUCTIONEER.

FARM SALES A SPECIALTY.

Satisfaction Guaranteed and Terms Reasonable.

Phone 251 J-11. NORTHVILLE.

FRANK J. BOYLE
AUCTIONEER

STOCK SALES A SPECIALTY.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Phone, Plymouth Exchange, 306 F-2.
SALEM, - - MICHIGAN.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter-s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

A Christmas "Burglary"

By SAIDEE ESTELLE BALCOM

(Copyright.)

THE night-watchman at Plympton possessed of a due sense of his importance, was called "Sergeant" Moore. He had become aware that the distinctive title was one in general vogue with metropolitan police systems and he was proud of the designation.

The day preceding Christmas was always one looked forward to by the doughty sergeant, for it was upon that occasion that his conscience allowed him to accept little marks of approbation.

"Hey, there, sergeant!" generally prefaced the bestowal of something in the shape of a gift.

"It's duty I have to attend to all night long," he told his wife. "They say there's a regular band of burglars on the move."

Now two problems of fate were to work out a strange series of circumstances, in the Christmas eve events appertaining to the redoubtable sergeant. The first was that the little town jail had burned down the week previous. The second was that a new family had moved to town early in December, comprising the Waynes—father, mother, a charming daughter of seventeen and three young children. As Moore passed their place he noted that it was all dark, the family probably absent at some local entertainment and he caught the echo of a sound resembling the tipping over of a piece of furniture. Then from an open window a form protruded.

"Burglars!" muttered the sergeant, and made a dash for the presumable despoiler.

"Hold on!" spoke the latter excitedly. "It's all right."

"Oh is it?" purred Moore derisively.

"What's that?" and he made a grab at the protruding pocket of the young man.

"If you'll allow me to explain," began the latter. "I know the people who live here."

"Oh, yes, very particular friends! Cordially invited you to break into the house at any hour of the night! And this—a new muffler and a pair of mittens. Say, you come with me," and the sergeant marched his captive from the spot.

"If you'll only let me explain," pleaded the young man, but Moore was deaf alike to all but duty. Fifteen

minutes later the captive found himself locked into a stone cellar, and the sergeant handed his key to his wife, saying:

"You might pass in a jug of water and a plate of bread to my catch through the window; it's got no sash to it. I'll drop around again soon."

The young man in retirement was pacing about in the dark and anathematizing his officious captor when Mrs. Moore timidly approached the window.

"Here's some water and a little food," she said, "so you won't suffer," and just as she passed the things in she uttered a shriek and crouched down trembling. Two men had suddenly appeared, real burglars this time.

"Oh sir!" whispered the woman through the cellar window, "they may kill the children! And then there's all Tim's half yearly pay in the bureau! Please help me. Here's the key to the cellar door," and something tinkled on the floor. Something else then transpired. The released captive located and knocked down and tied hand and foot the prowler within the house. Then coming unawares upon the armed bandit outside he toppled him over, rendered him helpless, and seemed to enjoy the excitement of it all.

"I am Roscoe Walden and I am engaged to Ethel Wayne," he explained an hour later to the bewildered sergeant, after the latter had transferred the two criminals to limbo. "This is the first time I have visited their new home, and I got in surreptitiously to place a present on the Christmas tree as a surprise to my lady love. I don't want the Waynes to know I am in Plympton until after she finds it."

There was a rare spice of adventurous excitement for pretty Ethel in her devoted lover's unique experience when he wooed the same the next morning. And meantime Sergeant Moore was winning popularity and the community's good will by detailing his share of which had signalized Christmas eve to the apprehension of two

Christmas Chimes

By O. F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright.)

THE village chimes rang out a mellow strain clear and vibrant as golden beads dropped into a crystal dish but Adam Marsh drew his worn fur cap down closer about his ears and scowlingly took a shortcut towards his desolate home.

He had neither chick nor child, only money. He hardened his soul against yuletide suggestions and tried to glory in scouting the humanizing influence of home, social friendship and "the folly called love." Then he came to a sudden halt and sprang behind a tree. There was a light in the room where he slept. Against the lamp light there was outlined the figure of a ragged dressed man standing at an open bureau. Marsh stole to the kitchen, took down an ancient horse pistol

and, gliding to the door of the lighted room burst it in.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted out. "Hands up!"

It was rather a weak than an evil face that confronted him. Its owner looked crestfallen, rather than sullen.

"I—I was looking for something to eat," he stammered out.

"That's likely outside of the kitchen, isn't it, now?" snarled Marsh derisively.

"Well then, finding nothing in the kitchen I hoped I could pick up some little trifle that would bring me a meal. Say, I'm not a genuine bad one. I never touched a cent that was not my own until this very day. And this has so shamed me, that all I ask is strength to carry back what I took."

"Yah!" jeered Marsh. "Sort of robbing Peter to pay Paul, hey? Now then, I'll run no risks of your turning on me. Empty your pockets," and the man disgorged a rusted jackknife and something that glowed with the glint of gold.

"Back to yonder corner," ordered Marsh raspingly. "What's this?" and his nimble fingers clutched a locket and chain the other had placed on the table.

"It isn't yours nor mine!" burst out the intruder. "Say, I must take that back where it belongs. Listen to me. It was ten miles down the road, in a wretched little hovel. In the front room was a pale wearied woman attending to her sick husband. In a back room was a little angel of a girl

child asleep on a torn thin blanket. I noticed the chain and locket round the child's throat. I sneaked up and took it. I've a wife and two little tots in the city, lost my job and was tramping looking for work. I was frantic as I thought of their waiting Christmas and I hurried away to snatch the trinket and steal a ride home on the bumpers. Don't shoot!" for Marsh opening the locket and scanning the portrait within shook from head to foot, and with glaring eyes viewed the locket as though it were some hoding wraith.

Ah! now it recalled to him the bright sunny faced daughter he had shut out from heart and home the day she eloped with Rodney Blair. He had never sought to learn of her fate. And now the locket she had worn he had strangely found cherished and protected by her little child with his picture still in it.

"My man," he said "if you will take me to where you found the people you tell of your dear ones shall have a Christmas indeed."

"I'll do that for nothing," half sobbed the penitent fellow.

Little Cora Blair was sobbing in her mother's arms as Adam Marsh reached the doorstep of the home of the unfortunates. He heard her say: "Oh mamma can't we search for my pretty locket? Every night when I say my prayers and ask a blessing for the dear grandfather I have never seen, I shall miss seeing his picture."

"Merry Christmas and—forgiveness!" spoke Adam Marsh, pushing the door open. "Alice, I've come to make up for my cruelty and neglect."

And when the penitent had faithfully returned from the village stores with a heaping basket full of Christmas cheer and gifts for the little one Marsh had ordered, he started for the city with a warm, snug roll of bank notes in his hand.

"Now for my own home and the merry Christmas of my dear ones!" he jubilated. "Oh I'll never stray away from the straight path and them again," and in a wild ecstasy he sang in accord with the chiming bells: "Peace on earth and good will to men at last."

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

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

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.

F J CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern 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, 10:35 p m, and for Farmington Junction only at 12:35 a m.

Limited to Detroit at 6:38 a m. daily except Sunday.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:45 a m. and hourly to 3:45 p m, 5:45 p m, 6:45 p. m., 7:45 p. m, 9:05 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 5:10 a m, 6:20 a m, 7:30 a m and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Also 11:15 p. m.

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

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney. Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of JESSE W. CLARK, deceased

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissoners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank, Northville, Mich, in said county, on Wednesday, the 14th day of January A D 1920, and on Saturday the 13th day of March A D 1920, at 10 o'clock a m of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 14th day of November, A D 1919, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance

Dated, November 14th, 1919
EDWARD H LAPHAM
ERNEST E MILLER,
Commissioners
18-21.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and nineteen

Present Henry S Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of SUSAN GORTON deceased

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate

It is ordered that the seventh day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument

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

(A true copy)
HENRY S HULBERT
Judge of Probate
FRANCIS MAHON
Deputy Probate Register 20-22

NOTICE OF RECONVEYANCE.

To the Owner or Owners of any and all interests in or Liens upon the Land herein described:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax title deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the land lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land

DESCRIPTION.

Lot "A" east Bushey C F. Campans' plat of a central portion of private claim one hundred and seventy-one (171), confirmed to Joseph Livenois, Jr, of Detroit, situate in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan

Amount paid ---------- $4.58
Tax for 1914 ---------- $4 58

Amount required for reconveyance, $14 16, plus Sheriff's fees.

(Signed) GEORGE F. BROWN,
204 Patterson Blk., Flint, Mich.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

Return of Unable to Ascertain Whereabouts or Postoffice Address.

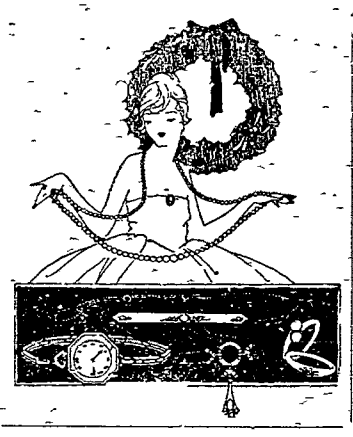
I hereby certify and return that after careful inquiry, I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post-office address of Francis L. P. Dickinson or his heirs, or the whereabouts or postoffice address of the executor, administrator or trustee or guardian of said Francis L. P. Dickinson.

Dated, this 17th day of November, 1919.

IRVING J COFFIN,
Sheriff.
20-23

Gifts of Jewelry

Always make acceptable Christmas remembrances. Everybody is fond of Jewelry and if in doubt about what to give you can make no mistake by coming here and making your selections from our assortment of

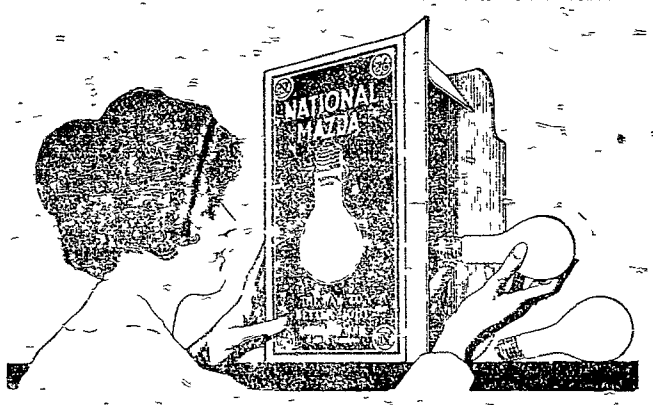


Watches, Rings,
Lockets, Pins,
Bracelets,
Cut Glass,
Fine China,
Silverware,
Chains, Charms,
Clocks. Etc.

You will find our offerings all of an exceptional quality and there will be no regrets.

Select your Gifts now and we will be glad to put them away for you.

Johnston Jewelry Company



Make It An Electrical Christmas

We have on display many things in Electrical Appliances that will make very suitable and appropriate Christmas gifts.

Fixtures, Reading Lamps,
Toasters, Broilers, Irons, Heaters,
Warming Pads, Motors and handsome Globes and Glassware.

Place your order now for those new Fixtures and have them installed before Christmas.

Northville Electric Shop

C. B. TURNBULL Proprietor.

A Car Load of Cotton Meal

Now In---Call For Prices

Plenty of Unicorn, Larro
Bran, Fine Midds.,
Lumber, Wire Fencing,
Posts, Tile, etc., etc.

IN COAL

Chestnut, Pea (Hard); Pocahontas and Common Soft Coal.

FEED GRINDING
EVERY DAY
AT THE ELEVATOR.
and BLACKSMITHING.

NOVI ELEVATOR

Call 309 J-2. A. L. HILL, Propr.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Deveraux were in Pontiac recently.

Mrs. Kate VanGorden has gone to Pontiac for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight returned from a visit near Pontiac last week Thursday.

The W. C. T. U. ladies held a meeting and supper in the home of Mrs. Charles Wedow Tuesday afternoon, December 1st.

Miss Parthena Dickerson a former Walled Lake girl and Leland Philips of Pontiac were married Thanksgiving in Pontiac, where they will reside.

FROM WILLIAM THE SILENT.

"My husband traces his ancestry back to Edward the Confessor."

"Mine comes from a different line. I can never make him own up to anything."

John Connor is the new chief of police at Ypsilanti. Harry Smith is the deputy sheriff in Mr. Connor's place.

Santa Claus on Wings

By E. S. HENDERSON

(Copyright.)

CHRISTMAS cheer was in the air but the fact did not particularly appeal to Boyd Wisner, for he was consumed with ennui and suspense. It was typical old fashioned yuletide season. A great snowstorm had blotted out every country turnpike and the railroad connecting his town with Mayville

"Boyd mopes around like a lost soul," commented his sister Nettie to her mother. "If his fellow ace of airship fame in France Willis Thorne cannot get here in time for the holiday festivities we shall have a dull season of it."

"It's Muriel Lane," asserted Mrs Wisner. "A year ago this time both you and Boyd had the time of your lives at Lane farm and the contrast is irksome to the poor boy"

"And 'the poor boy,'" mimicked Nettie, "is on pins and needles of suspense. Of course you know that he proposed to Muriel a week ago?"

"I didn't know it, but I suspected it would come to that."

"Muriel asked him to give her a few days to think it over, so she would be sure she knew her own mind. Then this storm came along and the telephone wires have been down until this morning".

But that very day Boyd Wisner heard from the prudent maiden who sought to make no mistake in solving life's greatest problem—marriage His quickened heart throbs were a series of thrills as he was called to the phone at his office, and more alluring than the soft cooing of a dove were the fluttering words, "Is that you Boyd?"

"Yes, darl— I mean Miss Lane."

"Don't be silly, Boyd. We are snowbound, but I wanted to tell you that I am sure of my mind now. The children are crying for last year's Santa Claus, and I—oh, I wish it would rain hot scalding water and clear the roads! Merry Christmas! Come soon!"

And then the provoking damsel dropped the phone Muriel had made up her mind! Boyd was inspired with the most radiaat soul of hope He reached the street to find it crowded with people looking skyward. "Double luck!" he jubilated. "It's Thorne," and he decided that the airship aloft

gracefully circling to land, must be the one which his fellow ace of France had purchased after returning home.

Twenty miles distant, lovable and loving Muriel Lane looked out upon a thick white expanse, surrounding the old farm home Her six little brothers and sisters nestled about her.

"We can trim up the Christmas tree with last year's spangles, children" she said

"I want to see Santa Claus!" whimpered little Tim. "If he can land on a roof and come down the chimney he can ride on the air Oh, sister there's the telephone

It was the first time it had rung for a week Muriel ran to it, and her cheeks grew to wild rose beauty and her eyes sparkled as the words came "Look to the northeast for a new star at nine o'clock tonight"

"Boyd—" began Muriel, flutteringly

"No, Santa Claus by air Have the tree ready and keep the children up"

That wise little head of Muriel comprehended. She was as unsettled and expectant as the children The tree was trimmed the candles all ready for lighting She took a chair at the window and began telling them stories Finally she leaned closer to the pane and strained her glance. A speck of luster held her vision until it had resolved itself into mingled colors of red, white and blue

"Wrap yourselves up warmly," she ordered "We will all go out and look for Santa" and a great hush came down as the group discovered "the new star, and the outlines of B 32 became clearly distinct in the crystalline air and there settled to earth—Willis Thorne's airship driven by Boyd Wisner.

Forth from the amazing air vehicle stepped a form familiar to the wonder eyed children—the Santa Claus of last year with frosted beard and a bulging bag of gifts on his back.

