

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIII. NO 14

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1910

WHOLE NO. 1917.

## Local Correspondence

### WEST PLYMOUTH.

Spencer Heehey is on the sick list, laid up with a lame back.

Miss Brown will spend the holidays with her parents at Hale, Michigan.

Miss Stevens of Detroit spent a portion of this week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Innis. Mrs. Innis is quite sick at this writing.

The pupils and teacher of District No 7 celebrated the coming of Santa Thursday afternoon.

Under the caption of "What a Farmer can Buy," a would-be brilliant editorial in a contemporaneous weekly paper proclaims the interesting "facts" that "two pounds of butter will buy a farmer's wife a pair of kid gloves or a shirt waist." With butter at 34 cents a pound this doesn't leave the farmer's wife the privilege of wearing even a 98c counter bargain in either gloves or waist. "Two chickens (worth at the most 75c a piece) will buy an up to date hat," etc. We suggest that this editor study both sides of the question before he attempts another editorial like that. We are sorry to see city brothers and sisters duped with any such nonsense.

Will and John Heehey made business trips to the city this week.

Little Eva Shoebidge, daughter of Ben Shoebidge, is very ill with appendicitis.

Eugene Spencer, who is attending school at Sandwich, Ont., is home for the holidays.

The Grange held a successful meeting at Odd Fellows hall last Friday. The ladies served a bounteous repast at noon. The election resulted in placing the following members in office for the ensuing year: Worthy Master, James Hanford; worthy overseer, Hervey Packard; lecturer, Mrs. John Root; steward, Lee Truesdale; asst. steward, James Gates; chaplain, Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan; treas., John Root; secretary, Mrs. Charles Smith; gate-keeper, Butler Bradner; Ceres, Mrs. H. Packard; Flora, Mrs. Sam Spicer; Pomona, Miss Warner; lady asst. steward, Mrs. James Gates. Several new members were obligated. At the next meeting, Jan. 5, Brother and Sister Vogt of New Boston will be present to give their report of the proceedings of the State Grange. At this meeting the new officers will also be installed.

Miss Nina Stuart spent last Saturday in Detroit.

Thomas and Angus Heehey were Howell visitors Monday.

It doth appear that Brother Farmer isn't the only one that is easily gulled.

Miss Nina Stuart had a Christmas tree for her pupils Friday afternoon.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

### PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. George Dean has been visiting relatives in Midland.

Miss Agnes Krumm and Mrs. Sarah Cummings of Plymouth visited at Chas. Wright's Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Chambers visited Blanch Klatt last Thursday.

Mr. Markey was a Plymouth visitor Monday.

Roy Farmer has been visiting his uncle, George Dean, this week.

Mrs. Charles Wright, who has been sick for the past three weeks, is no better at this writing.

### STARK.

There was no school Friday, the teacher being sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bower Sundayed at John Bennett's. Mrs. B. is so that she sits up again.

Our school is being beautifully decorated for Christmas, which is pleasing the children very much.

Mrs. Holsington, Hattie and baby Verne spent Saturday at Mrs. Kate Coates's.

Mrs. Charles Kuhn has gone to New York to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Harrington. Della went with her, but will return after the holidays.

Dr. Holcomb took a ride over our road from the Plymouth road to the farm and I don't think that when the journey was finished that he was all right.

The Grange will not very well at the time of the year.

### NEWBURG.

Mr and Mrs. Reuben Barnes attended a banquet held in the Congregational church of Wayne last Thursday evening. They report a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Lewis Laags returned home Tuesday from Detroit, where she has been visiting friends for the past two weeks.

Mrs. James LeVan spent last week with Mrs. W. O. Allen of Plymouth.

Mrs. George Chilson and son Clare attended the birthday party held in honor of Elmer Chilson Monday night of this week.

Beulah Ryder was on the sick list last week.

Little Ruth Joy has been quite sick for the past week.

It has been decided not to hold services in Newburg church next Sunday.

We are sorry to hear of the continued illness of Mrs. John Bennett.

The W. R. C. met at the hall Saturday last and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. James King, President; Mrs. C. E. Ryder, Senior Vice; Mrs. Clark Saokett, Junior Vice; Mrs. Ann Farwell, Chaplain; Mrs. Ed. Bassett, Guard; Mrs. C. R. Carson, Conductor; Mrs. Allen Geer, treasurer; Mrs. Clara Bennett, secretary.

All the children are looking forward to the arrival of Old St. Nick.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

### LIVONIA CENTER.

We are enjoying good cold winter weather just no, cold enough to suit the most fastidious.

Almost everybody has a bad cold in this vicinity.

Mrs. Jesse Hake visited her people Monday.

Miss Loretta Millard visited her brother at the Center Friday.

Mrs. Minkley disposed of her farm south of the Center last week. Her son and daughter came out and helped her pack up her effects and she expects to go to Bay City to spend the rest of the winter.

Miss Marie Wolf and Allie Meijow and gentlemen friends visited at Otto Melow, Jr.'s, Sunday.

Mrs. Hayball, who has been laid up for the past couple of weeks, is on the gain now.

C. F. Smith has purchased a part of Fred Schroder's old house and is moving it onto his place, when he expects to build a toolshed out of it.

### ELM.

Mr and Mrs. Henry Pankow were in Detroit on business last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hirschlieb called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knochs in Southfield last Sunday.

A. G. Shaw was in Detroit on business Monday.

William Millard, Sr., Will McKinney and Chas. Millard have been drawn as jurors for the January and February term of the circuit court.

While fooling with a rifle that was supposed not to be loaded, one of the small boys of Henry Trapp living on the Chas. Goers farm, took aim at another and fired, the bullet entering just above the eye plowing its way along under the skin and lodging just in front of the ear. He was hustled to a physician at Redford and the bullet was extracted. Fortunately the rifle was of small caliber, which probably saved the boy's life. He is doing well at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Pankow of Clarenceville entertained several friends at Pedro last Saturday night.

### It is Bargain Day

When you buy Renne's Pain-Killing Oil, for it is just exactly as represented. The sure cure for neuralgia, headache, rheumatism and sprains. When injured apply Renne's Pain-Killing Oil. It is an antiseptic and will prevent blood poisoning. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

F. L. Manning Jackson, Mich., writes: This is to certify that I have been a constant user of Renne's Pain-Killing Oil in my family for the past 20 years, and would not care to do without it. It is all times in the house than I could without it. I have used it many times and it has saved me from a great deal of suffering. I have used it many times and it has saved me from a great deal of suffering. I have used it many times and it has saved me from a great deal of suffering.



## Be an Up-to-date Santa Claus

It's easy to make your selections from our Profuse Array of New Christmas Novelties, shown for the first time this season.

## Presents to Fit Your Needs.

In Gifts for Ladies or Gentlemen, your wants have been anticipated. We place at your disposal a wide range of selection, from Pretty Remembrances at small cost, to Elaborate and Valuable Articles.

## It Will be a Pleasure to Show You,

and perhaps we can make your money "go farther" than if you bought elsewhere, and then WE give you a Discount of 10% for cash, don't forget that.

**THE WOLVERINE DRUG CO.**

Phone No. 5.

**J. H. KIMBLE, Ph. B., M. D.**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at "THE WOLVERINE." Phone No. 5. Office, 2 Rings Residence, 3 Rings

**A Big Line of Novelties, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches AND MANY OTHER USEFUL ARTICLES**  
At our store next to D. U. R. Waiting Room.

**To See Clearly and Easy**  
without squinting is to have your eyes properly fitted. We will give our best attention to every patient who must have his eyes examined. Our examination fee is \$1.00. With Prescription copy of full details, \$5.00. It is the best investment you can make.  
**Levon J. Fattal**  
JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST.

**KC BAKING POWDER**  
Stands for **Quality Economy Purity**  
Improving the family's meals, don't be satisfied with anything but the best. K. C. is guaranteed perfect in every respect. It is the only baking powder that is so pure and so good.  
Genuine food makes all Pure Food Laws  
Jacques Mfg. Co. Chicago.

## LOOKING FOR XMAS PRESENTS?

Let us Help You.

We have a fine line of

**CHRISTMAS PERFUMES,**

in beautiful boxes, from 15c up. The most exquisite boxes of

**Lowneys Christmas Candies**

Ever in town. We have all kinds of

**Toilet Goods, Hand Mirrors and Toilet Sets,**

75c up. Come in and let us show you the most complete line of Christmas Box Papereries in town.

**Pinckney's Pharmacy**



**START A BANK ACCOUNT FOR YOUR BOY'S MERRY XMAS OR YOUR OWN Santa Claus has a Bank Account**

**CREATE OR CRUMBLE.** Every man should create a foundation for success before old age crumbles his earning powers. A small savings account started to-day, NOW, will start you on the road to independence. The farther you travel on this road the less you will wish to turn aside.

Make our bank your bank. We pay liberal interest consistent with safety—three per cent.

**The Plymouth United Savings Bank**

**WE'LL HAVE FINE PORKCHOPS TOMORROW**



We buy only young pigs and that's why our pork chops are so delicious and our roasts of pork fairly melt in your mouth. Just now we are having some particularly fine pork and if you want something really good, call us up this morning.

Meats of all kinds.

Free Delivery Both Phones  
Orders Called for and Delivered.

**TODD BROS.**



**A Whole Lot of Cheer**

will be added to your holiday festivities if you have plenty of coal in your bin to keep the old fire a-roaring. If you find that you need Coal send us your order and we will make delivery without delay.

Our Coal burns so well and gives so much heat that you'll always order it. It's the best try it once.

**J. D. McL...**

ONLY ONE CHURCH IN TOWN

Single Place of Worship, Independent and Undenominational, Suffice for People of Procter, Vt.

In the village of Procter, Rutland county, Vt., the problem of church unity has been practically solved, says Suburban Life.

They felt that the time had come for a church organization, and the question arose as to whether they should separate and seek to build up Methodist and Congregational churches, those two denominations comprising the larger part of the communicants, or unite organically.

Having worked together harmoniously in the Sunday school they decided to attempt a real union church. That church was organized, has been in existence ever since, has been supplied by clergymen of both denominations and was never so harmonious, united and aggressive as it is today.

There is a modern church edifice built of marble valued at \$35,000, and plans are now under way for the building of a parish house, for which a fund has been raised. The church policy is independent and undenominational.

The financial organization is an incorporated body whose membership includes some who are not members of the church. The regular business of the society is done through a board of six stewards, perpetuating a title and an office peculiar to Methodism. Thus there is a perfect blending of Methodist and Congregational methods in the governing board.

Praisegod Barebone's Brother.

It is perhaps in the perusal of musty old parchments and parish registers that the really curious name is found. At the beginning of the seventeenth century and extending well into Puritan times they are remarkably numerous.

His Opinion, Too.

The street railroad company in a New England town that is somewhat celebrated for its quietude leases the space on the back of its transfer slips for advertising purposes.

A New Yorker, who had made a visit to the town somewhat against his will and was much disgusted with the absolute lack of amusement, decided in desperation to take a car ride with his wife. On receiving his transfers he turned them over and read the advertisement in idle curiosity, then a smile spread over his face.

"There," he said, turning to his wife, "I told you this was the dearest town I ever saw, but I didn't suppose that the townfolk knew it themselves. Just look at that!"

The advertisement for the current month happened to be that of a local undertaker.

Something Between Them.

"Wrounder, is there anything between you and the pretty Miss Spudlong?"

"Er—yes; you mustn't say anything about it, old chap, but every time I've called at the house lately there's been a savage bulldog."

It Always Comes Back.

Naylor—Do you keep a cat? Subbubs—Yes, and I can tell you the best way to do it.

Naylor—How? Subbubs—Try to chase it away—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Supreme Test.

"Is there much realism about that new play?"

"Well, you just ought to see the real money they're taking in at the box office."

LORIMER'S ACCUSER CALLED BLACKMAILER

REPRESENTATIVE WHITE HELD UP AS CORRUPTIONIST BY REPORT OF BURROWS' COMMITTEE.

SENATOR LORIMER IS HELD FREE FROM TAINT—SENATOR BEVERIDGE RESERVES DECISION.

Investigators Assert That Deduction of Four Sullist Votes Still Leaves Lorimer 14 Majority.

Characterizing as a blackmailer Charles A. White, the member of the Illinois legislature who first charged that William Lorimer, the "blond boss" of Chicago, had been elected to the United States senate by bribery, the committee on privileges and elections of which Senator Burrows of Michigan is chairman, presented the report on its inquiry.

The report says that the investigation chiefly was directed to the claim that several members of the legislature were bribed to vote for Mr. Lorimer and whether, if these charges were established, a sufficient number were bribed to vote for Senator Lorimer to render his election to that office invalid.

The committee says that it took into account the demeanor of witnesses while testifying, their apparent candor or want of candor and other indicia of the truth or falsity of the stories they were telling. The report says:

"Four members of the general assembly which elected Mr. Lorimer testified to receiving money as a consideration for their votes. The members who thus confessed their own infamy were Charles A. White, Michael Link, H. J. C. Beckmeyer and Daniel W. Holstlaw."

The report goes on to name White as "the chief of those self-accusers and the one on whose testimony the whole fabric of the accusations largely depends," and accuses him directly of corruption throughout his legislative career. It is stated that White "appears to have conceived the plan of claiming to have been bribed in connection with the senatorial election as a basis for extorting money from Senator Lorimer."

John D. Gives Final \$10,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller gave the University of Chicago \$10,000,000 and severed his official relations with the institution.

The benefaction completes an amount of \$35,000,000 which he has given to the university since he founded it in 1889. The great school is to receive no further support from the oil king.

Announcement of the gift and the withdrawal of Mr. Rockefeller from any control of the university was made by Martin A. Ryerson, president of the board of trustees, at the seventy-seventh convocation of the University of Chicago. Mr. Ryerson's statement, marking one of the largest gifts in the history of educational philanthropy, resulted in a dramatic demonstration by the students.

The donation consists of income-bearing securities "of the present market value of \$10,000,000," set aside from the funds of the general educational board. Mr. Rockefeller's \$35,000,000 educational foundation. The sum is to be delivered in 10 equal installments beginning January 1, 1911.

Merchants Fight Parcels Post.

The information from Chicago that the American League of Associations, an organization of leading mercantile houses throughout the country, has started a vigorous campaign against the proposed establishment of local rural parcels post service, and that a big fund has been gathered to fight the bill now before congress is looked upon differently by local jobbers.

Detroit firms which are represented in the association all maintain that the further development of the parcels post would operate in the interests of the large mail order houses and cause untold injury to the rural communities.

On the other hand, some of the manufacturers who sell through magazine advertising are strongly in favor of it because they do a large mail order business themselves.

Assessed Valuation Near \$240,000,000.

Secretary George Lord, of the state tax commission, says that the assessed valuation of the railroad, telephone, car loaning and express companies will reach close to \$240,000,000 this year. The rate of course, has not yet been decided upon, but in his opinion there will not be much of a change from last year, when the rate was \$20.61 per thousand, and the corporations paid taxes amounting to \$1,871,255.86. The assessed valuation of general properties in the state for 1910 will be nearly \$50,000,000 more than for 1909. In 1909 the assessed valuation of the various corporations in the state was \$26,000,000 more than for the previous year.

According to word from Port Hope diphtheria has developed there.

A federal grand jury was sworn in before United States District Judge Keneasaw M. Landis in Chicago. It will investigate the Capital Investment Co. (raided last week as a "bucketshop"), the alleged brick trust and the oleomargarine industry.

Three miners were shot in a riot at Osborn mine near West Newton, Pa. There was a strike on and deputy sheriffs were guarding the property when the riot occurred. Joseph Rofack is in the McKeesport hospital with serious wounds in his left side, and a bullet hole in his left arm. The other wounded were taken to their homes after the battle.

Mistletoe is Dangerous.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time, after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately, it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected, it invariably ruins all trees it reaches.

English Women Smoke Pipes.

The latest fancy of the woman-smoker is a pipe—not the tiny affair that suffices for the Japanese, but a good-sized brier or a neat meerschaum. The pipe is boldly carried along with a gold card case and chain-purse. For some time now the cigarette has given place to a cigar, small in size and mild in quality. Women said they were tired of the cigarette, and wanted a bigger smoke. —London Mail.

Cripple Rides Bicycle.

George Anstey, aged 12, a cripple, of Leicester, England, is one of the most remarkable cyclists in the country. Both his legs are withered and useless, but the Leicester Cripples' Guild has provided him with a two-wheeled pedalless machine, with a padded tube covering the axle bar. Across this he lies face foremost, and with wooden clogs strapped to his hands he propels himself along the streets and roads in a marvelously rapid manner. He has complete control of the machine, his hands acting as pedals, steering gear, and brake combined.

Pretty Good Definition.

We hear some funny things in Fleet street sometimes, and the following definition of the height of aggravation, by a gentleman in rather shabby boots, whom we encountered in a well-known hostelry the other day, struck us as being particularly choice.

