

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

## THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

VOL. II, NO. 23.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

**50 Per Cent Discount  
on DOLLS  
GAMES and  
TOYS**

**FRIDAY**

Don't Forget to Ask for a 1921 Calendar.

"YOUR TWO DRUG STORES"

**PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY**  
PLYMOUTH, MICH.  
**NORTHVILLE DRUG CO.**  
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

**THE IDEAL PRESENT IS  
Jewelry or Silverware.**

A Christmas Present means much to a woman of maturity or to a young lady. By them it is appreciated to the fullest extent. But it is doubtful if any gift is quite as appealing to them as an appropriate piece of jewelry or silverware. We instinctively associate them with the feminine sex.

For an appropriate gift to the wife, the daughter, sister, or other near relative or friend, we suggest any of the following articles:

Watches, Diamonds, Rings,  
Chains, Pearl Necklaces, Chains,  
Silverware, Brooches.

**Johnston  
Watch & Jewelry Company.**

Northville, Michigan.

**GIFTS  
for ALL**

**Christmas Offerings**

Liggett's and Guth's Chocolates in fancy Boxes  
\$1.00 to \$4.50.

Toilet Waters and Perfumes—Many Odors  
50c to \$3.50.

Stationery, Correspondence Cards in fancy Box  
35c to \$3.50.

Christmas Cards, Folders and Calendars  
5c to 35c.

Nursery Stories and Rhymes for the little ones.  
Bradley Initial Books, for older children.  
Stickers, Cards and Seals, for your Christmas  
Packages.

Thermos Bottles and Lunch Kits.

Kodaks, Fountain Pens and Ever-Ready Pencils.

**C. R. HORTON**  
**The Rexall Store**

RECOMMEND STATE INCOME TAX.

A graduated net income tax to increase the net revenue of Michigan more than \$20,000,000 is recommended by the state tax commission in its bi-annual report.

A survey of the taxation problems of Michigan and a vast amount of materials in support of the income tax theory are contained in this report, compiled by Orlando F. Barnes, of Grayling, of the Michigan tax commission.

Some other than the present ad valorem general tax system of this state must be inaugurated to meet the growing complexity of the situation and more equitably distribute the burden of taxation, the report declares.

As evidence of the enormous increase in Michigan taxes to meet increasing demands the total taxes for all purposes, state, county, school and municipal, show the following: For 1919, \$4,730,000; 1917, \$73,612,000; 1918, \$85,122,000; 1919, \$10,776,000; 1920, \$125,000,000 (estimated).

It is to be hoped that the new governor and the incoming legislature will be able to work out some plan whereby the amount being asked for yearly in taxes can be reduced, but it is a question whether that can be accomplished or not. One thing state taxes are growing by leaps and bounds.

OBITUARY—MRS. E. L. PARMALEE

Mrs. Edward L. Parmalee passed away at her home on Yerkes avenue, Wednesday morning last, at two o'clock. Although she had been under the doctor's care the past month the end came unexpectedly, acute indigestion and a weakened heart being the immediate causes.

Laura Aden Hatchett was born April 8th, 1872, in Taylor township. On Nov. 16, 1896, she was united in marriage to Edward L. Parmalee. To this union were born one boy and four girls: Clayton, Lillian, Hazel, Muriel and Leonie, all of Northville. Lillian having died when five years of age.

Funeral services were held from the home at two o'clock Friday and burial took place in the family lot at Plymouth. Rev. H. J. B. Marsh officiating.

She was always a patient, Christian loving mother and her life will be a sweet memory to those left behind.

WOMEN ENTITLED TO HOLD OFFICE.

The right of women to hold elective office in Michigan was upheld by Judge Henry A. Mandell in circuit court at Detroit, Friday. Under the Michigan law, the court held, the only qualifications for an office holder are citizenship and electoral rights, and the election of suffrage to women makes them in effectors.

The court's opinion was given in the case of William Liebman, a Detroit baker who questioned the authority of Mrs. Phoebe L. Patterson for two years justice of the peace of Plymouth, to summon him to appear in her court.

FORESTERS MADE MERRY.

The regular meeting of the Foresters, last Friday night, was one of the most interesting of the year. After a number of candidates had received the degree of the order the ladies were invited in, and an old-fashioned dance was enjoyed by a large company.

This week Wednesday night the members of Court Northville paid a fraternal visit to the Court at Plymouth. The Plymouth Court will surrender its charter soon and its members will unite with the court at this place. The local Foresters are doing things this winter in a big way.

BANQUETED RETIRING COUNTY CLERK.

Floyd H. Babcock, retiring county clerk, was the guest of honor Saturday evening at an enjoyable banquet tendered him by members of the Oakland County Bar association with whom he has been closely associated for nearly 20 years. Forty members of the bar and county officials sat down to a seven-course dinner served at 7 o'clock in the dining room at Caribou Inn, Clarkson, where places had been set.—Pontiac Press.

MAKING A FINE RECORD.

The local Ford plant is making a fine record these days, turning out 50,000 valves a day. Last week the output of the Northville factory passed the one million mark, that being the number of valves produced here since the industry started last summer.

As men become more and more accustomed to the operations of the various machines the output of the plant will eventually increase.

MRS. JAMES SAVAGE DIES AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS.

The people of Northville were sorely grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. James Savage, which occurred at her home Saturday forenoon last, after an illness of but a few hours.

Mrs. Savage was taken suddenly ill early Friday morning, and arousing her husband informed him of her condition. Mr. Savage immediately summoned a physician, and when he returned to his home found his wife unconscious, in which condition she remained until death came.

She suffered a stroke of apoplexy and the dreaded affliction came without warning, because during Thursday she was about as usual and seemed to be enjoying good health.

By the death of Mrs. Savage this community mourns the loss of a woman of splendid character and one who possessed a warm and responsive heart.

She was ready and willing always to respond to every call of mercy and kindly service, and she gave herself unreservedly whenever she could assist a neighbor or friend.

In the Methodist church and in The King's Daughters she was a willing and tireless worker and her life was a benediction and a blessing to all who came under its inspiring influence.

Besides her husband, who has the sincere sympathy of the community in his great bereavement, she is survived by two brothers—Charles Brown, manager of the Michigan Motor Parts Corporation, and Fred Brown, manager of the Hayes Wheel company's plant at Albion. Two sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Savage—one dying in infancy and the other, after reaching young manhood and let us hope that a joyous reunion of mother and sons has taken place in the Father's house of many mansions.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. church Monday afternoon being conducted by Rev. H. J. B. Marsh. The King's Daughters attended the services in a body. Many handsome floral tributes were contributed by friends.

YOUNG PEOPLE GAVE A RECITAL.

The piano students of Guy C. Fulkerson gave a piano recital at the Library building on Tuesday evening and the program given was rendered in a most praiseworthy manner. Mr. Fulkerson has the happy faculty of inspiring his pupils to work, and that is a rare gift these days. The following programs were given:

Dues—"Shimmering Moonlight."

Avis Brown—Reva Schrader

Amour—"Helen Alcer

Breton—"Doris Coleman

Revercarinace—"Louise MacDunnage

Duet—"Elvira March"

Marie Van Valkenburg—Mr. Fulkerson

How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps"

Ursula Lampert

Falling Waters"—Margorie Horan

Carnations"—Avis Brown

Liedesden—"Fannie Granger

Duet—Over Hill and Dale"

Doris Coleman—Helen Alcer

Alpine Haze"—Reva Schrader

Prelude in C, Sharp minor—Irene Marsh

The Last Hope"—Ruth Henr

Piano Tri Concerto—Catherine Currie

Duet—Snowy Stars"

Irene Marsh—Mr. Fulkerson

OAKLAND'S FARM BUREAU TO SELL ALFALFA SEED.

One-half of the county farm bureau's share of the state supply of Grimm alfalfa seed, about 2,500 pounds, will be shipped from Lansing to Pontiac Monday next, according to word received by E. F. Beach, business manager of the bureau, and the bureau will immediately start filling orders now on file from Oakland county farmers.

The remaining 2,500 pounds of seed, it is expected, will be shipped from the state capitol about January 1. The Grimm alfalfa purchased by the Michigan and New York state farm bureaus represents one-half of the total 1920 crop of which the Michigan bureau secured one-third.—Pontiac Press.

D.U.R. EMPLOYEES WILL PROTEST.

The management of the D. U. R. announced last week that beginning with the new year a reduction of 20% would be made in the wages of all car crews, both in the city and on the interurban lines entering the city of Detroit. The employees of the company held a meeting Saturday night and it was unanimously voted to protest the wage reduction to the very last.

Should the company decide to carry out its plan, there will, doubtless, be a general walk-out of all the employees of the system.

Have you forgotten any one?

**Merry Xmas****MERRY CHRISTMAS**

We extend the very best wishes of the season to every man, woman and child in this locality and we thank our many customers for their valued patronage during 1920, which has made the past year one long to be remembered in our business growth.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware,  
Northville, Mich.**FINEST BUILDING LOCATION IN TOWN**

The Colf property, corner Rogers and Cady streets. Will sell all or divide to suit purchaser.

Also new modern home on Orchard Heights. Terms.

Will Buy Farm—80 to 120 Acres, within 6 or 8 miles of Northville.

**MILO N. JOHNSON**

Phones—Office, 241. Res., 12-J. Northville.



**Greeting To  
You All**

The steady loyalty of the people of this community to their home institutions has given this bank a year of wonderful prosperity. We are duly appreciative of every deposit and of every act of friendship and courtesy we have received, and in future years we will be found side by side with you all in building up our community and in making it an even better and happier place in which to live and prosper.

There is no better way in which to begin the new year of 1921 than by opening a savings account with us. A year of systematic saving will place the balance wonderfully in your favor.

**4 PER CENT  
PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS**

**Northville State Savings Bank**

OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

L. A. Habbit, President. Chas. H. Collier,  
E. G. Verkes, Vice-Prest. Don E. Petkes,  
T. G. Richardson. G. W. Wilber, Cashier.

## FELT MISERABLE; HAD AWFUL COLD

Needed a Good Tonic to Build Up  
Her Rundown System, Bring  
Back Her Appetite.

### TOOK EARLE'S HYPO-COD

"I suffered from need of a general tonic. I had an awful cold. I don't know whether it was the 'flu' or not, and was all rundown. I had a cough too and such a poor appetite that I felt miserable," declared Mrs. Wattz, whose address is given below, also a statement from her of how she was quickly relieved.

"I heard Earle's Hypo-Cod was good my daughter having used it and through its use it really built me up and done all for me that I expected. It gave me an appetite so I really enjoy my meals. I took it especially for my appetite and am well pleased with it," continued Mrs. G. Wattz, 503 Helen St., Detroit, Mich.

If you are suffering from a cold and cough, poor appetite and a general rundown condition just drop in at the drug store tonight and take home a bottle of the genuine Earle's Hypo-Cod in the famous orange colored carton, that thousands of users say is so good. Read formula on the bottle that druggists, chemists and experts assert is good. Look for the name of nationally known Earle Chemical Co., which assures you of quality in medicine.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold by all good druggists.—Adv.

### Sac Reminder.

A gentleman wishes to see you, Mr. Grabcon."

"What does he want?" asked that successful captain of industry.

"He says he's an old college friend of yours who is now on the ragged edge of a dissipated life."

"Ah! He wants to negotiate a loan. Just go back and tell him it's painful for me to meet old college chums, as he will doubtless recall that I was expelled in my sophomore year."—Birmingham Age Herald.

### Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, head and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be degenerate, it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

### Successful

Gubbs—There goes a man who won't easily be persuaded. Overcome all obstacles.

Bubbs—Where did he get his first lesson?

Gubbs—One windy night in trying to light a cigar. Used every match in the box but one and finally got it lit.

### How's This?

HALL'S CATARAH MEDICINE will clear your eyes of catarah or diseases caused by catarah. We do not claim to cure any other disease.

HALL'S CATARAH MEDICINE is a liquid, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All Drugs. Circulars free.

E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Something Else.

"That dog, your honor, wouldn't hurt a flea!"

"No, I can see that he is dwelling in perfect amity with fleas. He is charged, however, with biting a man."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Important to Mothers

Brahme carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas H. Fletcher*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Broke Her Heart.

"He took a mean revenge."

### In what way?

"When she sued him for divorce he got the judge to give him the custody of her Pekinese."—Boston Transcript.

### Cuticura for Pimples and Blackheads

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clean keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

### Not So Easy.

Goldilocks—Can you really grant any wish one can make?

The Fairy Godmother—Yes, dearie Goldilocks—Then why don't you wish yourself young and pretty like me?

# The Blue Moon

## A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON

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### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"Hub! That wasn't nothin'" His voice was thin and sharp like his face: high like the peaked crown of his rusty hat.

"Did your grandpa send you?" "Uh-huh" I bring you a letter. Granpa tends t' th' post office now. The ol' postmaster had a stroke night before last, an' hadn't known nothin' since. So granpa tends to it."

He unbuckled the bosom of his waist, drew out a letter and handed it over.

"Ain't you Box 23?"

"Yes—I guess so," was the startled answer as she took the letter.

"Ahh! That's a funny name—for a girl."

But she was too busy with the letter to notice the female. It was addressed in a very bold and legible hand. Box 23, Buckeye, Ind.

The postmark she could not be sure of: it appeared to be Vincennes but some of the letters were too dull to read with certainty.

"Is that your r'vler?"

There was not much chance to read letters—or do anything else—with a youngster like that in the house.

"Yes. Have they found that man that escaped from jail last night?"

"Now! An' I hope they don't. I met that timber durin' fellin' ga, the way down here." Because near the girl's chair? "If they's anybody I hate, it's him. Granpa says—he's decent nearer, and spoke low—"he kills people." Gee! but I was skeered when I saw him comin' down th' road!" He was awful man, an' a swearin' to himself. He slashed at me w' th' a switch. But I ducked an' run, an' shinied over th' fence. When I looked back he was a-goin' en toward town, an' I streaked it through th' woods like fly-split."

The very indignation she had been about to ventuate forth into the woods, to acquire.

"How's your granma today?"

"Oh, she's well again. She looks lots of things up. She fixed me some soup this evening."

He was gone—likely piled.

The girl closed the door, laughing softly, and turned toward the chimney. The Pearlhunter was just coming through them. "It couldn't be him, it's dark and stroke me, dad thinks will take a turn."