And only the two older children ever guessed the identity of this grand Kriss Kringle on wings. And, oh! the marvelous gifts he had for them all! And Boyd drew Muriel behind a door and kissed her, and only old Grandfather Lane, going up the stairs to his bed, witnessed the event, and chuckled serenely

A Yuletide Romance

By T. B. ALDERSON

(Copyright.)

POVERTY and pathos, gentility and blighted hopes, aspirations and hidden emotions — all these played a part in the dull experience of the odd ten people who had lived year in and year out at Mrs. Rhoda Markham's city boarding house.

Its proprietress was a good-hearted woman, but the constant grind had worn her out. As Christmas approached, however, the faded, but faithful old eyes brightened, for, though poor and humble, her little coterie were generous souls and a special purse was her reward when the Christmas tree gave up its treasure.

Miss Myrtle Deane had occupied the best room in the house for over three years. She lived on an annuity of limited volume, and although twenty-eight retained much of the freshness and charm of girlhood.

Reuben Willis, thirty, and a bachelor a silent, retiring man, filled a subordinate position in a bank, and, it was said, came of a once wealthy family and his actions showed his good breeding

"It's bound to be a match," prophesied Mrs. Mayhew, a widow boarder.

"If they only weren't too poor to think of it," suggested Mr. Bascom, who was coarse and practical.

Everybody in the boarding house took part in the preparations for and the celebration of Christmas. The tree was trimmed and the packages of mutual presents piled about its base Then Bascom started a vigorous propaganda in favor of each person hanging their stocking in front of the fireplace Miss Deane grew rosy at the suggestion and Willis tried to escape to his room, but it was of no avail.

There was vast chattering and jollity as after breakfast next morning there was an adjournment to the sitting room. The master of ceremonies, Bascom's eyes twinkled as one after another the stockings were apportioned, for he was a practical joker Willis noted that his stocking was bulging and heavy He peered within it, then showed a lump of coal and a raw potato

Somehow his heart was chilled. Trivial as was the incident, it came like a direct blow in the face Was the erratic donation a slurring reminder of his poverty? All at once the barrenness of his lonely life overcame him in full force He went up to his room gloomily

A servant knocked at the door and handed him a letter Mechanically he opened it and then sprang to his feet, white to the lips and quivering all over He stood like one in a maze. There was a second timid summons at the door Willis opened it to face Miss Deane, a parcel in her hand

"Will you please step into the hall," she fluttered and he thought how lovely she looked in her fresh, dainty morning dress

"Mr. Willis, I hope the practical jokes of Mr. Bascom have not been taken by you as an affront He did the same thoughtless thing with all of us And you ran away before we could give out the presents. Here is yours, a trifling gift, but I hope it will please you, because I made it myself."

Willis parted the tissue paper to disclose a pair of knit house slippers. His heart warmed toward this modest, lonely gentlewoman, who had devoted so many hours to show her friendly esteem

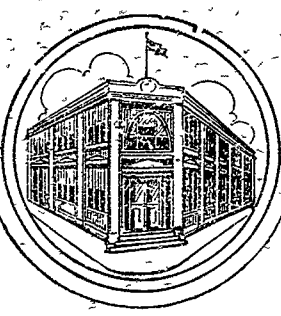
"I cannot express how I appreciate them," he said, and then a quick impulse swayed him. The letter in his pocket reminded him of a vast change in circumstances and fortune. "They make me think of home," he added in a tone of pathetic reminiscence "Miss Deane, we would know how to appreciate a home, you and I, wouldn't we now?"

The fair lady sighed. A dim blur of tears crossed her eyes.

"If I had one," continued Willis, coming closer to her, "would you share it with me?"

There was a sob and Miss Deane wavered. Willis tenderly clasped her waist. He knew she had given assent in her shrinking way.

"I have just received a letter from the lawyer of a near relative apprising me of the fact that I have been made his legatee," announced Willis. "It is a fine present, isn't it? But the best gift Christmas can give me is your own dear self!"



Our Helpful Service.

Undue formality finds no place in this institution. Banking here assumes the form of friendly co-operation in money matters, and it is upon this basis that we invite your business. You will find the "open door" policy in practice here—minus formalities. We want to know all our depositors.

THE PEOPLES STATE BANK OF REDFORD
REDFORD MICHIGAN

Reserves *vs.* Current Demands

The calling rate at the telephone switchboard is enormous these days and the telephone companies everywhere are pressed for facilities to meet the ever-increasing demand for, and use of, the service.

In Michigan the customary construction program, that is, customary under pre-war conditions, was abandoned during active hostilities in order that the Bell System might devote all of its energy, all of its ingenuity and thousands of its trained assistants to the winning of the war.

The result is that the demand for facilities has overtaken the supply and today the Michigan State Telephone Company finds itself living from hand to mouth, so to speak, in the matter of facilities.

It is difficult to build up reserve facilities and at the same time meet current demands. The unavoidable delays in construction work have been discouraging, at times, both for the Telephone Company and the public. But the turn in the road seems now in sight and the management feels confident that, shortly, the Company will be prepared to respond to all demands for service.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY

WHAT TO GIVE
XMAS
USEFUL GIFTS THAT LAST
ELECTRICAL WARE
Pick Your Gifts from This List

TOASTER STOVE.	SEWING MACHINE.
PERCOLATOR.	WASHING MACHINE.
IRON.	VACUUM CLEANER.

COME IN AND INSPECT THEM

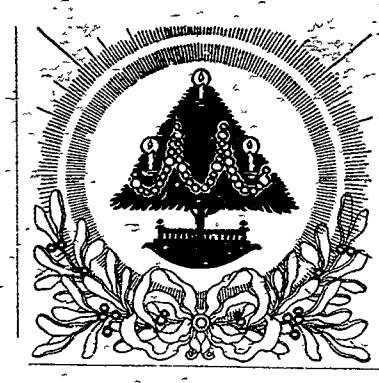
Terms or Cash.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

There Is a Heap of Wear in Your Old Tires

If you have them properly **Vulcanized.** We are prepared to Vulcanize your tires and tubes at moderate expense to you. Wear out the old tires on the frozen, icy roads this winter, saving your good ones until spring.

J. A. HUFF
Hardware and Auto Supplies
Northville.



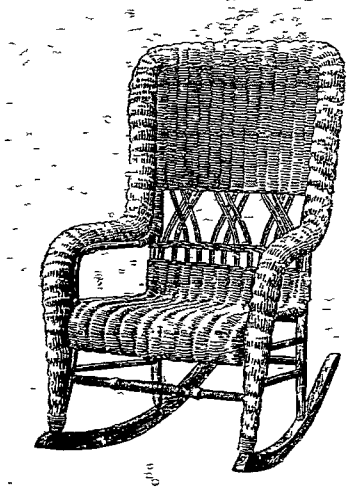
PRESENTS THAT WILL PLEASE

Give Furniture--The Practical Gift

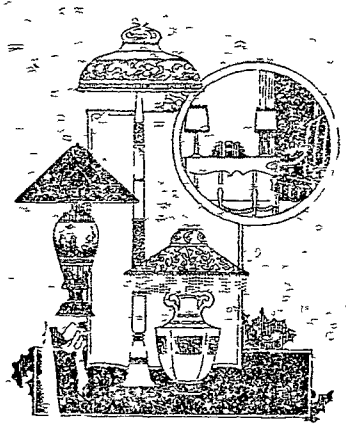
You will find a ready welcome in this store now crowded with handsome and useful gifts. We have taken great care in the selection to keep within the spirit of the times, but we take pride that in quality no store in the country will have a better showing. In quantity it crowds our limited display space and we ask that you make early selections so that we may serve you best.

Give Furniture. No other gift could be more acceptable or practical. A new piece of Furniture not only pleases the recipient of your favor, but long after Christmas is past it will be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

We offer you Appropriate Gifts that will be appreciated by the whole family. From the following list you will be able to select Gifts that will please.

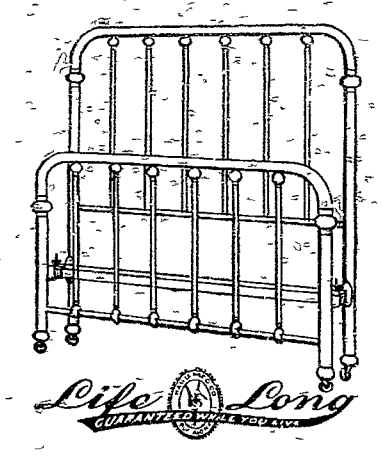


BABY CARRIAGES.
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPERS.
WAIST and SKIRT BOXES.
ROCKERS—
All Finishes.
ELECTRIC FLOOR LAMPS.
CHIFFONIERES.
BED ROOM SUITES.
PARLOR PIECES.
IRON BEDS.
BRASS BEDS.
SEWING CHAIRS.
SETTEES.

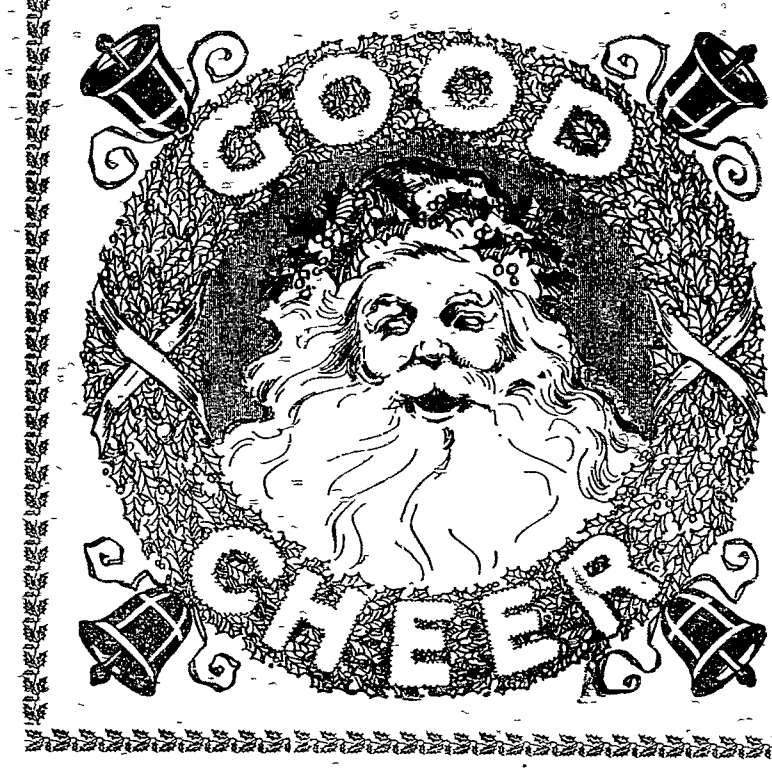


Give a Handsome Floor Lamp. We have some very pretty designs.

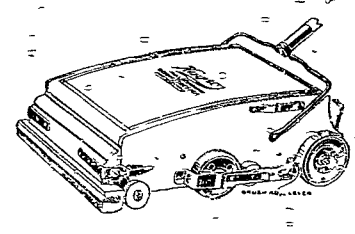
PEDESTALS.
BOOK CASES.
MEDICINE CHESTS.
FOOT STOOLS.
TELEPHONE SETS.
LADIES' WRITING DESKS.
DAVENPORTS.
LIBRARY TABLES.
KITCHEN CABINETS.
CHINA CABINETS.
BUFFETS.
BOOK CASES.
CARD TABLES.
SMOWING SETS.



The Housewife would certainly Appreciate this Kitchen Cabinet for a Christmas Present.

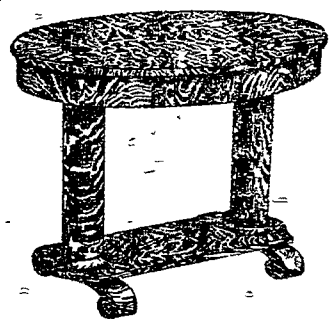


HARGO VACUUM SWEEPER



The Best for the Money. Makes a Nice Useful Christmas Present.

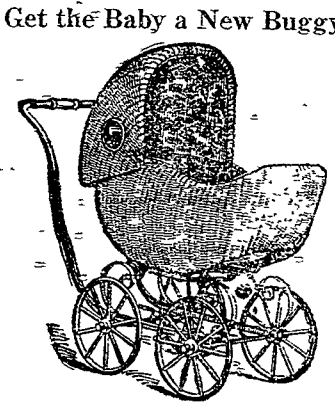
LIBRARL TABLES.



RUGS! RUGS! RUGS!

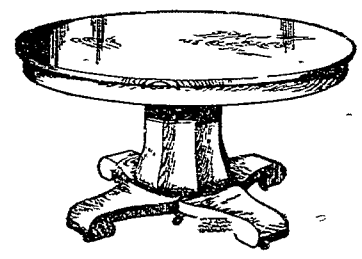
We are very fortunate in having a good asortment of Rugs—a better assortment than you can find in many city stores—and you will be wise to your own interest if you include one of these in your Christmas Gifts.

Get the Baby a New Buggy.



CEDAR CHESTS and WAIST and SKIRT BOXES

Our display of Cedar Chests is worthy of your inspection. We have them in a variety of sizes and for beauty of design and workmanship they cannot be surpassed. Nothing could be more highly prized as a gift.



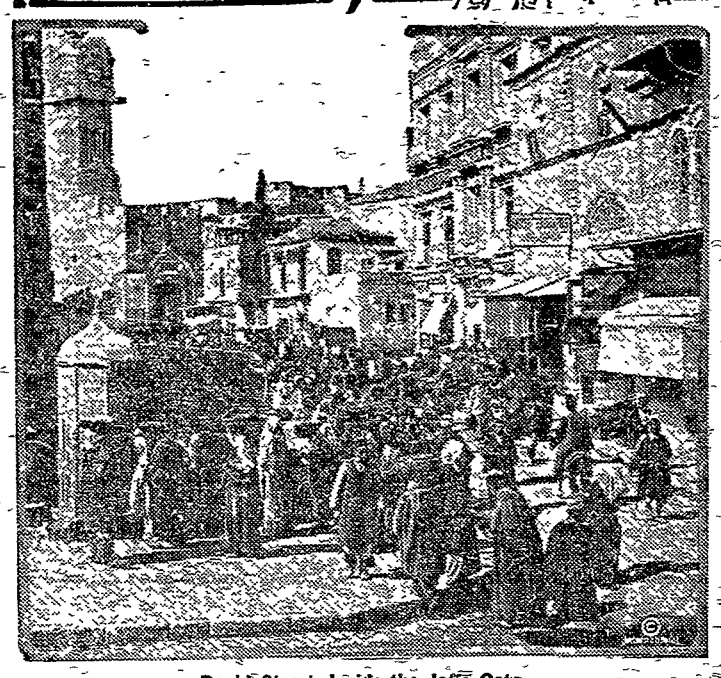
Eat Your Chirtsmas Dinner on one of our new Dining Tables.

A Cordial Welcome Here and A Merry Christmas to You!

Schrader Bros.

FURNITURE DEALERS—FUNERAL DIRECTORS. AMBULANCE ON CALL. NORTHVILLE and PLYMOUTH.

Constantinople Today



David Street, Inside the Jaffa Gate.

