

DRYS SET LIMIT QUART A MONTH

Prepare Bills to Regulate Shipment of Liquor into State.

NEW OFFICIAL IS PROPOSED

Plans Provide for Commissioner of Prohibition to Have Charge of Enforcement of the State-Wide Law.

Lansing—One quart of whisky, or one gallon of wine, or one case of beer or of malt liquor a month will be the legal portion of Michiganers after June 1, 1918.

Two important points in the proposed legislation settled were the limit on shipments and a plan to create a commissioner of prohibition who is to see to it that the liquor laws are enforced.

There was considerable discussion among the attorneys whether the adoption of the amendment meant that the use of liquor was to be prohibited or merely that the brewery and the saloon, or, as the amendment puts it, "the manufacture, sale, bartering for sale or giving away," were to go.

Attorney Wayne B. Wheeler, representing the Antislavery League of America, interposed just long enough to say that even with the most favorable decision on the Webb-Kenyon bill by the United States Supreme court, all a state could do was to limit the quantity in shipments.

The commissioner of prohibition, while he is to be in charge of the prosecution of violators of the liquor laws, is to work through the attorney general's office, according to present plans.

No Result From Rail Quiz. The only results of the Michigan railway commission hearing on the car shortage was to gather data for the interstate commerce commission and clear up several misconceptions.

Despite the hundreds of pages of testimony taken in the two days from railroad men, board of commerce traffic experts and brokers, the only constructive remedy came from the railroads which are advocating an increase in reconignment charges.

This year's freight congestion was caused through fear of a strike, according to its rail men, who also claimed that embargoes were essential in relieving Detroit congestion.

All railroads claimed they have sufficient motor facilities to move the freight if cars are released promptly. The Michigan Central has 123 switching crews in Detroit, but collects \$28,000 monthly demurrage charges.

The Wabash railroad representatives testified they hold 903 cars for Detroit which they cannot deliver owing to Grand Trunk embargoes.

Tuberculosis Common in Jails. The county jails of Michigan are full of cases of tuberculosis, according to the figures given by the tuberculosis survey experts who have just finished tabulating figures compiled from their inspection of ten county jails.

M. C. of Living Hits Ann Arbor. Ann Arbor.—The board of water commissioners was swayed by the E. C. of L. when it let a contract for 1,300 feet of 16-inch pipe at an increased cost over the price a year ago of \$19,318.35.

Bandits Rob Jackson Store. Jackson—John E. Baker was held up at the point of a revolver and robbed in his meat market by two men, the thieves getting \$40 in cash and a haul for \$10 from the register.

Charles Mita Birmingham Man. Birmingham.—Charles Weggott, sixty years old, plasterer, whose home is in Detroit, but who has been working in Birmingham, was struck by a Grand Trunk car while lying on the track two miles east of Birmingham. The pilot struck him in the ditch. Two ribs were broken.

Meridian Power Company, Ann Arbor, \$10,000. The Universal Tool Company, Detroit, \$16,000.

a single one of these cases had been reported by anybody to the state board of health as is required by the state laws, nor did any of those afflicted know they had the disease or were even suspicious of it.

The inspection of the ten jails took in 152 inmates, all of whom were thoroughly examined. Of this number 18 were found to have the disease so decidedly that they were listed as "positive" cases, nine were listed as "suspicious" cases, nine as "arrested" cases, while the diagnosis of 101 cases was decidedly "negative."

The figures for the ten counties follow:

Table with columns: County, Pos., Sus., Ar., Neg., Tot.

Commenting on the fact that none of those afflicted actually knew they had the disease, Dr. William De Kleina, the head of the survey, said: "The average county jail inmate is not characterized by high intelligence.

The first and obvious duty of each county, in view of the large number of cases discovered in the county jails, is to make its jail building absolutely safe, so that the spread of the disease is not encouraged there."

Haarer Favors Budget. That a system which makes the secretary of state, state treasurer and superintendent of public instruction responsible for the auditing of bills against the state is inconsistent and awkward, is the contention of retiring State Treasurer J. W. Haarer.

Under the budget system every department head would be responsible for the administration of the fund appropriated to him. He would scan expenditures personally, and if an employee was padding his accounts the department head would find it out.

Eat Alfalfa, Helme's Advice. Eat a little more alfalfa hay ground into alfalfa flour is the advice of James W. Helme, state dairy and food commissioner, to boycotters of butter and eggs.

The state dairy and food commissioner explained that Professor McCollum of the University of Wisconsin, after many experiments with feeding white rats, found that the only food which took the place of the fat found in butter and eggs was alfalfa.

Professor McCollum found that during 90 days the rats fed on various grains grew about half the normal rate and then stopped growing altogether.

Fellows' Opinion Favors Bacon. Attorney General Grant Fellows has given an opinion to Secretary of State Vaughan that the state board of canvassers must accept the totals returned by the board of county canvassers in the Beakes-Bacon fight in Jackson county, a part of the Second congressional district.

The returns of the Jackson county canvassers would make Bacon's plurality in the district 37, while if the disputed votes were counted Beakes would have a plurality of 44 votes.

Asks Help for Guardmen. Governor Ferris has addressed a letter to the mayors of cities having National Guard companies, urging them to name committees, with the mayor as chairman, to assist the Guardmen in handling business deals negotiated before the men were called to the border.

Cunningham Heads Rail Board. Commissioner Charles E. Cunningham of Detroit was elected chairman of the state railroad commission when David H. Crowley qualified as a member of the commission to succeed Leonard T. Hemans.

New Corporations. Beneficial Finance company, Detroit, \$50,000; Charles G. Milner, Theodora E. Perry, Emil J. Schroeder. Union Co-operative Bakery, Detroit, \$15,000; Adam Albinis, W. L. Wladislaw Kucharzik, Simon Czapska.

R. E. Hamilton & Sons, Detroit, \$30,000; Thomas C. Hamilton, Webster I. Bailey, William G. Hamilton. Highland Park, \$8,000. Franklin Street Land company, Detroit, \$12,500.

Grand Rapids Grinding Machine company, Grand Rapids, \$25,000. The Schulte Mulevay Sales company, Detroit, \$125,000; Peter W. Schulte, William P. Schulte, Joseph E. Malvey.