"The 'eight of aggravation, gentlemen," said this pithy humorist, setting his pointer on the counter and looking round proudly, with the air of one about to let off a good thing, "the 'eight of aggravation—why, trying to catch a flea out of yer ear with a pair of boxin' gloves."—London Tit-Bits.

An Alaskan Luncheon.

Runners of woven Indian baskets, with white drawnwork dollies at each of the 12 covers, were used on an oval mahogany table. The dollies were made at Sitka. In the middle of the table a mirror held a tall central vase of frosted glass, surrounded by four smaller vases, all filled with white spring blossoms. The edge of the mirror was banked with the same flowers. Four totem poles were placed on dollies in the angles made by the runners.

Place cards were water colors of Alaskan scenery. Abalone shells held salted nuts, and tiny Indian baskets held bonbons. The soup spoons were of horn, several of the dishes used were made by Alaskan Indians, and the cakes were served on baskets.

The menu was as follows: Poisoned a la Bering Sea (halibut chowder), Yukon climbers (broiled salmon, potatoes, Jilienne), snowbirds avec aurora borealis (roast duck with jelly), Shurgnak river turnips, Tanana boots, Skagway hash (salet), Fairbanks nuggets (ripe strawberries arranged on individual dishes around a central mound of powdered sugar), arctic slices (brick ice cream), Circle City delights (small cakes), Klondike nuggets (yellow cheese in round balls on crackers), Nome firewater (coffee). —Woman's Home Companion.

Acknowledgment.

"You will admit that you owe a great deal to your wife?" "I should say so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I wouldn't be invited to any of her receptions or musicales if I wasn't married to her."

Disqualified.

Her—My brother won first prize in that amateur guessing contest, but they ruled him out as a professional. Him—A professional? Her—Yes. He's employed in the government bureau, you know.

Lightning Change.

The Manager—Can you make quick changes and double in a few parts? The Actor—Can I? Say, you know the scene in "Love and Lobsters," where the hero and the villain are fighting, and a friend rushes in and separates 'em? Well, I played all three parts one night when the other two fellows were ill.

Not Altogether Dead.

Mr. Robert Hutter of Marlborough, England, has had the peculiar experience of hearing his death announced. He was attending the poor law conference at Exeter when one of the delegates moved that, in consequence of the death of Mr. Hutter, which they all regretted, another gentleman, whom he named, should be appointed to fill his place as one of the representatives of Wiltshire on the central committee. Mr. Butler rose from his place on the platform and announced to the conference, amid much amusement, that, so far as he was aware, he was still alive and in good health, and would be pleased to continue in the office if the conference desired.

Bankers and Bank Notes.

Four men, three of whom were connected with brokerage concerns in the Wall street district, were discussing United States paper currency and the disappearance of counterfeits. "We are so sure nowadays," said one of the party, "as to the genuineness of bills that little attention is paid to them in handling, except as to denomination." To prove his assertion he took a \$10 yellowback from his pocket, and holding it up, asked who could tell whose portrait it bore. No one knew, and by way of coaching the broker said it was the first treasurer of the United States. Again no one knew the name. "Why, it's Michael Hillegas," said the man proudly. "But in confidence, I'll tell you, I didn't know it five minutes ago."—New York Tribune.

Vivid at Least.

Dr. Hiram C. Cortlandt, the well-known theologian of Des Moines, said in a recent address:

"Thomas A. Edison tells us that he thinks the soul is not immortal; but, after all, what does this great wizard know about souls? His forte is electricity and machinery, and when he talks of souls he reminds me irresistibly of the young lady who visited the Baldwin locomotive works and then told her locomotive is made.

"You pour," she said, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and they empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting room and make a blue print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully; and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!"

Echoes of Munchausen.

It was an absent-minded traveler who had lately taken to ballooning. "Yes," he observed impressively, "it was a fearful journey. The machine, a thousand feet up, and no more ballast, headed straight for Siberia, and the rarefied air—well, you know as well as I do what effect that has on a balloon. Yes, the peril was terrible." Then the old habit was too strong for him. "The wolves detected our presence. A desperate race ensued. We felt their hot breath on the nape of our necks."—London Globe.

Largest of Whales.

The largest whale of its type of which there is scientific record was captured recently off Port Arthur, Tex. He measured sixty-three feet in length, and was estimated to be about three hundred years old. Captain Cob Plummer, mate of a United States pilot boat, sighted the monster in the shoals off the jetties, and the crew of his vessel captured the mammal. The huge body was towed ashore, exhibited and much photographed before being cut up.

Rat Bounty Excites Merriment.

Seattle, fearing the introduction of bubonic plague by rats, has offered a bounty of ten cents a rat. This moves Tacoma, safe from infection from the sea, to raucous laughter, and the Ledger says that the bounty, "though not intended for rodents of Tacoma, Everett, Hellingham and other populous and busy centers, has been finding its way into the pockets of non-residents of Seattle for non-resident rats. But the joke would be on us if it were found that our rat population had found its way into the Seattle census."

Two Very Old Ladies.

We have heard a great deal lately about long-lived people, but it is probable that the oldest two people in the world today are Frau Dutkewitz and another old lady named Habasalka. The former lives at Posen, in Prussian Poland, and was born on February 21, 1785. She is therefore one hundred and twenty-five years old. The latter, however, is nine months her senior, having been born in May, 1784.

She is still a fairly hale old woman, and for nearly one hundred years worked in the fields. Her descendants number close on 100, and these now make her a joint allowance. She lives at the village of Havelko, whose neighborhood she has never quitted during the whole of her long life. She remembers events which happened at the beginning of last century much more clearly than those of the last 40 years.—Dundee Advertiser.

Too Ardent a Lover.

Georgotto Fontano, an embroiderer who lives in the Rue Seves in Paris, has found himself condemned to a month's imprisonment for what seems to her a harmless act.

She was going home from a concert a few evenings ago when she decided she would like to see her fiance. As he happens to be a fireman whose station is in her own neighborhood it occurred to her it would be very easy to summon him to her side by breaking the glass of the fire alarm and sounding a call.

She did so and in a few moments fire engines came from several directions, all laden with firemen, of course, but alas! her fiance was not among them, and more than that all the firemen were angry, and before she knew what had happened she was taken to a magistrate, who proceeded to make the course of true love run unsmoothly by sending her to prison for a month in spite of her tears and protests that she thought it would be a simple way of bringing her fiance to her side.

The Bright Side.

Nebuchadnezzar was lurching in his accustomed style. "All flesh being grass," he reflected, "this must be Beef a la Mowed." And chuckling hoarsely, he took another chaw.—Puck.

Kindly Intentions.

"A man who enjoys seeing a woman in tears is a brute." "I don't know about that," replied Miss Cayenne. "One of the kindest husbands I know takes his wife to see all the emotional plays."

Takes Himself Seriously.

Nicola Tesla, dining by himself in a hotel's great dining room, takes a table where he can be seen. Throughout his meal he wears a deeply studious, a completely absorbed, attitude. He may bring to the table a portfolio filled with papers. These he may scan with prolonged solemnity. In any event, he sits an eloquent tableau of profundity.—New York Press.

Holidays in the States.

Washington's birthday is a holiday in all states. Decoration day in all states but Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. Labor day is observed everywhere. Virtually every state has legal holidays having to do with its own special affairs—battle of New Orleans in Louisiana, Texas independence and battle of San Jacinto in Texas. Admission day in California, and so on. Mississippi is like the federal government in lack of statutory holidays, but by common consent Independence day, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. A new one is Columbus day in a few of the states.

Planting Wedding Oaks.

Princess August Wilhelme, wife of the kaiser's fourth son, has set herself the task of reviving one of Germany's oldest customs, that according to which newly wedded couples immediately after the marriage ceremony plant a couple of oak saplings side by side in a park or by the roadside of their native town.

The town of Mulchhausen, in Thuringia, is the first to respond to the princess' appeal. A municipal official appears at the church door after every wedding and invites the bride and bridegroom to drive with him in a carriage to a new road near the town and there plant oak saplings.

The tree planting idea was started by a former elector of Brandenburg with the object of repairing the ravages caused by the 30 years' war. The elector forbade young persons to marry until they had planted a number of fruit trees.

An Unnecessary Confession.

A hearty laugh was occasioned at the Birmingham police court by a prisoner who gave himself away in a very delightful manner. The man was the first on the list, and the charge against him was merely one of being drunk and disorderly. He stepped into the dock, however, just at the moment when the dock officer was reading out a few of the cases which were to come before the court that morning, and a guilty conscience apparently led him to mistake these items for a list of his previous convictions.

He stood passive enough while the officer read out about a dozen drunk and disorderly, but when he came to one "shopbreaking" the prisoner exclaimed excitedly, "That was eight years ago, your honor." Everyone began to laugh, and the prisoner, realizing the blunder he had made, at first looked very black indeed, but finally saw the humorous side of the matter, and a broad smile spread over his face. His blunder did not cost anything.—Birmingham Mail.

That Suit for Libel Against the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Gave a Splendid Chance to Bring Out Facts hospital and at the risk of death be cut. Plain common sense shows the better way is to stop food that evidently has not been digested. Then, when food is required, use an easily digested food. Grape-Nuts or any other if you know it to be predigested (partly digested before taking). We brought to Court analytical chemists from New York, Chicago and Mishawaka, Ind., who swore to the analysis of Grape-Nuts and that part of the starchy part of the wheat and barley had been transformed into sugar, the kind of sugar produced in the human body by digesting starch (the large part of food). Some of the State chemists brought on by the "weekly" said Grape-Nuts could not be called a "predigested" food because not all of it was digested outside the body. The other chemists said any food which had been partly or half digested outside the body was commonly known as "predigested." Splitting hairs about the meaning of a word, it is sufficient that if only one-half of the food is "predigested," it is easier on weakened stomach and bowels than food in which no part is predigested. To show the facts we introduce Dr. Thos. Darlington, former chief of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Ralph W. Webster, chief of the Chicago Laboratories, and Dr. B. Sachs, N. Y. If we were a little severe in our denunciation of a writer, self-confessed ignorant about appendicitis and its cause, it is possible the public will excuse us, in view of the fact that our head, Mr. C. W. Post, has made a lifetime study of food, food digestion and effects, and the conclusions are endorsed by many of the best medical authorities of the day. Is it possible that we are at fault for suggesting, as a Father and Mother might, to one of the family who announced a pain in the side: "Stop using the food, greasy meats, gravies, mince pie, cheese, too much starchy food, etc., etc., which has not been digested, then when again ready for food use Grape-Nuts because it is easy of digestion?" Or should the child be at once carted off to a hospital and cut? We have known of many cases wherein the approaching signs of appendicitis have disappeared by the suggestion being followed. No one better appreciates the value of a skillful physician when a person is in the awful throes of acute appendicitis, but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Just plain old common sense is helpful even nowadays. This trial demonstrated Grape-Nuts food is pure beyond question. It is partly predigested. Appendicitis generally has rise from undigested food. It is not always necessary to operate. It is best to stop all food. When ready to begin feeding use a predigested food. It is palatable and strong in nourishment. It will pay fine returns in health to quit the heavy breakfasts and lunches and use less food but select food certainly known to contain the elements nature requires to sustain the body. May we be permitted to suggest a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs, and some hot toast and cocoa, milk or Postum? The question of whether Grape-Nuts does or does not contain the elements which nature requires for the nourishment of the brain, also of its purity, will be treated in later newspaper articles. Good food is important and its effect on the body is also important. "There's a Reason" Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

# QUEER NOTIONS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

**Q**UAINT and curious are some of the old customs, beliefs and superstitions of past ages which have come down through different countries regarding Christmas eve and Christmas. Many of these pertain so closely to the rites and ceremonies of heathendom that the connection may be easily traced; others spring obviously from legends, incidents and history surrounding the journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem, the birth of Jesus, the adoration of the three kings and the shepherds and the life and teachings and final martyrdom of the Christ. Most of these described here are so strange and out-of-the-ordinary that it is safe to say few readers are familiar with any of them.

Throughout Europe the people engaged in farming and agricultural pursuits generally have always regarded Christmas eve and Christmas as

the night before Christmas. If one howl on that night he will go mad within the year. Lights should be kept burning all of Christmas eve. If they are allowed to go out some one in the house will die. When the lights are brought in on Christmas eve, if anyone's shadow has no head he will die within the year; if it has only half a head the death will occur during the second half-year. If a hoop comes off a cask on Christmas eve, someone in the house will die during the year.

Scarcely more cheerful is the belief that if you make a little heap of salt on the table and it does not melt before morning you will live at least a year longer. Woe to him whose salt pile melts, however, for he will die within the year—the comforting part lying in the fact that a salt heap is not likely to melt, although some one having a spite against the maker of the salt heap



IF ANYONE'S SHADOW HAS NO HEAD, THAT PERSON WILL DIE DURING THE YEAR



IF A DOG HOWLS, HE WILL SURELY GO MAD WITHIN THE YEAR

might cause it to diminish and appear to melt away by carrying it off.

Lead, steel and vermin may be circumvented if the proper precautions are taken. For the first wear a shirt spun, woven and sewed by a pure, chaste maiden on Christmas day; wear something sewed with thread spun on Christmas eve and "no vermin will stick to you."

If one be born at "sermon time" on Christmas morning he can see spirits; burn elder on Christmas eve and you will have revealed to you all the witches and sorcerers in the neighborhood.

Thieves will find it consoling to know that if they steal anything on Christmas without being caught they can safely steal things all the year. Likewise, steal hay and give to your cattle, and not only will they thrive all the year and grow fat, but you will not be caught in any of your future thefts.

A Christmas day passed without eating any beans and you will become an ass; eat a raw egg on Christmas morning, fasting, and you can carry heavy weights.

If you have been disappointed, save the crumbs for three Christmas eves and they will be effective as a physic; shake out the tablecloth over the bare ground under the open sky after your Christmas dinner and crumbwort will grow there; hang a wash cloth on a hedge on Christmas day or Christmas eve, then groom the horses with it and they will grow fat.

Take great care of your fire on Christmas morning; if it burns brightly that betokens prosperity for all the coming year; if it smolder, beware, for that portends misfortune and adversity. It is unlucky to give to a neighbor a live coal with which to kindle a fire on Christmas morning; also it is unlucky to carry a coal or anything else from the house on Christmas morning until something has first been brought in.

Our Christmas tree, which is a feature of most public Christmas eve celebrations, and in many homes, is comparatively new in Christendom, but it springs from some very ancient customs. The Egyptians regarded the date palm as an emblem of immortality and of the starlit firmament and at the time of the winter solstice decked their houses with its branches. It was held by them to be "a symbol of life," triumphant over death, and therefore of perennial life in the renewal of each bounteous year.

A Scandinavian myth speaks of a "service tree" sprung from the blood-drenched soil where two lovers had been killed by violence. During the Christmas season mysterious lights which no wind could extinguish were often seen flaming in its branches. A later explanation of the Christmas tree dates back to Martin Luther and tells of him attempting to describe to his family the beauties of a snow-covered forest under a starry sky. Unable to make them comprehend satisfactorily, he went into the garden, cut a small fir tree and set it up in the nursery with its branches covered with lighted candles.

At about the season when we celebrate Christmas the Jews celebrated their Feast of Lights, or the Feast of Dedication, of which lighted candles are a prominent feature. "The Night of Dedication," Christmas eve is called in Germany, while the "Feast of Lights" is celebrated also in Greece, at our Christmas time, although Christmas is a dismal time in Greece, being disliked by that warmth-loving people because it is cold and dreary—also a favorite season for ghosts and goblins to walk abroad.

During the middle ages the Christmas tree became an institution at Strasburg and was familiar along the Rhine for 300 years before its popularity extended throughout the rest of the world.

Christmas cards, which may now be had in every degree of elaboration and gorgeousness at prices from a penny each upward, are compar-



THE WET STRAW BANDS AROUND YOUR TREES TO MAKE THEM BEAR PLENTIFULLY

tively new. The extent to which they are used has, of course, increased correspondingly with the general popularity of the post card.

Joseph Cundall, a London artist, claims to have issued the first Christmas card proper in 1846. It was a lithograph, hand colored, about the size of a lady's visiting card. In 1862 cards of this character were first issued in large numbers. They were still of the visiting card size, inscribed, simply, "A Merry Christmas." Later holly, mistletoe, embossed robins and figures and landscapes were added until the present stage has been reached.

As a forerunner of the Christmas card were the "school pieces" and "Christmas pieces" of the early part of the nineteenth century. These were sheets of plain writing paper surrounded with elaborate pen flourishes and scrolls, and sometimes headed with copper-plate engravings, plain and colored. Schoolboys used them at the holiday season, says one writer, "for carefully written letters exploiting the progress they had made in composition and chirography. Charity boys were large purchasers of these pieces and at Christmas time used to take them around their parish to show and at the same time to solicit a trifle.