COMPARED with other capitals, Constantinople has for centuries occupied a unique position, and because of the peculiar set of circumstances vital to her very existence as the capital of the Ottoman empire, the war affected her in a manner peculiar to herself. When war broke out practically all the essential services of the country were in the hands of foreigners, German, French or British, and not only were there large colonies of these nationals in the country, but in the capital itself the ruling race were in the minority, Jews, Greeks and Armenians forming the bulk of the population. I shall not attempt to discuss Turkish participation in the war, nor the vast problems which are now presented by the collapse of the Ottoman empire, says a writer in the Sphere. Suffice it to say that when the Goeben arrogantly steamed up the Dardanelles, and after displaying her magnificence as far north as Heraïn dropped anchor off Seraglio Point, the die was cast. German policy in Turkey had reached its consummation, and one after the other, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania and Greece were dragged into the vortex of war.

What has been said will serve to prepare the reader for what changes to expect in the Constantinople he used to know. In many ways, since outside support is as necessary as ever to the town, changes are at first not so apparent, and the crumbling of the empire is as yet but faintly echoed in its cosmopolitan capital. Streets are as crowded as ever, shops in the Grande Rue as artistically dressed. Prices have soared, but the exchange is so heavily against the piastre that foreigners are but little affected. Turkish women, who before the war were coming out of their seclusion and discarding the veil, are now to be seen everywhere in public, unveiled and gayly dressed. Homespun Broussa silk is the chief material employed, cotton goods having been all but unobtainable during the war.

The majority of the women are unusually well shod, and no Parisienne wears higher heels. Their shoes seem always new. It seems they are German-made of paper, and seldom wear for more than a fortnight!

Teaching Courtesy to Women.

Male manners take long to accustom themselves to such changes in the ways of their womenfolk, and it never enters their heads to give up a tram seat to a lady, whereby hangs a tale. One evening a British soldier entered a tram and saw six men sitting and six ladies standing. He was indignant; he had dined. With the solemnity of a London policeman he approached each man in turn, and summoning his one word of Turkish, "Eide (outside), Johnny!" and turning to a lady, "Madam, sit down." This till all six were seated.

The anchorage is as crowded as ever with shipping, only the German flag, once predominant, is absent, and the American flag, previously unknown, now quite common. Warships of all the allies ride majestically at anchor, and once when two British ships were engaged in battle practice in the Sea of Marmora, the inhabitants of Stamboul ran hither and thither wringing their hands and declaring that the British were shelling Stamboul for some inspired crime. Peace day with its flags and salutes produced a curious effect. All Turkish men-o'-war are penned up behind Galata bridge, and a British yeoman of signals sends up the hoists on Galata tower.

Everywhere are allied soldiers, British, French, Italian, Greek, a few Americans, Russians and Serbs. Probably these strike the greatest change of all. The military school at Harbie houses British G. H. Q., and the smart Highland sentries at the gate put the shambling Turkish sentries at Taxime barracks (half of which has been renamed Caserne Macmahon, and is occupied by French troops) to shame.

The attitude of the Turks toward the English during the war is difficult to understand. Side by side with the studied cruelty to prisoners of war is a quite reasonable treatment of British residents within the empire. The British embassy was inviolate—how different to Berlin!—now the German embassy has gone into retirement and the fine carved eagles on the roof are mournfully wrapped round with sacking. Undoubtedly the Turks now want to be friends with the British, but it is beyond the scope of this article to discuss mandates and the like. The Turk knows he has been beaten, and is trying to prove that it was not his fault. Be this as it may, it is curious to note that in a conspicuous place in the armory of St. Irene, now opened to the public at certain times without special permission, is a large quiltlike sheet, bearing the replicas of the flags of all the allies, and serving as a background for four large and well-executed portraits of Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Marshal Foch and President Wilson. Can anyone imagine even a beaten England displaying portraits of Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Bethmann-Hollweg, or Ramzau in the Tower of London?

Racial Feuds Not Lessened.

With the Greeks and the Armenians the age-long feud continues, embittered by the war, and in no way improved by current rumors as to favors to be accorded to these countries at the expense of Turkey. Only the presence of other allied troops and warships prevents a recrudescence of horrors only too common during the war. Although a Britisher can go unmolested into San Sophia, a Greek hardly dare show himself in the neighborhood, and Turkish troops are quartered inside the mosque with the admitted intention of keeping the Greeks out.

Life among the Turks themselves is little changed. The Yildiz Kiosk still hatches plots, governments rise and fall, the sultan himself lives in the greatest seclusion, and no allied subject is allowed to be present at the weekly passage to the Selamlik. When in the middle of Ramazan he went to pay his annual vows in San Sophia, his yacht surrounded by his household in little motorboats, the procession was headed by a pinnace bearing the White Ensign. Otherwise Turks only were present.

There are no striking changes in the appearance of the town. Fires have taken larger toll than usual, and would have taken more were it not for two British motor fire engines, which, however, have the disadvantage of exhausting the available water supply far sooner than a score of the antiquated hand-pumps on which the safety of the town previously depended.

Everywhere German interests and influence are being eliminated. The Deutsche bank and Wiener-bank-Verein have put up their shutters: the erstwhile German club is now the British officers' resthouse. A gymkhana club has been opened at Mashlak, and golf and tennis are in full swing, while polo is played regularly by British officers at Biyukdere and in the Valley of the Sweet Waters, the hills around bedecked with all the paraphernalia of British military camps.

Trying to Enforce Sanitation.

The scavenging dogs have disappeared; the horrors of their end are well known. Two English lady doctors charged with the sanitation of the town now force unwilling municipal authorities to remove garbage from the streets, and on the whole are fairly successful, though the task is far from being an easy one.

The sounds most characteristic of night in the Turkish capital are still heard: the tap, tap, tap, of the night watchman's heavy staff, the cries of the fireguards, the muezzin's call. Outwardly there is little change, but deep down are the mutterings of unrest and uncertainty, and he is an unusually bold man who attempts to predict what will be the fate of the town which for 16 centuries at least has played so essential a part in the history of mankind, which has been in its time the heart of a great empire.

When Betty Struck

By JANE OSBORN

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"Say, Ferdie!"

"My dear, I wish you would not call me 'Ferdie.' I don't mind it myself, but I don't want any of the students to get on to it. First thing, they'll be calling me 'Uncle Ferdie,' or something like that."

"Well, then—Ferdinand."

"That sounds a lot better," and the professor put his gold-rimmed spectacles back on his well-shapen nose and went on with his reading.

"What I was going to say is this—when are we going to be married?"

Ferdinand closed his book without putting in a bookmark, a most unusual event in his well-ordered life; took off his spectacles, shut his mouth tight and looked at Betty.

To be sure, he and his young secretary were engaged. He had fallen in love with her when she was a student in college and keeping the fact of his love for her a secret, had convinced her that she wanted to "specialize in economics," and, having guided her through a year of post-graduate work in that science, he had then convinced the faculty that he needed an assistant and that Betty was the assistant he needed. Then he proposed, and Betty, who had been very much in love with the good-looking young professor all along, accepted. Betty had been his assistant for two years and, though at first they spoke often of the time when they would be married, they had hardly spoken of it within the past few months.

So this came as a surprise, and the professor took some time to consider before he answered. It seemed to him a slightly unfeminine question to ask, though he was an avowed believer in equal privilege for the sexes, spoke at all the feminist meetings and was looked upon as a champion of the co-eds in the university.

"Of course I'll have to get my book finished. That will take several months. With that on our hands we would hardly want to think about it."

Ferdinand was deeply interested in this book of his, which was a study of strikes in ancient Egypt. He considered that it would be a really valuable contribution not only to Egyptology but to the cause of labor in general. It seemed to his academic mind that the present labor agitators would have so much more power behind him, would be able to further his cause so much more convincingly if he had the precedent of ancient Egypt. If he could assure the capitalist that the engineers of the pyramids had had to make concessions to organized labor—what a boon it would be. But in order to undertake this work Ferdinand had had to delve deeply into hieroglyphics and had had to spend hours in conference with the department of Egyptology at the university.

"The labor situation is growing more insistent every day," he went on to explain, "and I must have my book with the publishers before the year is over. It would never do to pause now. And then after that I was thinking of spending my summer in one of the industries that is likely to go on strike, so that I can give my actual bodily support to a strike. I want to feel that I have been in a strike—that I have rebelled against capital, that I—"

"Well, you can strike if you want to, but I can't say that I'll have any sympathy for you if you get your nose broken, Ferdie—Ferdinand dear. I'm not so sure that striking is the way that labor ought to go about it. I am not so sure that the strikers are always in the right."

To the enthusiastic Ferdinand this was rank heresy. Though he had hardly dared openly to espouse the cause of labor in his courses of economics in the university, he had hoped that the result of those courses always had been to create a prejudice in favor of labor and against capital in the minds of his students—this in spite of the fact that the university in question owed its existence, and he owed a rather generous compensation, to the benefactions of a certain liberal capitalist. There was something of the fanatic in Ferdinand.

"There is no other way to get what you want but to strike for it," announced he. "To attempt diplomacy, to wheedle, to compromise—those are the methods of insincerity, and labor is always sincere. If you believe you are in the right, if you know you are—why accept less than you want? Why not fight for it? Nothing has ever been gained without some sort of fighting. Every great advance in this world has always been made by methods that are analogous to those of the strikers."

Now, although Betty had heard all this before, she listened with an attention that was unusual. Likewise it was flattering to Ferdinand. He felt that he was interesting her, as he had apparently failed to do of late. But as he continued his laudation of the striker Betty's attention seemed to wander. She was apparently intent on something far off. She was no longer heeding him. That night when Betty left Ferdinand's office in the university building devoted to economics she carried with her a small volume from his shelves on "Methods in Striking."

The next day Betty arrived as usual at slightly before nine o'clock. She went through the routine of the morning until Ferdinand departed for his ten o'clock lecture. Then she was busily writing on her typewriter. She made frequent corrections and then made a fair copy of what she had written. This she placed on Ferdinand's desk and departed for lunch at twelve. He would be back from his second morning lecture shortly after that time.

When Ferdinand returned from his morning class he found a neatly typewritten note from Betty. It was entirely amicable. But after he had read it Ferdinand realized that Betty had told him that she would terminate her engagement with him at once unless he would give her assurance that she would be married within a reasonable length of time. She approved of marriage for women, and she did not approve of long engagements. A long delay would ruin their chances of ever finding happiness together later.

Of course, it was perfectly unreasonable. In the first place, that was not the right way to go about it. Ferdinand was out of all patience with Betty. If she wanted to be married before he finished the book she should have approached the matter in a more feminine manner. Ferdinand himself was eager enough—Betty ought to have known that. He had intended to surprise her and finish the book next month and then ask her to marry him at Eastertime. But this idea of coercing him was all wrong. He would simply discipline her. "If you do not give me some definite answer by five o'clock," Betty had said in the note, "you may consider the engagement at an end." One thing was certain in Ferdinand's mind. He would certainly not give her an answer to the note by five. He might shortly after, but he refused to be coerced.

Betty returned from lunch. She was apparently the same Betty that she had always been. Ferdinand made no reference to the note, nor did Betty. He tried to absorb himself in the strikes of ancient Egypt, but they had not the remotest appeal. Almost feverishly he waited until the university chimes announced five o'clock. Apparently Betty, as she sat typing off some of his corrected manuscript, felt no perturbation.

Five o'clock sounded. Betty arose, closed her typewriter. Then she put on her hat and coat and collected a few little personal belongings. An umbrella she had left for emergencies, a mirror—a vase on her desk. These latter she wrapped in a neat bundle, then—

"Good-by, Ferdinand," she said, and if there was a quiver in her voice Ferdinand did not notice it. "Perhaps it is not customary to shake hands—perhaps I should simply walk out."

Ferdinand's arms were around her—umbrella, bundle and all. "Betty, Betty—how can you torture me? What are you thinking of? What are you doing?"

"I'm striking—walking out," announced Betty. "That's the only way any one ever gets anything in this world. "If you know you are in the right, why accept less than you want? Why not fight for it—strike for it?" Betty quoted for a moment, imitating Ferdinand's vibrant voice.

"Betty, I never knew any one could love any one as I love you now. It makes it so different—knowing that you really want to—to be married. It makes it impossible to be patient."

LAND OF VARYING CLIMATE

Statistics Show That California Easily Leads Every State in the Union in Diversity.

In diversity of climate and surface, California, as is well known, leads every state in the Union. It is next to Texas in size, with an area of about 160,000 square miles and a length of 775 miles, and it extends through nearly ten degrees of latitude, with a vertical range from nearly 200 feet below sea level to 15,000 feet above. A. H. Palmer of the United States weather bureau reports that the annual rainfall varies from one-half inch in the Mohave district to over 100 inches in the Sierra Nevada, while certain areas have the greatest snowfall in the United States, and others have practically none. In the Sierra Nevada, the average annual precipitation increases 8.5 inches per 1,000 feet of rise up to 5,000 feet, and diminishes at greater heights. In the south, about 90 per cent of the rainfall is in winter; in the north, 75 per cent. Heavy falls often occur over short periods—71.5 inches for the month being a January record at an elevation of 2,750 feet; and 16.7 inches in 24 hours at a height of 2,543 feet is very curiously an August record. Lower stations have shown periods of 13 months to two years with no measurable rainfall, while the depressions—such as Imperial valley and Death valley—have several years' records of less than one-half inch. Tamarack, at 8,000 feet in the Sierra Nevada, has a winter snowfall averaging over 42 feet; and at some of the upper stations in the Sierras the snow accumulates on the ground to depths of 40 to 50 feet.

Had Father Cornered.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Greene?" began the young man.

"Certainly, you may," said the Wall street father.

"I want you to decide a bet."

"Very good. Go on."

"I want to marry your daughter."

"Tut-tut, sir."

"But wait. Your daughter has bet me that you will give your consent to our marriage and I have bet her that you will not. Now, you certainly would not want to decide the bet so that she would lose; now, would you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

ILLS AND CLOTHES

Improper Dress Causes Aches and Pains, Teacher Says.

One-Piece Gown Best for Housework; Tight Hats Cause Headaches; Thin Soles, Burning Feet.

Does your head ache? Do the pains in your back make you bend double? Are your feet always tired? You can trace the cause of these aches and pains in many cases to the improper dress, Miss Ina Cowles, associate professor of domestic art, Kansas State Agricultural college, says.

"One-piece dresses of medium weight which hang from the shoulders are best for the average woman, especially the working woman, whether she works in the shop or in her own home," Miss Cowles said recently. "If the dress hangs from the shoulders the weight is more nearly equalized and there is not so much strain on any one part of the body.

"Headaches often may be traced to hats which are too tight for the head. If they are unequally trimmed, more weight is thrown on one side of the head than the other, causing a strain on one side of the neck. Hats and caps which are too tight cause dandruff and eventually they will cause falling hair.

"Too much clothing and clothing which is too tight fitting will make your back ache. The clothing should never hinder the movings of the different parts of the body.

"Extremely thin soled shoes should not be worn for street wear by the woman who is seeking good health, for the feet will be damp and wet in cold weather. An abrupt change should not be made from the extremely high heels to the low heel, for broken arches may be the result. The proper care of the feet is essential to good health.

"Because of the present methods of heating houses, it will not be necessary for the woman to dress much heavier in winter than she does in the summer, but she should always wrap up well when she goes out in cold winter weather."

FOX SCARF AGAIN FAVORED

Neck piece which is suitable for all occasions and always in good taste. This lovely scarf of pointed fox promises to be a strong favorite for winter wear.

Those Popular Plaids.