Reliable Realty company, Lansing, \$15,000. Ford G. Hoffman company, Lansing, \$1,200. The Bancroft Elevator company, Bancroft, \$25,000.

Meridian Power company, Ann Arbor, \$10,000. The Universal Tool company, Detroit, \$16,000.

Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Vom Schauplatz des europäischen Völkerrkrieges

Auf welche Schultern ruht die Schuld an der Fortsetzung des Krieges wenn des deutschen Reichstags Friedensangebot abgelehnt wird? Wird es von den Alliierten verworfen, dann ist es sicher das die Neutralmächte ihr Angebot nicht bald wiederholen werden.

Das „Millionär“ war nur ein Papier. Die Anhänger der Alliierten in unserem Lande bilden nach Saloniki und fragen, warum Sarraill sich nicht bemüht hat, den Rumänen zu helfen.

Berlin, drahtlos nach Capelle, R. J. Nach einer neunzehntägigen ereignisvollen Fahrt ist das Unterseeboot „Deutschland“ im Bremer Hafen angekommen.

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AWAITING SANTA'S PLEASURE



MACKENSEN FORCES GAIN IN RUMANIA

That is \$1,750,000,000 More Than the Same Crops Were Worth Last Year.

Washington—All records for value of the country's important farm crops were exceeded this year despite the smaller size of the crops.

Higher prices, due partly to reduced production and partly to the demands for American food from the warring nations of Europe, were responsible for the vast increase in value.

Four crops each were worth more than \$1,000,000,000. Corn, with a total value of \$2,295,783,000, showed the greatest increase, being worth \$573,103,000 more than last year's output.

Wheat, the third, was worth \$1,025,756,000, or \$33,462,000 over the year before, when the production was almost \$400,000,000 bushels more.

Hay was fourth with a value of \$1,008,894,000, an increase of \$95,250,000. Compared with last year's value, other crops showed the following increases:

Oats, \$96,673,000; potatoes, \$95,071,000; tobacco, \$72,770,000; barley, \$41,362,000; rye, \$12,774,000; buckwheat, \$15,231,000; flaxseed, \$13,940,000; rice, \$10,974,000; sweet potatoes, \$13,161,000; sugar beets, \$4,243,000; beans, \$17,992,000; kafirs, \$2,112,000; onions, \$1,691,000; apples, \$27,600,000; oranges, \$9,545,000; and wild hay, \$11,055,000.

Wheat Gains 32,000,000 Bushels. Final estimates of production showed a decrease of 60,000,000 bushels in corn from the November estimate, but an increase of 32,000,000 bushels in wheat.

A revision of the 1915 estimates of crop production was announced by the department showing the corn crop to have been 2,994,793,000 bushels last year, a reduction of 59,740,000 bushels from previous estimates, and wheat for 1915 was placed at 1,025,801,000 bushels an increase of 13,296,000 bushels over estimates made last December.

Final estimates announced by the department of agriculture are: Corn, 2,583,341,000 bushels, compared with 2,372,457,000, the 1910-14 average.

Wheat, 638,886,000 bushels, compared with 728,225,000, the five-year average.

Oats, 1,251,992,000 bushels, compared with 1,157,961,000, the 1910-14 average.

London—Andrew Bonar Law's declaration in the house of commons that the British government still insists on "adequate reparation for the past and security for the future," was contrasted by influential newspapers as leaving the way open for considering the German peace proposal and for conciliating the essential aims of the Entente Allies.

Berlin, by wireless to Tuckerton, N. J.—A record achievement was made by a German submarine, which has returned to its base after 55 days at sea, without entering harbor or receiving outside assistance of any form. The weather, generally, was bad.

London—Three more ships, one a neutral, have been sunk by German submarines, it was stated in dispatches received here. They were the Norwegian steamer Klampenborg, 3,354 tons, the British ship Gloucester, 2,560 tons, and the Portuguese steamship Leca, 1,911 tons.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock. DETROIT—Cattle—Receipts, 137. Best heavy steers, \$8@10; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$7.50@8.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$7@8.25; heavy light butchers, \$6@7; light butchers, \$5@6.50; best cows, \$6.50@7; butcher cows, \$5.50@6; common cows, \$4.50@5.25; canners, \$3.50@4.25; best heavy bulls, \$6@8.50; bologna bulls, \$5.50@6.25; stock bulls, \$4.50@5.85; feeders, 6.50@7; stockers, \$5@5.50; milkers and springers, \$4@7.50.

Calves—Receipts, 80. A few fancy bringing \$13, but bulk of the good brought \$12@12.50, heavy grades, \$5.50@6.50 and mediums \$9@11. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 7,310. Best lambs, \$13@13.25; fair lambs, \$12@12.75; light to common lambs, \$9@10.75; yearlings, \$9@10.75; fair to good sheep, \$8@8.75; culls and common, \$5@7.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,800. Pigs selling at \$8.25 to \$8.65 and mixed grades 10c higher, selling at \$9.25 to \$9.75.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 150 cars; market 10@15c lower; choice to prime steers, \$10.15@11.25; good to choice, \$9@9.50; fair to good, \$8@8.50; plain to coarse, \$7.25@7.75; best yearlings; dry-fed, \$10@11; best heavy steers, \$7.50@8; light butchers, \$6.75@7.25; best butchering steers and heifers mixed, \$7.50@8; western heifers, \$7.50@7.75; best heavy fat cows, \$6.50@7.25; butcher cows, \$6@6.50; cutters, \$4.50@4.75; canners, \$4@4.25; fancy bulls, \$7.50@7.75; butcher bulls, \$6.50@6.75; common bulls, \$5@5.50; good stockers, \$5@5.50; feeders, \$6.50@7; best milkers and springers, \$8@10; mediums, \$6@6.50; common, \$4@5.

Hogs—Receipts, 90 cars; market steady; heavy, \$10.75@10.85; yorkers and mixed, \$10.60@10.75; pigs and lights, \$9.75@10.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 30 cars; lambs 15c lower; sheep steady; top lambs, \$13.75@14; yearlings, \$11@12; wethers \$9@10; ewes, \$8@9.

Calves—Receipts, 700; slow; top, \$14@14.25; fair to good, \$12.50@13; heavy fat calves, \$6.50@9.50; fed calves, \$5@6.25.