She put a pack in her bosom, picked up the letter and sat pondering, stealing an occasional glance at his glum face.

"So, ten years the letters came, the man不变, still gloomy, and you never received 'em. The postmaster has a strobe to receive the very next letter that comes."

"You don't reckon—?"

"Reckon? It's a plain case. Let's see—ever—t'—six hundred a year—seven—e'en—e'en though six hundred—can't be bound but new his."

"Well! Poor old man!" He's pastin' for it."

"And I do think that's the way a man lives."

"Some day, master?"

"The last—last year after a time he took a job out west & time to time he'd come after metal in the gopher hole above the mink."

That supper! Pecan? And eggs, brown trout and coffee? And the beans that poored that coffee and put the sugar in and spread the fat? It had to be eaten in semidarkness so it wouldn't go to risk a "and" again darkness but not in silence. He crumpled that gut just around the corner of the table left toward out into a rich, green tree, the "princess" of the forest, while he waded only the Timber buyer is your man."

The sheriff started. The cold voice went on.

"Did you ever think him to buy timber option? Did you ever hear of any that he bought?"

"No—!"

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## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### ADAM BEDE

By GEORGE ELIOT  
Condensation by  
Mr. Elery Sedgwick, Editor of  
the Atlantic Monthly

George Eliot was the pen name of the famous English writer, Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans. She was born in 1819 at Arbury Farm in Warwickshire, and died at Chelsea Dec. 2, 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was the agent of Mr. Francis Newcome, and the last twenty-one years of the novelist's life were spent on the Arbury estate. At her mother's death while Miss Evans was still in her teens she became her father's housekeeper, and pursued her studies away from school and classes. All through her youth she was somewhat subdued by a very strict religious training, and she was a great reader of religious and philosophical subjects, and in later years wrote of them also.

In 1831 the family moved to Coventry, and it was there that Miss Evans made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray and Mr. Charles Hennell, who became her staunch friends. In 1851 she became the assistant editor of the Westminster Review. She made several notable contributions to the Review, and during the time of her connection with it made the acquaintance of many distinguished authors of that period.

Miss Evans first attempted the writing of fiction in 1856, and published in Blackwood's magazine the first of the "essays of Clerical Life." Although she received much encouragement from private sources, notably Charles Dickens, the critics were rather noncommittal. Then in 1859 Miss Evans wrote and published what in the judgment of many is her masterpiece, "Adam Bede." It has been said that in the character of Adam Bede she gave a portrait of her father, and certainly "Dinah Morris," the heroine of the story, was one of her own favorite characters.

THAT last year of the eighteenth century Hayslope was a pleasant neighborhood to live in. It was far enough from the noise of "bom-bom" battles to sleep in peace. Men chafed at arms and rotted, and listened to the gossip of women folk regarding Dinah Morris of Snowfield. Mrs. Poyser's own speech, who had turned "Methodist" preacher and would stand right before men of the village green, talking to them of the comfort they could find in their friend, Jesus Christ.

And worse still, Dinah was so attractive and so gravely looking that the men, and women too, gladly listened to her. But Adam Bede, the carpenter, would have liked to see no one of her, had he eyes for any one except old Poyser's wife, Hetty Sorrel. As for Hetty, she had no thought for Adam; Captain Arthur Donnithorne, heir of the estate, had whispered too many things in her pretty ear.

It was natural enough. There, in her aunt's white dairy, rousing her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scale, Hetty had the beauty of a fluffy kitten. Her large dark eyes had a sort of roguishness, and her curly hair, pushed away under her cap, gleamed back in delicate rings on her forehead. Of course, the dashing captain had no foolish ideas about marriage; but there as he bent over her shoulder, he was soldier enough to feel his head turn very fast. He had no wish to harm her, you may be sure of that, for he had great pride in the Donnithorne estate, and it is pleasant for a rich young man to be liked and admired.

One August evening—Adam walked homeward through a glade of grand beeches, the glory of the estate. As carpenter and woodman, he delighted in fine trees, and paused to look at a huge beech which stood at the turning before the grove ended in an archway of boughs.

All his life he remembered that moment, for there, not twenty yards away, stood two figures close, with clasped hands. They started. The girl hurried away, while Arthur Donnithorne walked slowly forward. He was flushed and excited, but reassured himself by remembering that Adam was a sensible person, not likely to babble. That the big sober carpenter loved Hetty, Arthur had no idea.

"Well, Adam," said Arthur carelessly. "You've been looking at the fine old beeches, eh? I overtook pretty Hetty Sorrel as I was going to my old lodge in the woods; so I took her to the gate, and asked for a kiss for my pains. Good night."

Adam dared not move lest he spring on Arthur like a tiger.

"Stop a bit," he said in a hard, peremptory voice.

"What do you mean?" Arthur felt his temper rising.

"I mean that, instead of the honorable man we're all believed you, you're a selfish scoundrel."

Arthur found it hard to control himself.

"Well, Adam, perhaps I have gone too far in taking notice of the pretty little thing, and stealing a few kisses. You're such a grave fellow you don't understand temptations. Let's say no more. The whole thing will soon be forgotten."

## MANY FINE TREES CAN BE SAVED BY SIMPLE METHOD OF REPAIR



Simple Treatment Saves Many Fine Trees Like This One.

Tre surgery is comparatively simple and inexpensive and most persons can, with a little preliminary practice, undertake the simpler types of tree repair work that will prove immensely profitable in saving fine trees. A few fundamental principles must be observed to secure permanent good results:

(1) Remove the dead, decayed, diseased or injured wood or bark. When on a limb this can often be done best by removing the entire limb; on a large limb or on the trunk it may mean at times digging out the decayed matter so that a cavity is formed.

(2) Waterproof all cut surfaces.

(3) Waterproof all cut surfaces.

(4) Leave the work in the most favorable condition for rapid healing; this will often mean filling or covering deep cavities.

(5) Watch the work from year to year for defects and if any appear attend to them immediately.

### Removing Large Limbs.

A large limb rarely should be removed by a single cut out from the upper side, as this usually strips the bark and wood as it falls. A preliminary cut should be made from the under side, and the point for the final cut, fall a second cut on the upper side an inch or more beyond the first one. To a cut the stub close to the trunk. A coat of good paint should be piled over the entire area of the bare outer sapwood, and the paint applied directly.

Vaseline could be applied to the rest of the exposed wood and allowed to penetrate to the depth of its penetration, and a thin shielded and insulated surface should be hard wax applied to the limb coal-tar or asphalt, or blue was particularly the thick, liquid, volatile kind, is excellent for an insulating small surfaces. Another good method of sealing the cuts is to bathe the surface with gasoline or alcohol, light torch, and then quickly cover the hot surface with hot tar, pitch or hot asphalt. The treated surfaces should be watched from year to year and re-coated as necessary to preserve the waterproofing.

In removing small branches and twigs the cut should be made as close to the supporting branch as possible, so as to leave no projecting stub. The pruning wound must be sterilized and water-proofed. For very small wounds scalding is handy.

If a wound has been allowed to remain untreated for a year or more, decay-producing organisms are almost certain to have started an area of disease and insect activity behind the exposed surface. Since regions generally require excavation of decayed and diseased wood and sterilizing and waterproofing of the cut surfaces.

The tools ordinarily required are two outside-ground socket-handled gages (one three-fourths of an inch and the other 1½ inches), a knife, wallet or hammer, and an oil-stone. Only keen edges should be used on the bark or near the cambium.

### Remove Diseased Wood.

Remove all the diseased or insect-eaten or water-soaked wood. In diseased areas of many years' standing there may be only a thin shell of healthy wood around the cavity. In which case, the tree must be braced or guyed, and it is often better removed and replaced by a healthy one.

Do not leave a cavity so it will retain water. In shaping a cavity that is to be filled with cement, etc., have the sides undercut, if possible, so as to hold the filling more firmly in place.

Unrolled bark at the edges of the opening should be cut away after the decayed and diseased matter has been completely excavated and the edges of the sapwood and bark adjoining the cambium shellacked. The remainder of the cavity also must be sterilized.

Croosote is recommended. Over this a heavy waterproof covering should be applied.

Filling the cavity is of much less importance. Often a cavity is better left unfilled. A cavity must be watched from year to year and any tendency of the waterproofing to crack, split, or blister should immediately be counteracted by repainting.

Where sheet-metal covering is used there should be a narrow half-inch ledge of bare wood around the edge to which the margin of the metal can be tacked. The cavity must be thoroughly sterilized and waterproofed,

Genuine



## Aspirin

You must say "Bayer"

**Warning!** Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Pain, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger packages

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacaetic Acetate of Salicylic Acid

**A Puzzle.**

"My dear," said the banker to his only daughter, "I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the drawing room on two or three occasions. It's not like ours."

Mrs. Case asked: "What kind of machine have you?"

Mary engaged in deep thought. At last she exclaimed, "It's a Scotch coffee."

Mrs. Case said: "Why, I never heard tell of that kind of a talking machine."

Billy spoke up, saying, "Mary is always getting things wrong. It's a farce, terrier. If you don't think I'm right, Mrs. Case, go over and look at the picture on it."

**Saving Mother.**

Two bread rolls were left on the plate, and as it was passed Richard took the largest one.

A timid confidence in mother's cause caused him to look at his mother, whose stern countenance shamed him.

"Well, mamma," he said, "I thought not a word had been spoken, 'I didn't want you to be the hog!'"

**A Change for Company.**

In a North end meat market a woman and her little boy stood at the counter, dictating the preparation of an order of lamb chops. While the owner was finishing the chops and getting them ready for their little white napkins, the boy passed his mother down to whisper into her ear, "Mamma, aren't you going to get some weeding?" "Yes, Lawrence," she announced, "we have to have something different for company."

**The Natural.**

"Pop, what do they clean the teeth with a water salt water?"

"I don't know, but it is with an apple, mom."

**A Fitting Tail.**

"That rich booted has a horsetail among."

"You, a regular foxed I read."

**A Lemon Pie.**

"I'm not fit to clean the teeth with a water salt water?"

"I don't know, but it is with an apple, mom."

**A Lemon Pie In Five Minutes with PY-E-TA.**

A Lemon Pie In Five Minutes with PY-E-TA

Every package of Lemon PY-E-TA makes from four to six pies that are smooth, creamy, without stiffness and with a delicious lemon flavor.

Wonderful desserts besides pie can also be made from any of the PY-E-TA flavors—lemon, cream or chocolate.

Recipe Book in Every Package

25c At Your Grocer's

Wolverine Spice Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**DARGER, SALARY**

We Prepare These  
RESIDENT and CORRESPONDENCE

Instruction for the  
**Highest Salaried Positions**

Bookkeeping, Accountancy, Stenographic, Secretarial  
Commercial Teaching, Etc.

You may prepare for any one of these lines or get better technical training for your present work. You will receive full charge and give you what you want and in every way that satisfies you. Bookkeeping, accountancy and other business subjects are taught by instruction of well-known business and accounting experts. Write today for circular and yearbook stating what you desire to take and whether in residence or by correspondence.

P. R. CLEARY, President  
30 Michigan Avenue

YPSILANTI, MICH.

**The Northville Record.**

E. E. BROWN, Publisher.

An independent newspaper published every Friday morning at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville post-office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC 24, 1920

**TO DETROIT SUBSCRIBERS.**

Detroit, Hamtramck and Highland Park subscribers should not forget to notify us at once of their new house numbers, so that we can begin using the same January 1.

Beginning with January 1st the use of the old numbers will be discontinued and the new ones used instead. It is, therefore, very important that this office be supplied with the new street numbers of all Record subscribers. To neglect this matter will only mean confusion and a delay in the delivery of the paper.

**METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.**

\$10.00 A M Sermon by the pastor "The Fullness of Time." 11:30 Sunday school 6:30 Epworth League, Topic, "Purpose Meeting" 7:30 Christmas Program by the Sunday school.

You are cordially invited to all these services. If you want to help a good cause we need you. If you want help you need us. Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**

Closing year services will be held here next Sunday. The morning sermon topic will be, "Is the World Growing Better?" In the evening, "How to Make Sure of a Happy New Year." Preaching by the pastor at both services.

Children's church in the afternoon at three o'clock. Subject of the pastor's talk to the children will be, "A Dark Valley with a Happy Ending."

The Christmas entertainment will be held Friday evening, at 7:30. These will be interesting exercises by the children and the usual treat will be given the young folks. All are cordially invited to spend the evening with us. An offering will be taken to send help to three million starving children in Europe. Freely we have received. Let us freely give.

Morning service at 10:30. Bible school at 11:15. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.**

We extend hearty Christian greetings to all the members and friends of the church. Christmas falls on Saturday, and the church will celebrate on the day following. There will be the Christmas sermon at 10:30, followed by the regular session of the Sunday school. In the evening at 7:30 the Sunday school will render the program "White Gifts for the King." Gifts of self service and substance will be accepted, and of substance, things good to eat and things good to wear as well as money. "Nor dots the Great King regard one gift above another so long as all be white"—given in the true spirit of the Christ of Christmas. Money raised will go for work among the needy children of Europe and the Near East. Don't miss this service.

On Tuesday evening the 28th a second program will be given by the Sunday school with themes of special interest to the little people. Of course the older folks will be there to look on.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

**TO ASK FOR STATE BONUS.**

With the filing Saturday in the secretary of state's office of a petition signed by 150 electors in Ottawa county, there came to light an effort to initiate a law which will grant veterans of the World war pay to the amount of \$15 per month and not to exceed \$250.

The proposed act would create a world war veterans' compensation board consisting of the governor, attorney-general, adjutant general, state treasurer and three veterans appointed by the governor for one year at a salary of \$3,000 to administer the fund. The amount is to be paid by the state. A lot of these petitions were being circulated in Detroit last week, but it is reported as doubtful whether a sufficient number of signatures can be secured within the time required. In any event this matter will probably be presented to the legislature.

It would seem that the bonus ought to be paid by the federal government and then service men from all the states would receive the same amount.

**AMERICAN LEGION TO GIVE BALL.**

The American Legion of this village will give a ball at the High school gym on the evening of January 6th. For this gathering the famous Fischer's Exposition Orchestra of Kalamazoo has been engaged to furnish the dance program and all who attend may be assured of a rare musical treat.

In all its appointments this ball will fully sustain the reputation of the Legion members for doing things in a big way, as those who attended the party given last spring will testify.