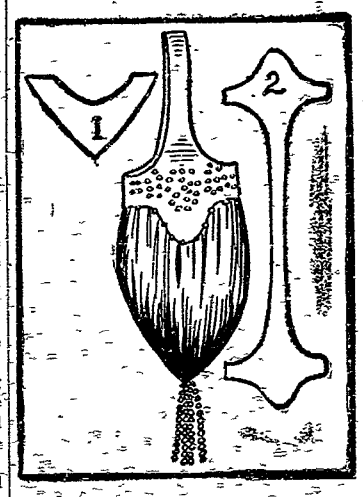
Plaid effects are stronger than ever, not only for entire frocks and suits, but for facings and trimmings.

BEADED BAG EASY TO MAKE

Popular Convenience Any Woman Handy With Needle Can Produce at Home.

This bag is quite novel in shape and very easy to make if instructions are carefully followed.

To make: Cut out two pieces of satin to shape of diagram 1 and one piece same shape as diagram 2, always allowing sufficient satin for one-half inch turnings, the size of the bag to be according to purpose it is required for. Now cut out another piece shape of design 2, only in fine



Home-Made Beaded Bag.

black muslin without turnings; this place on wrong side of satin of same shape, and turn over and tack down turnings.

The bag is lined with soft silk moire or crepe de chine. Cut as in the satin two pieces of shape of diagram 1 and one piece shape of diagram No. 2, all with turnings.

Join pieces of satin shape of diagram 1 together round edge, leaving top unsewn; repeat same with silk, turn out satin and press, but leave silk wrong side; this place inside satin and tack round top to keep it in place while gathering it.

Take the lining for handle and turn in edges, and place wrong side to same of satin, and slip-stitch everywhere except at bottom; place gathered part in between satin and lining, and regulate fullness.

Beads of any kind and color may be used, jet or gold looking particularly well. Sew on at intervals round panel on top of gathers, and work design on front.

The bottom is finished with a tassel made of the same beads.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF

Bell-shaped overskirts are the latest.

Tulle is particularly good now in gray or tortoise color.

Lime green voile is charmingly used over lime green satin.

Yarn embroideries in millinery, on gowns, negligees, sweaters, etc.

Velvet tams are many of them made in sections and are trimmed with feather fancies.

Hats of every color and style are being worn. However, ostrich trimmings are extremely good.

Pleated blouses of net over satin camisoles in matching colors are now shown in most New York shops which deal in smart clothes.

Plaids have invaded the province of millinery. Plaided single-ply ostrich feathers and plaided chicken feathers have an immense following.

The stiff, round Eton collar of white worn with a bow tie of dark-colored or black silk is once more in evidence as a smart accessory for the young girl.

For Dressing the Young Girls

Problem Satisfactorily Solved by Use of Velvets, Taffeta, Velveteen and Serge Fabrics.

Velvet is much used in the development of suits and dresses for the young girl this season. Sometimes plaid taffeta is combined with velvet or velveteen in a little frock, and again the dress is entirely of the velvet, trimmed possibly in heavy wool embroidery in vividly contrasting colors.

A smart little afternoon frock recently shown for a girl of twelve was of navy satin, made on Russian blouse lines and trimmed only with collar and wide cuffs of embroidered white georgette.

For school wear, the regulation dress of navy serge vies for favor with the outfit consisting of separate skirt of plaid or plain worsted to be worn with a middy or smock of white jean, or with a frilly blouse of Swiss, lawn, or crepe de chine.

One unusual outfit for a little girl, recently shown, consisted of frock, cape, and tam-o'-shanter of Scotch plaid. The frock was cut low in the neck and was sleeveless. With it was worn a white, long sleeved blouse.

FRINGE AS DRESS TRIMMING

Decoration Promises to Be Feature of Winter Frock—Jet Is Prime Favorite.

Style authorities continue to flirt with fringe in the general lineup of dress trimmings. Many smart winter frocks will feature this type of decoration and the greatest possible variety of fringes is shown. Jet is a prime favorite both for daytime and evening dress trimming. Silk fringes of all sorts are used, and one of the very new fancies is for fringe made of very narrow ribbon. The ribbon may be satin, faille or velvet, according to choice, and it may be as wide or as narrow as the individual taste dictates. Ribbon fringe may be bought by the yard at the dress trimming counters in most of the big shops, but making it at home of ribbon that exactly matches the dress it is to trim is a very simple matter.

Practical Blouse.

Tub silk blouses are pretty and practical, when made in any of the soft and smart styles now being seen in the shops. Some have an opening plait down the front which is outlined with hemstitching, and plaits across the shoulders which fall from a yoke. This allows plenty of fullness for freedom of movement at all times, while it is also neat and trim. Tub silk is in itself beautiful, and, if purchased in good quality, will last unusually long.

Straps Applied on Skirts.

Applied straps of the suit material are a feature on the skirts of many suits. These straps do not, however, extend all the way around the skirt, as was the fashion a few years ago, but are arranged on each side, giving a sort of panel effect back and front.

FACTS ABOUT COAL

Anthracite, Semi-Anthracite, Semi-Bituminous, Bituminous, Sub-Bituminous, and Lignite Produced in United States.

The geological survey of the United States government gives to coal six classifications.

They are: Anthracite, semianthracite, semibituminous, bituminous, sub-bituminous, and lignite. All of these classes are produced in the United States.

Most of the anthracite coal is mined in eastern Pennsylvania. Small areas in the West are placed in the anthracite classification, but are not identical with the Pennsylvania anthracite.

There is very little semianthracite in this country, hence it is but a small factor in the trade.

Semibituminous is of higher rank than bituminous. It has a high percentage of fixed carbon, which makes it almost smokeless. It is regarded as the best coal for steamships, and is used almost exclusively by the navy.

Bituminous coal is produced in a number of grades, but generally speaking, it describes a rank of coal having about equal proportions of volatile matter and fixed carbon. It is only slightly affected chemically by weather, unless it is exposed for several years.

Sub-bituminous is used to designate a rank of coal more generally known as black lignite. It is a clean, domestic coal and ignites readily. It is produced generally in the western states.

Lignite is a product of North Dakota and Texas.

The United States and Alaska have beneath their surfaces more more than one-half of the unmined coal reserve of the world.

The total unmined coal reserve throughout the world is officially estimated at 8,154,000,000,000 tons. Of this 548,000,000,000 tons is anthracite, 4,302,000,000,000 is bituminous and 3,304,000,000,000 tons is sub-bituminous and lignite.

The unmined reserve of the United States and Alaska is 4,321,000,000,000 tons, of which 22,000,000,000 is anthracite, 2,155,000,000,000 tons is bituminous and 2,054,000,000,000 tons is lignite and sub-bituminous.

The St. Louis district is the center of the bituminous area, and most of the bituminous coal produced in this country comes from the central group of states in and adjacent to the St. Louis coal-producing district.

HINTS FOR THE POULTRY GROWER

When culling a flock of hens at the end of the laying season, there are always a few individuals that may be classed as doubtful. Very often the owner of the birds allows sympathy to interfere with good business. According to G. W. Hervey of the University of Missouri college of agriculture, it is better to cull a bird that may lay five or six more eggs only this fall than to keep her all winter as an absolute expense.

A hen may show the characteristic body depth of three or more fingers and yet may have but a one-finger spread between the pelvic bones. This means that the bird has stopped laying but her period of non-production hasn't been long enough for the body depth to close up also. She has just reached the point where she will be kept at a loss.

Sometimes a bird may exhibit the desired characteristics of both good body depth and well-spread pelvic bones, yet her skin under the fluff may feel tough and leathery. Such a hen will invariably have coarse pelvic bones and a coarse breast bone. She may have had a period of production during the summer, but her total for the year would not justify retaining her another season.

In culling the American breeds, the Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island Red, one is apt to be confused by the shank color test. The test is not so reliable with these heavier breeds as it is with Leghorns, for the reason that when they become broody a certain amount of pigment is likely to return to the shank. One must make due allowance for this, and if the bird is favorable in appearance otherwise, it may be profitable to keep her over as a breeder for the spring season.

In general, then, the poultry keeper when culling must not be influenced by any single factor, but must consider all of them. The more rigid the culling the more capable is the flock management. It is usually safe to market at least half of the total number of hens at the end of the laying season, replacing them with pullets.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The aeolian harp is a stringed instrument which produces musical sound in a current of wind.

In Syria camel's hair is pulled out in the spring and made into waterproof tents, bags and rugs.

On the north of Australia is the greatest coral reef in the world. It is over one thousand miles wide.

At the time of the Persian wars all Greek men wore long hair tied on the top of the head with a knot and fastened with a hairpin.

Burial Place of William Penn.

The burial place of William Penn was at Jourdan's Meeting House, near Chalfont, St. Giles, in Buckingham, with the remains of his two wives. There was once an effort made to have his remains brought to this country, but it was found impossible to locate the grave, which had not been marked, and the plan was abandoned.

Olive Tree Introduced in Golden State by Priests; Mission Variety Popular

The ancient scrap between Minerva, who gave the olive, and Apollo, who bestowed the horse upon mankind, was decided, as will be remembered, in favor of the lady—the dispute being as to which of the two gifts was the more valuable.

To understand the reason for this decision, one ought to live in the Mediterranean region, where the olive is a vital factor in the lives of the people. They could much more easily spare the equine quadruped.

Olive culture has already assumed great importance in our own country. In 1916 (the latest year for which figures are available) there were in California 854,938 olive trees in bearing and 515,221 not yet old enough to yield fruit. The state's production in that year was 1,000,000 gallons of olive oil and 1,800,000 gallons of pickled olives.

The olive tree was introduced in California by Spanish priests, the first grove being planted in San Diego in 1769. From those trees is descended what is today the most popular variety, the so-called Mission olive.

"No More New Duds Until Prices Go Down," Popular Slogan With Englishmen

Fashionable London tailors are said to be somewhat perturbed over the reported popularity of a clothes conservation "movement" hailing from the United States which is being enthusiastically acclaimed by Englishmen wearied of long continued high clothing costs.

Over there, the "movement" has manifested itself in the organization of "old clothes' leagues"—societies with the single-pledge slogan—"no more new clothes until prices go down."

Those who assume this pledge are expected to regard patches on trousers, shiny coatsleeves and sewn-up splits in boots and shoes as badges of honor. The turning of old suits, sewing in of new linings and other necessary alterations which make an old trousers, coat and vest serve the purpose of a new suit at one-third the cost is another part of the practical application of the "league" precepts.

Leave Record of Existence On Ever-Enduring Spirit

It is then obvious that if we desire to live worthily, if we wish to fulfill the great purposes for which we were created, we must leave the record of our existence inscribed on the ever-enduring spirit. The impression there can never be effaced. Time, which obliterates nations and the record of their existence, only renders the lineaments which we trace on mind deeper and more legible. From the very principles of our social nature, moral and intellectual character multiplies indefinitely its own likeness.—Francis Wayland.

Hardy Small Fruit.

Currants and gooseberries are very hardy and withstand extremely low temperatures; in fact, if windbreaks are provided, most varieties are able to withstand the severe conditions in most parts of the upper Mississippi valley and the northern Great Plains area.—Agricultural Department.

Primitive Race of Head Hunters Displayed Art in Preserving Trophies

A very primitive race are the Jivaros Indians of Ecuador. They and the Munurucus tribe of northern central Brazil have long been known as modern head hunters. Although the practice is now forbidden by their governments, it is said that it still persists. The Ecuador Indians counted human heads among their war trophies, and to win the heart of a maiden of the tribe it was necessary for the suitor to prove his skill for war bringing to the father of his favorite maiden one or more enemy heads.

The Jivaros have a process of taking such a head and shrinking it until it is no larger than an average doll's head. It is then mounted on a short stick and carried in triumph by the warrior. The head with part of the neck is severed from the body. A cut is made from the base of the skull down through the skin of the neck. The bones are carefully removed and the shrinking process begins. A number of hot stones are put into the skin, which is constantly turned to bring them in contact with all parts of it. It is said that the process sometimes continues two weeks before the head is reduced to the desired size.

In some places a single stone, nearly the size of the head, is first used, then a smaller one and so on until the work is completed. Cords are generally attached to the lips, and one is run through the top of the head to suspend it by. The cut in the back of the neck is sewed up and the trophy is complete.

Brazil's Richest Mineral Zone in Heart of Republic in State of Minas Geraes

The richest mineral zone of Brazil lies in the heart of the republic, in the state of Minas Geraes. But throughout the central and northwestern provinces there abounds a wealth of gold, silver, iron, manganese, diamonds and other precious stones, says the Scientific American. At the present time, however, only a small portion of the valuable beds of mineral is being worked. Doubtless existing unsatisfactory mining laws, as well as lack of fuel and transportation facilities, are responsible for this condition. Practically the only deposits being exploited at the present time are those of manganese situated near the railroads.

The largest of these is the Mina do Morro, which played a prominent part in American life during the war, large quantities of this mineral being required in the manufacture of steel. Over a road ballasted with the valuable manganese ore, the train bearing the visitor climbs to the top of a mountain of manganese, where the actual process of mining is carried out in the open air. This appears to consist of literally nothing else than the digging or dynamiting off of a hillside and the carting away of the fragments.

SMILES FOR ALL

The Esthetic Judge.

"That doctor can't reset my broken nose by himself," declared the incomparable movie actress.

"But he's a competent surgeon."

"No matter. I must have a sculptor present."

His Good Point.

"Papa," said the little boy, "has the devil got a tail?"

"Some folks say so," answered the father.

"Gee! That would be nice!"

"Nice? And why?"

"Because he can tie it to his little boy's wagon and pull him around."

The Plain Facts.

"Some of these elderly spinsters act as if they thought every man was a gay Lothario."

"That's a serious mistake. The average man lacks both the price and the nerve to be a gay Lothario."

A New Bird.

"What has become of the frigate bird?"

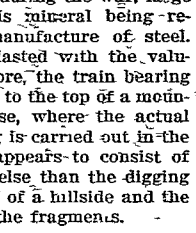
"Dunno. I think I saw an automobile bird yesterday."

"What d'ye mean, automobile bird?"

"Anyhow, it was honking."

Pleasant News.

"Algy, I hope you are not marrying me for my money."



"Perish the thought."

"Then that's all right. Dad tells me he's about to fail."

Father's Shooting.

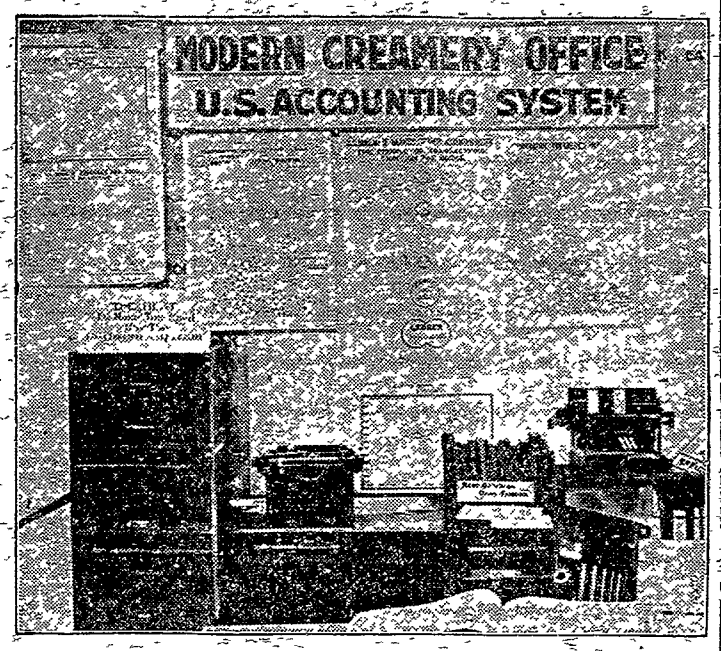
They had hare for dinner, and very proudly mother told little Ada that it had been shot by father.