## Modeling for Children

"Making Things" in Clay Give Pupils Idea of Artistic Beauty and Form.

There are sculptors who make a specialty of portrait busts and statuettes of children and recently a movement has been started to make plastic art, in the form of small models and figures distributed among the public schools, a medium for teaching new artistic ideals in young pupils.

Strangely enough, the idea of giving the child a lump of clay and setting them to "making something" themselves seems never to have occurred except to a few of our school teachers. In many schools the kindergarten sand box is about the nearest approach to it, but in some of the public schools in great cities modeling in clay is taught in the primary grades.

Modeling, the concrete expression of the sense of form, is the beginning of all art.

"The vital law lying at the root of all that I have ever tried to teach," says Ruskin, "is the dependence of all noble design in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of organic form."

The appreciation of form, as Mr. Schreiber argues, can never be so well taught as when the pupil has a bit of clay in his hands, and that it is natural is well proved by the desire of every child to mold something out of mud, if no clay is to be had. The children at the seashore try their best to "build something," though the sand slips away. So they wet it, and do the best they can. Give any normal child some clay and see how easily it learns to model familiar objects and how eagerly it amuses itself with this artistic play. It is along the pathway of clay that a child can be most easily instructed, being taught to see exactly and to reproduce more and more skillfully as it gains skill by practice. It is education of eye and hand at the same time. The joy of creation is aroused and stimulated and the powers of production are given full play.

If left to its own free will the child is apt to attempt the complex rather than the simple and therefore a certain amount of suggestion and guidance is necessary. To this end an entire series of models have been set as a course that will help to lay the foundation for later artistic education.

## SHOW GOOD GROWTH.

A Further List of Michigan Cities of Over 5,000 Population.

The census announces the population of cities and villages in Michigan having a population in excess of 5,000 not previously given out, as follows:

Adrian	1910	1300
Albion	13,654	8,654
Alpena	5,223	4,519
Benton Harbor	12,706	11,802
Bay City	5,185	6,562
Beaumont	5,215	8,112
Benoni	8,275	5,997
Cheboygan	6,859	6,489
Coldwater	5,845	6,126
Dowagiac	5,088	4,151
Escanaba	12,194	3,549
Grand Haven	5,856	4,743
Hancock	8,981	4,050
Hillsdale	2,901	4,151
Holland	10,400	7,750
Houghton	5,112	3,359
Ionia	5,030	5,029
Iron Mountain	9,216	9,242
Ironwood	12,824	3,705
Ishteping	12,440	13,256
Laurium	8,527	5,643
Ludington	5,122	7,166
Manistee	12,851	14,760
Marquette	11,502	10,938
Menominee	10,507	12,818
Monroe	5,832	5,832
St. Clemens	7,707	6,576
Muskegon	24,062	20,818
Negaunee	8,460	6,935
Niles	5,156	4,237
Pontiac	4,522	9,789
Port Huron	18,863	19,158
St. Joseph	5,826	5,155
Three Rivers	5,072	5,072
Traverse City	12,115	2,407
Wyandotte	8,287	5,183
Ypsilanti	6,250	7,378

## \$8,000,000 For Sugar Beets.

Basing the farmers' share of the annual sugar beet production in Michigan on the two payrolls that have been distributed by the sugar companies for beet deliveries in October and November, the millions which have been turned into the pockets of the farmers in past years will be far exceeded this season.

The farmers of eastern Michigan, where sugar beet raising is heaviest, and those in northern and western Michigan have just received the November payment for beets and the Carrolton plant of the Michigan Sugar Co., but one of six similar factories, many of them larger, paid out in round numbers \$10,000. It had previously paid out this year \$200,000. It is estimated the farmers will receive close to \$600,000 from this factory, and with several of the so-called trust plants paying even more than that, the Michigan Sugar Co. bids fair to pay the beet growers approximately \$8,000,000, while the numerous independent concerns will probably swell that total to at least \$8,000,000.

## Must First File Charges.

According to advices from the state legal department, for a member of any state board to be removed by the governor, it is first necessary that charges be filed and then the process of removal will be taken up according to law. There has been considerable speculation recently as to whether several members of certain state boards would resign when asked to, and if their resignation was not forthcoming, what procedure would be necessary for their removal. It appears that any person in the state can prefer charges against any state employe but there appears to be no known power invested in the chief executive whereby any member of a state board can be removed without charges being filed.

Thomas J. O'Brien, American ambassador to Japan, has sailed for Tokyo. Most of his time in this country was spent in Grand Rapids, Mich.

## THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle market. Best steers grades, 25¢ lower. We quote best steers and heifers, 36¢ steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, \$30.50, steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$30.00, steers and heifers, 600 to 800, \$29.50, \$3.75@4.25, choice fat cows, \$10.125; good fat cows, \$3.50@4.00; common cows, \$2.00@2.25; canners, \$2.50@3.00; choice heavy bulls, \$4.00@4.50; fat to good heifers, \$3.50@4.00; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.75@4.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.75@4.25; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$3.00@3.25; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$2.75@3.00; stock heifers, \$2.75@3.00; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$1.00@1.50; common milkers, \$2.50@2.75.

Veal calves—Market steady. Last Thursday's prices, quality common; best, \$8.50@9.00; others, \$5.00@8.00.

Sheep and lambs—Market 25¢ to 50¢ lower than last week. Heavy lambs, very dull and 50¢ lower; best lambs, \$5.75@6.00; fat to good lambs, \$5.25@5.50; light to common lambs, \$4.50@5.00; fat to good sheep, \$3.25@3.75; culls and common, \$2.00@2.50.

Hogs—Market bidding 10¢ to 15¢ higher than last Thursday. Spot, fat to light range of prices, light to good butchers, \$7.00@7.75; pigs, \$7.75; light Yorkers, \$7.00@7.75; stags, one-third off.

East Buffalo, N. Y.—Cattle—Four cars, slow.

Hogs—Strong, heavy and Yorkers, \$7.00@7.75; light, \$6.50@7.00.

Sheep—Lower, best lambs, \$6.25@6.50; yearlings, \$5.75@6.25; weathers, \$4.75@5.00; ewes, \$3.75@4.00.

Calves—\$5.00@11.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash and December, No. 2 red, 96 1/2¢. May opened without change and 12¢ to 13¢ advanced to \$1.00 1/2¢ and declined to \$1.00 1/4¢. July opened at 95 3/4¢ advanced 1-4¢, declined to 95 3/4¢. No. 1 white, 95 1/4¢.

Corn—Cash No. 2 yellow, \$1.00 1/2¢. No. 2 yellow, \$1.00 1/4¢. No. 3 yellow, 1 cent at 48¢.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 55¢. No. 2 white—Cash No. 1, \$1.11-20¢. No. 2, \$1.11-20¢.

Flour—Cash and January, \$2.00.

CLAY PIPES—12¢. Prime spot, \$3.10; March, \$9.15; sample, 39 bags at \$7.75; 25 at \$8.50; 60 at \$8.25 at \$7.75; 30 at \$7.50; 15 at \$7.25; prime alkali, \$9.10; sample alkali, 3 bags at \$8.10; 11 at \$8.75; 12 at \$7.50.

Timothy Seed—Prime spot, \$4.45 nominal.

Feed in 100-lb. sacks, including tax: Bran, \$2.75; coarse middlings, \$2.75; fine middlings, \$2.85; corn and oat chop, \$2.40 nominal.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, \$5.20; ordinary patent, \$4.75; straight, \$4.65; clear, \$4.65; pure rye, \$4.50; spring patent, \$5.75 per bbl. in wood.

With the intention of providing a scholarship fund for worthy students, who have no means for continuing their education after they have graduated from the Hastings high school, the members of the junior class intend to hold various entertainments for raising part of the required amount. Subscriptions will also be solicited. The scholarship will be incorporated under the state law, and will be controlled by five responsible adults. It is planned to increase this fund annually, and the alumni will be asked to contribute.

## This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis and other throat troubles, acute lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualic acid and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been limited often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 264 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective and is so much nicer and cleaner to use.

## How He Lost Out.

DeShort—Don't you—er—think you could learn to love me, Hiss Oldgold?  
Miss Oldgold—Well, I don't know.

DeShort—Of course you can. One is never too old to learn, you know.  
Miss Oldgold—Sir!

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## Doling Out Knowledge.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the origin of the name of Milwaukee and what does it mean?

Mr. Chugwater—It comes from the Latin word mille, meaning a thousand, and Wau Kee, a Chinaman; Milwaukee, a thousand Chinamen. Think you can remember that?

## A Willing Witness.

"Did his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.

"What was that, sir?"

"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"

"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all around the place."—Saturday Evening Post.

## Without Malice.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Mrs. Cimrook, as she flourished a letter at him.

"Has that anything to do with the correspondence I tried to help you with?"

"It has. It's an indignant protest. I told you to address that distinguished pianist as 'Herr Professor.'"

"And I did so."

"Yes. But you wrote it 'Hair Professor!'"

## PROOF POSITIVE



Boy—This is a good place for fish!  
Angler—What can you catch here?  
Boy—I don't know, but it must be a great place for fish, because I never seen any of them leave it.—Comic Cuts.

## WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—bodied until thick and rich—I soon became fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 140 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason."

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—  
F. W. SAMSEN

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, payable in advance..... \$1.00  
Six months..... .75  
Three months..... .50

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, 25.00 per Year.  
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.  
Card of Thanks, 25 cents.  
All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line or fraction thereof for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1910.

## Does Up the Town Easily.

John McBride came to town some four or five months ago from a reputable employment agency in Detroit and being satisfactory was engaged by the International Milk Products Co. as office man and clerk. He was strapped and "run-down at the heels," but Mr. Higgins, the manager, took him in and supplied him with needed clothing. The stranger was good at his work and became a fixture in the office of the company. He appeared to be of a quiet disposition, but frequented the pool-rooms, being an expert billiardist.

The Milk Products Co. is building a plant at Standish and Mr. Higgins went there last week Monday to look after affairs. He did not expect to get back before the following Saturday and before leaving signed a check on the Plymouth United Savings Bank for \$70, which he instructed McBride to cash and pay the employees for the week. The office man, evidently having in mind how easy it was to pass checks in Plymouth, at once began planning a scheme to bunko somebody and get away with the loot. At Fattal's he "purchased" a \$150 watch, two watch fobs and secured the loan of the proprietor's own gold watch while the new watch was being sent for from the factory. On Friday he entered the store and secured the "loan" of a \$150 diamond ring, with which he wanted to make an impression on his girl whom he wanted to visit that evening in Detroit. The new watch had arrived and he also secured this, saying that he had left the proprietor's watch at the hotel where he boarded and he would go and get it and return it. In the meantime to "secure" Mr. Fattal against all possible loss he turned over a couple of bogus checks, one for \$400 on a St. Louis bank and another for \$100. Mr. Fattal has these bits of paper for his goods, estimated worth \$415.00.

But the young man had also other schemes. The check signed by Mr. Higgins for the pay-roll was cashed at the bank Friday afternoon and the proceeds went into the young man's pockets. This is the sum total of the company's loss. Other company checks with Mr. Higgins' name printed with a rubber stamp, were presented to various merchants. On the pretense that he wanted to secure money to pay the men before the bank opened in the morning and intending himself to leave for Detroit on business on an early car, a check was presented to the Conner Hdw. Co. for \$40. Mr. Conner didn't happen to have this amount on his person, but advanced \$10 to the young man. Dan Jolliffe was taken in in a similar manner for \$50. Mrs. Higgins gave up \$20 on the pretense that some freight had arrived which had to be paid for.

That no more money was obtained by the smooth Mr. McBride was due only for the lack of time, as he seemed to be well regarded around town, and experienced no trouble.

The nine o'clock train for Detroit left Plymouth with the young man aboard, since which time he has not been heard from.

Mr. Higgins returned from Standish Saturday evening and next day the facts began to leak out. Mr. Fattal, accompanied by Attorney Voorhies, went to Detroit Monday, laid the matter before the authorities, with the result that a warrant was issued and is now in the hands of Sheriff Gaston.

McBride, however, had a good start, but from conversation dropped by him, may be headed for San Francisco, and he may be headed also for any other old place.

## OBITUARY.

Martha Bovee was born in New York state June 15th, 1832. She resided in Michigan the last fifty years of her life, in Newburg and Elm. For the last two years she has resided with Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Richards at Elm. Last spring she fell and broke her hip, and for the last seven weeks she was confined to her bed, passing away Wednesday, Dec. 14th, aged 78 years, 7 months. She leaves a brother, Marvin Bovee, of Northville, three nieces, Emma and Priscilla Arnold, and Mrs. Perry Woodworth, and one nephew, Harry Bovee, to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place last Friday from Elm. The service was in charge of Rev. E. King, Plymouth. The remains were buried in Newburg cemetery. Mrs. Bovee was greatly loved and highly respected by those who knew her.

Try a want ad. and get results.

## CHURCH NEWS.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Next Sunday morning at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 10:10 A. M. Subject, "Christian Science." Sunday-school for children at 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7:10. Every one is welcome.

### LUTHERAN.

Rev. O. Peters, Pastor.  
Christmas exercises will be held Saturday night at 7 standard. There will be a Christmas tree and a good program and presents for old and young. You are most cordially invited.  
Services Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Sunday-school at the usual hour.

### METHODIST.

Rev. E. King, Pastor.  
Christmas Sunday will be observed with the following services: Morning service 10 a. m. The pastor will preach. The male quartet sings. Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m.  
Epworth League and preaching service will be combined with a service at 6:30, led by the pastor. Subject, "The Fullness of Time and God's Great Gift." This will be an interesting meeting.  
The Christmas tree by the Sunday-school will be held this Friday evening at 7:30. A cantata will be rendered by the Sunday-school.

### PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. B. F. Farber, Pastor.  
On Saturday evening the Sunday-school will hold its Christmas exercises. A cantata has been rehearsed and an enjoyable evening is assured to all those attending.

Services will be held on Sunday, Dec. 25, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. The pastor will preach a sermon appropriate to the season. Special music will be rendered at this service. In addition to the regular church service there will be a short service for the children with a sermon especially for the children. Sunday-school at the close of the church service. There will be no evening service.

The regular prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Mr. O. H. Loomis will have charge of this service.

We extend a most cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

### BAPTIST.

Rev. W. W. DesAutels, Pastor.  
Our church notes did not appear last week. Rev. W. W. DesAutels, our pastor, was out of town most of the week on account of the death and burial of his father, who passed away to his Heavenly home Sunday morning, Dec. 11th, in Paragould, Ark. Burial was in Detroit at Woodmere Tuesday afternoon.

Our new furnace is now in place and last Sunday we were in our upper room and enjoyed our services very much. Judging from the remarks of many of those present, the sermons of our pastor are very much appreciated. Large congregations are the rule these Sundays but our motto is, "larger still."

James Bulkey and Mary Jonas, both of Northville, were married at the parsonage Friday, Dec. 16th. Congratulations and best wishes.

The annual Christmas exercises by our Sunday-school are to be held Friday evening, Dec. 23rd. Read report next week.

Services next Sunday will be as follows: Special Christmas messages morning and evening by the pastor, and appropriate music by the choir. Sunday-school at 11:30. B. Y. P. U. at 8:00.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

What's the matter with the basketball team?

Mrs. Greenlaw was a visitor of the first grade last week.

The Eng. II. classes are dramatizing a portion of Ivanhoe.

Mrs. W. B. Roe visited the third and fifth grades last week.

Mr. Jewell is to be complimented on neatness and cleanliness of the engine room.

The new music blackboard charts have arrived and are now ready for "execution."

The eternal question:—"Where is that plentiful supply of school notes coming from?"

The sixth grade had a Xmas box while the seventh and eighth grades combined their programs.

The second grade had a Xmas box and enjoyed a royal good time on their annual Xmas celebration.

The Kindergarten held a double celebration this week. David Polly's birthday and Xmas caused this.

The teachers have the H. S.'s "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year" to carry with them on their vacation.

The Juniors have something up their sleeve and the rest of the H. S. is in suspense as to what it will be.

High School visitors—Gilbert Brown, '05, Arthur and Russell Warner, '07, Norma Baker '10 and Dr. Campbell.

Fifteen students have been absent from the High School, the past week on account of vaccination, some for a whole week.

Miss Johnson of our faculty has the

sympathy of the H. S. as she has been quite ill for several days as the result of vaccination.

Fine distinctions in synonyms emanating from Eng. I.: "It's work when a man does it, but drudgery when a woman does it."

The fourth grade, at the time the school notes representative visited them were undecided whether to have a Xmas tree or a fish pond.

Miss Hanford will spend the holidays at Lansing, Miss Johnson at Moorestown, Miss Newell at Ypsilanti, Miss Freeland at Turner and Chebevgan and Mr. Isbell at home.