Grain, Etc. DETROIT—Wheat, Cash No. 2 red, \$1.68; December opened without change at \$1.69, touched \$1.69 1/2, declined to \$1.67 1/2 and advanced to \$1.68; May opened at \$1.76, gained 1/2c, declined to \$1.74 1/2 and advanced to \$1.75; No. 1 white, \$1.63.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 95 1/2c; No. 8 yellow, 97c; No. 4 yellow, 95c. Oats—Standard, 56c asked; No. 8 white, 55 1/2c; No. 4 white, 54 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, \$1.45. Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$2.75; December, \$5.75; January \$5.50.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$10.65; March, \$10.75; alsike, \$10.75; timothy, \$2.50; alfalfa, \$8@10.

Flour—Per 96 lbs. in eighth paper sacks: Best winter patent, \$9.30; second patent, \$8.90; straight, \$8.70; spring patent, \$9.50; rye, \$8.50 per bbl. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$14@15; standard timothy, \$13.50@14; rye straw, \$9.50@10; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50@8 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

Feed—in 100-lb sacks, including lots: Bran, \$31; standard middlings, \$33; fine middlings, \$35; cracked corn, \$43; coarse cornmeal, \$40; corn and oat chop, \$37 per ton.

General Markets. Pineapples—\$4@4.50 per crate. Grapefruit—\$3.50@4 per crate. Malaga Grapes—\$8@9 per keg. Limes—\$1.15 per 100 and \$11 per barrel.

Cranberries—Late Howes, \$3.25 per bar and \$9.25 per bbl. Apples—Baldwin, Spy and King, \$5.50@5.75 per bbl for the best. Cabbage—\$4.50 per bbl. Dressed Hogs—12 1/2@13c per lb. Tomatoes—Hothouse, 2c per lb. Celery—Kalamazoo, 20@25c per doz. New Potatoes—Bermuda, \$10.50@11 per bbl.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, kiln-dried, \$2 per case. Honey—Fancy white, 16@17c; extracted, 9@10c per lb. Dressed Calves—Fancy, 15 1/2@16c; No. 2, 14@14 1/2c per lb. Potatoes—Incarnate: Bulk, \$1.50@1.55; in sacks, \$1.55@1.60 per lb. Lettuce—Head lettuce, \$1.75@2 per case; hothouse, 12 1/2@15c per lb. Dressed Poultry—Chickens, 16@19c; hens, 16@17c; ducks, 20@21c; geese, 16@17c; turkeys, 26@27c per lb.

Live Poultry—No. 1 spring chickens, 18@18 1/2c; No. 2 spring chickens, 16c; No. 1 hens, 17c; No. 2 hens, 16c; small hens, 13@14c; ducks, 17 1/2@18c; geese, 16@16 1/2c; turkeys, 26@27c per lb. Onions—Spanish, \$1.75 per crate; Michigan yellow, \$4.50 per 100-lb. sack. Tallow—No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c per lb. Christmas Decorations—Holly, \$4 per case; holly wreaths, \$1.25@1.50 per doz.; pine rope, \$1.50 for single, \$2.50 for double per oz.; Japanese rope, red and green, 75c per 20-yard coil; mistletoe, 20c per lb. Cheese—Michigan fat, 23 1/2c; Wisconsin fat, 23 1/2c; Wisconsin double daisies, 24c; Wisconsin double daisies, 23 1/2c; New York fat, 24c; long horns, 24 1/2c; Michigan daisies, 23 1/2c; Imported Swiss, 55@60c; domestic Swiss, 27@32c; brick, 23 1/2c; hamburger, 1-lb pks, 24c; do 2-lb pks, 23 1/2c per lb. Hides—No. 1 cured, 24c; No. 1 green, 21c; No. 1 cured bulls, 17c; No. 1 green bulls, 15c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 20c; No. 1 green veal kip, 20c; No. 1 cured murrain, 90c; No. 1 green murrain, 85c; No. 1 cured calf, 28c; No. 1 green calf, 26c; No. 1 horseshoe, \$1; No. 2 horseshoe, \$7; No. 2 hides 10 and No. 2 kip and calf 1 1/2c lower than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 50c@\$1 each. Northville will have a mulberry Christmas tree in the open on the evening of December 25.

Christmas Is Dying Out, Say Birsky and Zapp

"And Who Done It? The Fellow That Invented the Saying: 'Do Your Shopping Early.'"

Now Everybody Buys Presents Out of Season and Holiday Sales of "Sticker" Goods Are Doomed.

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS



CHRISTMAS ain't what it used to be," Burnett Zapp remarked, as he sat opposite Louis Birsky in Wasserbauer's restaurant.

"Sure I know," Birsky said, spreading a slice of rye bread with mustard as he waited for an order of kreplach soup, with gefulte tebeches to follow.

"Former times if a retail dry-goods concern didn't get half their salesladies faint on 'em every night for two weeks before Christmas, their creditors would come down on them and ask them to discount their bills.

"Christmas is dying out," he declared. "The people is getting too wise, Zapp. It used to be that if you wanted to push your stickers, whether it was handkerchiefs, socks, neckties, oder gloves, all you had to do was to wait till the first of December, mark 'em up 50 per cent over the regular retail price for fresh goods, put 'em in red paper boxes, y'understand, and your customers practically used blackjacks on each other to get at the counter where the goods was displayed.

Christmas silver articles was also good sales. I seen butter dishes go like hot cakes, which the salesladies was warned not to dust them off with feathers even, on account it might scratch the silver plate and show the brass underneath. But that's a thing of the past now. And who done it, Zapp? It was the fellow that invented the saying: 'Do your Christmas shopping early.'"

"Who did invent it?" Zapp asked. "I should know who invented it!" Birsky exclaimed. "But whoever he was, Zapp, he put a bigger crimp in the cheap handkerchief business than the fellow who invented rhinitis tablets, because if you are doing your Christmas shopping around the first of October when all them poor fellows that

runs summer hotels and bathing pavilions is saying to themselves: 'Now it gets warm!' Zapp, handkerchiefs for colds are the furthest from your thoughts. Also children whose mothers do their Christmas shopping in September is apt to get school supplies instead of sleighs, because a shopper ain't got no imagination, Zapp. She buys what's in season, and if she was doing her Christmas shopping as early as the Fourth of July, y'understand, she would come home with fireworks."