"Really!" said the little angel. "And who held it while daddy shot it, mummy?"

Dentistry an Ancient Art.

Dentistry was an art among the Aztecs 1,500 years ago, even to crown and bridge work. Cocoa was used as an esthetic.

MARKET ORGANIZATIONS OFTEN FAIL FOR LACK OF UP-TO-DATE BUSINESS METHODS



Modern Accounting Methods for Co-operative Organizations.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the outstanding weaknesses of marketing organizations is the almost entire lack of up-to-date business methods. According to the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, which has made an extensive study of the subject, a large number of failures in the co-operative field have been traced directly or indirectly to lack of proper accounting systems. Other investigations indicate that this difficulty exists to no less an extent in nonco-operative enterprises.

It is the desire of the bureau to make the results of these investigations available to nonco-operative enterprises and not confine its activities solely to assisting co-operative concerns. However, due to the insistent demand for assistance and advice from co-operative organizations, and the lack of such demand from the nonco-operative field, a large portion of the work has of necessity been confined to the former class of organization.

An essential of co-operative business effort is that every participant obtain an equitable share of profits. Without proper accounting there is no guaranty that this object is attained. With up-to-date bookkeeping none can point the finger of suspicion or doubt. Good accounting promotes economy and breeds confidence.

Double-Entry Bookkeeping.

The double entry system of bookkeeping is the only one suitable for use, as without it there is no adequate check on the accounts. It shows the effects of business transactions on the assets, liabilities, capital, surplus, and revenue, and also the expenses of the business.

When the term "up-to-date methods" is used it does not imply complicated methods. Only two books are absolutely necessary for a complete systematic record of the financial transactions—the journal and the ledger—though, of course, with the growth of a concern, convenience may dictate that the material recorded in these two volumes be subdivided and entered in other volumes. The journal shows the business transactions in the order that they occur, while the ledger shows them classified according to the respective accounts.

The records of a co-operative concern must record a history of each member's property from the time of delivery until payment is made. All this material should be so arranged that the maximum volume of business can be cared for without confusion, and at the same time the various details should be easily accessible.

Many co-operative organizations have adopted the system of pooling, which necessitates prorating returns on like grades of fruit and other produce. Such records should be clear as to the time of shipments, average prices received, and awarded items.

The form of business organization should be as simple as possible, but the duties of each officer should be clearly defined, board meetings should be held regularly after due notice has been given, and the laws require that complete records of the meetings must be kept. In a wide margin on the left-hand side of each page of the minute book notations can be made which in the future will greatly aid in locating desired information. All persons handling organization funds should be bonded. If this is an invariable practice, insistence on a bond will not be considered as being prompted by any personal consideration.

False Economy Costly.

Many organizations are tempted to practice false economy in regard to expenditures for an up-to-date accounting system, competent help, and labor-saving devices. The cost of an adding machine or a calculating machine may seem large, but it may save its original cost in the course of a year, providing the volume of business is sufficient to make its use economical. Columnar development, loose-leaf systems, card systems, and the use of carbon copies have all lessened the routine of the bookkeeper and made modern bookkeeping possible and economical.

The office, whether large or small, should be provided with filing cabinets, equipped with guides for indexing purposes and folders to hold the correspondence. The alphabetical filing system is the simplest, and perhaps is the best suited for the organization of average size. In numerical filing, an alternative system which some prefer, a number is assigned to each person with whom considerable correspondence is carried on. To locate any particular number in the file an alphabetical cross index is kept.

Safeguarding the Cash.

A regular system of safeguarding the cash should be adopted and adhered to strictly. All cash entries should be explicit and items supporting such entries should be filed so as to be easily accessible. No entries should be recorded in the cash book which do not relate to cash. If possible, the full receipts of each day should be deposited in the bank. All canceled checks should be filed in numerical order, and duplicate checks should be covered by indemnity bonds. The cash or check register and the bank pass book balance should be reconciled each month, and a permanent record kept of this agreement. Checks, sales slips, receipts and the like should be numbered with a numbering machine, and any which are spoiled in use should be marked void or left in the book. A regular system should be used for acknowledging all cash sales or miscellaneous cash items received. A systematic record should be kept of all petty cash payments.

An important item often neglected in the accounting of marketing organizations is depreciation. The extent of depreciation should be estimated as closely as possible and credited to the time "Reserve for Depreciation" account as the books are closed for the year. This will decrease the net profit by the amount of depreciation, and set aside amounts to replace the assets out of the earnings. One other essential in the proper accounting of any marketing organization, as well as in other business efforts, is the auditing of the accounts. Both external and internal audits should be made at regular intervals. The latter may be conducted by a committee of members, while the former should be made by an expert accountant and should be complete, all original documents being available for his investigation.

CO-OPERATIVE BUYING SAVES

Instance Cited in Action of Florida Farmers Clubbing Together to Buy Poison.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An instance of the value of co-operative buying is found in the recent action of a group of farmers in Orange county, Florida, who combined their orders for carbon bisulphid and placed them through their county agent. The purchase totaled 1,000 pounds and the material was secured at a saving of 38 cents a pound under the price that would have been charged for individual purchases in small quantities, so that the deal represented a saving of $380 to these farmers. This carbon bisulphid will be used in fumigating the corn to kill corn weevils. Losses from this source sometimes are as much as 20 per cent. The farmers who are planning to fumigate their corn either have remodeled their old cribs to make them airtight or have built new ones.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Poor seed means a poor crop.

* * *

Dry straw makes satisfactory bedding.

* * *

Feed never was so valuable—save it now!

* * *

Farmers should sow the usual acreage of wheat.

* * *

Too many fence corners serve as "sheds" for our valuable farm tools.

* * *

It matters very little how much land one farms, provided he farms well what he has.

* * *

Do not pile the manure outside this winter for it to leach away, but put it under a shed at least.

Home Town Helps

HELP BUSINESS TO PROSPER

Matter of Vital Interest to Whole Community That Its Industries Shall Flourish and Grow.

There is an old saying among merchants that there are just two ways to increase their volume of business, remarks Carl Hunt in The Nation's Business. One is through the sale of merchandise to more people; the other, through the sale of more merchandise to present customers.

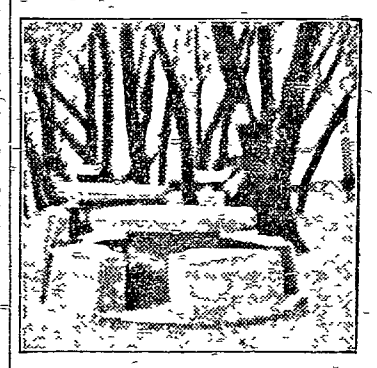
What is the community doing to help present industries? Is some manufacturer handicapped through the lack of street car transportation for his men, or through the need of a railroad switch that a stubborn city council has declined to authorize, or through some restriction which might easily and properly be removed?

Or could additional capital be invested in the present enterprises of the city, to the benefit of the community, and the profit of local investors?

I am well acquainted with a small Indiana city which in time past has undertaken to be the home of a rolling mill and a large tin-plate mill, though there was no apparent reason why either should have been situated there. Both of them failed.

In the meantime, the whole community stood upon a foundation of stone which was of excellent quality for paving purposes, and from which lime could be, and later was, produced. The one man who entered the stone business there eventually had a thriving trade which later, passing into the hands of outside people, grew still larger. With fuel—a good grade of coal—but a few miles away, and with such stone deposits, this community might have developed along this line had local capital become interested, or had the community made a serious and well-directed effort to interest stone men from other places, for the city has excellent railroad service—three main lines—and is within easy shipping distance of several important cities which afford a large market for crushed stone.

CATERING TO TOURISTS



These concrete tables and benches have been built in a picturesque canon by the people of San Bernardino, Cal., as a convenience to picnickers and motor tourists.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Interlocking Brick.

Burned walls falling all around him during the great fire in San Francisco gave an Arizona man the idea of self-binding and interlocking brick, a type of building material which promises to revolutionize brick construction work the world over. The principle of the brick is decidedly simple. On one side of the brick are two annular bosses which are concentrically located opposite two annular depressions on the other side of the brick, so that when the bricks are laid the bosses register with the depressions. In that way the bricks are locked into the wall and none can be removed unless all the bricks above it are first taken away. In sections of the country where hollow-wall construction has come into popularity the interlocking brick seems likely to prove the most popular, because it can be used in tying the two walls together. The bricks can be extended across the open space and made to lock together and act as a binder. Hollow-walls are desirable because of their coolness in sections where humidity prevails.

Use Care in Selecting Plants.

In selecting plants one is governed largely by the soil and climatic conditions, position of buildings, walks, drives, fountains, bodies of water, and the surrounding area. Soil conditions may be changed by the addition of manure or commercial fertilizers. Often the amateur is not familiar with the various kinds of plants, and is unable to make the proper selections. For such individuals it is advisable for them to visit the parks and other well planted landscapes. This will enable one to become familiar with the plants and their names, and will aid greatly in the selections of shrubbery to suit his particular needs. Metal tags giving the technical and common names are attached to many of the plants in the parks which will be found helpful to the amateur.

Vacant Lots Beautified.

Vacant lots in a western city are made attractive by transplanting wild flowers upon them.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Make It A Joyous Season This Year

When You Think of Christmas

Think of This Market

Who does not enjoy a good appetizing dinner Christmas? There is something about the day and the season that suggests good things to eat, and plenty of them. It's the same with this market. We will have an appetizing array of things for YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER—this year and they will be the choicest that can be secured. That is our method in assisting you in the preparation of your

TEMPTING XMAS DINNER

When you plan your Merry Feast come here for your

TURKEYS, DUCKS, GEESE,
CHOICE CUTS OF
BEEF AND PORK, SAUSAGE.
OYSTERS and FISH,
VEGETABLES. BUTTER and EGGS.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR
OUR FAMILY OF PATRONS.

In fact, we will have everything you may desire in Choice Meats, Poultry and Vegetables and enough to supply all demands.

Two Deliveries Daily—9:30 and 3:30. Phone 180 and your orders will receive prompt attention.

The Central Cash Meat Market

SAM PICKARD, Proprietor

North Center St., next door to the A. & P. Store. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Northern Assurance Life Insurance—Continental Fire Insurance.

A Christmas Present for the Wise One.

105 Acres—1½ miles north of the Condensery; 176 Apple Trees, Sugar Bush, 13 acres rye; Fine 9-room House, 3 modern Barns, tile Silo, elec. available. $2,000-handles same.

75 Acres—2½ miles north, fair buildings; very good soil, timber, orchard. $100 per acre, Contract. "Watt Farm."

40 Acre Fruit Farm—3 miles north, new buildings; very pleasant location. Priced Rite.

LOVEWELL FARM CO.

S. A. LOVEWELL Phone 257. E. L. SMITH Phone 296-J.

Office Phone ORCHARD HEIGHTS HEADQUARTERS.

Paige Cars and Republic Trucks.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS

SWEET WITH

Ambler's Candies

FULL LINE OF BOX GOODS

MORSE'S, LOWNEY'S, BROOK'S

We can supply ICE CREAM for your Christmas festivities in any quantity desired

Full Line of Buntie Hard Goods

AND BEST BULK CHOCOLATES

GET YOUR 1920 LICENSES.

A Lansing dispatch says. "Michigan state police will get you if you don't get your 1920 automobile license plate before New Year's Day

"Through co-operation between the department of state and the police force headed by Col Roy C Vandercook, arrangements have been made to enforce the law There will be no time allowance for those who defer application until the last minute, it is announced

"The state department is maintaining 39 officers in various parts of the state to issue licenses Automobilists however, are delaying as they have been wont to do in the past There will be no excuse for car owners not obtaining their licenses on or before January 1" said Frank D. Fitzgerald, deputy secretary of state, "as the offices are open and adequate to care for the situation"

STATE POLICE TO GUARD HIGHWAYS.

Under Col R C Vandercook, two squads of state police have been stationed at different points in Wayne county in an effort to put a stop to the banditry that has been rife both in Detroit and in other places within the county. One of these companies is stationed at Rockwood at the junction of the Huron drive and the Dixie highway, and will have a complete supervision of the main arteries of travel to the south

The other company, composed of 12 men, is in camp at Plymouth and will have charge of the supervision of all roads to the west of Detroit These two directions have seen the greatest number of escapes and it is thot that with state police on the job and in direct telephone communication with police headquarters in Detroit that the perpetrators of many crimes in Detroit and elsewhere may be apprehended before they get too much of a start

These state police will have the authority to stop and search any machine under suspicion and will be subject to duty day or night—Wayne Weekly

ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED.

It is estimated by competent authorities that 30% of the leather furnishing animals of Italy have been slaughtered for food purposes during the war. Some years are necessary to recoup these losses.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

VISITED CHICAGO.

Last week the following formed a very congenial party and paid a visit to Chicago and the International Stock Show held in that city; Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Young of Detroit; Mesrs and Mesdames C. H Young, E M. Starkweather, H. C. Calkins and H B. Clark The stock show was one of the most successful ones ever held and the exhibits excelled those of any previous year in many respects

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HOME CALENDAR FOR 1920.

The publishers of the Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription ($2 50) is paid for 1920 a Calendar for the new year. The tablets are printed in red and dark blue, and besides giving the days of the current month in bold legible type, give the calendar of the preceding and succeeding month in smaller type in the margin. It is a rich and practical piece of work

Novi News.

Mrs D Donelson returned last week from a visit to her daughter, Mrs O J. Lyon and family at Hudson

Harry Nichols, who has been suffering several weeks from rheumatism, is some better.

Mrs Myra E Lockwood, county president of the W. C. T. U. of Holly spoke at Walled Lake last Wednesday before a joint meeting of the Walled Lake, Novi and South Lyon branches of the organization on the "Jubilee Victory" plans for world-wide prohibition A drive for a million dollars and a million members is now in progress

The whole community was shocked to learn of the death in Pontiac hospital Sunday, November 31, of Arthur Tierman one of Novi's bright young men just past 18 He was a general favorite with all and his early death, when just entering young manhood, is deeply regretted by all Much sympathy is felt for the family in this their sad bereavement The funeral was largely attended at the Methodist church last Tuesday afternoon, with burial in the Novi cemetery

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Monday, December 1st, 1919

Present—William J Lanning, President, Trustees, Simmons, Cole, Miller, Hills, Montgomery, Balden.

Quorum present

On motion council adjourned till Wednesday, December 3rd, 1919

THOMAS E MURDOCK, Village Clerk

An adjourned regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall, Wednesday, December 3, 1919.