**LINER COLUMN.**

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Lost, Found, etc. Rate, 1 cent per word—Cash.

**WANTED.**

WE GUARANTEE \$36 per week full time or 75¢ an hour spare time selling guaranteed hosiery. Agents making \$75 to \$100 a week. Good hosiery is an absolute necessity, you can sell it easily and make large profits. Experience unnecessary. Eagle Hosiery Company, Darby, Pa. 19w19.

WANTED—People who may want nursery stock of any kind, fruit or ornamental trees, vines, plants or shrubs, to call me by phone 129-J, and I will call and see them. N. A. Clapp. 29w1c.

WE GUARANTEE \$36.00 PER WEEK full time or 75¢ an hour spare time selling Guaranteed Hosiery. Agents making \$75 to \$100 per week. Good hosiery is an absolute necessity. Experience unnecessary. Eagle Hosiery Company, Darby, Pa. 16w10c.

REMEMBER—And insure your automobile in the U. S. Mutual, the "Big Reliable," the best protection for least money. N. A. Clapp, local representative. 27-w1c.

NOTICE—Positively no hunting allowed on Chastain Farms. Signed, C. H. Young. 13-w1c.

WANTED—A small extension table J. G. Alexander, at barber shop. 22w1c.

Pontiac-Poultry and Rabbit Shop, 18th & 22nd, Wayne A. D. J. Schumacher, secretary. Room No. 1 Pontiac, Mich., for premium list. 33w1c.

**FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE—Three good teams. Inquire Dave Weston Phone 131-M. 23w3p.

FOR SALE—1920 Overland, one 1920 Ford with starter; also 1918, 1917, 1916 Ford. D. B. Bunn Ford Sales & Service, Northville. 23w1c.

FOR SALE—Quantity of household furniture. Apply at Barnhart Apartments, just west of the Ford garage on Main Street. 23w1p.

FOR SALE—House and lot and garage at 31 Cedar Street, M. F. Stanley, Northville. 23w1c.

FOR SALE—One new milk cow with calf by side. Harry Sessions, Phone 234-J-2, Northville. 23w2c.

FOR SALE—Dresser in good condition. Mr. B. L. Brown, Main St., at 1908 from High school. 23w1c.

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red cockerels. Phone 129-R-2. 23w2p.

The W. A. Foster Memorial Hospital at Jackson, Mich., is prepared to give a three year course in the science of nursing. This training school is accredited and the training includes Midwifery and Surgical Obstetrics, contagious and a special course in Tuberculosis and Public Health work. Apply in person, or to Director, Superintendent of W. A. Foster Memorial Hospital, Jackson, Michigan. 19w1c.

**LOST AND FOUND.**

LOST—Black kid contact book split in two. I will like to find owner's name. Saturday morning. Findet leave at this office. Reward. 23w1p.

CARD OF THANKS—We wish to thank the many friends for the beautiful flowers, autographs and words of sympathy in our time of bereavement, in the loss of our dear wife and mother, L. L. Partridge and family.

CARD OF THANKS—I desire to thank the kind neighbors and friends for their assistance in caring for my dear mother, Mrs. Mary Palmer, during her illness and at the time of her death and burial, especially those who contributed the beautiful flowers. Miss Jennie Palmer.

CARD OF THANKS—I wish to thank the friends and customers of Northville for their patronage during the past year, wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Yours sincerely, Miss Ella McNamara, South Lyon, Mich. 23w1c.

ARE APPRECIATIVE—We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the kindness and sympathy shown us in our recent bereavement. Mr. James Savage Brothers and Sisters.

**ATTENTION, VIOLIN STUDENTS!**

After January 1, 1921, Mr. J. Parre will take on beginners and advance pupils on the violin. Mr. J. Parre has studied 3 years in the Conservatory in Toledo and 4 years in the Conservatory at Ann Arbor. For further arrangement for lessons write Mr. J. Parre, Wayne, Mich.; Box 7, or call telephone No. 59, Wayne. 23w2c.

**NOVI TOWNSHIP TAX NOTICE.**

I will be at the following places for the collection of taxes for Novi township:

Frank Deen's store, Novi—December 21 and 28, and January 4th.

Hotel at Wixom—December 22 and 29, and January 5th.

Lapham State Savings bank, Northville—December 23 and 30, and January 5th.

GEORGE NEWBOUND, Novi Township Treasurer. 22w2c.

**WELL DRILLER WANTED.**

Want well drilled on farm one mile south of Northville this fall. Address R. Marshall, New Telegraph Bldg., Detroit. Main 571. 22w1c.

**Discipline.**

No one ever begins to climb at the top, but an observant business man remarks that the trouble with many of our young people is that they do not seem to be aware of that fact. They are so scared of their own ability, and high respect that they claim the wrong end of the ladder.

**TOY TREE TABLE DECORATION.**

Miniature Christmas Emblem May Be Surrounded With Presents Tied With Red Ribbon.

DECORATE the table with a Christmas tree, one of the toy ones, and pile around its foot a quantity of presents tied with red ribbons. These should be only what a college man would call "grunds"—perhaps a tiny tin piano for a would-be performer, lanterns for the one points of whose jokes are difficult to see, a small paper golf bag for the enthusiastic player, and so on, each with a rhyme or quotation, says Harper's Bazaar. If one considers a goose a somewhat undignified bird, ducks may be exchanged for it, either the domestic fowl or the more expensive canvas-back of leghead. Fried celery is very good with duck, the crispier pieces dropped in batter and then cooked in deep fat. But the apple sauce croquettes should not be omitted even with this. For this informal dinner there is a very good and innocuous drink to serve with the heavy course—sweet cider, spiced and sugared to taste, cooked ten minutes and served hot.

Account Book Number One, previously sent out by the college.

About 3,000 account books were distributed in the state last year, says H. M. Eliot, Farm Management demonstrator of the Extension service at M. A. C., and thus year we are printing 5,000 of the revised books to

care

for greatly increased demand.

The books will be sold to farmers at

put his finger on the pulse of his farm

business.

Applications for the books should

be made to H. M. Eliot, Farm Man-

agement demonstrator, M. A. C., East

Lansing.

business.

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vice at M. A. C., and thus year we are

printing 5,000 of the revised books to

care for greatly increased demand.

The books will be sold to farmers at

cost, which has been estimated at

between 35 and 40 cents.

The new books will contain added pages for

feed records, crop records, egg rec-

ords, and other phases of farm work,

with the result that increased use can

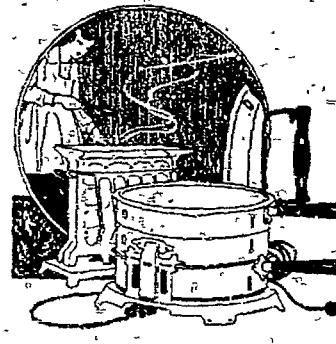
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Applications for the books should

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Lansing.

**ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS****THAT ARE USEFUL****Hockey Skates.****Tea Kettles.****Casseroles.****Pyrex Dishes.****Gillette Safety Razors.****Auto Strop Razors.****Carving Sets.****Electric Chafing Dishes.****Electric Percolators.****Electric Flat Irons.****Electric Grills.****Electric Heaters.****Jack Knives.****Genuine Flexible Flyer Sleds.****Velocipedes.****EUREKA VACUUM CLEANERS****LYKE & LANG, Northville**

When in  
doubt give  
Handker-  
chiefs

**Have You Forgotten****ANYBODY?**

In your rush and hurry of Christmas shopping have you forgotten any one whom you would like to remember? Look over your list again and then come here and select what you need from our large stock of

**Underwear and Hosiery, for Women and Children****Waists, Skirts, Sweaters, House Dresses, Fancy Notions**

We are offering bargains you cannot find elsewhere, because we desire to reduce this stock before the New Year. As we have stated we expect to retire from this business and every dollar we can get out of this stock will be just that much less to inventory.

On every counter and on every shelf you will find something that will make acceptable and practical gifts.

The time is getting short—Come in and look around and make your purchases.

**M. BROCK & COMPANY.**

Hosiery  
is always  
acceptable

**Alseium Theatre**

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23, 24.

Big Super Special.

"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."

Two shows each night commencing

## THE NORTHLVILLE RECORD.

VOL. II. NO. 28.

THE RECORD - NORTHLVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## Christmas Greetings

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Our success of the past is largely due to the kind co-operation of our friends. Our appreciation is deep and our warmest thanks go out to you, coupled with the hope that you will receive full measure of the joys of Christmas and happiness and prosperity for the new year. We aim to serve you helpfully in the future.

Open Monday and Wednesday Evenings until 8 o'clock.

ELLIOTT'S HARDWARE

PRESENTS  
For The Smoker

Our Cigars and Tobacco have the quality and aroma that calls for more! A very appropriate and welcome gift for any smoker.

We Have Cigars in Special Christmas Boxes from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per Box.

You will find HIS favorite line.

Cigars at Reduced Prices.

Fine Assortment of Candies.

Northville Bowling Alley

Main Street

Where the Cars Stop

It's Not Too Late  
to selectSOMETHING  
ELECTRICAL

Nothing Better and More Appropriate  
for Christmas Gifts

We Have—Electric Washers, Electric Lamps  
Flat Irons, Toasters, Percolators  
Stoves, Plates, Flash Lights

Some of Our Handsome Electric Fixtures  
would make most Acceptable Gifts.

The Northville Electric Shop

## COAL COAL

WE HAVE ALL KINDS.

We are selling coal. That is our business at this time of the year and we are glad to announce that we have a supply of all kinds—hard and soft.

Our office is at our home, 141 Main St., but for the convenience of our customers we are in Huff's store every Saturday evening.

Call and get a 1921 Calendar Saturday Night.

HARD WOOD

Clark Coal &amp; Ice Company

Phone 350. NORTHVILLE, MICH.



## Xmas Posy Party

"A Garden of Flowers"—an ideal scheme this for a fancy Christmas dress party. When the invitations are sent out each guest should be requested to come to "the Garden of Flowers" dressed to represent a flower. Whatever flower is chosen should be intimated to the hostess when accepting the invitation. For the supper table decoration for this party, in the center stand a large doll dressed as a rose—the queen of flowers. In her hands should be fastened as many garlands of baby ribbons or strings of small blossoms as there are guests. Attach little gifts at the other ends of the garlands appropriate to the costumes of the guests that are to receive them, such as brooches and scarpins with flowers in enamel, baskets of sweets trimmed with flowers or pretty cut glass bottles of perfume, decorated with blossoms. The ribbons or garlands should be arranged that each small guest finds a corresponding gift; thus, Violet's present is adorned with the flowers she represents, etc. The menus should be in the form of flowers or petals and the lamp or candle shades of rose colored silk.

## Christmas Song

In every babe that gains the light  
Through rack of human pain,  
In each new-breathing soul tonight  
The Christ-child lives again.  
In every drop of anguish pressed  
From pallid woman's brow,  
In every virgin mother-breast  
His Mother whispers now.

And wise men through the darkness lie,  
Lo! In the East—a Star!  
O little Christ who is to die  
Was your soul's journey far?  
Strange meteor wounds of death  
and birth  
Lighting an endless sea;  
A little child has come to earth  
And He must die for me!

—By Mary McNeil Fenollosa, in  
the Craftsman.

## Origin of Yuletide

"Yule was the name of the ancient Scandinavian festival held at the time of the winter solstice. The word is of uncertain origin says The Housekeeper, but it probably is taken directly from the Icelandic word "jol," meaning a feast. It is curious to note how many nations of old marked the "turn of the year"—that is, the December solstice—by festivals. The Egyptians, the Hindus, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans all had feasts at this season, but especially the Northern nations—the Teutons, the Scandinavians the early Britons of Britain rejoiced at the event of the sun's turn on its course. The festival was kept with mirth eating and drinking and noisy jollity. One of the ceremonies was the placing of an enormous log of wood—often so large that it required the strength of several men to swing it in upon the hearth fire in the huge fireplace. The burning of the Yule log was thought to insure good fortune to the family, especially when charred pieces of the log burned the year before and kept over for that purpose were used to light it.

## REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.

An effort is being made throughout the United States this week to raise \$35,000,000 for the care of the starving children of Europe, and the plan has the endorsement of Herbert Hoover, who is familiar with conditions over in the war-stricken countries. Help must come from America, or countless thousands of these little ones will perish from hunger and disease before another harvest.

At this happy Christmas season naturally our hearts go out to the little ones of our own homes and fire-sides, and to those of our neighbors. In families where children's voices will be heard on Christmas morning extensive plans are now being made for their comfort and delight. In many homes there will be no laughing children to bring blessing and brightness on Christmas day, but members of the household are doubtless planning to make some neighbor's child or the children of relatives, happy with gifts and toys. This appeal of childhood seems to have a wonderful charm and it is difficult for any normal man or woman to get away from its influence.

In many cities and towns of Michigan a plan has been adopted that The Record believes could be applied to this community to the convenience and pleasure of all who would like to do something for these little ones across the sea. At each family gathering a collection is to be taken and each guest from the children to the grown-ups are being asked to give something no matter if the offering is but a few cents. Then at each dinner table a vacant chair will be placed for the little "unseen guest" and thus the fees of the children of our neighbors over in Europe may be brought very close home to us.

The good people of Northville have never failed when an appeal has been made and it seems that this call comes to us with intense feeling just at this time. Any money raised at these family gatherings may be turned over to the pastor of the Northville clergymen or put in the collection to be taken at the Christmas exercises and thus it will find its way to the proper committee having charge of the funds.

In the name of the little ones of our own households let us do everything to relieve the distress and suffering among the children who have been made orphans as a result of the great war.

Let us remember in our Christmas giving these little ones whose faces are so eagerly turned toward America for help.

**BIG MUSIC SHOW AT DEARBORN**  
Fort Dearborn Post Veterans of Foreign Wars have completed arrangements for showing at the Sacred Heart Auditorium, in Dearborn, on Monday, December 27th one of the most popular musical comedies of the season, "Butt Who?"

The manager is George, the director is Julian Spivall, who is directly from New York, where she is recognized as one of the most foremost players in musical comedy at a large scale.

"Butt Who" shows two nights in Dearborn at Orchestra Hall, after its Dearborn engagement. This company is the largest to show in Detroit in years, comprising one hundred and forty-eight people.