"Say, Zapp, flipping the fingers of his right hand at Birsky, 'storekeepers ain't allowed to sell no more fireworks around the Fourth of July, it's against the law.'"

"I know it," Birsky continued, "and if people couldn't shoot off firecrackers around the Fourth of July and couldn't shop around Christmas, all it needs is that it should be a suspended sentence for eating turkey on Thanksgiving, and the only pleasure we get left in America is decorating graves on the thirtieth of May."

"Still, in a way, it's a good thing that Christmas is more or less a thing of the past," Zapp said, "because when you tried to collect a bill from somebody around Christmas time, it didn't make no difference if he was retired from business except for a 10 per cent interest by a banking suit factory, he

"People Treated Christmas Not as a Holiday, but as an Excuse."

would want you to wait till his 'Christmas rush was over. Also people didn't give no orders because it was around Christmas, Birsky, and just because it was near Christmas and they claimed they could use all the money they could get, your creditors wanted you to pay bills which you hardly knew you owed on account of not receiving the second monthly statement yet. Furthermore if you owned a tenement house, you'd get difficulty collecting the November rent because the tenants said it was so near Christmas, and that's the way it went, Birsky. People treated Christmas not as a holiday, but as an excuse. The wonder is it ain't died out altogether."

"The wholesaler wouldn't miss it if it did," Birsky commented. "Believe me, Zapp, for every child that lays awake the night before Christmas thinking what his parents are going to hand him the next morning, there is fifty manufacturers counting sheep jumping over fences, trying not to think what some of their customers in the retail dry-goods trade is going to hand them after the second of January. It don't require much water to drown a shabby dry-goods retailer. He can sink like a stone in two days' rain during the week before Christmas."

"Don't I know it?" Zapp said. "If the Christmas presents that the wholesaler give by mistake to shabby retail dry-goods men was put on trees the way other Christmas presents are, they would cover all the redwood groves in California. But it ain't the retailers' fault, Birsky. Sometimes the feller is playing in hard luck like a merchant like I used to sell goods to by the name Felix Immerglick out in Cincinnati, which a couple of years ago last Christmas he specialized on sleighs, skates and cheap furs, and from December 15 on they got such a warm spell in Cincinnati that the hotel keepers figured should they or should they not open the roof gardens again. So the following year Immerglick cut out the sleighs and skates and laid in bicycles, children's books and a very attractive line of umbrellas, and Immerglick says that it's a wonder with his luck he didn't also buy stock in a chain of artificial ice factories, because on the day he received the goods in November the thermometer goes down to zero on him and stays that way till a week after his next spring millinery opening. Can you blame such a feller that he settles with his creditors 30 cents on the dollar?"

"Listen, Zapp," Birsky said, "a 30-cent-on-the-dollar feller could always pin his bust-up on either a warm Christmas, a cold Easter or an invalid wife, whereas the figures show that the average of real cold Christmases ain't no more than the average of real sick wives."

"Sure I know, Birsky, but figuring out the average is what has done the most harm to poker, pinocle, the Fourth of July, Christmas and all them things that former time people enjoyed running chances on. Take, for instance, the Fourth of July, and a lot of people which considers even safety matches gefahrlich goes to work and figures that out of every million people that shoots off firecrackers, one and seven hundred and fifty-two one thousandths people gets burned, so they put the fireworks manufacturers out of business, and now instead of setting off fireworks people goes to the shore or trolley parks on the Fourth; and as soon as it gets figured out that of every million people that goes to trolley parks and Coney Island, six and ninety-seven three-thousandths gets Magensauere from eating frankfurters and run over by trolley cars on the Fourth of July, all the frankfurter factories and trolley companies go quick me-challah."

"Aber, what's that got to do with Christmas?" Birsky asked. "I'm coming to that," Zapp said. "People are commencing to figure averages on Christmas also. Take Miss J. P. Morgan, and she figures that out of

"Dont's for Parents. Christmas week doo's for parterfamilias: Don't open bureau drawers. Don't look into closets. When the collar buttons rolls under the chiffonier or the bed, don't pursue it; it is better to let thy collar go loose than to risk the premature revelation of the Christmas socks, neckties or lace curtains. Be blind, be blind—and again, be blind!"

"What to Give for Christmas. Gifts for men: Tobacco jars, ink wells, shaving mugs, ash trays, match boxes, combs, hat marks, handkerchiefs, watch chains, fobs, coat hangers, hat brushes, clothes brushes, bath robes, smoking jackets, pocketbooks, bill files, cuff buttons, books, or subscriptions to magazines and farm papers.

"For women: Rings, chains, lavalieres, bracelets, hat pins, sleeve buttons, manicure sets, jewel boxes, gutt clocks, card cases, hat brushes, combs, toilet sets, toilet articles and perfume, fountain pens, silk or embroidered waists, birthstone rings, hand bags, pictures, mirrors, or bank books and bank deposit.

"What is It? A nickel's worth of ribbon. A penny's worth of gift. And make alive, in minutes five Dad's Christmas gift is built.

"Seeing Santa. 'Papa, I'd like to see Santa Claus.' 'But if he found out that any little boy was looking for him, he would promptly vanish.' 'That's dreadful. Will no one offer a suggestion?' 'Oh, yes. Some of the spiteful neighbors would be only too glad to purchase gifts that would shorten the little darling's life.' 'Foolish Waste of Coin. 'Dear me, it's so hard to buy for me.' 'Yes, I hate to spend the money that way, too.'

every million Christmas presents displayed in stores a certain percentage of people buys something which they couldn't afford and gives it to a certain percentage of people which ain't got no use for it at all. So she goes to work and gets up a Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, and consequently a certain percentage of dry-goods stores loses a certain percentage of customers which formerly had a rotten bank account and a good disposition, and has now got a good bank account and a rotten disposition."

"But Miss Morgan done this for a lot of salesladies which used to spend their money so foolishly at Christmas, Zapp, that they had nothing left to take a vacation with in the summer time."