The foot-ball boys gave a reception at Mr. Isbell's home last Friday evening in honor of Mr. Farber, John McLaren and Robert Jolliffe, who have helped them so loyally.

This is the definition for teachers: "Teachers are creatures Who try to be preachers," and we add that the High School think they succeed pretty well.

The chemicals which for a long time have been expected, have at last arrived and the chemistry students are contemplating a pleasant change from theoretical to experimental work.

It is reported that 105 pupils have been vaccinated in the whole school. This is a very small proportion of the whole and if the disease should reach Plymouth the school would be endangered.

## Tomato Growers Interested

We are continually emphasizing our pride in this village. There is no place like it in the state of Michigan. Beautiful from a residential standpoint, the village is rendered independent by the development of its splendid manufacturing enterprises, a few of them, as we all know, the largest of their kind in the world.

It is not alone for the village proper that Nature has done so much, but there is no other locality in the state so well adapted for certain crops as is our own. Through this township, in the very northwest corner of Wayne county, there runs a natural watershed, a little west of north. To this peculiar conformation we owe our rich alluvial soil. It combines all the advantages, minus the disadvantages, of the heavy clay so common in this county with light sand, which makes a perfect rich loam for tomato growing.

From this locality the River Rouge flows east into the Detroit, the Grand runs west into Jackson county, while the initial direction of the Huron is south. Those interested in early history of the village will find that the watershed of which we speak was an old Indian trail. For obvious reasons, the Indian always adopted these continuous ridges as trunk lines of transit.

Some little interest has been excited in the village by the prospect of locating a other tomato pulp mill here. If the acreage warranted, this would be a splendid thing for the town. We are inclined to believe, however, that the sensible practice of the farmer to diversify his crops may not justify the operation of two good-sized factories for this industry.

If the result of the establishment of two mills were to render neither particularly profitable to its owner the industrial benefits to the village might be correspondingly meager. Granting that the ability and the good intentions of both companies interested in tomato pulp mills would permit them to cope with the situation to the best possible advantage, it seems to us that the "man on the job" (so to speak) is entitled to special consideration under the circumstances. One company has already risked its money in the shape of a considerable investment. It has developed for Plymouth and vicinity a new industry, its benefits extend over a period of years and its equipment is a definite thing, known to us all. Dealings have been entirely fair and square, and to our notice it would be a matter of some risk to expect two prosperous and thriving mills, dependent upon tomato growers within easy hauling distance of Plymouth. To grow tomatoes to be shipped out by freight is unsatisfactory to the shipper, and it gets the village nothing in the way of an industry. We say, let well enough alone.—B.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

Frank M. Clark, superintendent of the Northville fish hatchery for 25 years, died at Redford Monday night as the result of a stroke of apoplexy. He was stricken on a D. U. R. interurban car while returning from Detroit, and when the car arrived at Redford he was carried into the hotel and doctor summoned, but he died two hours later. Mr. Clark was 62 years old and had lived in Northville 50 years. He was well known throughout the state and was a prominent Mason. A widow, one son and two daughters survive.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

# Xmas Furniture

Nothing more acceptable to the family home than a nice article of Furniture or a handsome Rug. We have in stock a large variety of suitable articles in either line for Christmas Gifts and ask your inspection of the same. The latest Novelties as well as the solid, substantial goods, all priced at figures that will merit your appreciation.

**Rockers; Easy Chairs, Carpet Sweepers,**

A MOST HANDSOME LINE.

**SCHRADER BROS.,**

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors

# TO XMAS SHOPPERS!

Are you in doubt as to what you should buy for your Christmas Gifts? Let us show you our beautiful line of Holiday Goods. Our store is filled with NEW GOODS. Strictly modern, fair-priced Holiday attraction in

# Imported China, Am. & Eng. Dinnerware Toys and Dolls

In China, we have Cups and Saucers, Plates, Salads, Spoon-Trays, Olive and BonBon Dishes, Hair Receivers, Sugar and Cream Sets and everything in the line of Up-to-date Chinaware.

30 and 100 piece Dinner Sets, 10 and 12 piece Chamber Sets, and three lines of White Open Stock Dinnerware.

## See Our Splendid Line of Toys

We are giving better values in this line than ever before. Dolls, Doll Heads Doll Beds, Chairs, Wagons, Go-carts, Wheelbarrows, Sleds, Trains, Books, Games Steel and Iron Toys, Vases, Jardinieres, Brass and Nickle Lamps and Lamp-globes

## See this Splendid Line of Holiday Goods before buying elsewhere

We offer you the happy combination of a superior stock, the largest assortment and a rock bottom price.

## A STRICTLY NEW STOCK OF XMAS CANDIES, FRUITS,

Nuts and an up-to-date line of Fancy Groceries are always at your command.

Visit our store—we are always pleased to see you—and we know you will be pleased to see what we have to offer you in Quality and Price.

# GAYDE BROS.

## Show Window Blaze.

Charlie Riggs undertook to light a gasoline lamp in the front show window of Riggs' store with a torch Wednesday afternoon, when the flame came in contact with some Christmas decorations and in an instant the whole window was ablaze. Charlie undertook to beat and stamp out the fire, but was unsuccessful and narrowly escaped having his own clothes burned off. Mr. Riggs saw the situation and grabbing a chemical fire extinguisher, and with the assistance of others who had been hurriedly notified, soon had the fire squelched, but to the ruination of the entire contents of the window, valued at \$100. Two years ago the window caught fire in a similar manner.

## You Must Have

Something in the way of a condition powder for your stock, and why use any other when you can buy Harvey's for 25c per package, the standard for sixty years. Harvey's Condition Powder has established a world wide reputation as being the best on the market for horses, dogs, cattle, sheep and poultry. Absolutely no waste and full weight packages. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Boyer Pharmacy.

## Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion.

FOR SALE.—Rose and single comb Black Minorca Roosters. Phone 134 green. Harry Wills.

FOR SALE.—Well established coal and ice business. Mrs. E. Matson, Northville, Mich.

FOR SALE.—My residence on Main street; also a gasoline stove. Apply at house. Fred Ekliif.

## THE MARKETS

Wheat, red, \$ .88; white \$ .87  
Hay, \$10.00 to \$12.50 No. 1 Timothy.  
Oats, 32c.  
Rye, 75c.  
Beans, basis \$1.75  
Potatoes, 30c  
Butter, 31c.  
Eggs, 32c.

## Probate Notice.

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 30th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Hannah Willett deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is Ordered, That the eighth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for three consecutive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.  
(A true copy.)  
ERWIN E. PALMER, Deputy Register.

## Probate Notice.

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 30th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Frank J. Powell deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James Powell, praying that administration of said estate be granted to Paul W. Voorhies or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, That the fourth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three consecutive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.  
(A true copy.)  
ERWIN E. PALMER, Deputy Register.

# The Village of Always Christmas

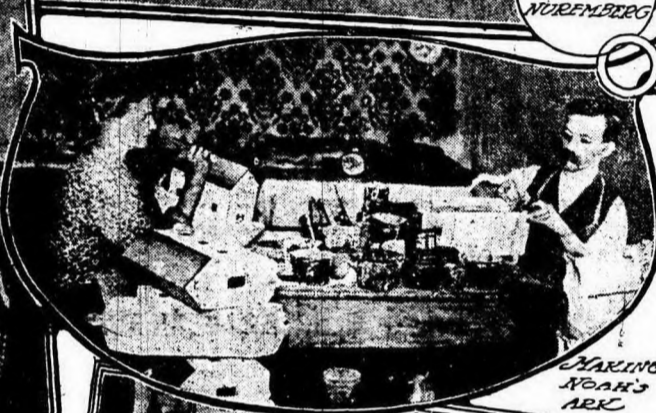
**F**ROM the rush and bustle of busy American city streets, alive at this season of the year with Christmas shoppers, back to old Nuremberg, in Germany, where the Christmas spirit lasts the year around, where Santa Claus spends his working months for the joy of the world's children—surely the step is not too great for the imagination nor its goal uninteresting as a study. Come out of your crowded streets, your people-packed stores, leave off for the time being your breathless chase after that troublesome "last present," and turn into the quiet winding streets, the irregular hilly passages dovetailed by houses older than anything in the oldest parts of the United States. House rises above house full of a history as romantic as the proudest mansion of our city streets, and yet marked by a simplicity and single-heartedness seldom present in things modern. It is here that the toys are made which you buy in your home across the sea. Here in the quietness of the unmodern, the playthings are invented and perfected for your restless, buoyant children. You read "Made in Germany," with a skeptical tilt of the eyebrow, but the fact remains that by far the



STREET SCENE IN NUREMBERG



PUTTING HAIR ON DOLLS' HEADS



MAKING DOLLS' ARMS



SCENE IN TOY WORKSHOP

greater number of all the toys manufactured come from Nuremberg.

The ancient feudal city, around which cluster the grim traditions of the inquisition and the thrilling epic of the times of Charles V., has for four hundred years or more been the center of the children's fairyland. It has been and is the nucleus of Christmas happiness for the youth of every place in the Occident, and its charm is the perpetual one of joyous creation which delights in planning the amusement of little people.

In the factories they will tell you that 72,000,000 marks (\$12,000,000) worth of pleasure is sent out from Nuremberg every year, and that \$5,500,000 of this export is for the benefit of Young America. Only a few years ago all of the necessary labor for this immense production was done by hand, and much of the finishing and fine last touches are performed by special artists. Even now in the factories the old spirit of an almost conscientious craftsmanship lives and is evident in the interest of the village artisans for their craft. Not merely the reason of bread and butter goes toward the making of those marvelous talking dolls, those phenomenal speaking picture books, those thousand and one games that have called for all the imaginative as well as practical genius of these honest German peasant folk. Rather has their unique industry called for, and developed in them a romance, a sensitiveness of perception which is remarkable.

Follow the lurching, worn curves of the Albrecht-Durerstrasse, and you come to one of the many homes of this Nuremberg spirit. In a miniature red-roofed house, wedged in among a hundred squat brown huts, live two old men—brothers, of sixty-five and seventy—whose white heads are constantly bent over small circles of wood—shaping, paring, carving, painting.

All day they sit there, sometimes all night, talking over the delicately ornamented dolls' dresses which perhaps you have bought, as a small insignificant thing, just this afternoon for your small daughter's tree.

You looked at them carelessly; they were not especially original or attractive, and you shoved them into your bag with a half-hesitating acceptance, thinking that maybe they would please capricious Dorothy. How could you know that back in the village of Always Christmas old hands had fashioned those trivial plates and pitchers, old eyes had strained with loving anxiety over those tiny traceries of columbine, and old hearts had warmed over those completed trifles with the same thrill of the master painter over his best?

But this was true. Indeed, nearly all of the simple wooden toys are constructed by hand, in some humble workshop which goes to make up the aggregate creative force of Santa Claus' workshop. Take the tiny sets of soldiers, the doll's chairs and tables, the painted wooden animal-vehicle machine is a delight to all children, small or grown up. These are fashioned in homes, sometimes by the efforts of whole families, but most often by children themselves.

Sixteen is the age limit for child labor in the factories, but no young person is prohibited from assisting his parents at home, provided he spends the required period of time at school. So that many of those playthings which give most happiness to the children of America have been made by the children of Nuremberg. And it is not only the children who must work, what work could one find for more appropriate or more pleasurable than

this business of toy-making. They grow up in the midst of it, all their hereditary ideas are colored by it, the history of the city speaks of it.

Inside of half a dozen blocks you have trains, up-to-date hotels, electricity, motor cars, Parisian frocks, primitive carts drawn by huge mastiffs, furry tucked-away inns near the market place full of peasant women in wide black silk aprons and snowy white caps—crumbly fountains and a castle with a secret passage. All the elements of the fascinating past and the strangely progressive present within a stone's throw of each other. The realization of all that Nuremberg has been and has undergone comes to one most vividly as one stands looking down into the Schloss well 650 feet deep, where prisoners used to come to fetch water. Underground their passage led from the dungeons to this unlit circular pool, for state prisoners were never permitted to see the light, and the hollow splash of the water which the attendant drops into the well seems to re-echo, after an interminable half-minute, the hopeless pilgrimage of those countless victims of medieval fanaticism. Such is the potency of the ended. While the vitality of the occurring emphasizes itself, not far off, in one of the dozens of toy factories, whose very machinery whirs modernity, men, women and children—that is, children over sixteen—are massed into this building, all intent on the one idea, the creation of better and newer and more wonderful toys for everyone's children, in everyone's country.

It is seldom the industrial planet can boast of a broader ambition than this of the craftsmen of Nuremberg. To bring the greatest possible amount of pleasure, legitimate and often educative pleasure, to growing, active minds is surely an aim worthy of the finest art in the world. It even seems as though the thought back of the toys should surround them with a deeper meaning as gifts this Christmas, since the added gift—the biggest gift—lies in the patient interested invention and accomplishment of which they are the exponent.

As for the inventors, strictly speaking, their reward seems infinitesimal according to our standards. The "boss" controls ideas as well as materials of output, and it is chiefly by his profit that new inventions in toy-making are rewarded. The man or woman who first thinks of or improves upon some plaything gets a very small per cent. of the income from it. To our new world standards of commerce it seems strange that the originator should receive such scant recognition and that without grumbling.

Very, very few Nuremberg toymakers have ever grown rich over their ingenuity. It is true that some as well as toys in Germany sell for double what they sold for eight years ago, even! On the other hand the price of living has gone up appreciably, and what would have seemed a large purchase price then is only moderate now.

The staff of artists employed by the Nuremberg factory boss is in itself a not inconsiderable expense, and his quiet charity is understandable by those men who at home would be absorbed in getting rich. In the shop of Fritz Muller are

various small kitchen gardens, carved and painted by a poor man and his sister after their regular working hours, and bought by Mr. Muller at high rates as his pet philanthropy. In this shop, now 100 years old, are seen all of the most novel of the toy-village playthings. The store was crowded with more children over thirty than under thirteen, and absorbed for hours over the clever and quaint attractions.

The doll's house of Nuremberg leaves nothing to be desired. Not only the usual rooms of a conventional menage are found in it, but conservatories with miniature orchids, fountains and watering cans; school rooms with tiny desks, a schoolmaster, very stern, with goggles and ruler, and children in aprons and carrying slates, the latter a sixteenth of an inch big; fields of flowers for the back yard and a swing for the smallest doll.

In all German art, of which toy making is by no means an insignificant department, perfection of detail has always been the salient feature. Every phase of home life is reproduced in microscopic form in German toyland, even down to the wee pairs of hand-knitted stockings and sweaters, the hob-nailed shoes and blue blouses which make up the wardrobe of the folks boy and girl.

The tourist season is a second Christmas for Nuremberg people, and they sell as many playthings in the one period as the other. An interesting point brought to light by this fact is the early differentiation of the American and European individuality, which shows itself in choice of games and pastimes. They say in the shops that an American child is invariably fascinated over the mechanical and complicated, that he finds intense interest in mastering the technicalities even of playing, while the European child likes a simpler but brilliantly colored toy, cherishing often a curious sentiment for traditional objects such as typify old world conservatism.

They are blessed with imagination, these village people, and they are not ashamed of showing their simplicity of spirit. Their souls are bound up in the heritage of centuries. The tragedies of their city's history wind about the toys they make, breathing into the wood a characteristic vitality—the vitality that comes of centuries of striving, of centuries of patient achievement.

As you sit in a swirl of red ribbon and shiny paper, "doing up" your Christmas presents, remember that many of them have come from this quiet little Village of Always Christmas. It may seem to your holiday associates to know that no pleasure which the toys may bring can be greater than the pleasure of those who made them, and that no good will of yours can outdo the quiet sincerity of purpose with which the simple people of Nuremberg have given their part toward this season of the universal gift.

## A New Year's Fantasy

By PHILIP KEAN

Copyright by Associated Literary Press

**T**HE long line of people stretched down the winding walk in front of the White House and through the gate and out into the street. On New Year's day all the world might come and shake hands with the president, and it seemed as if half the world had availed itself of the privilege.

Marcia Marks felt almost overpowered by the thought of the honor that was before her. Marcia had not yet learned to shrug her shoulders at high position and august officials. She had been in Washington only three weeks. That she was soon to have a peep at the wonders of which she had heard so much seemed like a part of the fairy lore which she had loved as a child. She wished that there was some one who might share her pleasure. But she had made no friends, so she shifted from one foot to the other, moving forward slightly as far up at the other end of the line people were admitted through a magic door.

It was very cold, but Marcia's heart was warm. For the first time in her life she was earning money, and she was sending part of it home. Then, too, she had a new hat, which was a



"Won't You Get In Here With Me?"

great cause of happiness. It was the first really lovely hat that she had ever possessed.