A number of the ladies and gentlemen of the Dearborn post have availed themselves of the invitation extended by Madam Shenault, to take the place of some of the principal characters in the cast, while others are to appear in the chorus.

## SPECIAL M. A. C. FARM COURSE, OPEN IN JANUARY.

Various short courses in agriculture planned for Michigan farmers and farmers-to-be will open at the Michigan Agricultural College during the first week of January. More than 500 men and women enrolled in the work last year, and an even greater number is indicated for this winter by the advance requests for information regarding the various courses. Practical phases of agricultural work are emphasized. There are no educational requirements for admission, men and women of the state at least 16 years of age all being eligible for the work.

Among the courses listed to start in January are those in general agriculture, dairy manufacturers, dairy production, horticulture, and farm mechanics (January 3 to February 25); and poultry husbandry and advanced poultry (January 5 to January 29).

Further information regarding the work may be had by writing to A. M. Berridge, director short courses, M. A. C., East Lansing.

We Wish You All A Very Merry Christmas

# Christmas Journey

A True Story for Grown-Ups

Mary Graham Donner

She had no children. At Christmas time she especially seemed to feel the need of them. It seemed as though every time she turned around she should see a daughter or a son or a small chubby child of her own—one of those she had dreamed of and who had never stepped outside of her dreams.

Miss Gertrude Harding was a "born mother" to whom no children had been born.

But this year she had forgotten something most important to be done. And it was only several days before Christmas.

She went down town, made her purchase after quite a delay and left the shop.

Outside were three small children, their faces close against the window pane, their eyes gleaming, their small ill-clad bodies tense and quivering with emotion.

"Aw, gee, look at it stop at the station! There, she's off the track now!" No, she ain't. She's back on again."

The second child was reading a sign. "They says that in this here shop that it's the land where the dreams of children come true. D'ye suppose there's kids?"

The third child, a little girl, who was clutching what once had been a doll was looking at one in the shop's window.

"If I could just touch her hair," she said. "Would you like to go inside, the shop?" Gertrude Harding asked the children.

They looked at her skeptically. "Dya mean it?"

And through the shop, straight to the children's department she took them.

It was a revelation to her to realize the joy that was derived by these children from the infinite contact with toys they knew they could never own.

They had gone inside one of the big shops and had been treated as well as nobodies, they had not been afraid. They had looked to their hearts' content. "Kris Kringle—what they's call?" The children asked afterward. "In these it be the land all right where child free dreams come true." For the glee of Christmas had been expressed by the marvelous and unique toys and games and gay decorations of the Christia shop.

If Gertrude Harding told herself afterward, these children had so loved a trip into the play of a children's shop, were there not girls who would like to young teeth into the world of toys too?

She thought it over and did not stop thinking. She took up a certain number of dollars in the morning.

Again the notion of a children's Christmas came over her. Well, I wanted if I could, to go to the hospital and take the children to the children's shop. They're poor little bairns, I'd put it on my conscience, if I didn't let them have the special pleasure of Christmas.

So Gertrude Harding called for the children. There were fifteen we're able to go and of them ten the majority were orphans. And so, as far as Gertrude Harding had in such a short afternoon, she did the best she could.

Those in the shop seemed especially anxious to do what they could for the children who were so obviously from home or hospital. The mechanical toys even seemed to put more spirit into their performances. Gertrude Harding thought.

As they were coming home several little bairns found their way into both of Gertrude Harding's hands. One clutched a little finger, another had held her thumb; so it went.

"Mrs.," one of them ventured, "let's pretend we're all children from a Kindergarten and that you're our teacher. Don't let's pretend we're from a hospital, eh?"

"Yes, let's pretend that," she answered them. "Or how would we do to pretend that I was your mother and that you were all my children?"

"Would you—honest—would you pretend that?" they asked and the others looked at her eagerly hoping, hoping, hoping she would not refuse.

"That would be the best 'pretend' of all," she smiled at them.

So they "pretended" and so they went back very happily from their Christmas shopping trip.

Once again she took them, on the day before Christmas. It was hard getting through the crowds, but it was worth every effort.

In one of the shops a gaily dressed clown led the children in a procession. Once in a while he turned and winked at them as though to say,

"We know what fun all this is, don't we? We're in the secret of the fun that children can have at Christmas time that the grown-ups know

nothing of. They must just let us go along and share our secret together, eh?"

And then the clown beat his drum and the children all marched stably behind.

When a magnificent Santa Claus asked the children to sing with him and the voices of the hospital children sang up with the rest Gertrude Harding felt herself swelling with pride. Later when Santa Claus perceived that one of the hospital children had an unusually lovely voice he asked him to sing alone.

And there in the shop he sang, sang with the thrill of happiness that a man sings with when first he feels the warmth and sweet fragrance of the spring.

He had never been asked to sing before like this—in a big shop where people were and where people listened to him, not because he was being visited in a hospital and must do his part to entertain the visitors, but because, somehow or other they liked his voice. It rang out true and strong. He shifted the crutch which he had never been without and which he would never be without to the end of his days, and then he was asked to sing an encore.

His face was flushed with the pleasure of doing something which was liked in this big outside world. He looked at Santa Claus and beamed.

He had already sung a popular song which he had learned from the squeaking talking machine which someone had given the hospital when it was no longer fit for the home, and now he thought he would sing something better. Somehow he felt it would be proper, and a vaguely perhaps he felt it would show a gratitude for Christmas that went deeper. Dimly he thought these things.

Someone had taught them a hymn in the hospital, a hymn which he had always loved. It made one feel lighter, stronger, happier somehow. It was a very glorious hymn he had always thought.

And he sang:

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old  
Howans the earth yearns to be  
On the earth good will to men  
From heaven's all gracious king  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing

Right to the end of the hymn he sang and the people thanked him and Santa Claus told him it had been love and care that had made him a valuable gift on the bed.

Gertrude Harding had felt a lump in her throat and had sniffed with eyes that were misty.

As the angels did descend near the earth even in these days—and even especially where crippled and maimed were. It was the humans, the bairns, who forgot and who even thought little not thinking!

Back to the hospital she took the children into, that afternoon. The hospital was in semi-darkness. Children

were scattered about, some in beds, some in chairs, some in wheelchairs, some in wheelchairs.

She had gone inside one of the big shops and had been treated as well as nobodies, they had not been afraid. They had looked to their hearts' content.

"Kris Kringle—what they's call?" The children asked afterward. "In these it be the land all right where child free dreams come true." For the glee of Christmas had been expressed by the marvellous and unique toys and games and gay decorations of the Christia shop.

If Gertrude Harding told herself afterward, these children had so loved a trip into the play of a children's shop, were there not girls who would like to young teeth into the world of toys too?

She thought it over and did not stop thinking. She took up a certain number of dollars in the morning.

Again the notion of a children's Christmas came over her. Well, I wanted if I could, to go to the hospital and take the children to the children's shop. They're poor little bairns, I'd put it on my conscience, if I didn't let them have the special pleasure of Christmas.

So Gertrude Harding called for the children. There were fifteen we're able to go and of them ten the majority were orphans. And so, as far as Gertrude Harding had in such a short afternoon, she did the best she could.

Those in the shop seemed especially anxious to do what they could for the children who were so obviously from home or hospital. The mechanical toys even seemed to put more spirit into their performances. Gertrude Harding thought.

As they were coming home several little bairns found their way into both of Gertrude Harding's hands. One clutched a little finger, another had held her thumb; so it went.

"Mrs.," one of them ventured, "let's pretend we're all children from a Kindergarten and that you're our teacher. Don't let's pretend we're from a hospital, eh?"

"Yes, let's pretend that," she answered them. "Or how would we do to pretend that I was your mother and that you were all my children?"

"Would you—honest—would you pretend that?" they asked and the others looked at her eagerly hoping, hoping, hoping she would not refuse.

"That would be the best 'pretend' of all," she smiled at them.

So they "pretended" and so they went back very happily from their Christmas shopping trip.

Once again she took them, on the day before Christmas. It was hard getting through the crowds, but it was worth every effort.

In one of the shops a gaily dressed clown led the children in a procession. Once in a while he turned and winked at them as though to say,

"We know what fun all this is, don't we? We're in the secret of the fun that children can have at Christmas time that the grown-ups know

## NO KIDDIES—NO CHRISTMAS

Children Are Absolutely Necessary to Keep the Yuletide and Happy Season in Existence.

EDWARD S. MARTIN, who is never happier than when writing about children, had a characteristic article in the Metropolitan Magazine entitled "Christmas and Children". In the course of its pages Mr. Martin introduces a suggestion that is extremely unpleasant, but he clears it away deightfully. He says:

"Consider, if there were to be a large of new babies for even so short a time as ten years, Santa Claus would fade out of active existence and become a mere tradition to be read about in books. A failure of the infant crop for fifteen years would result in the decay of the habit of hanging up stockings, and only antiquarians would any longer take the trouble to have Christmas trees. Of course, in such an unthinkable contingency as that our world would be in such a desperate state of depression that it would have no fun, though it would go through the motions of existence from habit. But the kind of Christmas keeping we are used to would be knocked on the head. That lasts simply and solely because there are children. The people who have the children maintain the current Christmas practices for their children's sake, the older children maintain them for their own sake, and the folks who have no children keep them up, for old times' sake and because it is the custom of the country."

"What an intolerable suggestion that is, of there being no children to be had under fifteen years old; no babies to bring and coo at the Christmas tree candles; no five-year-olds to come downstairs in their nightgowns after their stockings; no seven-year-olds to wake up everyone in the house, hours before breakfast; no ten-year-olds to sit at the Christmas board and be burned against over-indulgence in plum pudding; no consuming interest in dolls and no market for them; no interest in searching for the toy shop, and harassing peddlers who try to set the same old toys of the how quiet active concern about jacks and sleds and roller skates. No running, no let-ups, much too a full program. Let us be devoutly thankful that it is only an awful idea with any basis, that there are lots and lots of children in comparison of all kinds of ages and myriad more coming, so never croaks there may be about rice suicide."

Plum Pudding of Other Days.

A great deal has been said, written and sung about the plum pudding of England, but centuries ago it had a formidable rival, for epidemic inof

town as plum porridge.

It consisted of beef or mutton mutton, a broth, thickened with brown bread, which was then thoroughly boiled after raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, ingred and ginger had been added. This dish is now entirely obsolete, though a "Poor Richard's Almanac" mentions it as late as 1750, and a Mrs. Price, who published a cook book in London in 1791, announcing her son as the title wife as the only teacher of the great art of cookery in that city gives a recipe for making "White Brawn" the popular antipasto.

Now he parboiled it at a Christmas dinner in the tradition of an old French gastronomist in 1851, but it has since been wholly supplanted

at plum porridge. The origin of the

name is lost in obscurity. The

name of which makes any

one to it is the one by Mrs.

Price's son received for his con-

cern for plum porridge.

It's a cinch to figure why Camels sell!



You should know why Camels are so unusual, so refreshing, so satisfying. First, quality—second, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos which you'll certainly prefer to either kind smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow mildness—yet all the desirable body is there! And, Camels never tire your taste!

You'll appreciate Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor!

For your own satisfaction compare Camel puff by puff with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes each. We strongly recommend this, caron for the home or office supply or when you travel.

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

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We will Occupy a Business Space in the Ambler Hotel, Opening the 20th with a Complete line of

## FLORAL GOODS, CHRISTMAS

Wreaths, Cut Flowers, and Greens

We Solicit Your Funeral Work. A Practical Man in charge.

Poinsettias, Cherries, Cyclamen, Bergonias, Primroses, Holly and Christmas Trees at Greenhouse.

F. A. BENEDICT SONS CO.  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

### For Your Wife



There was a time when the average farm woman's world was bounded on the one side by the chicken yard and on the other by a stack of dirty dishes. But that time has passed; says

## The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Farmers are beginning to realize that an electric plant that runs sewing machines, sweepers and churning, or a running water system, or a good furnace is a profitable investment. It brings direct return in greater comfort, greater happiness, greater efficiency. The farmer's home is more than just a place to eat and sleep; it is the vital center of his farm business. That is why THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN devotes so much attention to all the problems of home management. In addition to regular departments of practical helps with cooking, canning and sewing, and such pages of inspiration as Brighten the Corner, it

A Year of Help and Happiness—\$1.00.

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Northville, Wayne County.

An authorized subscription representative of  
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### LET THE REMEMBRANCE BE SWEET GIVE HER CANDY

We have a choice assortment of Candy, both in bulk and in Fancy boxes, which will make very acceptable gifts:

Ice Cream, Oranges, Bananas  
Lemons, Apples, Nuts  
Cigars and Tobaccos.

You will not only find things here for the whole family, but you will find something here especially for Her and for Him.

Buy your Christmas Candies, Nuts and Fruits here and be assured of fresh, new stock, and reasonable prices.

Prompt Service Always.

**THE FRUIT STORE**  
SPAGNUOLA & MARTINO, Proprs. NORTHVILLE

### A CHRISTMAS WEDDING

By Alva Jordan Garth

(© 1920 Western Newspaper Union) IT WAS days before Christmas and Netta Doane had been left alone in the house, except for the servants. Usually her favorite playmate, Cora Wallace, living nearby, called for her, and they took a stroll, or visited the shops, or the next street. Cora had not appeared, and taking her doll, Netta wandered about the upper portion of the house in a desultory way. It was in her sister's bedroom that Netta received a suggestion that she proceeded to carry out. That young lad in her house to whom her mother in a shopping tour had left her jewel case, pen in the soft.

"I'll go up to a grand party, Dolly," pointed Netta up there and there in turn a sunburst necklace and a diamond pin were attached to the clothing of the doll "Unconscious, artless, Netta never realized that she was playing with a small fortune. Now we'll ride to the party in the automobile," announced Netta further.

and she put on Dolly's coat, covering up her opulent adornments. Just then there was a call outside and Netta hastened downstairs to join Cora, waiting for her at the door. Passing her mother's room Netta noticed an open box lying on the bed. It held a lovely new doll, and in an instant she knew that it was to be her Christmas present, for a new one had been promised. Impetuously she snatched it up. "Oh, Cora!" exclaimed Netta appearing before her friend. "Look! Look! My new Christmas doll. Well go right over and show it to Miss Lulu. That one is no good now" and she recklessly flung it into the street. With no thought of the jewelry it wore, five minutes later its ragged little motion picked up the discarded doll.