"That may be so, Birsky," Zapp said, "and while I ain't exactly a certified public accountant, Birsky, I figure that if 90 per cent of Christmas shoppers followed Miss Morgan's advice, Birsky, the dry-goods stores would shut down around Christmas, and all them salesladies would not only take a vacation in the summer time, but in the winter time also; and then the question is, how is them salesladies going to raise money for their winter vacations?"

"Miss Morgan would get up a subscription maybe," Birsky suggested. "And the proceeds after the expenses of collection were deducted would support twenty-three six hundredths of a saleslady for 6,008 hours, Birsky," Zapp concluded, "which the trouble with them people that figure out the averages is that they don't consider human beings as men and women, but as fractious ausgereckoned to hundred thousandths yet. Also it's a good thing to figure out the averages on the percentages of people that set off fireworks and don't get burned, and the percentage of people that it wouldn't do a bit of harm to if they bought once in a while for somebody-a present, useful or otherwise. In other words, Birsky, if you're going to reckon up the averages on anything, the best way is to figure how it will affect one hundred one hundredths of the



"Thinking What His Parents Are Going to Hand Him Next Morning."

people twelve months out of the year, and then go to work and get up the Society for the Prevention of Prevention Societies and limit the membership to one hundred million Americans. Most of us would jolla it." (Copyright.)

SANTA CLAUS CAPTURED



What to Give for Christmas.

Holly Leaves. The Christmas tree is still bearing fruit. It's all over. The Christmas stockings was hanged last night. Everyone but the joke writer will have something new for Christmas. The bachelor will find a hole in his sock Christmas morning, as usual. Christmas comes but once a year, and the man with seven children and nineteen grandchildren rejoice because thereof.

Anxious to Help. 'Mrs. Gadder is terribly distressed because she hasn't been able to decide on a Christmas present for her poodle. Why, she's actually on the verge of nervous prostration.' 'That's dreadful. Will no one offer a suggestion?' 'Oh, yes. Some of the spiteful neighbors would be only too glad to purchase gifts that would shorten the little darling's life.'

Foolish Waste of Coin. 'Dear me, it's so hard to buy for me.' 'Yes, I hate to spend the money that way, too.'

When Christmas Comes



When Christmas comes, I never mind the cold. I like to get up prompt an' go to school. An' do my sums. An' clean the walks 'thout waitin' to be told— About the crumb. Though I like sleddin' better, as a rule, Or bullfin' forts— But nothin' ain't so bad When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I'd just as lie 'n' give half My cookie to the baby, an' take care About the crumb. It's fun to make the little fellow laugh. An' I don't mind his taggin' 'ev'rywhere. He can't help bein' little! I'm not mad When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I don't forget to give My aboes a wipe, an' scrub my ears a lot. Till my head hums. An' mother says, 'That's boy's too good to live!' But I'm not 'frail of dyin', 'cause I'm not No different from always—only glad When Christmas comes! —Abigail Williams Burton, in December St. Nicholas.

Christmas Crowds. Nowhere is the good will of Christmas time more evident than in a typically Christmas crowd. At almost any other time of year there would be scowls and even harsh words, so many tender feet trod upon, progress so much delayed by those in front and so urgently requested by those behind.

Clinging to an Ideal. "I told my boy that Santa Claus is only a myth." "How did he take it?" "He didn't seem much impressed. He merely remarked that every great and good man has to be subjected to some kind of unfavorable comment."

Taking Chances. "Those stockings are very flimsy." "All the girls are wearing them, ma." "They might do to wear, but they will never do to hang up as a receptacle for Christmas presents, my dear."

SAVED ALIVE FROM THE JAWS OF BEAR

Brother Struck Enraged Brute With an Ax and Rescued Ellery Harer.

Williamsport, Pa.—Ammon Harer, a farmer living near Liberty, saved the life of his brother Ellery (who lay prostrate under a wounded bear, which was tearing and chewing the man's arm) by striking the animal on the head with an ax.

The exciting battle occurred on the Harer farm recently. As Ellery Harer opened the kitchen door at his farm home to investigate a peculiar noise he was confronted by a large black bear only a few feet from the doorstep. The farmer jumped back into the house and slammed the door almost in the face of the bear.



Armed with a gun containing one shell he partly opened the door and fired. The shot wounded the bear, which turned and disappeared down a gully below the house.

Harer, carrying his gun with five shells—all the ammunition in the house—and his brother, armed with an ax, followed. They soon overtook the bear. Harer pumped the remainder of the ammunition into the brute's body and the enraged animal turned on him.

Raising itself, the animal struck Harer with a front paw, tearing the flesh on his arm. As the bear struck both fell, the man under the bear. The man was held a prisoner as the bear tore and bit at his bleeding arm, until his brother rushed to his rescue and with a blow with the ax on the bear's head killed it.

RESCUER IS HER BROTHER

Man Who Drove Robber From Woman Finds He Has Share in \$35,000.

Redondo Beach, Cal.—While struggling with a stranger on the highway, in an attempt to save her purse containing several hundred dollars, Mrs. Lottie Goodrich, a visitor at the beach, attracted the attention of a ragged individual who was passing on the boulevard. This person rushed to the woman's assistance and succeeded in driving away her assailant.

He assisted her to her home and, after having served him with dinner, Mrs. Goodrich discovered that her protector was her brother, whom she had not seen since he was a boy.

The ragged man, whose name is Charles I. Martin, from Waterloo, Ia., had walked all the way from Montreal, taking the trip in the interest of his health and hoping to find employment on the way. He was told by his sister that he was joint heir in a \$35,000 legacy left by their father five years ago.

LOST LEGS PICKING COAL

Baby Is Run Over by Switcher in Railroad Yards at Sioux City.

Sioux City, Ia.—Coal ran short in the Hulenberg home here the other day, and there was not enough money on hand to lay in a new supply. The family was beginning to suffer from the raw November weather, so the mother sent little Anna to gather some lumps that had fallen from cars in the St. Paul railway yards.

While the child was at work, picking up a bit of coal here and there to put in her bag, a switch engine with a string of cars ran her down and cut off both legs above the knees.

CAT RIDES THE FLYWHEEL

Wisconsin Woodmen's Pet Is Picked Up for Dead, but Recovers in Short Time.