She did not dream that her exquisite blonde beauty framed by the big hat was attracting the attention not only of the pedestrians but of the occupants of the autos and of the carriages that drove slowly in line toward the other entrance, where a privileged few were admitted at once to the blue room. Marcia feasted her eyes on the pretty gowns, and for the first time as she stood there in the cold a little bit of envy entered her heart. Why shouldn't she ride in luxurious comfort? She had beauty and youth, and loved a good time.

But even as the thought entered, she put it away. Wasn't she lucky enough with her \$60 a month and her new hat? And once more her face was bright, and she held her head high.

Then suddenly she gave a startled glance under the brim of her hat, as the door of a great motor car opened and a voice said: "Won't you get in here with me?"

The woman who spoke was beautiful with the beauty of old age. Under her wide hat her hair was white, but she held herself with grace and dignity. "Oh," Marcia faltered, and the lady said, quietly: "Get in, my dear. I will explain later."

So Marcia, followed by the eyes of the crowd, stepped into the wonderful car, which went slowly up the driveway.

Then the beautiful lady turned to her with sparkling eyes. "Was your grandmother Martha Witherspoon?" she demanded.

"Why—yes—"

The beautiful lady clapped her hands. "I knew it the minute I laid my eyes on you," she said. "As you stood there with your head held high in that haughty little way, and with your blue eyes and your red-gold hair—it was as if my dear school friend had come back to me."

"Grandmother is the dearest thing," Marcia said, "and as pretty as ever."

on saw two exquisitely gowned women, side by side, the younger one blushing beautifully over her bouquet of violets and valley lilies.

The rest was a dream to little Marcia—the entrance into the brilliantly lighted rooms, the music, the rustle of silken gowns, the presentation to the president. She drew a great breath of delight, as she settled herself finally in a corner of the east room.

But there was more to follow, for in a few moments the fairy godmother sent the prince. He was the nephew of the beautiful lady and he was to take care of Marcia.

And he did take care of her, most graciously, and he talked with her as if she were a princess instead of a very shabby little girl, with her shabbiness covered by a borrowed cloak.

"Aren't you warm?" he said to her once, and Marcia said, hurriedly: "Oh, no." But when he said again: "I think you'd better let me take your wrap," she laughed and confessed:

"It's your aunt's cloak, and I wish you could see what a very shabby little suit I am wearing under it."

And the prince said the cloak wasn't any prettier than the hat, and that the hair under the hat was the prettiest of all, and just then the beautiful lady came along and asked: "Have you made friends with my boy, Marcia?"

"I think he is lovely," she said, and blushed prettily.

She was carried off to dinner with the beautiful lady, and the prince went, too. And when Marcia took off the cloak he said he liked her in her simple little suit. "Only you must still wear the violets, because they match your eyes."

It was all very dear and delightful, but that night when Marcia went home to her poor little apartment she told herself that, of course, she must not expect anything more. It was a New Year's fairy tale, and that was all.

But the beautiful lady came every day and took Marcia out with her, and often the prince was there, and at last, one day, Marcia said: "Dear beautiful lady, you must not, you are spoiling me for everyday things."

But she did not say that the real reason for her protest was because of the prince. He was such a charming prince, and she felt that for her own peace of mind she must not see too much of him.

And as Marcia withdrew more and more, the prince one day demanded of the fairy godmother: "Where's our Cinderella?"

"She insists," the old lady smiled, "on sitting in the ashes. She says we are too fine for her with our pumpkin coaches and our palaces."

"Humph," said the prince, "I guess we will see about that." He thereupon sought Marcia in her shabby apartment.

Marcia's face was radiant as she welcomed him. "But you must not come again," she said, "when he was leaving."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Marcia, which was not a real reason. "I shall come as often as I please," he said.

Then Marcia stood up very straight and tall. "I am only a shabby little Cinderella," she said, "and I must



"But You Must Not Come Again," She Said, When He Was Leaving.

work, and I haven't the time to fidget away with fairy godmothers and princes who wear gardenias."

Then he looked very sober and asked: "Do you think I bother away my time?"

"Yes," Marcia told him, "I do."

"Well, tomorrow I am going to work," he told her. "They have ordered me to the Philippines. And I shall be gone six months."

"Six months?"

Something in her voice made him say sharply: "You care?"

Marcia tried to say: "Oh, no," but her lips were white and her voice shook.

Then the prince gathered her into his arms. "You shall go with me, little Cinderella," he said. "From the minute I saw you in your fairy godmother's cloak, I knew you were the one woman."

"And I knew you were the one man," she said him later, "but somehow I felt that it would never really come true—for it seemed only a New Year's fantasy."

The folly of casting pearls before swine lies in that we ought to laugh with ourselves.

# GREAT EXHIBITION AND SALE

OF

## Beautiful High Grade Pianos



Commencing Monday, Dec. 19,  
and continuing 10 Days,

Hoops Block, Plymouth

## GRINNELL BROS. MUSIC HOUSE,

Of DETROIT, PONTIAC and twenty-two other Michigan and Ontario cities, will inaugurate a remarkable exhibition and sale for the purpose of enabling prospective Piano buyers of this locality to make personal selection from their matchless line of world-famous instruments, without the necessity of visiting their Detroit or Pontiac stores. If you have any idea of buying a Piano this is an opportunity you should certainly take advantage of.

**WE HAVE BROUGHT OUR STORE TO YOU**

and offer you the same magnificent Pianos, the same easy terms, and the same excellent service that are enjoyed by patrons of our big headquarters in Detroit.

## A Store Full of Superb Pianos Ready for Your Selection

We have shipped to your home town a carefully selected stock of beautiful new instruments—the very latest designs in choice Mahogany, Oak and Walnut cases. Each and every one is fully guaranteed by the House of Grinnell. We sell the world's best makes, and in choosing from this stock you are assured of perfect and permanent satisfaction. Among the splendid Pianos offered you will find the following well-known dependable makes:

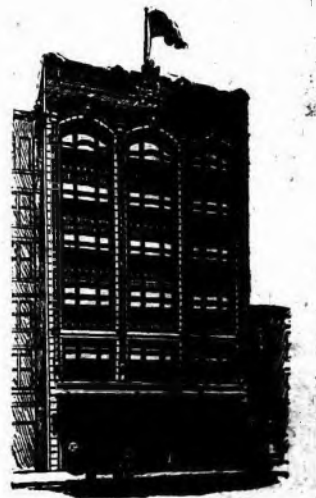
- Magnificent **Grinnell Bros.** Pianos (our own make). An instrument meeting with fullest approval of the most discriminating.
- Sweet-toned reliable **Huntington** Pianos—endorsed by the great Paderewski.
- Splendid **Mendelssohn** Pianos—the choice of thousands of music-loving homes.
- Artistic **Cote** Pianos—low in price but well made in every detail.

All marked in plain figures and at prices far lower than any other house will ask you for instruments of such superior quality and unquestioned reliability.

## Special Easy Terms During this Sale

We are going to make it easy for any family to purchase one of these beautiful Pianos. A first payment of \$10 to \$25 sends the instrument to your home at once; the balance you may pay in monthly installments of \$6, \$8, \$10, etc., monthly. Quarterly payments preferred. Why be longer without music in the home?

**Free with each Piano**—A fine revolving stool and handsome drape of latest style will be included without extra charge. We will also pay the freight or delivery to your home.



## Why It Pays to Buy of Grinnell Bros.

Because we are the largest music dealers in Michigan; are thoroughly reliable and responsible, and every buyer is sure of a square deal. We have the largest and most varied line of instruments for our customers to choose from. Our immense business enables us to control the best agencies, consequently the best makes will be found ONLY at our store.

Buying in very large quantities for cash, together with the many economies possible in a great business like ours, enables us to sell at lower prices than others. You will get a far better Piano for your money here than elsewhere. Comparison will quickly prove this claim.



We have every facility for taking care of our customers' instruments. If anything should prove wrong or unsatisfactory, we stand ready to make it right. Every instrument we sell is FULLY GUARANTEED and our guarantee is as good as a Government Bond.

Our EASY PAYMENT system is flexible enough to meet the needs of any family, and in case of misfortune we are always glad to extend leniency. You take no chances when you deal with us.

At GRINNELL BROS. will be found the largest assortment of famous instruments—the greatest values—the most convenient payment terms—the positive assurance of unqualified satisfaction. Take prompt advantage of the exceptional opportunity presented.

## Be Sure to Attend this Exhibition and Sale.

We want to have the opportunity of showing you our beautiful Pianos and making you a special proposition. You will be welcome whether you wish to buy or not. **BE SURE TO COME**, and tell your friends about this great event. Certainly no such Exhibition and sale was ever before held in this locality. Remember the date—**DEC. 19th**, and that the sale lasts but ten days. You gain nothing by delay—come at once.

We are determined to Close Out our Stock in Plymouth before Dec. 30th and Offer Exceptional Bargains.

## GRINNELL BROS. MUSIC HOUSE

Headquarters Grinnell Bldg., Detroit. Pontiac Store, 73 N. Saginaw st.

Sale at Hoops Block, Plymouth

# A Few More Bargains

## AT LAPHAM'S.

# Dry Goods

50 nice warm Blankets, 75c, 1.00, 1.25  
 175 to 250 pr Regular, 25c off on ea. pr.  
 1 lot Ladies' Flannelette Nightgowns,  
 \*1.00 and 75c values... 85c and 40c  
 1 lot Ladies' Flannelette Underskirts,  
 1.00 and 75c values... 90c and 40c

25 Floor Rugs..... 1.25 to 3.75  
 A big line Outings... 6c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 12c  
 Bedspreads..... 1.00, 1.25, 1.50  
 Hosiery, Table Linen, Towels, Nap-  
 kins, etc.  
 Ladies' 1.00 Wrappers..... 85c

## Toys, Glassware and Hundreds of Articles are here

## Ladies' & Men's Felt Shoes and Slippers, Carpet Slips, etc.

## Groceries

4 lbs 10c Japan Rice, 30c, or 8c pound  
 8 lbs Snowboy Washing Powder... 24c  
 Raisins 10c, 3 lbs for..... 25c  
 Lard, 16c..... 13c  
 Smoked Whitefish, lb..... 15c  
 Lettuce..... 15c  
 Celery, 4c, 3 for..... 12c  
 Bananas, per doz..... 20c  
 Grape Fruit, 3 for..... 25c

Apples, per pk..... 30c  
 Dates, 3 lbs..... 25c  
 Candy..... 8c, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30c  
 Nuts, lb..... 16c and 28c  
 Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel..... 15c  
 Mexican Blend, Chef. White House,  
 Old Reliable, Martin Hall, Black  
 Cross Coffees.  
 Wedding Bells Tea..... 40c and 50c

Remember, with \$1 Grocery Order, 5 lbs. H. & E. Sugar, or 7 bars of Sunny Monday, for 25c.

# A. J. Lapham,

BUSY BIG STORE.

# Christmas Table Suggesti'ns

Our Goods are Fresh and Clean.  
 Come in and see for Yourself.  
 Look our Store over.

## Christmas Specials

Eancy Mixed Peel..... 25c  
 Fancy Mixed Nuts..... 25c  
 Special Cleaned Currants..... 12c  
 Fancy Blue Ribbon Raisins..... 10c  
 Erbyley Filled Dates, fancy..... 25c  
 Grape Fruit 10c, 3 for 25c..... 25c  
 Olimento Cheese..... 15c

## Christmas Specials

Dried Peaches..... 12c  
 Fancy Apricots..... 18c  
 Choice Prunes..... 12c  
 California Oranges... 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c  
 Lemons, fancy..... 25c  
 Tangerines..... 30c  
 Selected Cal. Figs..... 5c and 10c

Malaga Grapes, fancy stock, 15c lb.

# Our Red Band Brand Candy

By the pail (special price) to Churches.

Boxes, fancy, 10c and 20c box. Get in early to get your choice

# Teas and Coffees

White Ribbon Tea, April picking, 50c Herald Chops, 40c.  
 Kar-a-Van Coffee, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c.  
 Arbuckle Bros.' Brand Mocha and Java, 40c. Good as Gold, 35c.

# CENTRAL GROCERY

R. G. SAMSEN

# Christmas for Two by Clarissa Mackie



The crowded east-bound train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its busy way.

A long stage, rusty and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's lusty "All aboard!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into its dismal depths.

"I s'pose you're for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horses skillfully in the narrow space.

"Yes," said the man rather gruffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—so there has! Been prancin' around her for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted; anyways, they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring 'em along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose them servants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl.

"A matter of an hour or so," was the unconcerned reply.

The girl stifled an exclamation of annoyance and she drew still farther away from the vicinity of the morose young man. The latter turned up the astrakhan collar of his overcoat and dropped his chin into its depths.

They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standish and Derrick Gordon—newly engaged and blissfully happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt, who was to accompany them for the short stay at Ferguson's hospitable country house, had failed to put in an appearance, and consequently had been left behind. That was vexatious. Then the train had been delayed by snow drifts and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled.

"Nice Christmas day," volunteered the stage driver in his queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard-packed snow.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically.

There was a long silence as the strong white horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder.

They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage crashed down and precipitated the passengers and luggage in an ignominious heap under the driver's seat.

"Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he assisted Polly to her feet.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly, as she peered out from the curtained window.

The driver was soothing the frightened horses and his nut-cracker face was knotted anxiously.

"Lost a wheel, by gorry!" he said, ruefully. "Smashed it to flinders!"

Derrick had crawled out and stood beside him.

"This is the dickens of a mess—how are we to get to Ferguson's place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we anyway?"

Luke Sanders scratched his ear thoughtfully. "I took a short road across—taint the usual route to Ferguson's and we ain't near nobody! Ten miles from anywhere. The only thing to do is for me to ride one of the horses into the village and send back another wagon. You and the young lady better get out and move about a bit and keep warm. You might build a fire—there's plenty of fuel." He was unharassing the horses as he spoke.

"Why can't we all ride—or better still, Miss Standish can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved." Derrick glanced quickly at the stage where Polly's pale face was framed in the darkened opening.

"Can't nobody ride Bob-white. A jumpin' kangaroo ain't nothin' to that horse if anybody gits on his back! Just you stay here and make yourselves comfortable and warm and I'll be back in the course of an hour or so." He tethered the ferocious Bob-white to a tree by the roadside. Then from the space under his seat in the stage he drew forth a basket covered with a white cloth.

"This here basket has got a Christmas dinner inside—my wife fixed it up for old Miss Benton down to the ford but I can stop and set another basketful for the old lady. You two are welcome to it." He clambered on the waiting horse and smiled as his horny hand closed around the generous banknote that Derrick slipped from his pocket.

"Merry Christmas to you and your wife, sir," he called back over his shoulder before he disappeared around a turn in the road.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly

Standish; he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the aisles of trees, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun.

It was too bad that Christmas should have turned out so disastrously for them both. There was to be a jolly party at the Fergusons and in the evening a Christmas dance. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another conveyance for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short cut.

A glimpse of Polly's woeful face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute.

Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly.

"Come, Miss Standish," he said politely. "If you will draw near the fire we will have some dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze.

"At least you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—so," insisted Derrick.

"Thank you," said Polly without enthusiasm.

From the blanket Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing, and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnips and celery, and a whole mince pie.

Derrick managed to convey half of the dinner more or less daintily to the pie plate and this he placed before Polly. "Eat," he said sternly. "You will need the nourishment before we reach Ferguson's."

"I am not a child," said Polly resentfully.

Derrick did not reply. He fell to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give



"This is Our Christmas Tree, Polly Dear," said Derrick, in a low tone.

Polly some mince pie that he discovered that the weary girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her nest of blankets.

For a long time he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches tossed in the wind; then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the middle of the clearing.

The cones were silvered with snow and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival.

Derrick opened his silt case and brought out sundry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colored cord. Gay toys for the Ferguson children were added until the little tree stood forth bravely in its fine attire.

"Polly!" he called softly. "Polly!" Polly sat up with startled eyes seeking his face. For the instant she had forgotten their misunderstanding, but suddenly their light clouded.

"Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick.

Reluctantly she came, a rose flush staining her pale cheeks. But yet her red lips were obstinately set in a straight line.

"This is our Christmas tree, Polly, dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "Yours and mine! Shall we be happy and enjoy not only this one, but many, many others after, please God? Say, dear."

"Oh, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we should be happy! I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's coat sleeve.

"And so am I—and now I'm glad," said Derrick after a time. "Now, let's enjoy our own particular tree before anyone comes! I shall be Santa Claus—and you may be Mrs. Santa Claus!"

"I have things in my bag, too," blushed Polly as she hastened away. An hour afterward Ralph Ferguson brought a sleighload of merry-makers in search of them. Together they sat demurely on a log before a dying fire. Near by stood a little pine tree, powdered with snow, and dripping with hanging cones.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree you ever saw," said Ralph as he gathered up the lines and clucked to the horses.

"We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick mysteriously, while Polly smiled back at him out of happy eyes.