"That'll be a fine present for sister Lou," he declared and made for the telephone—six blocks distant—carrying his find to a home possessing a marked contrast to the elegant mansion that had housed the discarded pet of opulence Netta Doane.

There was a vast comparison at the Doone home that evening. While there, who was the recognized leader of pretty Winifred Doone, made his usual call to be met with tears in his eyes. Some one had entered the house and had rifled her jewel case. Father had reported it to the police, but the recoveries of the gems seemed hopeless. Willis confided with Winifred—but had a professional call to make and left early. He was a young, rising physician, and arrived at Grey's tenement to receive good news as to a perfect long standstill. Mrs. Mary Steadley, Dr. Frere's widow, the police, but the recovery of the gems seemed hopeless.

Willis confided with Winifred—but had a professional call to make and left early. He was a young, rising physician, and arrived at Grey's tenement to receive good news as to a perfect long standstill. Mrs. Mary Steadley,

Dr. Frere, touching by the faithfulness of the young man. "What are these?" he added, as Martha lifted a box from a stand.

"It's something I wanted to ask you about," replied Martin. "This morning little Ned found a doll in the street and brought it home for Lou, who noticed all that jewelry pinned to it. We are honest people and I want you to advise me how I shall go about finding the owner."

Dr. Frere could scarcely believe his eyes. In an instant he recognized the jewels belonging to his fiancee. It was too intense a circumstance to analyze all at once; its strangeness, its importance. He hurried back to the Doone house and told the story of Paul Martin.

"A worthy, honest man," observed Winifred's father. "These poor people interest me. What do you say to this grand Martin man having his wedding just as he expected this Christmas?"

Then back to Martin went the doctor. The poor fellow's apprehension of what the Doones deserved fairly overcame him. Next day Winifred and her mother spent decorating the humble tenement rooms and arranging for the wedding.

It was a royal gift to honest need, and the most contented hearts in all the great city that Christmas night were those that had bestowed such signal happiness upon a worthy, sweet family.

### LOVERS TRUE

By Evelyn Lee

(© 1920 Western Newspaper Union) CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," said Hugh Powers, "and it's right upon us just now. You're going to spend the day with us, Dalziel, that's settled. I'm counting on you to get Kriss Kringle a chubby, handsome, full of pep, you'll just capture the fancy of the assembled guests." Now, seeing Powers' intruder Ernest Dalziel, "I'm a modest, unassuming man and longing on to an old bachelorhood where sense and dignity usually become a well-balanced person."

Ernest Dalziel would have liked to have asked Powers an important question. It would have been, "And Miss Portia Moore?" "I haven't seen her for a year. Does she still go to parties?" And Powers would have answered, "Oh, we couldn't get along without Portia." And Dalziel would have sought some plausible excuse to prevent his own appearance on the scene.

He was sensitive about Miss Portia Moore. She was like himself, past thirty. For some months in the years past those two had been in considerable evidence at social functions, and the gossips predicted an engagement. It did not come about, however. Abruptly, the two persons apparently so adapted to one another drifted apart. To Dalziel this unexpected ending to the "one lovely day dream of his existence had come as a seemingly heartless, cruel blow. Effectively Miss Moore, the day had shut heart and home against him. There was no excuse or explanation given.

"She had just tired of me. I don't wonder. I'm not much," Dalziel soliloquized to himself in fit of depression. For a time he threw himself in the way of the lady in question, but she gave him no encouragement. Dalziel did not go about wearing his heart on his sleeve, but he did act quickly over the hurt of an incident that made him wary and suspicious of women's caprices.

With the intuition of the fact that in his breast Hugh Powers guarded a secret he would have given worlds

to know. Dalziel made due preparation for having a royal good time with the family. If Dalziel had only known it, clever, friendly Mrs. Powers had purposefully invited Miss Moore to the house to on a note the most him—and Portia was willing. It was only a few weeks before Christmas that Portia had learned of a fatal error she had committed. She had so boldly disclosed Dalziel because of a story told by a jealous friend. It involved Dalziel in an scrape of which he could never have been guilty, but the false story was so well formulated and carried conviction. Then, at a late day the truth of the motive came out. For Portia felt ashamed and humiliated a sense of her deep injustice to Dalziel, a scowling letter that her folly had cost her a love worth the having.

"You must mend it all up under a Christmas tree, dear," Mrs. Powers had advised, but Portia shook her head firmly. She was busy during the first hour of the evening assisting Mrs. Powers with the arrangement of the festal table, and entered the library on her way to the parlors, after Dalziel had roused up all hands with the frolic and jollity for which he was famous. She half turned to steady herself for the anticipated meeting. Dalziel saw her, but did not at once recognize her. Hugh Powers stole up to him.

"That looks like mistletoe on the library chandelier, Dalziel," he whispered. "Pretty girl. Great chance. Do yourself proud," and Dalziel exuberantly darted forward.

He clasped his arms about the lady in the half shadowed room, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her lips.

"How dared you!" cried Portia.

"And it isn't mistletoe at all, just a piece of green paper trimming, I say.

Dalziel, you've done it now!" shouted Powers gleefully.

But wise man that he was, he left the two alone, and diverted the attention of onlookers. Dalziel stood like one stunned, regarding Portia. "I did not know," he stammered. "I am always doing the wrong thing it seems. Won't you forgive me?"

Her eyes were filled with tears. "It is I who needs forgiveness," she sobbed. "I have wronged you all these years. I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Powers tiptoed into the room and closed the communicating door to the parlor.

"Now, Portia, free confession," she spoke, and disappeared.

And then like two wounded doves these ardent lovers faltered forth, the repressed love so nearly destroyed, with Yuletide glory all about them.

## ..Walled Lake..

# PAVILION HOLIDAY Party

Wednesday Eve., Dec. 29th.

Turkeys Given Away and Other Special Features

Stone's Famous Orchestra.

J. L. TAYLOR, Manager

Announcing the Opening

of the

## Northville Exide Battery STATION

I desire to announce to the public that about January 1st I shall open a Battery Service Station in the room under Huff's Hardware Store—entrance from Main street.

I will make a specialty of repairing and charging batteries of all kinds, and I will keep on hand plenty of "louvers" for all makes of cars. Batteries will be called for and delivered if those needing my service will call phone 219.

I solicit your patronage in this line of work and I shall endeavor to meet a growing need in this section for a service station of this kind.

A. M. ZIMMER

Northville, Michigan.

## AN Electrical Christmas

WHAT COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE?

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR PRACTICAL GIVING:

Heater, Range, Iron Toaster, Percolator Reading Lamp Washing Machine Sewing Machine

ALL ELECTRIC COME IN AND INSPECT THEM

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH

The Detroit Edison Co.

# GIFTS FOR MEN

MAKE A  
PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS



Buy Men's Gifts at  
a Man's Store.  
Buy Boys' Gifts at  
a Boy's Store.  
May we suggest—  
Haberdashery  
Mufflers \$1.50 to \$5.  
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Suspenders  
Dress Shirts.

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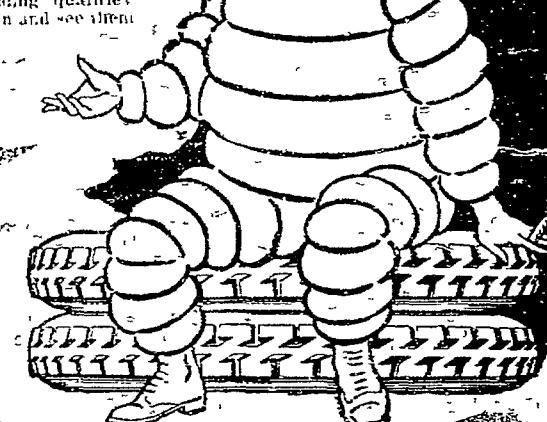
## FREYDL, The Tailor

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# MICHELIN UNIVERSAL CORD

A super sturdy oval  
air cord tire that  
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skidding.

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hensive tests have proved  
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passed for feed down  
from blow outs and for  
easy riding qualities.



Prices on Michelin Tires have been reduced. Come in and let us tell you about them. NORTHVILLE ELECTRIC SHOP.

REMEMBER

## The Faithful Horse

When you are trying to remember every other friend with your Christmas Gifts, do not forget the faithful horse. We have Street and Stable Blankets—just what Friend Horse needs this weather.

After Christmas is over you will do well to give attention to your spring needs in Tools and Implements. The wise farmer will order his repairs early this year and make all needed repairs to his tools and machinery before spring.

Everything in Farm Tools and Implements.

**H. S. DOERR**

Phone 60.

NORTHVILLE

Advertise Your Auction Sales

In The Record

THE RECORD: NORTHLVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1926

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Items taken from The Record files of 1895, for the week corresponding to this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thompson, a son.

Bert Long visited Detroit friends over Sunday.

Mrs. C. R. Stevens is about to move to California.

Mrs. Charles Reed and Clara Bell are at Richmond.

Rolin Purdy has been seriously ill for a week or two past.

W. Mount Stevens is on a three months' trip to England.

Miss Ruth Carpenter is home from Canada during the vacation.

H. B. Thurston of Oberlin, O., was the guest of his brother, Charlie, part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Evans and son, Walter, spent Christmas at Wayne with their daughter.

George C. Slaght of this place and Carrie Myer of South Lyon were married Sunday by Rev. Coprad.

The electric light wire, coming in contact with a gas wire over the hotel, Saturday evening, caused quite a blaze.

Miss Lillian Dunlap of this place is now in charge of the primary department of the Oshkosh normal school in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Stewart-Wilkins of this place died suddenly at the home of her daughter in Bay City, Saturday. She is survived by five children, Nettie, Will, A. T. Mrs. Nelson Taylor and Mrs. Frank Clements.

Willie Barley's private telegraph wire coming in contact with an electric light wire, one evening last week and in two seconds there was a nice blaze. Willie jerked the wire loose with a rubber overshoe before any damage was done.

### FORD CONDEMNATION SUIT ON

A jury of men trained in property valuations in Detroit and a large array of legal talent is impaneled in Judge Arthur J. Tuttle's court in the matter of condemning certain parcels of property necessary to widening and deepening River Rouge. The improvement is wanted by the Ford Motor Company for the handling of shipping from the Great Lakes to the Rouge plant. Ford Motor company's smelter and factor kins are located along the river.

The proceeding is based on certain premises unusual in condemnation proceedings. Contrary to "custom" it provides that land taken for public improvement purposes be paid for by the court, attorneys are setting up that the improvement would so increase valuations on the adjoining ground that the government could easily properly be excused from compensating owners of land that would be condemned.

Ability to proceed along this expedited course was prepared by special act during the last Congress.

Officers of the engineering corps of the United States army have been reported

a doubtful of the advantage from the widening to any but Ford interests.

The case will be in progress for several weeks, it is expected—Michigan Manufacturer.

### INAUGURAL CEREMONIES TO BE BRIEF.

Inaugural ceremonies incident to the entrance of the new state administration upon its duties the first of the year, will be informal in character, eliminating the evening reception and providing only for the necessary ceremonies to induct the new officials in a dignified manner, into office. This is the plan of Governor-elect Gresbeck, and Secretary of State-elect, Charles DeLoach, State Treasurer F. E. Gorman and Auditor General Fuller have subscribed to the idea.

At noon the governor and other state officials interested, will assemble in the house of representatives, it is planned, to take the oath of office.

Following that there will be opportunity for those who desire to pay their respects to the members of the new administration in the executive period.

And that will be all there will be of it.

The general understanding in the capitol is that Major Ralph Duff, who is serving Governor Sleeper as secretary, will remain in the same capacity with Governor-elect Gresbeck.

Few changes will take place at the beginning of the new year at least in the state's administrative offices.

There has been considerable legislation in recent years tending to extend the terms of state officers who hold appointive jobs, as a result of which

there are not so many changes at the outset of a new administration.

### FARMERS' LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM

James P. Powers, formerly assistant

secretary of the Michigan State Farm

bureau, has been made legislative rep-

resentative and will have charge of

the bureau's legislative program,

which is not to be agriculturally par-

tisan, according to announcement.

Economy in the conduct of state gov-

ernment will be one of the subjects for

legislative consideration by the farm

bureau, which has 80,000 or more

members.

### NEWBERRY BRIEFS ARE FILED.

Counsel for Senator Truman H.

Newberry and others convicted with him in Michigan on charges of con-

spiring to violate federal election laws,

filed their briefs in the supreme court

Thursday, in support of their appeal

from the lower court. Arguments in

the case have been set for January 3rd.

### BAMBOO HAS FAST GROWTH.

The growth of the bamboo is swift.

In the morning a shoot appears above

the ground, and by nightfall the shoot is waist high.

On the second day it is as tall as a man, and in less than

three weeks the bamboo rods rise from

18 to 19 inches in circumference and

tower to a height of 60 or 70 feet.

There is one place in Abbeville, La.,

where McHenry has grown a grove

that towered to 70 feet in 19 days.

There is a variety of bamboo that

is highly prized by orn-

ateists who cut off the young shoots

and use them for fuel.

### RECORD LINERS PAY TRY ONE

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-fourth

day of November in the year one

thousand nine hundred and twenty.

Present—Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of

Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

GEORGE A. SUTTON, deceased.

Fred P. Simmons administrator

with the will annexed of said estate

having rendered to this court his final

administration account.

It is ordered, that the fourth day of

January next, at ten o'clock in the

morning at said court room be ap-

pointed for examining and allowing

said account.

And it is further ordered, that a

copy of this order be published three

successive weeks previous to said time

of hearing, in the Northville Record,

a newspaper printed and circulating in

said county of Wayne.

(A true copy)

HENRY S. HULBERT,

Judge of Probate.

EDWARD R. DOWDNEY,

Register.

REGULAR LENGTH

7 INCHES

REGULAR LENGTH



# Tom and the High Cost of Christmas Gifts

by De Lisle Ferree Cass

**W**HEN Tom left the farm to go to the city to make his fortune he did it contrary to the ominous readings and prophecies of disaster of all the neighbors. Even his father and mother, with past years of toil rapidly drawing to tell upon them, were pessimistic of his chances of success, nor could they resist expressing their forebodings.

The old folks loved their boy too well to reproach him for his desirous now to the first flush of his young manhood, but their hearts did ache at thought of the separation.