Sheboygan, Wis.—Tom, the big cat pet of the woodmen in a mill here, had a most unusual joy ride and escaped with his life, or one of them.

The big cat attempted to leap through a 16-foot flywheel while it was making 71 revolutions per minute, but was caught in the wheel and held for 20 minutes, when the engine was stopped.

During the ride, the cat traveled 68,180 feet, or 12 1/2 miles. He was picked up as dead, but one hour later ate a heavy meal.

Central Meat Market

Call Central Meat Market, phone 23, for

Choice Meats,

Smoked Meats of all Kinds,

Home Made Bologna and Sausages,

Try them and you won't eat any other.

FRANK RAMBO, Manager

BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

Dr. E. L. Ferguson, Veterinary Surgeon

Office at Plymouth Hotel Calls answered day or night. PHONE NO. 19.

Detroit United Lines

Plymouth Time Table (EASTERN STANDARD TIME) EAST BOUND For Detroit via Wayne 6:08 a. m. 6:49 a. m. and every hour to 7:48 p. m.; also 8:48 p. m. and 11:31 p. m. changing at Wayne.

Beautiful Monuments

are often marred by ill shaped and poorly cut letters. Note the work we have erected, or better still, visit our works and see the class work we are turning out in high line.

All Raised Work

Every letter and figure raised, cut good and deep and square on the best quality of granites obtainable. We have a reputation for doing good work, and we are bound to keep it. Before placing your order, call on the house where quality prevails and get the best.

LYON GRANITE CO.

Two Shops: Pontiac, Rear of Pontiac Steam Laundry. Phone 12821. Plymouth, Main street. Phone 251.

W. H. BETTEYS, M. D.

Office and residence 111 Mill Street Sixth door south of Baptist church. Hours—Till 9 p. m., 2 to 4 p. m., evenings and Sundays by appointment. Telephone 3.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

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

C. G. DRAPER

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

R. B. COOPER, M. D. C. M., Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE OVER RAUCH'S STORE Phone: Office 30-F2 Residence 30-F7

Evolution and Immortality.

There is an element in evolution which endears it to me and to every man; I think it throws bright gleams on the question of immortality. I see that the unfolding series in this world are all the time from lower to higher, that the idea is not reached at any point, that the leaf works toward the bud, and the bud toward the blossom, and the blossom toward the tree, and that in the whole experience of human nature, and in the whole economy of the providence of God in regard to the physical world, everything is on the march upward and onward. And one thing is very certain, that neither in the individual nor in the collective mass has the indication of God in the human conscience verified and fulfilled itself. The imperfection shows that we are not much further than the bud; somewhere we have a right to a pre-eminence of the blossom.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Proper View of Life.

Why is it, I wonder, that the little boy almost always imagines that outside of home is to be found the larger liberty? Why do young men fondly dream that yonder, always yonder, is to be found business opportunity? Why does the dissolute man conclude that, outside the common virtues of society, he is to find the larger life? For you, my son, will sometime find that your largest liberty was in the old home, where, if there was authority, there was also deep and abiding love; and you, my friend, will find that others succeeded in your home town, while you failed in the world; and you, my liberty-loving man, will most surely realize, that in the common virtues of the simply good life is to be found what you seek in the by-paths of the world. Find the wealth that lies everywhere about you. Practice the virtues that you know. Cherish the love that is yours now. Value the friends that you have known; and in the superficial you will find the profound, and in the simple things the things eternal.—St. John's Bulletin.

Too Small.

When the new baby came to Elizabeth's parents he was very tiny, weighing only two and a half pounds. It was Christmas time, and Elizabeth, three years old, asked her mother when Santa Claus was going to bring her the present. "He's already brought me present—the baby," said her mother. "No, he didn't," disputed Elizabeth. "He's only a sample."

Rack Rents.

A "rack rent" is a "rent" that is equivalent to the full net annual value of the real property out of which it issues, or approximately so. It is stated in England today rack rent is defined as "no less than two-thirds of the net annual value of the land out of which it arises."

Didn't Inquire.

Visitor in Courtroom— "Lawyer about?" Stenographer— "About George Brown, your honor, using his tongue in court in Charleston, S. C., and in the case?" Stenographer— "In the case?" Stenographer— "The slightest, your honor, Judge."

Monkey No Longer Hoisted.

The monkey was forever blowing about what man has accomplished. "This descendant of mine," he would say, "is the most enlightened animal on earth." He told of all that man has done, and told it so often that the other animals were sick of listening. Finally some of them induced him to go to a theater. After each act he would say to the other animals: "These people are my descendants and I am very proud of them. None of the balance of you can point with pride to such descendants." At last a man came on the stage alone. He danced on the floor; then he jumped up in the air and danced; he sat down and danced; he got himself in all kinds of shapes; he danced things that no one had ever danced before, and a few things that no one would ever dance again. Before the man had finished the monkey got up and left the house, and from that day until this he has never once mentioned his descendants. —Claude Cailan, in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Origin of the Curfew.

A note by Ruskin Butterfield reminds us that, although Shakespeare speaks of "the curfew bell" and Milton of "the far-off curfew sound," Chaucer more correctly refers to "curfew time," as curfew was originally an appliance for covering the fire. There are examples still in existence, for instance, in the Hastings (Eng.) museum; they look like large tea caddies in metal. They served, as modern use safeguards, to prevent sparks setting the house on fire, and the housewife heaped the embers together at night and placed the curfew over them to lessen the combustion, and in the morning save the trouble of lighting the fire again.

Much Fresh Air Is Needed.

Trouble brings on heart conditions and lung difficulties, it is said, because there is then a lack of fresh air taken into the lungs and the breathing is never deep enough. Therefore, to make it a habit to breathe deeply, whether one feels like it or not, is one of the best remedies for the difficulty in hand, whatever it may be. Again, not only must past blessings be inventoried, but a hope must be held out, which will give one a goal to work for. No one man or woman can live without this aim in life. The joys on favors in hand must be remembered, to be sure, but there must also be something ahead in view or there is a resigned state of mind which is unhealthy.

Two Uses for Myths.