(Copyright, 1910.)

# A Christmas Fairy Tale



It was Christmas eve. From the high hills came no wind to howl across the white world at the farmer through his every window or to shake the door as if to say, "I am King Wind, let me in!" or to harass the animals as they stood in their chilly stables. No wind, but cold, oh, so cold! The moon was steel blue as if frost bitten. The stars blinked with the cold. It was 10 below zero, the village folk said, and that is very cold.

Two travelers trudged the road that wound up and around the hill. "Swing your arms, Sigurd," said one, and himself commenced slapping his armpits. "We will try at the next house," he continued. "Tis Christmas eve, and how can they turn us away on such a night?"

Ahead a farmhouse threw a pale yellow glare on the snow. The travelers hurried on, the eager of the little house so alone in the snow, and before the door. Fridthjof pulled the old brass knocker down heartily. "Oh, ho, within," he cried. "Have you food and bed for hungry travelers this Christmas eve?" They heard a bustle and stir inside. The door swung open and the farmer, a huge man with a big voice, peered out. "Come in," he said.

The two stamped the snow off their feet and entered. The best hearth seats were given them and the farmer's daughter appeared, bearing a pitcher of steaming, home brewed ale. Along with it came smoked mutton and goodly piles of flat bread. Sigurd and Fridthjof toasted their whisps dreamily content. Behind them the farmer's wife and daughter clattered diligently with silver dishes and a bountiful Christmas feast.

Sigurd looked up in surprise. "Do you eat your Christmas dinner at night?" he asked. The farmer settled into his creaking armchair and his jovial face became serious. "Years ago," he began, "the goblins, or the hill people, came down, took possession of my farm and demanded that I turn my place over to them every Christmas night. Before we go we must set them a feast with silver dishes. I dared not disobey them, lest they run off with my horses and ruin my crops. So, you see, I have no real Christmas eve." Then he added, "you cannot stay, for they will kill you, too."

"Do they come every Christmas?" asked Sigurd.

"Every Christmas."

Sigurd turned to Fridthjof. "What shall we do," he asked, "get out or stay?"

"Stay by all means," asserted Sigurd.

"As you please, gentlemen," the farmer exclaimed. "My sleigh is ready at the door. Good night and a merry Christmas to you."

Left alone, the two guests undressed and went to bed.

Pretty soon away over the hills they heard the silvery jingle of goblin sleigh bells. Sigurd drew the curtains. Nearer and nearer came the jingling and now they could hear shouts and hoof beats. Then they heard them draw up in front of the house with a great clatter of harnesses, hoofs and sleigh bells. They could hear the goblins putting their tiny ponies into the farmer's sheds. Then with a great shout they entered the house.

The two luckless fellows in bed kept very still and barely breathed. Noisily the goblins seated themselves and started to eat with an uproar of clattering dishes, working jaws and spritely conversation. Many a mystery of disappearing hay bundles, sheep or farm tools long discussed among the village and farmer folk was explained by boasting narrations of the evil, jabbering goblins below.

At last Sigurd dared peek over, twist the curtains. He saw little, white bearded men with red noses and glittering eyes, high peaked hats and fat bellies. To one end at the head of the table sat the chief, whose bigger red nose, fatter belly, higher hat and gruffer manner characterized him as such. When he belloyed forth his orders for food the others stopped right lively.

Of a sudden the chief cried out: "Wuf, I smell Human." Immediately the room became chaos. Search was made everywhere, under chairs, in cupboards—everywhere.

The chief himself was the most diligent searcher, and presently he made straight for the curtains that covered the beds. Our travelers lay tense, almost scared to death. Sigurd gripped a shoe convulsively by the toe when he saw the chief approach.

The goblin looked into the lower berth and then, climbing in a stool, he peered into the upper one. He could just manage to get his nose on the edge of the bed, and Sigurd brought his shoe heel down. Bang! Bang! awful hard on that good goblin's red, tender nose. He let out one tremendous yell and his men dismayed at fear in their leader, stampeded out of the house to the sleighs. The chief followed them.

Sigurd and Fridthjof could hear them frantically hitch up and heard them drive off, singing loudly until the great white silence of the hills swallowed them up.

The villagers say that the farmer was never again harassed by the wicked hill people, but lived happily ever afterward with his family.

# Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

## A Christmas Story by S. R. Crockett

THE Morris-Moores had just had their first—no, not quarrel—iff. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing titles, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys."

He got out extensive white-blotched Swiss survey maps, and files of the little "Ladin" paper printed at Sarnaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to dip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff."

Henry Morris-Moore felt himself very superior. He was calm, cold, judicial, and above what he called "infantile tempers."

Upstairs Clara wept and fretted. To think, only to think—scarcely ten months married, and it had come to this! Ah, if only she had known! Were all men so cruel, so bitter? Did nobody care for her? She would go to her mother—No (Clara's reflection came refreshingly cool, like a splash of cold water), no-o—well, not quite that! For one thing, she knew her mother; and Mrs. Murray-Linklater would "pack her back to her husband."

Clara heard her mother speak these very words. But—it was over. So much was fixed. Never, never would it be "glad, confident morning again."



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDEWAYS AT THE PATTERN OF THE CARPET



A GIRL STANDING ON THE STEPS, PUTTING UP ROLL AND GREEN STUFF

quite remember what. But, at any rate, it was over. She could never forgive him—for saying that—yes, about dear Aunt Laetitia. Oh, yes, she remembered, "that he could never get her a single night to himself without some stalling and the patriarch with a reticule coming in to spoil everything."

Clara would not have her family spoken against—not by a score of Henry Moores. She had been educated carefully in the Murray-Linklater cult, and no Vere de Vere could be prouder of her name.

Clara, in her bolted bedroom, was getting out her blotting book and pad to write to her poor wronged aunt. She was going to ask a refuge for the few remaining days of a blasted life. Yes, that was the adjective she was using, and (strange coincidence!) the villain below stairs was also using it, though perhaps in a more colloquial sense. He had just knocked over a whole pile of the neat notebooks in which he stored away his literary material, and was passing off his own clumsiness in invective against inanimate things. This was his man's way of biting his handkerchief.

But the strong arm of coincidence reached yet further.

Stumbling and grumbling, Harry gathered up the fruit of his travel experiences and began restoring them in the little three-cornered shelves where he kept such things for reference. Work would not "go" tonight, somehow. One remained in his hand—a small pocket notebook with rounded corners, which served to carry about him for the shortest personal jottings. Usually it lay among his keys on the dressing table, and when he shaved he was in the habit of putting down a word or two—oh, as light and bald as possible.

But this particular stabby volume happened to be his diary of two years ago, and he stood there with one hand mechanically pushing the scribbles into their places, while his eyes, entangled by what he read, transported him to the rugged carpet, the preposterously furnished lodgings, the solitary walks, hands deep in pockets, overcoat collar up, cap pulled low—of the days when first—But stay, what was Clara doing?

She had got out her blotting book from under "The Songs of the North." The new maid—very hard on the temper of young wives are new maids, as a class—had jammed it into the rack, bending the corners shamefully. And so, when at last Clara had released the folio, lo! a cascade of solidly built volumes in red baize clattered to the ground. She had just time to spring back; for the volumes had solid brass locks, all opened with the same little gold key. She wore it about her neck, and no one in the

world, not even Harry, had ever been allowed to peep within. Indeed, since she was married she had not often done so herself. But now—now that the happiness of her life had foundered beneath her, she would go back—it might be all the pleasure (sob) that was left her—to live over a happy past. (A time.)

Watkins, the Moores' new maid, experienced some surprise (and not unnaturally) when, in the exercise of her vocation, she was carrying a copper jug of hot water to Mrs. Moore's dressing room before sounding the first gong, she observed her master and mistress approach each other from opposite ends of the corridor, both intently reading, like people on a stage—in a small black book, she in one large, fat and red.

A still poorer opinion had Sarah Watkins of her new place when she saw the readers look up simultaneously, suddenly and guiltily close their books, turn on their several heels, and so exult.

"And them sex as what they has only been married ten months!" she meditated. "Well—we'll see what's to come of this!"

The family dinner that night was distinguished by extreme correctitude of demeanor, and an etiquette almost Spanish in its stateliness. They were nothing if not polite—that is, when Watkins was in the room. But Watkins knew, and stayed a moment on the mat, listening to the silence that dropped like a pall. She entered, smiling to herself, knowing (oh, experienced Watkins) that she would find Clara looking sideways at the pattern of the carpet as though she had never seen it before, while at his end of the table Harry was molding bread pellets as if for a wager. These things do not vary.

But even Watkins the wise did not know everything. Penny fiction does not inform its readers what real people do. So as soon as Clara had escaped out of the dining room, before he had time to open the door for her, Harry sulkily sat down and felt for his cigarette case. He was sure he had left it in the drawing room. Yet he would not go for it. He could hear Clara playing a noisy jig, the wriggle and stamp of which he particularly loathed.

"The little wretch," he said, laughing in spite of himself, "she knows quite well."

"Good evening, Mr. Moore," said his wife, and he rose and went. "Your cigarette case is in the smoking room."

herself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swinging her feet naughtily and rebelliously, while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it!"

"Shan't!" (A time). "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—to—"

"Where? To whom?" said Harry, easily. "To my—to Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, "and besides, she would charge you board—which I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money!"

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

Then in a burst, as he shook her, "Oh! you great baby," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary. I knew by the lock. I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand, "but don't you think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night. And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve"—said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting, with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much!"

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She could hardly keep still. The quarrel was forgotten.

"Christmas eve" (she read). "A dull day—Paid calls in the lane—Went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Auntie-deer. Came home by Grant's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance."

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how bad my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I can write a lot, I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all."

"Oh, yes—I have!" and he flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant), "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go on?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

"You were saying that it was a horrid nuisance, having me come to dinner," said Harry Moore, "did you change your mind?"

"Here it is," said his wife, running her eye down the columns of close-knit writing. "11:00 p. m. He is gone. It was not so horrid after all. But I think he likes Edith best. He is big and badly dressed. Why can't writers and artistic people dress humanely? He had on the funniest tie I ever saw, and a beard, and he came in a big grey cloak like one of Millet's shepherds. But he talked—yes, it was worth

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and somehow seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Stonor came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I knew very well he was watching us. That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end. "Now for yours!"

"Mine! oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook, "jottings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't alter a word or put in more. I shall know!"

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Armenia about the atrocities. Shan't! To club in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxon and several of the fellows there, who wanted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to dinner—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later."

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly bunched, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without troubling to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on steps, putting up holly and green stuff. Presently old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!' I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know: a fascinating and glamorous person certainly. There was also a sister."

"Nonsense!" said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her unbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are a dear."

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she purred.

"Go on!" she said.

"Dinner quite informal," Harry continued. "Talked too much, but got led on somehow. Everything went well. Doctor fellow there who put on a lot of friend-of-the-family side—sat in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes."

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous all ready!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little Stonor? I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, the day you came to Elton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Elton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eyes did not show up. Waited an hour and a half, but don't think I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore!"

"Now shall I read?" And without giving him time to answer, Clara opened the solid baize boards and continued. "Dec. 23rd: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grierson. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her to tea. When I got home I saw mother had a secret. You always knew by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell."

"Do you know whom I've been entertaining all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shaking with repressed laughter. "I understood well enough."

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him going down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. And she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagon-load nearly, which she had set well back in the duck of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. 'They are all mine,' said mother, 'but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staying quietly at home!'

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity and mercy," I said. "He would have given them to me if I'd been here. I'll never do a good action again!"

"Now turn on to 'Four Seas Cottage,' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray now, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overflowing everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why skip? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 8th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that unless something was going to come of this, I must go away.'

"What," she said, "for altogether?" And I said 'Yes.' Then she walked a good while silent, and when I looked, I could see—"

"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Tear after big tear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go? I cried."

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not."

"So I stayed."

They sat long silent that night in their own home, near each other, and happy Harry's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, bother Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Harry Moore, "I don't want her."

And then, did Clara Murray-Linklater deny her father's home and clasp to her husband,

### TO MAKE CHOCOLATE NUTS

Delicious Form of Candy That is Easily Made and is Most Wholesome.

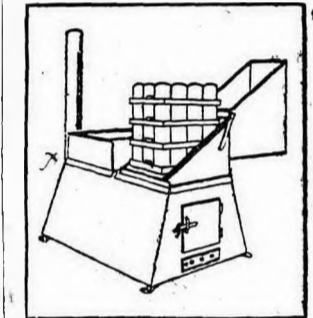
No more delicious form of candy can be made than chocolate nuts, for which any kind of nut kernels can be used, almonds, walnuts and Brazil nuts being especially favored. To prepare, take half a pound of slightly-sweetened chocolate, break it into small pieces, and place these in the upper part of a milk saucepan, with the double pan, the lower part of which should be filled with very warm—not too hot—water. Stir the chocolate occasionally and when quite melted, set it to cool. When rather less than luke warm drop in the bleached kernels one by one, and side by side; with a narrow, close pronged wire fork push them well under; have ready a piece of waxed or confectioner's paper, and having lifted out the dipped nuts, let them drain a second to get rid of drops of the chocolate, place them carefully side by side on the paper, continue the process till all the nuts are dipped, and place them to set in a cool dry place; figs, dates, pines, and candied fruits can be treated in the same way.

The preparation of fondants is more complicated, and cannot have place in this article, but none of them takes very much time, and so many people would be glad of good home-made bon-bons for their young people, and even for their guests during this season of country house parties.

### UTILITY IN STEAM COOKER

Airtight Cover That Keeps Heat in is Chief Point of New Utensil.

With coal and gas and even electricity used for cooking, a Missouri man saw no reason why steam should not be turned to the same purpose. Accordingly he invented the steam cooker shown in the illustration. This



little stove can be attached to a steam pipe in the house by connecting up pipes which run through the bottom or body member. The top of the lower section will thus be heated so that it can be used to fry on while the inside can be used as an oven. In addition to this there is a box-like compartment which rests on top of the lower chamber and which has a hinged cover which fits so closely as to make it steam-tight. This cover provides for the retention of heat in the compartment, the same as in an oven, and makes it especially useful for certain purposes, such as preserving and the like. Of course, the steam cooker is designed primarily for use in houses which are equipped with steam heat.

### Chocolate Biscuits With Jam.

Place two ounces of powdered sugar in a bowl with two egg yolks, a pinch of salt, half teaspoonful of vanilla extract; mix well for five minutes. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, add to the yolks with two ounces of flour, and mix lightly. Line a pastry pan with buttered paper. Drop in the preparation, neatly smooth the surface, sprinkle with a little powdered sugar, and set in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Remove and allow to cool; turn the cake on a clean board, remove the paper, and spread with jam over the surface of the cake. Prepare a glacé au chocolate (as below), spread evenly over the jam, and let cool. Cut the cake into even pieces, place on a dish, set in the oven for a minute, remove and serve.

### How to Corn Beef.

To corn beef for use in a week or two, wipe it, then rub hot salt into it until it all disappears; then add more salt and rub again until the meat will absorb no more. Place it in a crock in a cool place for a week, turning it each day; then it will be ready for use. To cook, wash and put it to boil in cold water. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer it 30 minutes to every pound. If it is to be served cold, allow it to cool in the liquor in which it was boiled.

### Hamburger Loaf.

One and one-half pounds hamburger, one-half pound salt pork, chopped fine. Put in mixing bowl, add one egg, one heaping tablespoon flour, seasoning to taste. Mix thoroughly, place in single loaf tin and bake half an hour. Remove from tin, place the tin on fire, add water and thicken for gravy.

### Good Lunch Dish.

To one pound of hamburger made in small round cakes fried a few minutes in hot fat, add one pint milk and one-half cup water, salt and pepper to taste, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, thicken as for dried beef gravy. This makes a good dish for lunch.



# SOLVAY COKE,

Furnace and Chestnut Sizes

Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,  
CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

## Local News

Package candy at Fattal's  
Levon Fattal was a Jackson visitor Sunday.

Benj. Rathburn of Detroit was in town last Saturday.

Dr. Peck is building a bathroom addition to his house.

Miss Myra Coleman of Farmington was in town Tuesday.

Dr. Foster of Scottville spent Tuesday at the home of Dr. Peck.

Diamonds—at Fattal's.

Miss Dora Townsend is assisting in Draper's store this week.

Miss Mary Green left for her home at Beaver Falls, Pa., yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Detroit visited at Tom Kane's the first of the week.

Mrs. J. Todd attended the funeral of her mother in Bad Axe last Monday.

Lyman Pinney of Ann Arbor was a guest at Mrs. L. C. Hough's Sunday.

Rev. DesAutels attended his father's funeral in Detroit the first of the week.

Eugene and Maurice Campbell are home from Ann Arbor for the holidays.

Cigars by the box at Fattal's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Corey of Saginaw called at B. L. Chamberlain's Sunday.