Present—William J Lanning, President, Trustees, Simmons, Cole, Miller, Hills, Montgomery

Quorum present

Minutes of meetings of November 3rd and 18th, 1919, were read and approved

The Finance committee audited the following bills

Detroit Edison Co sts., Oct,	$292 00
Detroit Edison Co power, for October,	53 28
Detroit Edison Co, rest room, hall and Clock	6 13
Detroit Edison Co, Eaton	3 96
E E Perrin, cartage w w,	1 50
M R. Seeley, w w	3 50
Jack McKillop, team work, highway,	132 40
Charley Baker labor, highway	46 75
Perry Austin labor, highway	150 00
Albert Stockman labor, highway	59 63
Joe Weston, sidewalks,	178 80
Ed Brewster, labor, w w,	55 50
Irving Austin, labor, highway	27 15
Darwin Hawkins, highway,	57 12
Leo Lawrence, gravel	70 20
Frank Raymond, labor, highway	2 25
Will Taft, gravel, highway,	1.60
Joseph Barnam, labor, cemetery,	7 00
Dave Debar, labor, cemetery,	1 75
Murray W Sales Co, supplies, w w	223.02
Thomson Meter Co, meters, w. w,	221.93
Fire Department	25 00
Amer. Bell & Fdry Co,	1 26
E. E Perrin, frt and cartage,	5 76
E E Perrin draying, w. w,	2.00
Harry Elliott. hdwr. w w,	20 05
Northville Electric Shop, rest room,	.70
Jas A Huff hdwr, highway.	27 14
Fred W Lyke, labor, w w,	60.87
The Northville Record,	29 83
W J Thompson	12.00
Detroit Edison Co Eaton.	4.21
Detroit Edison Co., hall, rest room, clock	8.57
A Litsenberger, labor, w. w.,	3 85

Moved by Miller and supported by Montgomery that bills be allowed and ordered paid

Yeas—Simmons, Cole, Miller, Hills, Montgomery Nays—None Carried

Village Assessor Sessions recommended the following soldier's taxes be refunded.

Mrs A. W. Russell,	$7.55
F. M Snider,	10 57
Amanda McKee,	18.12

Moved by Simmons and supported by Miller that taxes of Mrs. A. W. Russell ($7.55.; F. M. Snider, ($10.57); Amanda McKee, ($18.12), be refunded.

Yeas—Simmons, Cole, Miller, Hills, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried

Moved by Miller and supported by Simmons that Wm. H. Safford be instructed to take charge of horns belonging to village.

Yeas—Simmons, Cole, Miller, Hills, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried

On motion Council adjourned

T E. MURDOCK, Clerk

Optimistic Thought.

Many a one threatens while he quakes with fear.

GIFTS for ALL

..Christmas Hardware..

Had it ever occurred to you how many suitable gifts of real value and appropriateness could be obtained in a hardware store?

We invite you to visit our store and inspect our various lines and in doing so, we believe you will find that you can make Christmas 1919 one long to be remembered by the ones to whom you make gifts.

Ladies—Aluminum Ware, Nickled Ware, Graniteware, Cutlery, Scissors, Shears, Clocks, Carving Sets, Knives and Forks, Baking Dishes, Casseroles, Thermos Bottles, Baskets, Tea and Coffee Pots, Salt and Pepper Shakers, and why not a new Range for Mother?

Men—Ammunition, Razers, Strops, Brushes, Knives.

Boys—Sleds, Skates, Rifles, Jack Knives, Flash Lights, Jumbo and Scout Wheelbarrows, Kiddie Cars. And many other little and big articles we haven't space to enumerate.

Come in and look around. We are always glad to show you through our stock.

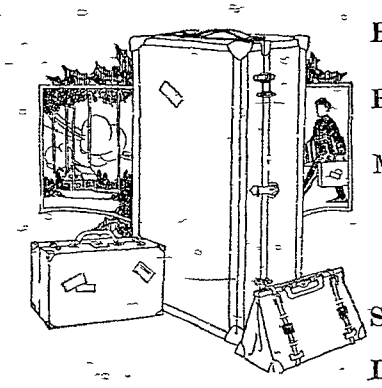
ELLIOTT'S HARDWARE

Everything in Hardware. Northville, Mich.

GIFTS for MEN

MAKE IT A

PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS



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

Buy Boys' Gifts at a Boy's Store.

May we suggest—

Fine Haberdashery
Mufflers
Sweater Coats
Suspenders
Dress Shirts

Handkerchiefs
Pajamas.
Belts
Jewelry
Suit Cases
Overcoats

Hose
Neckwear
Gloves
Hand Bags
Suits
Canes Underwear.

THE IDEAL GIFT

for father, husband, brother or friend.

FREYDL, THE TAILOR

Northville, Michigan.

REPLACE THE OLD MILL

WITH A NEW ONE.

Saturday's storm wrecked a number of windmills in this section. We shall be pleased to assist you in replacing them with a new Flint & Walling Mill or with a Gasoline Engine. Come in and let's talk the matter over.

Blankets, Feed Choppers,
Corn Shellers and Grinders.
Tanks and Tank Heaters,
Halters, Ladders, Pig Troughs.

It is none too early to be thinking about your Implements for next season.

WE CAN SERVE YOU.

H. S. DOERR

Phone 60. NORTHVILLE.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
Installation Monday eve.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55 R. A. M.
Installation Wed. eve.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 79 K. T.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77 O. E. S.
Reg. Dec. 19. Important business.

Installation of officers on Monday night. Dinner at 6:30.

Lodge opens at 7:30 o'clock.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mr. Engel.
W. M. Miller.
Sr. Nemesis Rivero.
Mrs. Roy Smith.
Muird Richdlant.
Jas. J Barry.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Northville Newslets.

C. E. Clarkson is very poorly.

Mrs. Hattie Clark is on the sick list.

F. S. Harmon has been among the sick this week.

Mrs. William Scott is still confined to her home with rheumatism.

Mrs. D. K. Shater has been in poor health for the past week or two, as the result of a fall.

Dr. T. H. Turner has been ill this week, with Dr. Peck of Plymouth as his attending physician.

Regular meeting of Modern Woodmen Thursday evening, December 18, for the election of officers. Lunch.

Attorney C. C. Yerkes has moved his law office into the rooms over the Northville Drug Company's store.

The King's Daughters will meet with Mrs. Adolph Balden on Tuesday, Dec. 16, at seven o'clock Come prepared to work.

Mr and Mrs. Arthur Power of Detroit are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby girl, born Saturday, December 6th.

Mr and Mrs Frank Bolton have purchased the W. J Cowell residence in Bealtown and will move into their new home soon

Send The Record to your absent friends as a Christmas gift Nothing could be more acceptable than the home newspaper.

The Northville Women's Club will meet this Friday afternoon, Dec 12th, at two o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Katharine Strong. Guests

Shop early and mail your Christmas packages to absent friends as early as you can, on account of the curtailment of train and mail service.

The burglar alarm at the Northville State Savings bank accidently went off Monday evening about eight o'clock and a fair-sized crowd gathered in a short time

The marriage of Albert E. Bullock and Nora L. VanSickle both of South Lyon, took place at Pontiac Friday, December 5th They will reside in South Lyon

Henry E German went to Harper Hospital in Detroit yesterday, where he will undergo an operation for rectual trouble with which he has been afflicted for some time

The Northville Firemen's supper followed by an old-time dance, which was held Tuesday evening in Forester hall, was well attended Music was furnished by Montgomery's orchestra

All officers but one of Mystic Lodge, K of P, were re-elected at the annual meeting for election of officers held Thursday night, December 4th Jud Lanning was elected vice-Chancellor

The cold wave which prevailed in the central west on Monday and Tuesday reached this section Tuesday night and on Wednesday morning thermometers registered around the zero point

All members of Orient Chapter, O E S are urged to be present at the regular meeting to be held on Friday evening, December 19th, as business of importance is to come before the chapter at that time

The Ladies' Literary club enjoyed a very exceptional program Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J D LaRue, with Mrs Edward Barker in charge of the subject "Greig, the Wizard of the North —Wayne Weekly

In keeping with nearly every other town throughout the country the teachers in the grades of the Northville public schools were given an increase in wages, beginning with December amounting to $5 00 per month

N C Schrader was called to Ann Arbor last Thursday to care for the body of Henry Watson Newton, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M L Rosson, in that city. Funeral services were held Monday forenoon and burial took place in the Yerkes cemetery

Every dog owner in Michigan should acquaint himself with a new dog law that becomes effective the first of the year The law is more or less complicated, but it is strong enough to force tax collection and the proper car of dogs. Mongrels and stray pups running at large without tags will be a strange sight after the new law is worked out for a few months.

The Record will find its way this week into a number of new homes in this section—homes where weekly visits of your home paper has not been enjoyed heretofore We bespeak for this splendid issue this one and the one to be published next week, a cordial welcome and we are very sure every family in this community will find much of interest and profit if a yearly subscription is added to the treasurer, E. H. Lapham.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Fairs, occurred Wednesday and Thursday, December 10 and 11, at the Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit. A reception was held at the Michigan State Fair offices, 502 Bowles Bldg., Wednesday morning, followed by a luncheon at the hotel. The same afternoon at 2:00 o'clock Mayor James Couzens of Detroit opened the session with words of greeting to the members. The paper given by E. S. Neal, secretary of the Northville Wayne County Fair, was, "What to Encourage Through Premium Offers." A number from Northville attended the meeting.

Regular meeting of Foresters of America will be held Friday evening, December 19, for work in 1st and 2nd degrees. Also for the election of officers.

Mrs. Mary E. Dunlap, who died at her home in Detroit, November 19th, was a former resident of this place. Her husband, George Dunlap, brother of Mrs. G. D. Swift and Mrs. J. D White, who died some years ago. Of their five children but one survives, T. H. Dunlap of Detroit, formerly of Grand Junction, Colorado.

Mrs Guy Nichols of Novi, and Mrs Stewart Montgomery of this place, gave a miscellaneous shower last Saturday afternoon, in honor of Miss Dora Nichols, at Mrs Montgomery's home on Dunlap street. Miss Nichols whose marriage to Luther Lapham occurred this Wednesday, was the recipient of many nice presents At four o'clock a dainty luncheon was served to the seventeen guests present.

R. R. Cline of Detroit has opened a jewelry parlor and optical store in part of F. W Lyke's building, the room formerly occupied by Dr. Malloy. He will do all kinds of watch and jewelry repairing and give special attention to the fitting of glasses He has had broad experience in his profession and solicits the patronage of the public Mr Cline will move his family to Northville as soon as he can find a house.

ALSEUM THEATRE ATTRACTIONS

On Saturday evening Jack Pickford and Mabel Normand will be seen in "The Varmint" with Harold Lloyd comedy. Admission, 20 cents

FURS WANTED.

I wish to announce to the public that I have started to buy furs again and will be pleased to see all my old friends and also new ones who may favor me with their patronage. Assuring you of the same kind of a square deal as formerly. I also have several pairs of mittens for sale, the kind I used to sell. Give me a call, boys
20-w2p. W. B. MOSHER

CHRISTMAS CHINA.

Mrs. T. H. Turner will have her customary supply of hand-painted china on sale during the holiday season, at Mrs McCully's millinery store, beginning Saturday. A good variety of beautiful and useful articles will be obtainable. 20-2tc

"BUY TURKEYS NOW."

Michigan's best Giant Bronze breeding stock. Young toms, 23-lbs.; pullets, 15. Excellent color. Health vigor guaranteed
N. EVALYN RAMSDELL.
19-3-p. Ionia, Mich.

THERE ARE NO BETTER VALUES TO BE HAD THAN AT

The White House

Bed Spreads, extra Good values, $3.25, $3.75, $4.25, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00.
Bedspread and Bolster to match, ---------- $12.00
White Blankets, ---------- $2.85, $3.25, $4.25
Gray and Tan Blankets, ---------- $2.48, $2.98, $3.75
Wool Knaps, ---------- $4.85, $5.50, $6.50, $7.50
Dresser Scarfs, 50c, 79c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.75, $2.25, $2.98.
Fancy Turkish Towels, ---------- 48c, 75c, $1.00
Wash Cloths, ---------- 10c; also 15c, 2 for 25c
Ladies' White Waists, $1.50, for $1.19; $2.25 for $1.75.
72x80 Batts, for ---------- $1.25
Linen Toweling, ---------- 28c, 32c and 35c
Linen for Dresser Scarfs, ---------- 75c, and 85c (Cream and Tan).
Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, ---- 29c, 35c, 50c (Exceptional Values).
Ladies' Union Suits. High Neck and Long Sleeve, Low Neck and Short Sleeve.
All sizes in Boys' and Girls' Union Suits.
Men's Union Suits (Extra Good Value), ---- $2.00
All sizes in Children's Drawers and Pants.
Men's Work Socks in Wool and Cotton.
Infant's all-wool Socks in Black and White.
Ladies' Heavy Grey Wool Hose, ---------- 50c pair
Ladies' Heavy Black Wool Hose, ---------- 75c pair
Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, ---------- 50c, 75c, $1.00
Ladies' Silk Hose, ---------- 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50
O. N. T. Crochet Cotton and American Maid, 10c
(Get what you need before another big advance)
Baby Blankets ---------- 75c, $1.00, $1.25
More Choice Patterns in Wall Paper.

EDWIN WHITE, Northville

GIFTS OF REAL VALUE

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING MADE EASY

You will have no trouble to select useful and practical Gifts at this store—gifts that will give service as well and afford much pleasure to the recipient.

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.

We have them for every member of the family — for baby and for Grandfather and Grandmother. The warm, comfy kind, in leather and felt, in a variety of styles and patterns.

Shoes and Hosiery

Could anything be more practical than a pair of our Fine Shoes for a Christmas Gift ? They are something every one needs and by making gifts of Shoes you render a double service—make a handsome present and at the same time give something that will be of real service.

Hosiery for Women and Men.
A pair of Rubber Boots for the Kiddies.
Rubbers for all kinds of wear. Rubber Boots and Arctics.

In fact we FIT THE FEET with everything needed.

McCULLY
Main St., Northville. **THE SHOE MAN**

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

Pays four per cent on Savings deposits.
Loans on real-estate mortgages, or approved notes, at six per cent.
Buys Liberty bonds at market or loans on same as collateral.

Offers its services in any of your banking needs.

THE CORNER BANK.

Quimby's Chocolates

We have secured for our Christmas trade a quantity of the justly celebrated Quimby Chocolates in Fancy Boxes—pound and half-pound. We have all kinds of Chocolates and Hard Candies in Bulk, Fudge, Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobaccos in cans—all appropriate for Gifts.

Remember Saturday is the last day to secure the special offer made to those who settle their paper bills at the store.

W. H. ELLIOTT

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
November 10th and 24th
Regular Meetings.
L. D. STAGE, Fin. Secy. GEO. MARTZ, Chief Ranger.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR T H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Ambler House on Main street Office hours, 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m Telephone, 57. Res. Phone 83.

MILK PATRONS

We wish to announce that we are now able to supply our patrons with

WHIPPED CREAM
COFFEE CREAM
SOUR MILK.

PHONE US YOUR ORDERS.

W. R. DICKERSON
Phone 129-W. NORTHVILLE.

GIFT SELECTIONS

When Husband Tells his Wife That he Doesn't Want Anything for Christmas

He's only afraid that she is going to waste a lot of money on something he doesn't really need.

So it's up to Wifey to spare the waste and spoil the worry by giving him something that he really should and WOULD have if he were single again and didn't have to fret about the cost of the furnace.

The following is a carefully compiled list of sensible and suitable gifts for the husband who "doesn't want anything for Christmas"—and every article mentioned is guaranteed to make a man glad that he's married.

Neckwear	75c to $2.50	Pajamas	$2.50
Bath Robes	$12 to $18	Night Robes,	$1.75 to $2.50
Shirts	$1.50 to $5.00	Gloves and Mittens,	$1.00 to $5.00
Traveling Bags,	$3.00 to $16.50	Suit Cases,	$1.50 to $6.00
Sweater Coats,	$2.50 to $10.00	Trunks,	$9.50 to $18.00
Hose,	25c to $1.00	Fur Caps,	$9.00 to $13.50
Vests,	$1.00 to $2.00	Hats,	$2.00 to $5.00
		Caps,	$1.00 to $2.50

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE, - - - - - - - - - - MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO BUY IN DETROIT

The Following Reliable Firms Solicit the Patronage of Holiday Buyers. Courteous Attention, Prompt Service and a Welcome to all Visitors. Early Shopping is Urgently Requested This Year

Kline's
177-179-181 WOODWARD AVE.
DETROIT

The Exquisite Useful Gift

Silk Underwear

The discriminate woman, and the one who knows values, chooses Kline's Silk Undergarments because of the rare beauty of the styles at extremely moderate pricings.