The Greek philosopher Aristotle said that myths were invented by legislators "to persuade the many and to be used in support of law." Modern scholars think it more likely that early legislators found those myths already prevalent and saw how they could be made an instrument for governing men. Such myths appear to be of two kinds: those which are used to lend weight to authority, and those which have been invented by the weak and oppressed to coax or frighten the strong into treating them more leniently.

When the Tongue is Coated.

Time was when a coated tongue was associated only with impaired digestive organs, but science has now found that many other things beside digestive troubles may produce marked changes in the appearance of the tongue. If the base of the skull is fractured, the tongue will acquire a heavy coating. This fact leads to the belief that various disturbances of the nerves affect the appearance of the tongue. Therefore, if your tongue is furrowed, don't jump to the conclusion that your stomach is upset; it is just as likely that your nerves are upset by overwork, eye-strain, lack of sleep or the multitude of other causes that affect the nerves.

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Suggestions for Christmas

Handkerchiefs
all our large line
5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c

Dress Gloves
Capes, Suedes and Yarns
all colors and sizes
50c to \$2.50

Neckwear
Don't fail to see our large line of
Silk Ties and Neck Scarfs
25c, 50c, \$1.00
A Holiday Box with each tie

Fur Caps
Bellmont quality
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00

Sweaters
large assortment and good values
\$1.00 to \$6.00

WALK-OVER SHOES.
Enjoy the comforts of a pair on Christmas.



Leather Specialties
Collar and Glove Boxes
50c to \$2.50

Dress Shirts
Silver and Ide Shirts
newest styles and patterns
\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

Night Gowns and Underwear
make Useful Gifts

Hosiery
Hose of Luxite
25c, 35c, 50c

Suspenders
in pretty Holiday boxes
25c, 50c, \$1.00

Open Evenings

R. W. SHINGLETON

Plymouth North Side

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY F. W. SAMSEN
L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager

Gave Splendid Talk

Rev. Dunlap, a graduate of Princeton University, and a former college friend of Rev. B. F. Farber, gave an interesting talk on missionary work in the Presbyterian church last week Thursday evening. Mr. Dunlap has been a missionary worker in foreign lands for several years and is now connected with the Silliman institute in the Philippine Islands. He told of the wonderful work that is being done by this institution among the natives of that land. It is located in the town of Dumaguete on the island of Negros, and there is an attendance of 800 boys in the school and college. He stated that through the students the Silliman institute is the largest evangelistic force in the Philippine Islands, for they go back to their old homes and there organize groups of people into Christian congregations. Owing to other entertainments that evening and the severity of the weather the attendance was not as large as was wished for, but a fairly good audience greeted him.

New Officers Elected

At the recent election of officers in the L. O. T. M. M., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander—Retta Smith
Lieut. Com.—Lena Willett
Past Com.—Ella Glympe
Chaplain—Ella Hood
Rec. Keeper—Edna McGraw
Finance Keeper—Helen Willett
Sergeant—Ella Peck
M. at A.—Ruth Rutnour
Sentinel—Mary Gebhardt
Picket—Eva Hanson
Installation will take place in January.

Woman's Literary Club

The Christmas meeting of the Woman's Literary Club was held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Wilcox on Penniman avenue last Friday afternoon, with about forty-five members in attendance. A short business session was held with the president, Mrs. R. E. Cooper presiding. The program for the afternoon prepared by the sixth division with Mrs. L. B. Samsen in charge, was given as follows:

Roll call, "Your Happiest Christmas Memories." Several interesting instances were related.

Paper—"Christmas When America was Young," Mrs. L. B. Samsen.

Paper—"Christmas Customs in Different Countries," Mrs. Wm. T. Pettin-gill.

"The Madonna," illustrated with stereopticon slides was presented to the club in an interesting manner by Mrs. F. P. Bennett.

The old time Christmas spirit was a pleasant feature of the afternoon. A miniature Xmas tree had been prepared by the hostess and around the tree had been placed gifts by the different members of the club. Late in the afternoon these gifts were distributed among the guests present. The meeting closed with wishes of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." The next meeting of the club will be guest's evening and will be held in the Presbyterian church, Friday evening, January 6th.

Two Lost in Fire by Mother's Love

Mrs. Frances Debroski burned to death at the bedside of her daughter Mary, six years old, when fire consumed their farm home early Sunday morning, one mile and a half north of Wayne. The child had been awakened, but refused to leave the room without her mother, being terrified by the flames which wrapped the walls of the frame building. The mother rushed back into the house when another child told her Mary would not leave her bed, and both were consumed.

Jubilee Singers Next Friday Night

Considerable interest has been manifested in the concert to be given at the opera house Friday evening of next week by the Cary-Williams Colored Concert Company and Jubilee Singers, since it has been some time since this kind of an entertainment has been given in Plymouth.

The ticket selling campaign will be in the day after Christmas and will be carried on in a thorough manner by the young people of the Epworth League who are presenting the entertainment for the benefit of the building fund of the new Methodist church. Tickets including reserved seats will be sold at thirty-five cents, and if any desire tickets without reserved seats, the price will be twenty-five cents.

This troupe of colored singers are very highly recommended, both as to personal character and program. While making a tour of England in the early years of the company they appeared at the Royal palace, entertaining Queen Victoria and the next day were given a reception at the home of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Pythian Sisters Elect New Officers

At the annual meeting of the Pythian Sisters held last Monday evening, the following officers were elected:

Most Excellent Chief—Dora Wood
Past Chief—Clara Hood
Most Excellent Senior—Mabel Dicks
Most Excellent Junior—Mary Gates
Manager—Ella Wood
Finance—Ella Wood
Record of Correspondence—Hattie McLeod
Inner Guard—Hattie Holloway
Outer Guard—Emma Bolton
Installation of officers will take place early in January.

Important Notice

All milk producers are urged to attend a meeting to be held in the Grange hall, Tuesday afternoon, December 26, at one o'clock. Very important business.

J. J. Nefcy, Secretary

Local News

Orr Passage with a Battle Creek visitor Saturday.

Max Moon of Detroit, was the guest of friends here last Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Ketchum of Detroit, was the guest of Mrs. E. C. Leach last week.

There will be no more Saturday night dances until the close of the dancing school.

Mrs. John E. Wilcox visited her aunt, Miss Elmer Woodworth, at Springwells last Monday.