"You'll soon get tired of all that hard living there in the city," Tom's old father told him, "and when you do, I want you always to remember that we've still got a place for you back here at the old homestead. It may be as fine and showy as lots you'll see there in the city, but it's more the sort that the good Lord intended for us, for 'tis and I are hoping the best for you, son, but when you do find out that your fortune's not away off there—just pocket four pids and come back here to us who love you."

So young Tom left the farm with stinging eyes and a high heart and adventured into the great far-away city in quest of fame and fortune.

How he fared there and all the sorry disappointments that repeatedly overtook him during that year of absence would be a long and harrowing story to tell. He chased his rainbow to its end, yet found the fabled pot of gold not there as he had so confidently and blatantly expected.

Tom made applications for all sorts of office positions only to find himself quickly rejected because of his lack of experience in business affairs.

"Well, boy, is it dulling and busting used to lead you around like that?" Tom's old dad said. "I tell you it gets a man with a contracting gait as a piano, and it's a waste of time to stand still. That will suffice to keep me going for a while until the heat of passion I want burns up."

But even breathless lines of work, a green contrivance round himself, suddenly brought up short against him wall. He had no resources to pass by employment and nothing would hire him for one handiwork out that he had to his credit.

That night he shabbily overcame a street corner in the sketchy section of the city—the raw wind whistling around him and biting through his threadbare garments—poor Tom stood on the evening before Christmas, wondering where he might find a shelter in which to sleep that night without freezing.

Just how long he had stood there shivering in the chill wind on the street corner—bitterness against the great, unfeeling city rattling in his heart—Yours did not know! He was startled from his mood by hearing a hoarse, slogging voice at his very elbow, saying what was intended as a confidential tone:

"How'd you like a nice hot feed and some corn to jingle in yer pants boy? Ain't hungry are ya?"

Whirling about Tom saw that his accoster was an under-sized, only fellow with a tough, truculent usage and bands shoved deep into the side pockets of his coat. He wore a battered cap with the visor pulled low down over his eyes and spat malevolently upon the sidewalk each time before he spoke.

"How'd you like the idea, huh?" he reiterated in his raucous, grating voice, sidling closer as he spoke and casting a wary eye up and down the nearly deserted, gloomy, wind-swept street.

Tom regarded him with distaste and undisguised mistrust. He looked like a typical thug. But misery cannot be too fastidious about the company it keeps. Finally Tom scowled blackly and answered:

"What's that to you, anyway?"

"Well, you're outta luck, don't cha'?" Yet on her uppers, stony broke and maybe with an empty belly, too, hon, ha?—Well, I guessed that much, ain't blind yet, I ain't! Well, I needn't pay for a little job tonight and we both can make a lotta jack out of it."

"You—you mean—burglary?" Tom uttered hesitantly, with an involuntary contraction of his heart.

"Humph! Not anything like safe-cracking or breaking into a house, I don't. Too many people staying up with the kids over Christmas trees to-night. I ain't been on takin' foot-chances like that, I'm tellin' ya! Now, as I searcha for is something soft, safe and easy as felling off a log. You know the big prices people are willing to pay for real booze since the country went dry, don't cha? Well, right here I know a certain warehouse that's got 20 cases of whisky stored in its basement." Real bolded staff! The warehouse is an old pal o' mine and is willing to let us swipe it if

we'll split off the cold we get afterwards. I've got another guy with a flavor that's ready to meet us about 2 o'clock this morning to haul away the stuff as fast as we pass it up to him through the alley windows. We've got it all planned for a false capture and rising up of our other pal, the night watchman, so that the bulls can't get wise to him. We're willing to split four ways on the swag if ya wanna go in on it with us. Whatcha say now, bo? Safe and easy as felling off a log!"

The sinister appearance of the ruffian regaled Tom, and the very thought of the crime they contemplated struck him with fright. It meant jail, disgrace, if they were caught. "But, T—I never have done anything like that in my life," he stammered weakly teeth chattering in the biting wind. "It would be criminal. This whisky doesn't belong to us. It would be illegal for us even to try to sell it afterwards."

"Fah!" spake the ugly-visaged man sneeringly. "You look pretty, a bird like youse talking that way about what's lawful and all that! Lots that these rich guys have dared how you got along since you came to town. Irost the looks of you! They've got fine, warm homes and coin, and everything. Worry they care whether poor bums like us have to go hungry or free in the gutter on Christmas eve? Why should you care about them when they don't give a rap about you? You've got to go on living, ain't that built?"

Tom braced his shuddering shoulders against the wind, trembling as much because of his own moral trepidation as from the terrible cold.

"Well, bo, how about it?" Aye, yon or are you still o' almighty particular?



"How'd you like the idea, huh?"

about how you handle the stuff belong to all them rich guys?"

"God!" groaned poor Tom in the abyss of his wretchedness. "Yes, I'll do it. I will! I will!"

The other clapped him roughly on the shoulder with a saturnine leer and attended at his chafing fellowship.

"Well, I thought 'oh' would," he replied hoarsely. "We'll meet that at the gate by the higher yard at 1:30. Don't you fail to be there now!"

"I'll be there, all right!" Tom muttered brokenly. Already in his clinging soul he felt like the thief he had pledged himself to become. Oh heaven, if only—

To kill time until the appointed hour, he dug his numb hands deeper down into his pockets and wandered aimlessly on. He had no particular objective in mind save only the need to keep moving lest he freeze or go mad with the strain of waiting. He shrank from letting himself think of the deed to which he was about to be party.

Involuntarily his dragging footsteps took him back into the more brilliant, lighted retail shopping district where the crowds already had thinned, hurrying home to their families and happy, expectant ladies with the holiday celebration in mind.

The hours dragged slowly by. It came near the hour for the stores to close. But still, there was time, if poor Tom had only had money, to have rushed in, bought the presents he wanted for the old folks and children, and caught the midnight train back to the country. He easily could reach there by morning and appear as a jovous surprise to them.

But ah! Why drive himself to distraction by thinking of that when there was no chance that—

And right then, suddenly, he espied it lying there, almost at his very feet—a big, fat wallet, with not a person nearer than a hundred yards of him. Plainly someone had lost it in their mad haste to get home.

Tom stopped and scooped it up like a flash. Around the corner he surreptitiously examined it. Bills—both green and yellow, of large denominations—they fairly stuffed it! There were seven hundred dollars or more—a small fortune to the miserable boy who had not even eaten for fourteen hours. Money! Money! Money!

Far more than he possibly could need, even in his most extravagant dreams.

"Humph! Not anything like safe-cracking or breaking into a house, I don't. Too many people staying up with the kids over Christmas trees to-night. I ain't been on takin' foot-

chances like that, I'm tellin' ya! Now,

as I searcha for is something soft, safe and easy as felling off a log. You know the big prices people are willing to pay for real booze since the country went dry, don't cha? Well, right here I know a certain warehouse that's got 20 cases of whisky stored in its basement." Real bolded staff!

The warehouse is an old pal o' mine and is willing to let us swipe it if

we'll make it a better day."

1920, Western Newspaper Union.

## HEARTS OF GOLD

By Orilla Frances Pfeiffer

1920, Western Newspaper Union.

HERE had come a great change over Judson Marsh during the brief space of a year and Cedar Grove more called Marsh had usually made the holidays a wild, riotous occasion of revelry such as "shooting up the town," distributing time and money squanderingly in games of chance indulging in a fast night daily, scarcely maintaining a reviving influence. Always had he delighted the cheer of Christmas and the good wishes of New Year's, but this special "Yuletide" period he had seemed quiet on his ranch, had forgotten of charity and only his wife, had flushed and his lips pale, stern and firm as stone delivered the past year's misfortune that he had reformed and had taken "good, good, good plaid!"

One could trace the cause of the remarkable alteration—it named and he was a close-mouthed man. Perhaps Miss Rivers suspected, but if so she did nothing. She had come to the crude, wild settlement to teach school.

The Marsh Ranch was ten miles from the nearest town and there was no school in immediate vicinity. Its owner was a young man not over twenty-five years of age, but he maintained quite an establishment. His widowed sister resided with him until she died, leaving a shy, pretty little girl Madeline who was idolized by Marsh.

He came to see her about my little niece, Miss Rivers. Spoke Marsh and his face and manner did not what she had heard of his brother, well-educated member of a prominent Eastern family. "She is here, we have, never has any company. I have held up my hand to help care for these little ones. Won't you find her a good girl, in the own and sort of

such a place?"

It was as an open secret

Miss Rivers spontaneously

she sat in child-like

endeavor

the mirror. She stopped

to the floor, her face crimson, her eyes

showing half fight, half

boldness

with emotion. In intense tones he whispered:

"Be careful!" he intoned quickly, for Ivy had nearly lost her balance. She had witnessed the fervent gesture of Evans in the mirror. She stopped to the floor, her face crimson, her eyes showing half fight, half boldness with emotion. In intense tones he whispered:

"I am thinking of leaving Weston, but if you care for me—" and then Mrs. Dalrymple abruptly entered the room and Evans had no further opportunity of seeing Ivy alone. The next day a postman with the news offered and he gave her to the gift of oblivion.

He even glowed now and there was a rapid smile on his face as he took up a pen and slid in a telegraph blank. It was to Mrs. Dalrymple. It read:

"Santa Claus will drop in on a dear little one at eight o'clock this morning. Bring them ready for the surprise of their lives. I hope that pretty cousin yours is still with you."

"It won't offend her," reflected Evans.

"It may remind Dear girl the big

surprise I have made stands very

small when I think of her mother's

worth," and Evans arose to greet the man who had charge of the show's winter quarters.

"We followed your orders, Mr.

Evans," he said. "The reindeers are in excellent shape. We trimmed them

up, put them in a

wardrobe so you suggested. The wardrobe

has a Santa Claus outfit so you're all right."

"Good!" nodded Evans briskly. "I'll have to start for Weston early, but

people will suppose I am giving them

an advance advertising stunt. Some

class to my scheme, eh?"

"You are always original," commented the old circus man.

One of the favorite "stunts" of Ross Evans had been to make his advance route with the high single-seated buggy and a pair of the circus reindeers. He was proud of his team.

It was a 20-mile drive to Weston.

Late in the afternoon, arrayed in Santa Claus costume, Evans started on his trip. Mrs. Dalrymple had the letters posted at the windows, and the Christmas tree was lighted. At the sound of sleigh bells she switched on the outside electric light. Into the yard roadway came the most ravishingly delightful Kriss Kringle with his wonderful reindeers decked and dazzling with gleaming tinsel and holly.

It was like a dream, those ensuing

two hours. And Ivy assisted, and it

seemed like a paradise to the wanderer

to revel amidst such joyous friendliness.

And when the little ones had

gone to bed, as on that other Christ-

mas eve, he stood beside Ivy.

"I am going to tell you what my

heart longed to impart to you just two

years ago tonight," he said.

"Wait," she fluttered. "I can guess,

for I had hoped," and she flitted from

the room. It was to return wearing

the rose-colored sash.

He knew it was his answer as she

hid her blushing face. As he drew her

to his arms a seal of merry Christmas

bells echoed forth. And amid the joy

and glamor and love of that radiant

face, neither saw the shadow of an

other parting.

Very Christmas—A token of love

for the people of Cedar Grove."

But the most gladsome feature of

young Tom's homecoming that next

day was his blushing announcement to

the old folks that he had had enough

of the big city; that he had come

home to stay, as they had prayed he

would.

1920, Western Newspaper Union.

## SANTA'S REINDEERS

By May Annabel Ridlon

1920, Western Newspaper Union.

HERE had come a great change over Judson Marsh during the brief space of a year and Cedar Grove more called Marsh had usually made the holidays a wild, riotous occasion of revelry such as "shooting up the town," distributing time and money squanderingly in games of chance indulging in a fast night daily, scarcely maintaining a reviving influence.

Always had he delighted the cheer of Christmas and the good wishes of New Year's, but this special "Yuletide" period he had seemed quiet on his ranch, had forgotten of charity and only his

wife, had flushed and his lips pale,

stern and firm as stone.

Evans was a successful cir-

cus master not of the ring type.

With two years he had won the envious

distrust of being a leader in his line

as advance agent and advertising man.

The shows were off of the road for

the winter season now, and a few

Mansions for the Sout.  
Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, bright fancies satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and useful thoughts which can't be disturbed, nor pain make gloomy nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for one—outs to, live in.—John Ruskin.

## LEGION MEMBERS HELPED.

One of the features of the Christmas seal sale that closed in Michigan and throughout the United States a week ago was the aid given by the various American Legion posts. In many communities the posts took an active interest and helped to make the sale a success.

Many Legion posts have come into intimate contact with tuberculosis among their own members and among those who went with them to France. Hence their interest in it. For instance, more than 70,000 men were rejected in the draft because they were suffering from tuberculosis. Forty-one percent of all the men under the care of the Bureau of War Risk insurance have tuberculosis. There are several hundred men in this state who were either rejected in the draft or later discharged from the service suffering from tuberculosis who have not been receiving proper medical care because the funds and facilities are lacking.

These are some of the outstanding facts at the basis of the interest of the Legion posts in the problem. J. A. Galbraith, Jr., National Commander, wrote to the National Tuberculosis Association just before the sale opened: "Members of the Legion are virtually interested in your community, education and organization preventive plan, which in my opinion combats the evil at its source."

C. F. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville, STATE OF MICHIGAN IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE IN CHANCERY Albert Stevens, Plaintiff:

Joseph Kingsley, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of Warren Tuttle and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of Harvey Tuttle, defendants;

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery, in the city of Detroit, on the 16th day of December, 1920.

It appearing from the bill of complaint filed herein that Joseph Kingsley, or his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of Warren Tuttle and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of Harvey Tuttle are properly made parties to the bill of complaint herein.

On motion of plaintiff's attorney, IT IS ORDERED, that the appearance of the said defendant be entered within three months from the date of this order, and in case of their appearance, that they severally cause their answer to the bill of complaint herein to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint and a notice of this order, and in default thereof that the said bill of complaint be taken, as confessed by said defendants.

And it is further ordered, that, with forty days from this date, the plaintiff cause a notice of this order to be published in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that the publication be continued therein once each week for six weeks in succession.

True copy,

HENRY A. NADELL, Circuit Judge.

VANCEINGALLS,

Deputy Clerk.

C. C. Yerkes,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

Northville, Mich.