Camisoles - Boudoir Caps - Negligees
Chemise - Night Gowns - Bloomers
Billy Burkes - Step-ins - Pajamas

Kline's present unlimited assortments, anticipating each individual taste, requirement, and plan of expenditure.

Other Gift Items of Special Interest that Women Appreciate

Can be purchased at Kline's with complete satisfaction as to their quality and style at very moderate pricings.

Luxurious Furs - Blouses - Petticoats
Footwear - Hosiery - Children's Apparel

WOODWARD AT GRATIOT — **Kern's** — WOODWARD AT GRATIOT

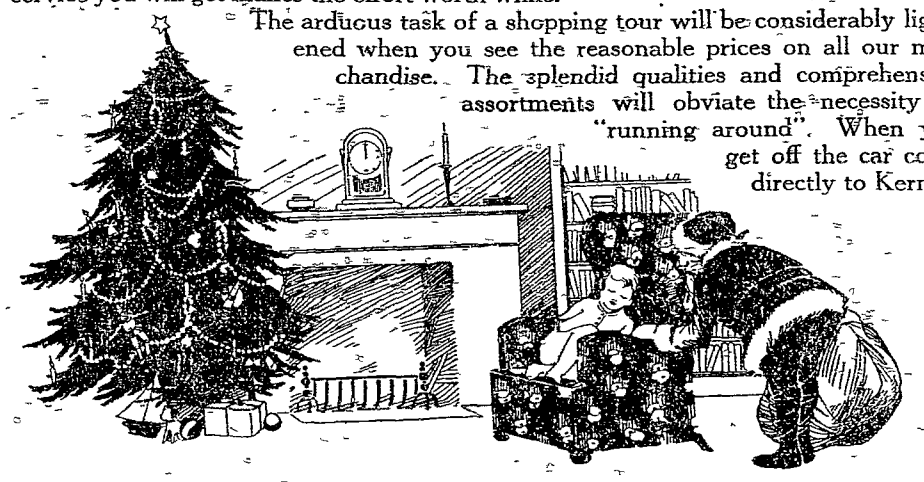
The Christmas Spirit Is Here in Every Department

For months and months we have been preparing ourselves to properly accomodate our patrons. The Christmas rush is now in its busiest period, yet our various stocks are in such a condition as to satifsy most every want on your shopping list, whether it be for grown-ups or children. Our new

TOYLAND

is ready for the kiddies—and what an assortment of plaything awaits their visit. Be sure to bring them down to see what Santa Claus has left for them, and, if possible, come in the morning. It will make your shopping so much easier, and the better service you will get makes the effort worth while.

The arduous task of a shopping tour will be considerably lightened when you see the reasonable prices on all our merchandise. The splendid qualities and comprehensive assortments will obviate the necessity of "running around". When you get off the car come directly to Kern's.



KEENAN & JAHN'S GOOD FURNITURE
The Standard of Comparison for The Last 50 Years

A Gift of Furniture is Practical and Enduring

OUR showing of acceptable gifts is both complete and comprehensive including from ash receivers as low as $2.00 up to beautiful and comfortable davenports as high as $600.00. Do not delay as the buying this season is particularly heavy.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Tea Carts
Reading Lamps
Work Tables
Smoker Cabinets
Candle Sticks
Floor Lamps
Ferneries
Fireside Chairs
Overstuffed Davenports
Comfortable Arm Chairs
Drop Leaf Tea Wagons
Ladies Desks
Ash Receivers
Serving Cabinets

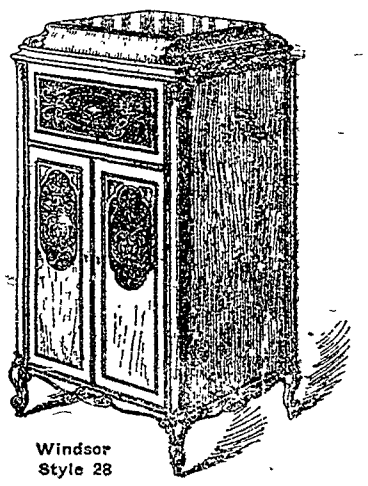
Your Christmas Phonograph is Here Awaiting Your Approval

Aeolian -- Vocalion

Phonographs

The Instrument You Will Eventualy Buy

The Aeolian—made by the world's greatest manufacturers of self playing musical instruments— The Aeolian Company should be sufficient reason for your choosing their phonograph—Aeolian.



Windsor
Style 28

KEENAN & JAHN

334-336 WOODWARD AVE.
DETROIT.

Christmas Gifts Most Appreciated By Milady

We are showing a most exquisite assortment of beautiful things in our dainty French Shop on the first floor, most appropriate and desirable as Xmas Gifts:

Pajama Suits
Billie Burkes
Petticoats
Waists
Camisoles
Bloomers
Boudoir Caps
Silk Vests
Kayser Silk Hosiery
Pullman Robes
Envelope Chemise
Gotham Silk Hosiery
French Flowers
Silk Night Gowns

Sets including Envelope Chemise, Gowns, Bloomer, Camisoles, all-in-one.

The Russel Co.

Detroit's Smartest Shop for Women

250-254 Woodward Avenue

The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Sons of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.

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Illustrated by Lewis Meyers

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

—12—

It was about the middle of the following afternoon when the Adventurer poked her blunt nose around a point of land, and came into full view of the squalid hamlet of Yellow Banks. A half-hour later we lay snuggled up against the shore, holding position amid several other boats made fast to stout trees, busily unloading, and their broad gangplanks stretching from forward deck to bank. The roustabouts began unloading cargo at once, a steady stream of men, black and white, burdened with whatever load they could snatch up, moving on an endless run across the stiff plank, and up the low bank to the drier summit. It chanced to be my good fortune to escape this labor, having been detailed by Mapes to drag boxes, bales and barrels forward to where the hurrying bearers could grasp them more readily. This brought me close to the forward stairs, down which the departing passengers trooped, threading their insecure way among the trotting laborers, in an effort to get ashore.

Reynolds' troops, all militia, and the greater part of them mounted, were an extremely sorry-looking lot—sturdy enough physically, of the pioneer type, but bearing little soldierly appearance, and utterly ignorant of discipline. The men had chosen officers from out their own ranks by popular election, and these exercised their authority very largely through physical prowess.

We had an excellent illustration of this soon after tying up at the landing. A tall, lank, ungainly officer, with a face so distinctly homely as to instantly attract my attention, led his company of men up the river bank, and ordered them to transport the pile of commissary stores from where they had been promiscuously thrown to a drier spot farther back. The officer was a captain, to judge from certain stripes of red cloth sewed on the shoulders of his brown jean blouse, but his men were far from prompt in obeying his command, evidently having no taste for the job. One among them, apparently their ringleader in incipient mutiny, an upstanding bully with the jaw of a prize fighter, took it upon himself openly to defy the officer, exclaiming profanely that he'd be d—d if he ever enlisted to do nigger work. The others laughed, and joined in the revolt, until the captain unceremoniously flung off his blouse, thus divesting himself of every vestige of rank, and proceeded to enforce his authority. It was a battle royal, the soldiers crowding eagerly about, and yelling encouragement impartially first to one combatant, and then another.

"Kick him in the ribs, Sam!"

"Now, Abe, you've got him—crack the d—n cuss' neck."

"By golly! that's the way we do it in ol' Salem."

"He's got yer now, Jenkins, he's got yer now—good boy, Abe."

Exactly what occurred I could not see, but when the circle of wildly excited men finally broke apart, the big rebel was lying flat on his back in the yellow mud, and the irate officer was indicating every inclination to press him down out of sight.

"Hav yer had 'nough, Sam Jenkins?" he questioned breathlessly. "Then, blame ye, say so."

"All right, Abe—yer've bested me this time."

"Will yer tote them passels?"

The discomfited Jenkins, one of

"I'm Abe Lincoln of Salem, Illinoy, an' I Ain't Got but One Job Right Now."

whose eyes was closed, and full of clay, attempted a sickly grin.

"H—! yes," he admitted, "I'd sure admire ter dew it."

The conqueror released his grip, and stood up, revealing his full height, and reaching out for the discarded blouse, quietly slipped it on. One of the Adventurer's passengers, an officer in uniform, going ashore, another tall, spare man, had halted on the gangplank to watch the contest. Now he stepped forward to greet the victor, with smiling eyes and outstretched hand.

"Not so badly done, captain," he said cordially. "I am Lieut. Jefferson Davis of General Atcheson's staff, and may have a good word to say regarding your efficiency some time."

The other wiped his clay-bespattered fingers on his dingy jean pants, and gripped the offered hand.

"Thank ye, sir," he answered good humoredly. "I'm Abe Lincoln of Salem, Illinoy, an' I ain't got but just one job right now—that's ter make them boys tote this stuff, an' I reckon they're goin' ter do it."

With the exchange of another word or two they parted, and not until thirty years later did I realize what that chance meeting meant, there in the clay mud of Yellow Banks, at the edge of the Indian wilderness, when Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Jefferson Davis of Mississippi stood in comradeship with clasped hands.

We had unloaded perhaps a quarter of our supplies, when an officer suddenly appeared over the crest of the bank and hailed the captain. There was a tone of authority in his voice which caused us to knock off work and listen.

"Is Captain Corcoran there? I bring orders from headquarters. You are to discontinue unloading, captain, retain the remainder of the provisions on board and prepare at once to take on men."

"Take on men? We are not to return south, then?"

"No; you're going in the other direction—up the Rock. You better get busy."

He wheeled his horse and disappeared, leaving the angry captain venting his displeasure on the vacant air. Kirby, evidently from some position across the deck, broke in with a sharp question.

"What is that, Corcoran? Did the fellow say you were not going back to St. Louis?"

"That's just what he said. We've got to nose our way up Rock river, with a lot of those measly soldiers aboard. Here you, Mapes, stop that unloading, and get steam up—we've got to put in a night of it."

"But," insisted Kirby in disgust, "I'm not going up there; aren't there any boats going down?"

"How the h— should I know? Go ashore and find out—you haven't anything else to do."

The men below knocked off work willingly enough and, taking advantage of the confusion on board, I endeavored to creep up the stairs and gain a view of the upper deck. But both Mapes and the second mate made this attempt impossible, forcing me into the ranks of the others and compelling me to restow the cargo. So far as I could perceive, no attempt to depart was made by anyone, excepting a big fellow with a red mustache, who swore profanely as he struggled through the mud, dragging a huge valise.

The situation puzzled and confused me. What choice would Kirby and the deputy make? If once up Rock river the Adventurer might very likely not return for weeks, and it did not seem to me possible that the impatient gambler would consent to such a delay. Every advance northward brought with it a new danger of exposure. These were Illinois troops to be transported—not regulars, but militia, gathered from a hundred hamlets—and many among them would be open enemies of slavery. Let such men as these, rough with the pioneer sense of justice, once suspect the situation of those two women, especially if the rumor got abroad among them that Eloise was white, and the slave-hunter would have a hard row to hoe. And I made up my mind such a rumor should be sown broadcast; aye, more, that if the necessity arose, I would throw off my own disguise and front him openly with the charge. I could do no more.

It was only an accident which gave me a clue to the real program. Mapes sent me back into the vacant space just forward of the paddle-wheel, seeking a lost canthook, and, as I turned about to return, the missing tool in my hand, I paused a moment to glance curiously out through a slit in the boat's planking, attracted by the sound of a loud voice uttering a command. I was facing the shore and a body of men, ununiformed, slouching along with small regard to order, but each bearing a rifle across his shoulder, were just tipping the ridge and plowing their way down through the slippery clay in the direction of the forward gangway. Although I saw, not for an instant did my gaze linger on their disordered ranks. The sight which held me motionless was rather that of a long, broad plank, protected on either side by a rope rail, stretching from the slope of the second deck across the narrow gulf of water, until it rested its other end firmly against the bank.

The meaning of this was sufficiently apparent. For some reason of his own, Kirby had evidently chosen this means of attaining the shore, and through personal friendship, Corcoran had consented to aid his purpose. The reason, plainly enough, was that by use of this stern gangway the landing party would be enabled to attain the bank without the necessity of pushing their way through the crowd of idle loungers forward. And the passage had just been accomplished, for, as my eyes focussed the scene, they recognized the spare figure of the deputy disappearing over the crest—a vague glimpse, but sufficient. At the same instant hands above began to draw in the plank.

There was but one thing for me to do, one action to take—follow them. Dropping the canthook, I turned aft and crept forth through a small opening onto the wooden frame which supported the motionless paddlewheel, choosing for the scene of operations the river side, where the boat effectively concealed my movements from any prying eyes ashore. I lowered myself the full length of my arms, dangling there an instant by clinging to the framework, then loosened my grip and dropped silently into the rushing waters beneath.

CHAPTER XII.

My Friend, the Deputy Sheriff.

Well below the surface, yet impelled swiftly downward by the sturdy rush of the current, sweeping about the steamer's stern, I struck out with all the strength of my arms, anxious to attain in that first effort the greatest possible distance. I came panting up to breathe, my face lifted barely above the surface, dashing the water from my eyes; and casting one swift glance backward toward the landing. Great volumes of black smoke swept forth from the funnels and my ears could distinguish the ceaseless hiss of steam.

"Who Are Yer? Frien' o' Mine?"

Again I permitted my body to sink into the depths, swimming onward with easier stroke, satisfied I had not been seen.

I swam slowly ashore, creeping up the low bank into the seclusion of a shallow, sandy gully, scooped out by the late rains. Immediately about me all was silent, the steadily deepening gloom rendering my surroundings vaguely indistinct.

Thus far I possessed no plan—except to seek her. I would venture forward, rather blindly trusting that good fortune might direct my steps aright. I would have to discover first of all, where Kirby had taken Eloise—into whose hands he had deposited the girl for safekeeping. This task ought not to be difficult. The settlement was small, and the camp itself not a large one; no such party could hope to enter its confines without attracting attention, and causing comment. Once I had thus succeeded in locating her, the rest ought to prove comparatively easy—a mere matter of action. For I had determined to play the spy no longer, to cease being a mere shadow. I proposed finding Eloise, and telling her the whole truth; following that, and assured of her support, I would defy Kirby, denounce him if necessary to the military authorities, identifying myself by means of my army commission, and insist on the immediate release of the girl. The man had broken no law—unless the wanton killing of Shrunk could be proven against him—and I might not be able to compel his arrest. Whatever he suspected now relative to his prisoner, he had originally supposed her to be his slave, his property, and hence possessed a right now under the law to restrain her liberty. But even if I was debarred from bringing the man to punishment, I could break his power, and overturn his plans. Beyond that it would be a personal matter between us; and the thought gave me joy.

I attained my feet, confident and at ease, and advanced up the gully, moving cautiously, so as not to run blindly upon some sentry post in the darkness. There would be nervous soldiers on duty, liable to fire at any sound, or suspicious movement, and it was a part of my plan to penetrate the lines unseen, and without inviting arrest. I was standing uncertain, when the dim figure of a man, unquestionably drunk, came weaving his uncertain way along a footpath which ran within a yard of my position. The sudden blazing up of a fire revealed the unmistakable features of the deputy.

"Hullo," I said, happily, stepping directly before him. "When did you come ashore?"