Chas. Bredow of Detroit is visiting his sister and family, Mrs. H. J. Fisher, this week.

David Birch left this week for New York, where he will spend a few days with relatives.

Watches, \$1.00 to \$150 at Fattal's.

Gilbert Brown and Arthur and Russell Warner are home from the M. A. C. for the holidays.

The North End Club gave a pool tournament and oyster supper in their rooms Tuesday night.

Roy Armstrong of Flint was in town Saturday. He left Monday for California to visit his people.

John Shackleton's new house on N. Main street is nearly completed. It is a grand improvement for the north end.

Mr. Safford, who has been in town several weeks with friends and relatives, left yesterday for Omens, Mich.

Get your Novelties at Fattal's, the jeweler.

Frederick, who has been working at the P. M. and house, injured his hand the first of the week, making it necessary for him to go to his home in Big Rapids.

The county road commissioners held their annual meeting Tuesday afternoon and re-elected John S. Haggerty chairman of the board. The entire staff was re-appointed.

The express room next to the depot has been completed and put into use. It is very useful at this time of year, as several truck loads of express are handled every day.

Go see Fattal, the jeweler, for your Christmas Presents.

Geo. Mott caught his left arm in a corn-husker last Monday and tore it considerably, requiring a number of stitches to close up the cut. Dr. Peck made him comfortable.

Edward Drews returned home Wednesday from the German Seminary at Saginaw, where he has been studying. His class mate, Mr. Bodemer, came with him to spend the holidays.

Harry, young son of Fred Wagonshultz, dislocated his right shoulder, while playing last Monday. Drs. Cooper and Peck rendered the necessary surgical aid in replacing the bones.

Mrs. H. A. Spicer and Miss Mabe Spicer, who is home from Youngstown, Ohio, on a two weeks' vacation, spent the first part of the week with Mrs. Fanny Spicer-Judson in Detroit.

About forty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lost surprised them at their home west of town last Friday evening, it being Mrs. Lost's birthday and also their wedding anniversary. All report a pleasant time.

Have you bought your Xmas presents? If not, go to Fattal's.

Judge Murphy was on Tuesday presented with an elaborately designed testimonial by the 100 men on the circuit court jury panel. The document also referred in appreciative terms to the other five judges on the bench. Rev. E. E. Caster, of Plymouth, made the presentation speech, eulogizing Judge Murphy warmly.

At the annual meeting of Plymouth Lodge, F. & A. M., held last Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M.—P. B. Whitbeck.  
S. W.—George Gittins.  
J. W.—Robt. Chappell.  
Treas.—George Richwine.  
Sec'y.—R. C. Lanfior.  
S. D.—Myron Willett.  
J. D.—Isaac Gussally.  
Tyler—Ambrose Roe.

NOTICE—On account of the present high prices of food stuff and labor, all meals at the Plymouth House will after Jan. 1 be 50c. We will, however, sell tickets good for 10 meals for \$3.50.  
Wm. F. WICKER, Prop.

Pay Your Taxes  
Jay Burr, treasurer of Plymouth township, will be at Ralph Gansen's store every Friday and at H. B. Jolliffe's store in lower village, every Thursday for collection of taxes.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Rachel Adams spent a few days in Detroit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Row of Avon, Ont., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Jolliffe.

Mrs. J. O. Eddy left yesterday for a month's visit with her daughter in Chicago.

Don Safford is expected home Saturday from Grand Rapids to spend Xmas with his mother.

Plato Hough and Wm. Alexander have been drawn as circuit court jurors for the January term.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Lella Murray and Harry Brown to take place New Year's day.

An ice skating rink has been started by Evans & Tyler on part of the old fair grounds. Opening to-day.

The two-inch fall of snow last night makes sleighing fine and will be of benefit to all kinds of business.

The Mail will have a limited number of calendars for distribution to readers to-morrow. Do not send children.

If you are going away for Christmas or have friends visit you from out of town, tell The Mail about it next week.

Mrs. Dana Sawhill of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Brown. Mr. Sawhill comes Saturday to spend Xmas.

The Bonafide Manufacturing Co. has been incorporated, with J. J. McLaren as President and Julius Kaiser as secretary and treasurer. They make fish spears and bait.

Some young men think it is real nice to enter the D. U. R. waiting room late at night and deface the walls and floors. Deputy Sheriff Springer is "next" and they may find themselves facing a court of justice.

Mr. Beattie, the motor truck promoter, has written President Voorhies of the Improvement Association, that things are progressing finely, that the New York financiers have been wired to come to Detroit and to arrange for the completion of the deal. Mr. Beattie gives names of Detroit parties connected with the concern and they are in good financial standing. He states it will be impossible just now to run a truck to Plymouth for inspection, but if any one wishes to, a truck may be seen at the Fisher Body Co. plant, corner 6th and Fort. Two machines are ready for exhibition purposes—one to New York and the other to Chicago. It may be possible the New Yorkers will defer their visit to Detroit until after the holidays.

Every family has need of a good, reliable ointment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

# Xmas Headquarters

Candies, from 10c to 80c per lb.  
Nuts, Filberts, Almonds, Brazils and Pecans, 20c lb.  
California Soft Shell Walnuts, 25c lb.  
Mixed Nuts, 20c. We mix them as you want them.  
Oranges—Fancy Navels, 30c, 40c and 50c per dozen.  
We have a quantity of Fancy Florida Sweets, one of the best on the market, 60c per peck.  
Apples, 25c and 35c per peck.  
Bananas, Malaga, Grapes, Figs, Grape Fruit, Tangerines  
B. & P. Breakfast Blend Coffee, 28c.  
Comprador Tea, 50c.  
Dill Pickles—The best on earth—we can prove it.  
Sealshipt Oysters, solid pack—Selects, 22c per lb.

## Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

## A Merry Christmas to All

With a Few Last Reminders.

That our line of Christmas Gifts is the largest we have ever shown, consisting of a great variety of the best Holiday selections of the year.

That you come as early in the day as possible and don't leave until you have seen all that interests you.

That Merit, Quality and Fair Prices are waiting you.

That, whatever you do, don't miss our Ring and Watch display.

Here is a list of a few of the many appropriate Gifts found in our store:

### For Men Folks

Watches  
Chains  
Fobs  
Rings  
Cuff Links  
Tie Pins  
Tie Clasps  
Charms  
Emblem Pins  
Shirt Sets  
Comb & Brush Sets  
Military Sets  
Manicure Sets  
Shaving Mugs  
Shaving Mirrors  
Pocket-Books  
Fountain Pens  
Cameras  
Books  
Alarm Clocks

### For Ladies

Diamonds  
Watches  
Lockets  
Chains  
Rings  
Waist Sets  
Cuff Links  
Belt Pins  
Bracelets  
Hat Pins  
Manicure Sets  
Com & Brush Sets  
Work Boxes  
Souvenir Spoons  
Mesh Bags  
Music Rolls  
Gilt Clocks  
Gilt Mirrors  
Thimbles  
Photo Frames

### For Children

Mugs  
Napkin Rings  
Spoons  
Necklaces  
Lockets  
Bracelets  
Rings  
Pin Sets  
Knife, Fork & Spoon  
Brush & Comb Sets  
Birthday Books  
Linen Book  
Christmas Cards  
Games  
Blocks  
Postcard Albums  
Mouth Organs  
Sterling Silver  
Novelties

Sterling Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons  
Silver Plated Tableware  
Fine Cut Glass Imported China Mante Clocks  
A Fine Line of Books and Stationery  
Cameras and Supplies The Free Sewing Machines  
A Complete Line of Spectacles and Eye Glasses

When quality is taken into consideration our Prices will be found to be unusually low.

# C. G. Draper

Jeweler and Optician

## Central Meat Market

GET IN LINE WITH A FINE

### Roast Beef, Pork or Chicken

FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER.

### Mince Meat, Sauerkraut, Oysters,

the Best to be Had for the Money.

## BARTLETT & RATTENBURY

BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

## GALE'S

## GALE'S

We have a Large and New Stock of

# XMAS TOYS

Which we will sell at the Cheapest Prices.

Coasting Sleds, 50c  
High Sleds  
Collapsible Doll Cabs  
Shoo Flies  
Rock'g horses  
Sulkies  
Wagons  
Wheelbar'ws  
Reed Rockers  
Drums  
Toy Brooms  
Carpet Sweepers



Music Boxes  
Banks  
Iron Toys  
Cloth Toys  
Horses  
Pianos  
Trunks  
Tea Sets in China  
Tea Sets in Granite  
Fine stock of China and Glassware Suitable for Xmas Presents

We wish to call your especial attention to three splendid Toys made in Plymouth by the Bennett Mfg. Co.—Coontown Shooting Gallery, Bugle Call, Base Ball Shooting Gallery. These are Toys that can be enjoyed by young and old.

A large stock of Books for Children. Also a large stock of Alger Books for Boys and the Meade Books for Girls, Bibles and Testaments.

## A LARGE STOCK OF LAMPS, NEW GROCERIES ARRIVING EVERY DAY.

Walnuts, Nuts, Almonds, Brazil, Mixed Nuts, Oranges, White Grapes, Tokay Grapes, Dates, Figs, Candied Cherries in 15c boxes.

We also have in stock Chef Coffee and Mrs. Rorer's Coffee, something just put on the market. Try a pound of it.

We have a large stock of Xmas Cards, Booklets, Tags, Stickers, etc. etc., Box Papers, Post Card Albums and Boxes.

# JOHN L. GALE



# ANIMALS STARVING ON GRAND ISLAND

ABOUT 1,000 DEER ON TRACT OF LAND OWNED BY ANCHON COMPANY IN WANT OF FOOD.

## WORD SENT STATE WARDEN

If Permission is Secured From the State Department, Many of Them Will Be Transferred to Private Preserves.

Lansing.—On Grand Island, a tract of land owned by the Cleveland Cliffs Iron company out in Lake Superior, a few miles off the shore of Alger county, there are about 1,000 deer, the property of the capitalists who own the island, and owing to the scarcity of feed the animals are slowly starving to death.

At least such is the information that has reached the office of State Game Warden Pierce from C. V. R. Townsend, the general manager of the company, and he would like to know what disposition can be made of some of the animals. Recently he shipped several carloads of alfalfa to the island, as it is said that the deer are very fond of this food, but he estimated that it will require thousands of bales of alfalfa to feed the deer until the snow melts in the spring.

If permission is secured from the state game warden's department a number of the deer will be transferred to private preserves, and it is likely that Game Warden Pierce will grant this request. Mr. Pierce agrees with Mr. Townsend of the Cleveland Cliffs company that it would be a good scheme to secure the enactment of a law that would allow owners of game preserves to raise deer for slaughter, governing their sale in the same manner as the system under which brook trout raised in private hatcheries are sold.

This island is a beauty spot and a natural game preserve. When the Cleveland Cliffs company purchased it several years ago, a number of deer were placed on it, but they have multiplied so rapidly that hunters were allowed there this year in the hope that a few of the animals would be exterminated.

## Double Crossed by State Fair.

From the advance information furnished by B. A. Holden of Wilcox, president of the Michigan State Association of Farmers' clubs, which began a two days' session in the senate chamber of the capitol, some red-hot resolutions were introduced.

At the last meeting of the association, held in this city a year ago, A. J. Lougherty of Detroit, one of the members of the Michigan State Fair association, promised the farmers that no liquor would be sold on the fair grounds last summer, but inasmuch as liquor was sold in the usual manner last fall, the members of the association declare that, Dougherty or some members of the state fair association handed them the double cross, and it is said that they will take cognizance of this before the meeting is brought to a close.

It is said that a majority of the delegates are in favor of state-wide prohibition and there is a possibility that an attempt will be made to have a resolution passed calling for this measure. At the meeting a year ago some one suggested such a resolution, but it was not presented.

President Holden is authority for the statement that a resolution will be presented declaring for a sweeping reform in the present method of employing state help. Many of the delegates are of the opinion that politics is more powerful than efficiency when it comes to selecting the clerks to transact the state's business, and a resolution declaring for civil service is expected to pass without a dissenting vote.

## Not Much Danger of Typhoid.

State Analyst Robison of the dairy and food department visited the fruit store to ascertain if there was danger of a typhoid contagion through the sale of fruit, from the two cases in the family of Ralph Tore, living up stairs.

Mr. Robison stated that in his opinion the typhoid cases were isolated sufficiently so that the danger of spreading the disease by the fruit was very remote. Nevertheless, Sanitary Inspector Carpenter and Mr. Robison left directions for renovating the place and will keep tab on the proprietor to see that he observes the directions.

Conditions in the family of Ralph Tore remain unchanged. The children are being cared for by the parents and the physician in charge is endeavoring to secure the best attention possible under the circumstances.

M. N. G. Officers Banquet Warner. Officers of the Michigan National Guard gave Governor Warner a banquet here. Gen. James H. Kidd, in behalf of the guard officers, presented the governor with a handsome silver service.

Among those present were: Gen. W. T. McGinnis, Grand Rapids; Col. J. N. Cox, Houghton; Maj. W. G. Hardy, Grand Rapids; Gen. J. H. Kidd, Ionia; Col. W. G. Rogers, Detroit; Gen. C. A. Wagner, Port Huron; Col. A. L. Holmes, Detroit; Col. T. C. Morgan, Battle Creek.

## Condensed Milk for Ice Cream.

"The use of condensed milk is a recent innovation in ice cream manufacture," said President J. F. Kelley of Grand Rapids in his address before the Michigan Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers. "There is nothing more sanitary than the manufacture of condensed milk, and now about 75 per cent. of the ice cream in the United States is largely composed of condensed milk. Condensed milk makes a dryer cream, which does not become coarse grained. The use of condensed milk is not to cheapen the manufacture, but rather to improve the grade of the product."

In order that they may have the same advantages given in other states, a committee composed of William Parks of Benton Harbor, J. J. McDonald of Owosso and Harry Geer of Cadillac was appointed for the purpose of meeting the railroad commission February 15 to request that the express rate on ice cream be lowered.

The subject of homogenized raw material was discussed at some length. The idea is a new one in this country and is simply a method of laying in a supply of butter fat when it is cheap, for use during the months when sweet cream and butter are harder to secure. The method is to churn the cream and make what is known as "sweet" butter—that is, butter without salt—and when the butter fat is needed this is very finely divided, and mixed with sweet milk, making a composition very much like the original cream, but which cannot be gathered into butter again.

The next convention will be held in Detroit next December. Officers were elected as follows: President, W. T. Parks, Benton Harbor; vice-president, H. R. Pierce, Grand Rapids; secretary-treasurer, Harry Geer, Cadillac.

## State Fair Men Look to Detroit.

Secretary J. E. Hannan of the Michigan State fair association says that the attendants at the recent Chicago meeting of the American Associated Fair associations were much impressed with the manner in which the Michigan fair handled its transportation facilities last year, and also were much interested in the "coin" system which superseded the old ticket system.

"The American Associated Fair association is made up of representatives of 33 state boards," said Mr. Hannan. "We get together every year to exchange ideas and get pointers. Last year State Railway Commissioner George W. Dickinson handled our transportation problem, and we hope and expect that he will do it again. The secretaries of the New York and Indiana fairs were so pleased with the way we received and shipped out goods that they have promised to send on their live stock exhibits again next year."

"I think several of the state fair managements will take up the matter of getting a railway commissioner to handle their transportation problems. An official can do it much easier and better than a private citizen. "We are fortunate in the date we have selected for our next fair, fortunate in more ways than one. We will begin September 18 and continue ten days or two weeks. During the week of September 11, the Kansas, Indiana, New York, Wisconsin, Kentucky and London, Ont., fairs will be under way. The exhibitors at these places will be at liberty when we begin operations, and we will have for opposition only the Hutchinson (Kan.) fair and the Sioux City stock show."

The new board of the Michigan State Fair association will meet January 10 and at that time will make definite plans for next fall.

## Accepted 280 Miles of Road.

The state highway department has completed its work of road inspection for 1910. About 20 miles of roads, ready for the official O. K. of one of the highway officials, will not be inspected until spring on account of the snow. This season the department has accepted 280 miles of state award road.

"The work was continued until conditions made it impossible for us to proceed any farther," said Commissioner Ely. "The last road inspection was a mile in Ionia county which I accepted the other day. I had made several previous trips over the highway."

One of the first important acts of the department next spring will be a trip to the Cape Cod district of Massachusetts by Commissioners Ely and Rogers to inspect the famous sand roads, the discussion of which caused so much comment at the recent convention of the National Road Builders' association at Indianapolis. The state officials are certain that the discovery will be a great boon for Michigan. If it is all that reputable experts claim it to be, it is possible to make durable sand roads by a mixture of asphaltic oil the department will spend considerable time next season in the sandy districts of western Michigan, making experiments and booming the latest discovery.