The above suit is brought to quiet the title to land situated in the township of Evonia, Wayne County, Michigan, described as follows:

Commencing at the southwest corner of the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 22 in said township of Livonia, thence running north along the west line of said east half 2059 feet; thence west, parallel with the boundaries of said Section 557 feet and 4 inches to land owned by Clark Mackinder and wife; thence north along the east line of said Mackinder's land, 906 feet and 3 inches to the center of the Ann Arbor Road; thence easterly along the center of said Ann Arbor Road, 790 feet and 4 inches to a point; thence southeasterly along the center of said road, 231 feet and 2 inches to the northwest corner of land owned by William Shields; thence south along the west line of said Shields' land, 808 feet and 3 inches; thence northwesterly along an angle in said Shields' land in continuation thereof; along land now owned by Nelson Daggett to the northwest corner of said Daggett's land; thence south along the west line of said line of said Daggett's land to the south line of Section 32; thence west along the said south line of said Section 32 chains and 45 links to the place of beginning, situated on the west half of said Section 32, excepting and reserving therefrom and from out the northwest corner thereof the following described parcel: Commencing in the center of the Ann Arbor Road at the northeast corner of land now owned by Clark Mackinder and wife; thence running south along said Mackinder's east line 187 feet; thence due east 55 feet; thence northerly to a point in the said road which is 91 feet easterly from the point of beginning; thence westerly along the center of said road to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres ridge-irrigable.

ALBERT STEVENS,  
Plaintiff.

## A CHRISTMAS HAVEN

By E. B. Alderson

(1920, Western Newspaper Union) An OLD man sat dreamily gazing into the fireplace of a richly furnished room. It was Christmas eve, and Marvin Hughes was looking back over the years of his life and was grave and saddened as he realized that he had neither chick nor child of his own, as the echo of music and the voices of rollicking children in the apartment overhead were borne to his ears.

The recognition of the fact that he was getting old, that he was missing something in life that might make him better and happier, appealed to him powerfully this Christmas eve. He had mechanically distributed the usual Christmas largesse at the office. Homeward bound he had neglected to appear from the street medicant. This was not soul-satisfying, however. It had dawned upon him that he had brought his isolation upon himself; that there were at least two persons in the great city who were of kin and kin and he set to summing up the duty he owed them.

"I have been no closer to them than if I were an utter stranger," he soliloquized. "It is my fault, I suppose, for I have encouraged neither for years. I have simply sent them the usual holiday checks. When I am through with what I have, it must go to others. Which of the two deserves recognition—Ella Barnes or Alberta Norris?" The first named was a widow and second cousin. Hughes had supplied the capital to start her in a boarding house at her urgent request and she had managed to make a living out of it. For the time he called and she had put herself out to make upon him an impression of admiration of his successful business record, of gratitude for his financial co-operation of her love and devotion for him, the last near relative she had in the world.

They, too, had appealed to him in a strong way. Once she had taken him to a draped niche off the sitting room, and had showed him a life-sized oil painting of his dead mother.

"She was like a sister to me," said Mrs. Barnes pathetically. "And you know brother Will was quite a man,



real artist. I have always treasured it as the one precious moment of my life."

Hughes was faintly touched, but the impression was not lasting. There was something artful and insincere about Ella Barnes. Under the influence of his present emotions, however, his softened spirit, longed for loyalty and companionship.

"I'll do it," spoke Hughes. "I shall call upon Mrs. Barnes and Alberta one or the other. I will work with fortune and I hope to trace out some real affection for me; a genuine gladness to welcome me as a member of their household during my remaining few years."

An hour later he entered the home of Mrs. Barnes. He was told that she was out on an errand and was shown into a sitting room involuntarily. He directed him to the niche where he had viewed his mother's portrait. It was not in place. Then as he glanced into the room beyond Barnes saw him lying across his chair, used as an ironing board. The shock drove him to his feet. He had faced the insincerity of his orthogon relative. He was half minded to return home. A memory of the last time he had seen Alberta, her husband and children, however, influenced him to follow out his pre-arranged plan.

They had always had bumble, but especially. From the day that Alberta Norris had married Alberta he had but one thought in his mind—her comfort and contentment and that of the little ones who came to them as the years passed on.

Well Hughes knew the house, the room brilliantly lighted, whence echoed sounds of jollity and excitement. Its window was open for ventilation, and his eyes dimmed as he viewed the happy faced Alberta and her husband,



the two little girls, and baby crawling about, cooing with admiration.

"Keep Marvin away from the candles, Aldean," he heard Alberta speak, and his heart thrilled. This last child then was his namesake!

He came into the house to receive the usual earnest welcome always bestowed upon him. "Alberta," he said, "I am lonely and unhappy. I have resolved to seek some congenial haven where love and sympathy will bring me peace and contentment. Is it here?"

With open arms she greeted him amid Christmas cheer and the tendering of true, honest souls that Christmas eve Marvin Hughes was awarded the longing desire of his heart.

## WALKING AND TALKING DOLLS

Lifelike Forms Gracefully Step Across the Floor Saying "Mamma" or "Papa."

(1920, Western Newspaper Union) DOLLS that walk and talk and wink and roll their eyes are Parisian Christmas novelties in toyland. These dolls seem almost human, as they walk in sprightly style across the floor saying "mamma" or "papa" just as real children would.

Walking dolls being a new invention seem wonderful and bring screams of delight from little girls and boys, too, who watch with intense interest every step of the lifelike dolls as they are exhibited in the shops. The machinery that moves the doll's legs is set in motion by a key that is inserted in the works at the waist line.

The voice is made active by works that are wound with a key.

The eyes move as the body sways from side to side, just as the real children's eyes roll and blink, etc.

## CHRISTMAS WEEK IN ENGLAND

Time: When Scattered Families Are United and Tender Memories Are Revived.

MANY and great are the changes which have occurred in England since Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol," but they have not affected the national love for the festival and the determination to preserve unimpaired the traditional warmth and heartiness of its celebration. Christmas week is still the great week of the year for the English people. It is the one week when scattered families are reunited, when tender memories and old associations are revived, when friend greets friend with a cheery expansiveness in striking contrast with the characteristic reserve of the English nature, so impersonal to those who do not know, if well, apparently, so distant and unresponsive.

From Wednesday all business will be suspended not to be resumed till Monday morning. The whole nation will give itself up to good cheer and good fellowship, and for a brief season, all strife and controversy are hushed, and peace, charity and concord reign supreme.

Substitute for a Tree.

We are not going to have a Christmas tree, writes a correspondent. To make them without many pretty little ornaments are indeed and they cost a good deal. My plan is for a barrel in place of a tree. I have the barrel now in a closet. It is covered with old dark green oilcloth and the day before the great holiday I am going to pin sprigs of evergreen and holly on it. It will look pretty gay, I think, when it is filled with gifts that are going into it now, all prettily wrapped.

Jean was a peddler of pins, needles, yarn and hose.

An incident occurred about six months before Christmas that gave Ivan a secret to keep, but the result of which he did not experience until later. One day quite a distance from the city, seated eating his luncheon in the veranda of a road house he overheard two men talking. They mentioned a name that caused Ivan to blench up his ears. It was that of Alice Helmsby, the daughter of his wealthy landlord. Ivan was quick witted, spiced together the facts named, and comprehended that one of the men expected to have Miss Helmsby meet him soon in her automobile and they were to elope. Enough was pleaded by Ivan to confirm the fact that the fellow was a merciless scoundrel already married, and only after the names of the rich heiress.

It was by pure circumstance that an hour later Ivan came upon Miss Helmsby in her automobile. In his

best of All Holidays

THING it all in all, it may be safely asserted that Christmas is the merriment and the best of all holidays, and one which is likely to be observed for a long time to come. No longer may we sit at home and let our thoughts and feelings sweep away the old, but we won't seem, indeed, to be quite so bad, either, as we used to be.

At nightfall Ivan, dressed in his best, and every year which brought and went Christmas in a long round May old Father Time, always his helper, to mankind, to gladden the hearts of all with its coming, and may each Christmas be still merrier than the last.

An Ancient Christmas Dish.

An indispensable Christmas dish of ancient times was "frumenta" or "frumente." Here is the recipe for making the dish according to a faithful old chronicler: "Take clean wheat and Bray it in a mortar until the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it until it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean, fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs: Boil it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton." Frumenta was often served alone without venison or mutton. When served by itself it was well sweetened.

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A BIG JOKE

Duck: Now I hope I won't get a treatise on "How to Swim" for a Christmas gift.

A Form of Generosity.

That fellow is kind of hard to depend on.

He seems to be very generous.

Yes. He's a regular Santa Claus.

I don't understand.

He is willing to take the credit for giving you anything you want provided someone else stand the expense.

"Oh, father, father, the goose has laid a golden egg!"

And there in his hand was the evidence—a gilded paper-mache egg, and inside of it was found two \$1,000 bills, Ivan Vidal's reward for saving a young girl from a lifetime of misery, and keeping his knowledge a secret.

The poor, honest fellow wept for joy as he realized how much the great gift meant to himself and those he loved upon that blessed, happy Christ-

mas morn.

## THE GOLDEN EGG

By Cecile Langdon

(1920, Western Newspaper Union)

ANTA CLAUS was expected to arrive in prodigious grandeur around Helmsby Corner. The name applied to a block of tenements, a good deal above squat and the general unsightliness of the slums, although its population mainly represented poor, while thrifty people. The men were hard working and sober, the women industrious and safely slatternly. In fact, old John Helmsby, who owned the square of buildings, had selected a reputable clientele to tenancy, and in lower circles Helmsby Corner held a certain air of aristocracy.

Ivan Vidal was a decided institution of the place. Old residents could remember him back for ten years. He was a little, bright-eyed man whose constant smile and eager, friendly ways scattered sunshine.

"I have to work hard. I have a big family, you know." Ivan delighted to tell strangers and new friends. And then he would count on his fingers,

"Grandpa, Grandmama and the five little children," and the lovelight would come into his eyes as he enumerated them specifically: "Rebecca, Rachel, Ruth, Jacob and Levi."

"But the big family did not entirely represent him and kin of the generous-hearted fellow who had come from his home across the water with a wife to lose her in a year, and to have her aged father and mother, neither now fit for hard work, as pensioners upon his bounty. How gladly and unselfishly this was awarded the uniform

willing kindness and care of Ivan manifested to all the world. He did not earn much and their quarters were confined, but not only did he manage to make the old people comfortable, but when a close friend a widow and old, Ivan adopted her into his home.

"I have none; they shall be as my own," he pledged himself, and never failed to keep the sacred pledge.

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An incident occurred about six months before Christmas that gave Ivan a secret to keep, but the result of which he did not experience until later. One day quite a distance from the city, seated eating his luncheon in the veranda of a road house he overheard two men talking. They mentioned a name that caused Ivan to blench up his ears. It was that of Alice Helmsby, the daughter of his wealthy landlord. Ivan was quick witted, spiced together the facts named, and comprehended that one of the men expected to have Miss Helmsby meet him soon in her automobile and they were to elope. Enough was pleaded by Ivan to confirm the fact that the fellow was a merciless scoundrel already married, and only after the names of the rich heiress.

It was by pure circumstance that an hour later Ivan came upon Miss Helmsby in her automobile. In his

best of All Holidays

TO ALL

THE BETTER WAY

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

THE NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE.

YOU shoe the family for Christmas

WE shoe the horse for all other days

A correct fitting shoe means as much to the horse as it does to you, or any member of your family.

We fit shoes correctly. The horse walks easier, works better, and earns you more money.

E. E. Honey, . . . Blacksmithing

Church St.

## R. G. Crop of the Woodlot



**NOTICE TO MASTER MASON'S.**  
Lodge opens at 7:00 o'clock  
Monday evening, December 27.  
Entered Apprentice degree

**FORESTERS OF AMERICA**

Spcl. Meeting Saturday night.

All come.

L. D. STAGE, CHAS. CRASE,

Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger

**Northville Newslets.**

Make it a Merry Christmas.

F. S. Neal has been confined to his home this week with a bad cold and throat affection.

Hon. Fred M. Werner of Farmington was a Northville business visitor Monday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson spent last week with their daughter, Mrs. George Drayton at Howell.

Marion Cochran, who is attending St. Mary's school at Monroe, is spending the holidays in Northville.

Miss Marion Mulford of the local teachers' staff, is spending the holiday vacation with her parents in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Weeks left Wednesday morning for St. Petersburg, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Carroll Ambler, who has been attending school at Howe, Ind., arrived home Tuesday to spend the holidays with relatives.

Members of the T. G. Richardson family will enjoy a Christmas gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Murphy, in Detroit.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Young the editor's family will eat on a nice fat duck and a fine chicken on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duvaar and little baby of New York came the last of the week to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dubuar.

The Pastime Dancing Club will give another of its popular parties next Wednesday night. Music will be furnished by St. Perkins' famous orchestra.

The Record is published one day earlier than usual this week for the benefit of our advertisers, who have special Christmas messages for the public.

Mrs. F. A. Larrett of Cleveland, Ohio, came to Northville Saturday to visit, came to Northville Saturday to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. H. Hinckman.

Beginning next Monday morning we will distribute 1921 calendars to all subscribers who call at the office until our supply is exhausted. Please do not send children after them.

A new monument and marker has been placed on the T. S. Ball lot in Rural Hill cemetery, and it is said to be among the finest there. The Miller Monument Co. supplied the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Potts were called to South Lyon last week on account of the death of Mr. Potts' father, Charles H. Potts, which occurred on Tuesday after a brief illness.

Wednesday morning we in the form of the Record were closed, weather permitting, a "goomey-hat" Christmas hat was made and then it rained so if the weather man did not know which way to go.

Andy Chapman entertained a few of his girlfriends last Friday night at a birthday party. The guests brought numerous gifts for their little hostess.

Games were played and the merry company enjoyed a candy pull.

Miss Sarah Hathaway died at the home of her brother Wesley Mills, in the village Saturday, aged 78 years. The deceased was born in New York state. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon.

There will be a holiday party at the Walled Lake pavilion on next Wednesday evening, the 29th. Stone's famous orchestra will furnish music and turkey will be given away and there will be other special and entertaining features.

Northville people, who may had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Grant Putman of Williamson, as they have visited Mr. and Mrs. E. Fuller will regret to learn that Mr. Putman is seriously ill. Mrs. Putman and Mrs. Fuller are sisters.

M. R. Steely was among the Northville gentlemen who attended the annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Fairs, which was held in Detroit last week. Those attending the meeting were given a fine banquet by the officers of the Michigan State Fair society.