"Hello, yerself," he managed to ejaculate thickly. "Who are yer? frien'-o' mine?"

"Why, don't yer remember me, ol' man? We wus talkin' tergether comin' up. I wus goin' fer ter enlist."

"H—! yes; glad ter see yer. Sum hot whisky et this camp—tried eny?"

"No," I answered, grasping at the opportunity to arouse his generosity "I ain't got no coin to buy. I'm flat broke; maybe yer cud stake me fer a bite ter eat?"

"Eat!" he flung one arm lovingly about my shoulders, and burst into laughter. "Yer bet yer life, we're a goin' ter eat, an' drink too. I don't go back on none o' ther boys. Yer never heerd nuthin' like thet 'bout Tim Kennedy, I reckon. Eat, sure—yer know Jack Rale?"

"Never heerd the name."

"What, never heerd o' Jack Rale! Ol' river man, half hoss, half alligator; uster tend bar in Saint Louee. He's up yere now, a sellin' forty-rod ter sojers. Cum up 'long with him frum Beardstown. Frien' o' mine. Yer just cum 'long with me—thas all."

I permitted him to lead me, his voice never ceasing as we followed the dim trail. I made out little of what he said, nor did I question him. The trail ended before a two-room log cabin, so deeply hidden in the woods as to be revealed merely by a glimmer of light shining out from within through chinks in the walls. Tim fumbled for the latch and finally opened the door, lurching across the threshold, dragging me along after him. There were two men at a sloppy table, a disreputable looking white woman stirring the contents of a pot hung over the open fire, and a fellow behind the bar, attired in a dingy white apron. It was all sordid enough, and dirty—a typical frontier grogshop; but the thing of most interest to me was the proprietor. The fellow was the same red-mustached individual whom I had watched disembark from the steamer that same afternoon, slipping in the yellow mud as he surmounted the bank, dragging his valise along after him. So it was this fellow passenger who had given these fugitives refuge; it was his presence in these parts which had decided Kirby to make the venture ashore. He glanced up at our entrance, the glare of light overhead revealing a deep, ugly scar across his chin and a pair of deep-set, scowling eyes.

"Back in time fer supper, hey, Kennedy," he growled, none too cordially. "Who's yer frien'?"

"A feller what's goin' ter enlist. He's all right, Jack," the deputy hiccoughed thickly. "Le's liquor, an' then we'll eat. I'm payin' the bill—so what's it ter yer?"

"Nuthin' 'tall; 'eny frien' o' yers gits the best I have."

He set out a squat bottle on the bar, and thinking it best to humor the both of them, I poured out a stiff drink, fully aware that Rale was observing my features closely.

"Seen yer afore sumwhar, ain't I?"

"I reckon." I replied indifferently, watching Tim fill his glass. "I worked my way up on the boat; saw yer on board."

"Sure; that's it; 'tain't in my line fer ter forgit a face. Yer ain't enlisted yit?"

"No; I reckon I'll wait till maunin', an' clean up a bit furst. How 'bout sum soap an' water 'fore I eat?—an' yer cudn't loan me a razor, cud ye?"

"Wal' I got plenty o' water, an' maybe cud scare up sum soap. Tim yere he's got a razor, an' if he's a frien' o' yers, I reckon he mought lend it ter yer."

The deputy gulped down his drink, and smacked his lips, clinging with one hand to the bar, regarding me lovingly.

"Sure; he's a friend o' mine. Shave him myself soon's I git sober. Whut's thet? Yer can't wait? Oh, all righ' then, take it yerself. Mighty fin' razor, ol' man."

Rale found me a tin basin, water, a bit of rag for a towel, and a small, cracked mirror, in which my reflection was scarcely recognizable. He was a man of few words, contenting himself with uttering merely a dry comment on Kennedy, who had dropped back into a convenient chair and buried his face on the table.

"Tim's a good fellow, an' I never saw him so blame drunk afore," he said, regretfully. "He an' Kirby hed a row, an' I reckon there's whut started him drinkin'."

"A row; a quarrel, you mean?" forgetting myself in surprise. "Who's Kirby?"

"Joe Kirby; yer sure must know him if yer a river man. Slim sorter feller, with a smooth face, shickest gambler ever wus, I reckon."

"Why, of course," getting control of myself once more. "We picked him up, 'long with Tim, down river. Hed two women with 'em, didn't they? run-away niggers?"

Rale winked facetiously, evidently rather proud of the exploit as it had been related to him.

"Wal', ther way I understan', they wa'n't both of 'em niggers; however, that was the story told on board. This yere Joe Kirby is pretty slick, let me tell you. One of 'em's a white gurl, who just pretended she wus a nigger. I reckon thet even Kirby didn't catch on ter her game at furst; an' when he did he wus too blame smart ter ever let her know. She don't think he knows yet, but she's liable fer ter find out mighty soon."

"But he cannot hold a white woman," I protested stoutly.

"Can't, hey! Wal', I reckon there are ways o' even doin' thet, an' if thar be, Kirby'll find it. I reckon she won't find no chance ter raise a holler fore he's got her tied good an' strong."

"Do you mean," I asked, horrified, "that he will compel her to marry him?"

"Sum smart little guesser, ain't yer? I reckon she's in a right smart way ter do it, et thet."

"And wus this the cause of the quarrel between Kirby and Kennedy?"

"Wal', I reckon it wus; leastwise Tim wudn't be mixed up in the affair none. They hed it prutty blame hot, an' I reckon thar'd bin a dead deputy if hedn't bin fer me. Tim thought I wus a prutty gud frien' an' cum over yere ter liquor, an' eat. Ther joke ov it is, he never know'd thet Joe hed told me all 'bout the fix he wuz in, afore we cum ashore. H—, it wus all fixed up whut wus ter be done—only we didn't expect the steamer wus goin' on north. Thar's sum boys wantin' a drink; see yer agin."

I finished shaving, making no attempt to hurry, busily thinking over this new situation. In the first place why had Rale told me all this? I felt convinced the man had some purpose in his conversation, and that he had not finished all he intended to say, when the entrance of customers compelled his return to the bar. His parting words implied that. Perhaps the revolt of the deputy made it necessary for the conspirators to select another helper to properly carry out their nefarious scheme, and Rale had decided that I might answer. I hoped this might prove the explanation and determined to seek the earliest opportunity to impress upon that individual the fact that I was desperately in need of money, and decidedly indifferent as to how it was obtained.

The two soldiers, whose entrance had interrupted our talk, remained at the bar drinking until after I had completed my toilet, and were still there listening to a story Rale was telling when the slatternly white woman announced that supper was ready to serve. Tim slept soundly, while the other men remained engrossed in their game of cards. Rale glanced about at these as though to reassure himself that they were intent on their play then, removing his apron, he crossed the room and drew up a chair opposite me.

"All right, Sal," he grunted shortly "Bring on whut yer got."

He remained silent, staring moodily at the fire, until after the woman had spread out the dishes on the table before him. Then his eyes fell upon the fare.

"Nice looking mess that," he growled, surveying the repast with undisguised disgust. "No wonder we don't do no business with thet kind ov a cook. No, yer needn't stay—go an' make up them beds in the other room. I'll watch things yere."

I judged the fellow had come over intending to resume our interrupted conversation, but hardly knew what he had best venture. I decided to give him a lead.

"Tain't got no money, myself," I began to explain, apologetically, "but Tim thar sed he'd pay my bill."

"Sure, that's all right; I ain't a worryin', none. Maybe I might put yer in an easy way o' gettin' hold o' a little coin—thet is if ye ain't too blame particular."

"Me!" I laughed. "Well, I reckon I don't aim fer ter be thet. I've ben ten years knockin' 'bout between New Orleans an' Saint Louee, steamboatin' mostly. Thet sort o' thing don't make no saint out'n eny kind man, I reckon. What sort'r job is it?"

He eyed me cautiously, as though not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"Yer don't somehow look just the same sort o' cuap, with them ther whiskers shaved off," he acknowledged soberly. "Yer a sight better lookin' then I thought yer wus, an' a sight younger. Wha' wus it yer cum frum?"

"Frum Saint Louee, on the boat, if thet's what yer drivin' at."

"'Tain't what I'm drivin' at. Whar else did yer cum frum afore then? Yer ain't got no bum's face."

"Oh, I see; well, I can't help that, kin I? I wus raised down in Mississip', an' run away when I wus fourteen. I've been a driftin' 'long ever since. I reckon my face ain't goin' ter hurt none so long as the pay is right."

"No, I reckon maybe it won't. I've seed sum baby faces in my time thet sure hed the devil behind 'em. Whut's yer name?"

"Moffett—Dan Moffett."

He fell silent, and I was unpleasantly aware of his continued scrutiny, my heart beating fiercely, as I endeavored to force down more of the food as an excuse to remain at the table. What would he decide? Finally he spoke

I Was Unpleasantly Aware of His Continued Scrutiny. What Would He Decide?

once more, but gruffly enough, leaning forward, and lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"Wal' now see yere, Moffett, I'm goin' fer ter be d—— p'lain with yer. I reckon yer what yer say ye are, fer thar ain't no reason, fer as I kin see, why we should lie 'bout it. Yer flat broke, an' need coin, an' I'm takin' ye at yer own word—thet ye don't care overly much how yer git it. Thet true?"

"Just bout—so it ain't no hangin' job."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Solitude.

What period do you think I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth; they are too rare, too much mingled with bitterness and now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks, of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all nature and her inconceivable Author.—Rousseau.

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Graves—She seems a timid, flowerlike girl.

Leigh—Well?

Graves—Do you think her mother would allow her to go to the theater without a chaperon?

Leigh—Why, I think so, my boy. She drove an ambulance in France during the war.—London Answers.

Those Girls.

Kitty—Jack was miserable when he kissed me good-by at the station.

Catty—I don't pity him one bit; he didn't have to kiss you.

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ON THE FUNNY SIDE

Thriftless.

"You don't seem to have much respect for those chaps painters refer to as 'the old masters.'"

"None whatever," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "They slighted their opportunities. Think of the money they could have made merely by painting into each picture a package or a bottle of something that was being advertised."

Mortal Superiority.

"If you will make three wishes," said the old-fashioned fairy, "I will see that they all come true."

"You're a little slow," responded the rustic. "Any feller that runs for office out this way will promise to make wishes come true faster'n you can think 'em up."

To All Customers of the Plymouth & Northville Gas Co.

We would ask all Gas customers to be as conservative as possible in the use of Gas, as the excessive demand of the last three weeks is taxing the plant beyond its capacity to produce, until the new bench, which under contract, should have been completed September 1st, 1919, is ready for use. This will be about January 1st, 1920, after which time, if we are not restricted in our coal supply, we will be able to meet your demands.

PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE GAS CO.

PERSONAL.

Mr and Mrs. Elroy Murdock were Pontiac visitors one day last week.

Mr and Mrs Don McLean of Detroit visited the latter's mother over Sunday

Mrs Addie Simmons of Plymouth was in Northville last Friday afternoon

E. W. Taylor of Birmingham visited Northville relatives the latter part of last week

Leo DesAutels of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents Mr and Mrs H A DesAutels

Mrs. Theresa Lyke is the guest of relatives in Northville.—Frams Lake cor Washtenaw Post

Mrs Kate Kingsley of Ovid is at the home of her sister-in-law Mrs Mary Palmer, for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Franklin and children spent Sunday in Detroit at the home of the latter's brother, Thos C Hamilton

Mr and Mrs Roy Handricks and daughter, Maxine of Detroit, were visitors at the Wm Richardson home Sunday evening

Mrs Ed Martin of Wixom, was in Northville Tuesday.

Newton Annis of Detroit was a guest of M A Porter Sunday last

Mrs. Mary Predmore has had as her guest recently, Mrs Gifford of Detroit.

Mrs Ida Joslin of Detroit is spending a week or two with Mrs W E. Ambler and family.

F. L Newton is in Boston and New York this week, in the interest of the Stimpson Scale Co

Mr and Mrs W E Ambler are to leave in a few days for a trip to California where they will spend some time

Mr and Mrs G W Calkins of San Jose Calif have been spending the week at the home of the former's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Clapp

Frank Porter and bride of Osceola county spent the week-end with the former's brother, Robert J. Porter Mrs. Porter will be remembered as Miss Millard teacher in the Plymouth schools last year. The couple also visited Mr and Mrs. R. S. Mapes while here, and have been visiting at Grand Rapids, Lansing, Saginaw and other places

Miss Dorothy Wixom of Farmington visited friends in town Thursday.

Yorke Conroy was in Farmington Monday evening calling on old friends

Mrs. Perry Wixom of Farmington was a Northville caller one day last week.

Mrs Marjorie Bird attended the funeral of her sister at Lake View, Tuesday.

Clarence King and George Conroy were in Detroit Thursday and Friday on business

Dr Tom Henry was called in consultation to Battle Creek Sanitarium on Tuesday last.

Ray Bogart was in Detroit Tuesday.

Esther Vickery of Mead's Mills was in town Wednesday.

Elden Biery of Farmington is visiting his grandparents, Mr and Mrs George Goodell this week.

Mrs A Calkins, who has been spending several weeks with her son, J L Calkins, has returned to her home in Pontiac

The Misses Ellen and Helen Stevens of Pontiac and Ray Clark of Milford were over-Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs J L Calkins

Mr. and Mrs A W. Johnson and Mrs Wiltisie of Western Kansas, who are enroute to visit other relatives and friends in New York state, have been spending this week with Mrs. Lucas and N. A. Clapp and wife.

Among the former Northville residents who were in town to attend the Presbyterian anniversary observances was Mrs Hester Woodman, who returned to her home in Detroit last week Tuesday Mrs Woodman was a guest at the home of Mrs. Ardella Brooks and sister, Mrs Thompson, while in town

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its meeting at the home of Miss Marquis on Monday, December 15th at three o'clock.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

There will be church services both morning and evening next Sunday. Elder Grimwood of Detroit will preach Sunday school at the regular time

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

The Combined service at 10:30 Sunday morning Bible lesson, "At the Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus" Sermon "The Mountain-Top Outlook."

In the evening at 7.30. "Living Letters"

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

All Leaguers: Remember the pot-luck supper and entertainment in the church parlors Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock. A good feed and a good enjoyable evening is promised. Toastmaster VanValkenburg will be on the job and has something for all of you Bring a friend

The Women's Home Missionary society will meet with Mrs VanTassel Tuesday afternoon Dec 16th Come early prepared to quilt.

GRAND OPENING PARTY.

On Tuesday evening December 30, there will be a grand opening party at the Walled Lake Dancing pavilion and the music will be furnished by Stone's full jazz-band with specialty numbers by two popular soloists All who attend will be assured a good time.

Lansing—Governor Sleeper announced here Tuesday evening that he would appoint W. K Prudden, state administrator to work in co-operation with the original fuel committe of Detroit, of which Preston G Findlay is chairman.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

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Make this store your Headquarters

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For Everybody.

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Hose Supporters.
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Silk Socks.
Heavy Wool Socks.
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You will find many pretty and useful things fo rbaby's Christmas here.

If it is to be a New Dress for Christmas, look over our line of Serges, Silks, Silk Poplins, Georgennes. and Winter Voiles.

New Dress Skirts
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(at last year's prices).
New Sweaters.

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From the very Narrowest to the Widest Hair Bow Ribbons.

Fancy Petticoats.
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Caps.
Fancy Scarfs.
Velvet Hats for Little Girls.

Umbrellas.
New Cretonnes and Draperies.
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Buy Dad a few pairs of Canvass Gloves.

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The greatest assortment we have ever shown.

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