## State Boys' Conference Soon.

The dates for the State Boys' conference of the Y. M. C. A., which is to be held in Charlotte, are December 30-31-January 1. The convention will be held in the M. E. church auditorium and fully 200 boys are expected to be present, representing nearly every city in the state where the Y. M. C. A. is located. A committee of 13 Charlotte boys under the chairmanship of Earl Doyle, will have charge of the entertainment part of the convention.

# My Word Is As Good As My Bond

and when I say that I will sell you Ten Acres of the Best Land in the Panhandle of Florida at \$7.50 cash an acre and accept the balance of the purchase price in sugar cane, I mean every word of it.

JOHN E. STILLMAN



**MY OFFER** Growers of sugar cane in the Florida Panhandle, average \$100.00 an acre from their crop and it is the easiest, safest, surest crop that grows. I have 27,000 acres of selected, rich cane land, also suited to trucking and fruit growing, in Escambia County, Florida, north of the city of Pensacola. Ten acres will net you \$1,000.00 a year in sugar cane alone. I will sell you ten acres for \$30.00 an acre, \$7.50 an acre cash and the balance in two, three and four years. **Payable in sugar cane or cash.**

**MY RECORD** I have been dealing in Florida lands for the past 24 years, and in order to convince you of my absolute responsibility, I want to tell you—that I am Ex-President of the Pensacola Chamber of Commerce, have been Collector of Customs for the port of Pensacola for the past thirteen years, and that I am President of The Pensacola Inter-State Fair Association.

- I am President of the Pensacola Investment Co., capitalized at . . . \$300,000
- I am Vice-President of the Pensacola Hotel Co., capitalized at . . . 150,000
- I am President of the East Pensacola City Co., capitalized at . . . 250,000
- I am President of the Maxent Land Company, capitalized at . . . 300,000
- I am President of the Suburban Railway Co., capitalized at . . . 30,000

Total Capitalization of Companies . . . **\$1,030,000**

Write to me today or simply sign and mail me the coupon. I will answer all your questions personally. The Florida Panhandle has the right kind of land—what she needs is the right kind of people. Address **JOHN E. STILLMAN, Pensacola, Fla.**

JOHN E. STILLMAN, Pensacola, Fla.

Please mail me booklet and full information in regard to the farms that you are selling in Escambia, County.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Be Wise in Time!

You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are the finest natural laxative in the world—gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them, the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and

**Keep the Bowels Healthy Bile Active & Stomach Well**

In Boxes 12c. and 25c. with full directions

## Household Lubricant THE ALL-AROUND OIL IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can not break. Does not gum or become rancid.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

# MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

Self-reliant men shave with the

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**MAKE MORE MONEY**

Than you ever dreamed possible decorating china, burnt-wood, metal, pillow-tops, etc., in colors from photographs. Men successful as women. Learned at once; no talent required. Takes like wildfire everywhere. Send stamp quick for particulars. G. R. VALLANCE COMPANY, Elkhart, Ind.

**PISO'S**

IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

**DEFIANCE STARCH**—is chosen to get white only 12 cents—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

# PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more pure brighter and faster color than any other dye. See the picture colors all there. They are in cold water better than any other dye. You can get any garment without fading. Write for free booklet—Name to Don. Monroe Drug Co., Quincy, Illinois.

## Fresh Air in Winter



In winter, it is hard to get fresh air in certain rooms. Some rooms in a house are usually colder than others, and if you open the windows it is hard again to heat the room properly.

If you keep the windows closed you don't get fresh air; if you keep them open you cannot quickly reheat the room. The

# PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless solves the difficulty. You can leave the windows in a room open all day in winter, and when you close them apply a match to a Perfection Oil Heater and heat the room to any temperature you desire in a few minutes.

The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in Japan or nickel. It burns for nine hours. It has a cool handle and a damp-top. It has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that the wick can be quickly cleaned. An indicator always shows amount of oil in the font.

The filler-cap does not need to be screwed down. It is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and consequently, it can always be easily uncrewed in an instant for reworking. The Perfection Oil Heater is strong, durable, well made, built for service, yet light and ornamental.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agent of the

## Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

# EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores the hair to its youthful color. Does not dry the hair. Selling at 25c and 50c at Druggists.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE

# PLANTEN'S BLACK CAPSULES

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 52-1910.

# Be PRACTICAL

In the Gifts you choose. What to give is a problem not always easy to solve, but the Practical Gift is the one surest to please.

## SUIT CASES

Something every one wants—all grades—  
—from 90c to \$7.50.

## FUR CAPS

Could you please a man more than by the gift of one of these handsome Caps?  
\$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00.

## SWEATER COATS

Something every man and boy needs—  
all colors—50c to \$5.00.

## AND THEN SOME

Umbrellas ..... 50c to \$3.50  
Holiday Suspenders ..... 25c and 50c  
Fur Mittens ..... 50c to \$2.00  
Golf and Kid Gloves ..... 50c to \$1.50  
Cloth and Plush Caps ..... 25c to \$1.50  
Children's Toques & Caps ..... 25c and 50c  
Mufflers of every style ..... 50c to \$1.50  
Hosiery, plain and fancy ..... 10c to 25c  
Handkerchiefs ..... 5c to 25c  
Fancy Shirts ..... 50c to \$1.50  
Fancy Vests ..... 1.00 to \$3.50

## SUITS AND OVERCOATS

The best gift of all for a man or boy. No more acceptable present could possibly be chosen. \$8.00 to \$20.00 for men, \$5.00 to \$15.00 for Young Men, \$2.00 to \$8.00 for Boys.

Fur Coats  
\$15 to \$25

# A. H. Dibble & Son

Soft and  
Stiff Hats  
50c to \$3

## Christmas Slippers

A Gift for every member of the family.

Men's Holiday Slippers ..... \$1.00 to \$1.50  
Ladies' Fur Trim Slippers ..... 1.00 to 1.75  
Children's Fur Trim ..... .75 to .85  
Infants' Knitted Slippers ..... .50

## NECKWEAR

The Gift that always pleases. No man ever had too many. The newest Novelties; also plain patterns and solid colors. Four-in-Hands, Tecks. Clubs and Bows. **25c & 50c**

## SHOES

A fine pair of Shoes is appreciated by everybody. Our Shoe department is filled with the newest styles in both Button and Blucher models in Patent Leather, Gun Metal and Vici Kid.

\$2.00 to \$4.00 for Men.  
\$1.50 to \$3.50 for Ladies.  
\$1.25 to \$3.00 for Boys and Girls.  
50c to \$1.50 for Children.

# A Christmas Angel

by Donald Allen

A pretty young girl, well wrapped up against the cold night, and a half-grown boy carrying a large basket, were crossing the street when an automobile swung suddenly around the corner. To save themselves, the girl and the boy had to make a sudden retreat, and in so doing they dropped the basket and it was crushed under the wheels.

There were four young men in the automobile. They were singing and laughing and enjoying the license of Christmas eve. They jeered at the boy for dropping the basket, and they raised their hats in mock courtesy to the girl.

"Miss, I didn't go for to do it!" apologized the boy, who had been hired as a messenger, and who had been told that the basket contained food for poor families in the tenement beyond.

"I know—I know," replied the girl. "It wasn't your fault, but I'm so sorry. The sick woman and her children won't have the food and toys now, but I have a little change in my purse and I can still do something. You needn't go any farther; it is just across the street. Good-night to you."

"Missy," said the boy as she was about to move away, "you gave me a dime to carry the basket. Here it is. Give it to some kid up there who wants a mouth-organ. Oh, you must take it, and if you say so I'll wait here till them fellers come back and hit 'em with a rock."

But how about your Christmas, Jimmy?" the girl asked.

"Oh, I can skramish around, same as I always do. Night to you, and I hope that sick woman will get better."

The girl crossed the street and entered the hallway of the tenement and climbed to the third floor. Three children were waiting for her on the landing, and uttered glad shouts at sight of her. She had been there before and had promised them that she would come on Christmas eve. Within the poverty-stricken rooms called home a sick woman was lying on a bed. She smiled and was glad at sight of the girl.

She told them the incident of the auto and the loss of the basket, and then she counted over her scanty change and went downstairs to the nearest grocery. It was little she could buy. There would be Christmas eating, but no feast. The little stockings with their holes would be hung, but there would be no Santa Claus to fill them. The children stood with their faces to the wall and wept, and the girl held the hand of the sick woman and shed tears.

As they sat thus the door opened and let in the cold air from the hall. An old man stood outside. He was ragged and unkempt, and hunger had given him the face of a wolf. There was not a soft line in it. Peering out of his own door on the same floor, he had seen the girl come bearing packages. There was bread on the table before him.

The children cried out as they saw the look on the old man's face, and the girl rose up and barred his way.

"I want bread and I'll have it!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"But you can't take it from this sick woman and these helpless children."

"I tell you I'm hungry—I want bread! Why didn't you come to me first? I am old; there is no work for me, but I will not die like a dog. Stand aside! You will not? Then—"

He seized her by the arms and there was a struggle. The children were shouting for help, and the man-wolf was nearing the coveted loaves when some one entered and seized him and whirled him about and thrust him out into the hall, shutting the door on his oaths and snarls. The children ceased their cries and the girl looked up to see a young man standing in the center of the room, gazing around him.

"It is your fault!" she half-sobbed.

"You were in the auto that almost ran me down. You laughed in my face as you raised your hat. But for you there would have been plenty of food and some presents here."

"Yes, I was one of them," the man answered. "It is Christmas eve, and we were out for a lark. Yes, I looked straight into your eyes, and in five minutes I was ashamed of myself. I came back and hunted until I found the boy. When he told me that you were a Christmas angel, and that he had given his last dime to help out, I was still more ashamed of myself and of my friends. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, it is Christmas eve," she said in a voice hardly above a whisper as she resumed to listen to the merry shouts from the street. "There are tens of thousands of persons on the streets in merry mood, but what have we here? What have we in every room in this old tenement? Were you thinking of it when you crushed the basket? I was thinking!—when you snarled at me, I was thinking!"

"I was a brute," he answered.

continued in a deprecatory way. "I have a widowed mother to support, and I could not spare much. I was weeks saving up to buy what was in that basket. You are rich, perhaps. It would have been nothing to you."

The children stood hushed and awed, and the sick woman closed her eyes and wondered at it all. The young man and the girl looked straight into each other's eyes as they talked, and her words seemed to cut him like the lash of a whip. When there had been silence for a minute, and the old man-wolf was heard snarling as he paced the hall, the young man said:

"I am ashamed and sorry. Let that answer for the moment. Will you come with me?"

And without the slightest fear in her mind, and with a smile at the mother and her children, she arose. Intuition told her what was in the stranger's thoughts. He carried the bread and butter out into the hall and placed them in the hands of the fierce-faced old man. He fell to devouring them as if he had, indeed, been a wolf of the forest, and when another tenant came out and asked for crumbs he was frightened away by snarls and growls.

"Now come," said the young man.

Up one street and down another for an hour, they went. Wines and jellies and fruits, they bought for the woman whose ailment was starvation more than disease—food to last for days and days. They selected, next, gifts and new stockings to receive them—what ever money could buy and the two could bundle into their arms, they picked up. And all the time, though neither one knew the name of the other, they talked and laughed and were like children in their delight.

The return to the tenement was like the arrival of a lord and his lady. There was something for other children, too, and a policeman, pausing in



"I Have a Widowed Mother to Support, and I Could Not Spare Much."

the lower hall, heard such shouts of pleasure and so much childish laughter that he glanced up the dimly-lighted stairs and said to himself:

"Old Santa must have changed his route this year and come among the poor."

And at a late hour, when the Christmas angel and her guardian walked downstairs together and she was put into a cab for home, they still talked and still laughed, nor did they know that they would ever meet again. She had lashed him for his heartlessness. She was hoping that he would see that she had forgiven him. He had been almost brutal. He was hoping that she had seen his better side. No cards—no names.

"Good-night," they said at parting; and when he raised his hat she knew that it was in courtesy instead of irony.

Days later, when the girl visited the old tenement again, the sick woman and her children had vanished, but had left word behind for her. The man-wolf was still there, but instead

of growling and showing his teeth, he smiled at her. In answer to her question about the food and toys, he said: "The girl and her mother and her little ones. It was a glad surprise, and to the look of the quincy the widow, no longer in bed, whispered:

"He did it! He did it all!"

One evening, when long weeks had passed, the young man was walking in the home of the girl when she came from her place of daily employment.

"I have been talking with your mother," he said, quietly. "She says I may call. What does the Christmas Angel say?"

(Copyright, 1910.)

### A Simple Gift.

When one wishes to send little more than a remembrance at Christmas yet does not care to use cards, a novelty that can be made by the girl who paints is a match scratcher in the form of a card.

Have an oblong background of colored cardboard, and on it paint a quaint figure cut from fine emery paper in soft tones of brown, heightened by gay touches in the costume. It is then cut out and pasted on the back, which may be left plain, or painted with scenery to correspond.

Sometimes these scratchers are done in entirely monochromatic colors with huge muffs, picturesque colonial or Greuse figures, or Dutch peasants can be copied in colors.

### A Stop Order.

Maud—Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I'm away.

Clara—How lovely! And he can stop the machine!—Puck.

## C. G. DRAPER

JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST.  
Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses. Prices Reasonable. Give us a trial. Office opposite D. U. E. Waiting Room, Plymouth, Mich.

## MRS. D. DeWITT NAY, Vocal Teacher

of the American Conservatory of Music, Detroit, will receive pupils in Voice Culture at the residence of Mr. M. H. Laid, on Thaw's street, each week.

Special attention given to correct placement of the voice and perfect breath control. Voices tested free.

## Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.  
Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after.  
Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

## Detroit United Lines

Plymouth Time Table  
EAST BOUND.  
For Detroit via Wayne 5:50 a. m. and every hour to 7:50 p. m.; also 9:44 p. m. and 11:30 p. m., changing at Wayne.  
NORTH BOUND.  
Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:40 a. m., 7:40 a. m. and every hour to 7:50 p. m.; 9:30 p. m.; 10:30 p. m. and 12:30 a. m.  
Leave Detroit for Plymouth 6:45 a. m. (from Michigan car barn); also 8:30 a. m. and every hour to 5:30 p. m.; 7:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.  
Leave Wayne for Plymouth 5:35 a. m.; 6:35 a. m. and every hour to 7:30 a. m.; 9:30 p. m.; also 10:30 p. m. and 12 midnight.  
Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

### Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court of the said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the 15th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. Present, Henry S. Stewart, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Julia Ann Stevens, deceased.  
Oscar E. Penney, administrator with the will annexed of said estate, having rendered to the court his final administration account and therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is Ordered, That the seventh day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.  
HENRY S. STEWART,  
Judge of Probate.  
Chas. C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

## We are Exhibiting the SANTA CLAUS WINDOW



A Christmas Box With Every Purchase

Each Knife Guaranteed to Give Perfect Satisfaction

ADVERTISED IN THIS WEEK'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

showing an extraordinary assortment of Robeson "Shur-Edge" Pocket Knives.

This is the most interesting Cutlery display ever made in this vicinity.

It includes fifteen new and exclusive patterns designed especially for this exhibit.

You're sure to find the knife that just suits your fancy for personal use, or

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Conner Hardware Co., Ltd.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

Trade Marks

Copyrights

Patents

Registered

Designs

Copyrights

Patents

Registered

Designs

## Pere Marquette to Florida

WITHOUT CHANGE

Little more preparation is required for a trip to Florida than for your usual summer outing, and the cost is surprisingly low.

"The Florida Limited"

with drawing room sleeper direct to Jacksonville, leaves Detroit (Union Depot) daily except Sunday at 10:45 p. m., on January 12.

Talk with your local ticket agent, or write to E. F. Sawyer, G. P. A., Detroit.

TRY PLYMOUTH MAIL LINERS—IT PAYS

## DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE

# Buy the Needfuls,

WE HAVE THEM, AT THE

# WHITE HOUSE

Black Dress Goods, choice patterns, from 25c, 28c, 50c, 75c, 1.00 yd.  
Fancy Poplin Stripes, 25c and 30c yd.  
Black Petticoats, 50c, 1.00, 1.25 to 3.00.  
Big Bargains in Dress Skirts.  
Special prices on all Sweaters.  
Fancy Towels, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00 yd.  
Dresser Scarfs, 25c, 50c, 1.00.  
Fancy Aprons, 25c and 50c.  
Lace Curtains, 50c, 60c, 75c to 5.00.  
Blouses, 55c, 60c, 75c, 1.00 to 7.00.  
Comfitters, splendid values, 1.00 to 3.50.  
Auto Scarfs, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25.  
Handbags, 50c, 65c, 1.00 to 5.00.  
Table Linens, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25 yd.  
Pillow Tops, 10c, 25c and 50c.  
Handkerchiefs, 3c, 5c, 10c, 15c to 50c.

## EDWIN WHITE,