Don Ball and Conrad Langfield left this week for a tour of the west. They will go direct to Southern California and during the winter visit numerous sections of the coast country, concluding their visit in the Canadian northwest. They will return in the spring.

Mrs. Mary Palmer died at her home in the Barghurt apartments Saturday after an illness covering a number of weeks. She was 68 years old. Funeral services were held at her late home Wednesday afternoon, being conducted by Rev. E. A. Brass, of Walled Lake. Interment took place in Novi cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crane arrived in Northville Monday to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Crane. Mr. Crane is attending the Red Cross institute for the blind at Baltimore, Md., and is making splendid progress with his studies and training there. He can only distinguish light from darkness, but he can count money, wait on customers in the institute store, and do a lot of things just as well as though his eyesight had not been impaired. He is very hopeful that his sight will be fully restored in time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Thomas will spend Christmas with their son in Detroit.

Lawrence Henry arrived home Monday to spend the Christmas vacation with his father, Dr. D. B. Henry.

Miss Ruth McIntyre, the Red Cross community nurse, is spending the holidays with her mother and other relatives at Millington.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy of Cleveland, Ohio, will arrive in Northville Friday. The annual gathering of the Murphy family will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dolph, on Christmas day.

Northville people are again reminded that gifts of money or provisions will be gratefully received by the King's Daughters for their Christmas baskets, which will be distributed Friday afternoon.

Donations of any kind may be left at this office Friday forenoon.

Mrs. Delta Harmon of Detroit came to Northville Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary Palmer. While here she called upon a number of her old friends. She is feeling remarkably well, a fact her many friends in this section will be pleased to learn.

THE  
Season's  
Greetings

and best wishes for the New Year.

**Lapham****State Savings Bank**

Northville, Michigan.

Northern Assurance Life Insurance—Continental Fire Insurance.

The Love-Well Farms Co. wishes you and yours a very Merry Christmas.

Also the best the New Year can bring.

If a Home will help, the latter, that is our business, to make 1921 the Real Year of your life.

A Real Chicken Farm close in, with the most modern buildings around—elec., furnace, 4 incubators, fruit of all kinds—and lots of it. Buy with a Future.

**S. A. LOVELL**

Office Phone 264. Home Phone 259. George Dixon, Salesman. Phone 142-J

**C. A. DOLPH BIBLE CLASS**

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

GIFT  
SELECTIONS

**For Men, Young Men and Boys**

You will find here a very complete assortment of articles suitable for Gifts for men, young men and boys.

If you are in doubt about what to give Him, drop in here and select something from our line of

STORE OPEN  
CHRISTMAS  
MORNING

HATS.

CAPS.

SHIRTS.

COLLARS.

LINKS.

HOSIERY.

BELTS.

CUFFS.

UNDERWEAR.

TIES.

PINS.

SUSPENDERS.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

**SUITS AND OVERCOATS**

at re-adjustment prices

**KILGOUR'S**

Northville's Exclusive Men's and Boys' Apparel Store.

**VERNER & WILHELM**

ENGINEERS.

Owners of the

WILMARSH SURVEY RECORDS

Surveyors, Municipal Engineering

Appraisals, Reports and

Expert Evidence.

E. R. Wilhelm, W. F. Verner,

C. E. Verner, M. E. Verner,

Hiram Wilmarsh, Associates

Cherry 4170, Book Bldg., DETROIT.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATH

Physician and Surgeon

Office next door west of Ambler House

on Main Street. Office hours, 1:00

to 5:00, and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Tele-

phone 574. Res Phone 23.

D. R. THOMAS, BURNFIELD HENRY

Office, 11 Main St. Telephone 24.

Special work only. Surgery, Diseases

of Women, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office hours 9:11 a. m., 1-3, 7-8 p. m.

except Thursday.

W. M. S. MCNEIL, ATTORNEY AT

LAW. Office over Northville Drug

Company's store.

**DETROIT CREAMERY**  
*Velvet Brand*  
**Ice Cream**

**Special For**  
**Dec. 25th**

**FRENCH VANILLA, JAPAN RICE and**  
**CHERRY CREAM—Order Early.****Baked Goods—Baked Goods**

In our Bakery department our Christmas Specials will be:

Layer Cakes (decorated).

Pound Cakes—Angel Cake.

Sponge Cake. Fruit Cake, Light.

Fruit Cake, Dark (aged).

French Pastry. Cream Puffs.

Eclairs. Mince Tarts.

Mince Pies. Vanilla Cuts.

Scotch Short Bread.

We will also have a good supply of other Baked Goods. Place your order early, for some of our Specials. We know you will be pleased.

Try a pound of our Coffee for your Christmas dinner—you will like it.

Our High Grade Canned Goods cannot be beaten in town. Try some.

**Candies****Candies**

We have a nice assortment of Home-Made Candies—the kind you like, 40c lb.; also lots of other kinds—not the cheap kind. Also a nice assortment of Boxes.

Our nuts are the best—strictly 1920 crop nuts to be had.

**OYSTERS! OYSTERS!**

Direct from Baltimore.

W. H. ELLIOTT  
Northville, Michigan. Nevison's Old Stand.**You Eat The**  
**Christmas Dinner**

B U T

**WE SUPPLY**  
**THE RELISH**

Sit down to the Best Meal of the year, prepared from the Best Food in town, and make it the Best Christmas of your career.

This will be a gala Christmas. The country is at peace—everybody is prosperous and happy—everybody will want to eat a Real Christmas dinner.

We shall have a very complete line of "Christmas Dinner Fixings," including

Fruits, Vegetables, Celery, Lettuce.

Nuts, Candies, Cranberries, Oranges,

Lemons, Fancy Bottled Goods, Jellies,

Preserves, Mince Meat, etc.,

In fact about everything you could desire.

Choicest Groceries and Baked Goods.

Place your orders as early as you can and we will strive to serve you in a manner that will both please and satisfy.

**Sam Sassanella**

Phone 113. (Successor to Sam Wolfsen)

# The SANDMAN STORY

## THE CATBIRD'S CALL

ONCE upon a time, it is said, all the birds gathered in the woods one night to meet the fairies, for they had been bothered so much with a bad Puss who visited the woods they wanted revenge.

"What we want," the birds told the Fairy Queen, "is to bother Puss. She has worried the life out of us, catching some of our family and climbing the trees and getting our children."

"Of course I can't put Puss out of the way," said the Queen. "She is far too useful catching mice; but I do not approve of her bad habit of catching birds."

"She does catch them, and she must be punished," said the birds. "Do help us, Fairy Queen, or we will stay in the woods, and soon there will not be a bird left!"

"I will tell you what I will do for you," said the Queen after thinking a while. "Puss is very proud of her fine



"I AM  
SO PROUD  
THAT YOU WILL  
NOT THINK  
THE NAME A  
PRETTY ONE  
TOLD THE  
QUEEN"

sounds, as well, and when you wish to sing all shall stop and listen to your voice, but as you will make the mewing sounds softer than the others you will have to bear the name of catbird all the days of your life."

The pretty little bird nodded that he was willing, and up to the bush where he sat the Queen and all her fairies floated, waving over and around him their wings.

"Go back to your homes," said the Queen, "and tomorrow you will find you will soon be rid of your tormentor."

The next day when Puss came to the woods and began to prowl around she was surprised to hear "Meow-meow, meow, meow, meow!"

And the next day when Puss came to the woods and began to prowl around she was surprised to hear "Meow-meow, meow, meow, meow!"

"About Christmas there is nothing that even approximates sectarianism or any kind of mental or social narrowness or littleness. Its spirit is as broad as humanity, and all men of whatever race, creed or geographical status are invited to, and are entitled to, take part in its glad festivities."

Very pitiful is the human being who, in the midst of the Christmas season, feels like flocking off by himself, like

Dundreary's bird. It is a season, not for isolation and loneliness, but for fellowship and universal brotherhood, as though we were saying to one another, "ALL HANDS AROUND" with nobody left out.

When we pause to think of the way in which the Christmas originated, it becomes easy for us to understand why the season is everywhere made to be the occasion of deep rejoicing and uniform gladness.

DORIS MAY



Wiseone Doris May, the movie star, is an ardent motorist and golfer. In recent years she has won a place in the hearts of the screen fans which few girls of her years have attained.

(Copyright)

## BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

### A LITTLE POWDER

A LITTLE powder has become the symbol of towns' beauty and grace. To be sure the tiny powder puff and the box that it sprouts from fast and if women exhibit a public coquetry must seem ridiculous to the more modest. Yet the powder now and then is exceedingly nice.

For a girl like me in a modern city such as New York, it goes without saying that a woman's got to look good and the best way to do it is to have a branch of pink.

"I have always wanted a puff," it said, "and still do now on the days when I am in town, and you will see me this year. I am going to name it 'Pinkie' and give it to my mother."

I am not yet worn out of the desire to be a member of the Society of Friends, and you will see me this year. I am going to name it 'Pinkie' and give it to my mother."

After a while a pretty little bird, with gray color, will fly away and disappear into a black hollow, with just the lower part of which is a small chestnut, growing to the top of a branch and spike.

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**Farmington Flashes**

The second number of Farmington's entertainment course was given Tuesday evening.

The social announced to have been given by the Macabees on the evening of the 24th, has been postponed to a later date.

Farmington's annual Red Cross drive was a great success this year, a total of \$623.00 being received from junior and senior memberships.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Swinzer attended the funeral of Milton Tuck at Milford, last Monday.

Installation of officers of the West Farmington Gleaner society occurred at the home of Mrs. Sarah Murray. Supper was served by the hostess to about 40 members.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Davis, brother and sister-in-law of T. J. Davis, who came from Midland to attend the funeral of Mrs. T. J. Davis, spent the remainder of the week with friends and relatives here.

**Novi News**

The bazaar given by the ladies of the Baptist church and society was well attended. They had a large display of fancy work aprons, baked goods and candy. Everything that

was not sold in the afternoon was disposed of at auction in the evening except some cook books which are still for sale at 35 cents each. We wish to thank all those who patronized us, or helped in any way to make it a success. The proceeds from the chicken pie supper and bazaar was \$320.

**WILL MAKE TEST OF BRENNAN LAW.**

The validity of the Brennan act which forbids the dismissal of a war veteran from a public position without a hearing in circuit court, will be tested in a suit to be filed by John A. Hamilton, O. Z. Ide and Collins Scott, assistant county prosecutors, and world war veterans. The three have not been reappointed by Paul W. Voorhees who takes over the prosecutor's office January 1.

The act has never been passed on by a court, although a number of prominent attorneys have questioned its constitutionality. Chief assistant prosecutor Allan P. Cox contends that the act places all ex-service men in public office on a civic basis.

**Switzerland Leads in Mutes.**  
In proportion to population Switzerland has many more deaf mutes than does any other country.

**HARD COAL SOFT**

Larro Dairy Feed  
Cotton Seed Meal  
Bran, Fliddings, Etc.  
Chick Feed, Mash,  
Meat Scraps

**THE NOVI ELEVATOR**

Phone 309-F-2. A. L. HILL.

**WOODWORTH'S****Bazaar and Phonograph Shop**

We have endeavored to do our part in helping you to enjoy your portion of Christmas cheer, and we trust you will have an abundance. We still have a very complete assortment of articles that will make very acceptable and practical gifts and you will find it to your advantage to come here before completing your shopping tours.

In Dinnerware, Glassware, in Fancy Dishes of various shapes for various purposes, in Vases in Cups and Saucers, in Lamps, in Books and Toys we are able to supply your needs.

**Why Not Some New Records?**

Why not make a selection of some Records from our large assortment of vocal and instrumental selections? Nothing will bring greater joy throughout all the months of the new year. Come in and let us play some of these Records for you.

We sincerely wish you a Merry Christmas.

F. R. & R. P. WOODWORTH, Props.  
Northville, Michigan.

**COAL COAL**

WE HAVE ALL KINDS.

We are selling coal this time of the year and we are glad to announce that we have a supply of all kinds—hard and soft.

Our office is at our home, 143 Main St., but for the convenience of our customers we are in Huff's store every Saturday evening.

Call and get a 1921 Calendar Saturday Night.

**HARD WOOD**

Clark Coal & Ice Company

Phone 350. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

**OBSERVED PALESTINE DAY.**

The Northville Women's Club observed Palestine day last Friday, combining two days' programs in an afternoon and evening meeting. The evening meeting was held at the Presbyterian church at which Mrs. Noble, of Detroit, gave an illustrated lecture on the theme chosen for the day. The ladies having in charge the two interesting programs were Mesdames E. B. Thompson, B. H. Willis, B. A. Wheeler, L. A. Babcock and C. A. Dolph.

The club will not meet again until after the holidays.

**STATE'S FARMERS MEET JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 4.**

Farmer's week at the Michigan Agricultural college, an annual event which has grown to be the greatest congress of agricultural people held in this state, will be held this year from January 31 to February 4. More than a dozen of the largest agricultural associations in the state will hold their annual meeting at East Lansing during the week. The State farm bureau, the Michigan Crop Improvement association, the Potato Producers' association, and the State Horticultural society are among the list.

Speakers of international reputation have been secured. S. S. McClure, journalist and publisher; A. F. Lever, member of the Farm Loan Board and father of much of the country's most notable agricultural legislation; Governor W. L. Harding of Iowa, and President Burton of the U. N. are a few.

**COMPLIMENT TO MR. FILKINS.**

The Detroit Journal, in its issue of Saturday afternoon, contained pictures of a number of Detroit's most talented and popular church organists, and among them appeared the face of one of Northville's citizens, Guy C. Filkins. In speaking of Mr. Filkins' work the Journal says:

The magnificent Skinner organ in the Central Methodist Episcopal church is in reality six separate and distinct organs, operated by one organist. The designer has produced an organ whose massive and dignified tone, together with the smooth and even voicing of both pipe and reed stops, makes it suitable for accompaniment either the solo voice, the choir or the full congregation.

Guy C. Filkins, organist at Central Methodist Episcopal church, has done enough to make organ genitilis popular in Detroit through his noon day radio.

He has given every day last summer as a feature of Central church work.

The attendance was about 40 at the opening of the recital season and grew steadily during the session.

A feature of the Central Sunday program is the organ recital given by Mr. Filkins before the service begins at 7:15. Mr. Filkins has been an organist in Detroit for 11 years.

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