C. W. Gill and family of Ann Arbor, took Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Huston.

The Christmas exercises at Newburg tonight (Friday) will commence at 7 o'clock standard time.

David Warren of South Lyon, has moved to Plymouth where he is in the employ of the Pere Marquette railroad.

Make your friend's Christmas gift a beautiful Victor record, something to be enjoyed the year around. Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Miss Bertha Crossman entertained her Sunday-school class of boys at the home of Mrs. J. R. Rauch, Monday night. A pot-luck supper was enjoyed and a good time had by all.

Would not some absent friend who likes to keep informed as to affairs in this vicinity, appreciate a subscription to the Mail as a Christmas gift? Think it over.

Mrs. Jas. Purdy Passes Away

Mrs. James Purdy, aged 72 years, who had been ill of Bright's disease, passed away at her home just north of town early Thursday morning. She is survived by her husband and two children, Mrs. N. I. Moore of north village, and one son, Harry, who resided with his parents. The funeral services will be held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. N. I. Moore in north village Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock standard time. Rev. B. F. Farber, pastor of the Presbyterian church, will conduct the services.

Milk Producers Held Meeting

A general meeting of the milk producers of Plymouth and vicinity was held at the Grange hall last Saturday afternoon. There were eighty-six farmers present at the meeting which was presided over by Wm. Kobbeman, president of the local branch of the Mutual Dairymen's Association. The members of the association present at this meeting represented a total of 700 cows, while the non-members represented a total of 250 cows. The meeting was called for the purpose of deciding upon a price for milk for the ensuing twelve months. A signed ballot was cast by each producer present stating the price he would hold his milk at for the coming year, and the average price was \$2.37 per hundred pounds. By a unanimous vote this was decided upon as the prevailing price to be asked for by the producers for the ensuing year. Thirty-three of those present were in favor of a test rate and thirty-three in favor of a flat rate. Wm. Kobbeman was chosen as a delegate to attend the Central District meeting held in Detroit Monday.

Chamberlain's Tablets
Chamberlain's Tablets are intended especially for stomach troubles, biliousness, gas and constipation, and have met with much success in the treatment of those diseases. People who have suffered for years with stomach troubles and have been unable to obtain any permanent relief, have been completely cured by the use of these tablets. Chamberlain's Tablets are also of great value for indigestion. Chronic constipation may be permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Tablets and observing the plain, printed directions on the wrapper.

In And Around Plymouth

Northville has fallen in line and will have a community Christmas tree. There will be a present on the tree for every boy and girl in Northville.

The state meeting of the Michigan Vegetable Growers' Association will be held in Detroit January 9th. George C. Ravler of Plymouth is a member of the committee on arrangements for the big meeting.

Because the state tax commission has not sent the assessment rolls to the county board of assessors, the collection of state and county fall taxes will not begin before Jan. 15, according to Edward F. Stein, county treasurer.

The new stretch of concrete paving of the seven-mile road west of Woodward Ave., connecting Grand River and Woodward avenues has been opened for traffic. The opening of this road completes a belt line encircling the city of Detroit.

Holly business men have solved the local housing problem by organizing a company which will build at once 25 new houses for which there is an insistent demand. Grinnell Bros. promise to enlarge their factory there if houses can be secured for the workmen they are ready to employ. The company has been incorporated under the name of the Holly Realty Co. with \$25,000 capital.

PHOTOS

Why not get the whole family together and have us take some real good photographs? Ten years from now you would not part with those photographs for ten times their cost.



GROUP PHOTOGRAPHS
Best Work Lowest Price

WOOB'S STUDIO
Plymouth, Mich.
39 Penniman Ave. Phone 17W

C. Heide's Greenhouse

Christmas Trees
Cut Flowers,
Green Pine,
Holly Wreathes,
Cemetery Wreathes



Leave your orders for Cut Flowers early as possible and avoid any delay in getting them.

Telephone No. 137-F2 North Village

The Kraus Sample Shop

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE PLYMOUTH, MICH.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR BARGAINS

Not because others are receiving top price on all holiday goods is any reason why we cannot give you BARGAINS in all kinds of LADIES' and MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

FOR HER	FOR HIM
COATS that formerly sold up to \$35.00, Christmas Special..... \$10.00	Silk Shirts..... \$2.50
SUITS, choice of any in the store, \$25.00 values..... \$5.00	Dress Shirts..... \$1.00
DRESSES for parties and street wear, all kinds, regular real live wire bargains..... \$4.95	Underwear..... \$1.00
Boudoir Caps..... 35c	Sox..... 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00
Silk Hose..... 19c, 29c, 39c, 49c, \$1.00	Suspenders..... 25c and 50c
Bath Robes..... \$2.95	Neckties packed in Holiday Boxes..... 25c and 50c
And many other articles too numerous to mention.	Handkerchiefs in plain, hemstitched, pure linens and many things suitable for gifts too numerous to mention.

FOR CHILDREN
Furs make dandy presents. We have Sets at..... \$1.49
Children's Bath Robes
Hosiery
Dresses
Coats
Ribbons
Sweaters

SPECIAL WAIST SALE
Includes Crepe de Chine, Tub Silks, Taffetas, Nets and Chiffons without a doubt a most wonderful selection, and all are taken at regular stock and values to \$5.00, SPECIAL..... \$1.49

Make This An Electrical Christmas

And Buy One or More of the Following Gifty Gifts of Electric Nature:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Electric Flash Lights | Electric Percolaters |
| " Radiators | " Toasters |
| " Boudoir Sets | " Elgrilos |
| " Portable Lamps | " Flat Irons |

House Fixtures Tree Trimming Outfits Colored

Home of Franklin Mazda Lamps

ARTHUR A. HOOD
Store Over Pinckney's Pharmacy Phone 126 F-2

Have Your Barn Equipped With the James Barn Equipment.....

IT WILL INCREASE YOUR PROFITS

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Sanitary cow Stalls | Horse Stable Fixtures |
| Stantions | Bull Pens |
| Cow Pens | Calf Pens |
| Hog Pens | Manure Carriers |
| Feed Carriers | Milk Can Carriers |
| Harness carriers | Feed Trucks |
| Ventilators | Watering Buckets |
| Barn Scrapers | Manger Cleaners |

Give the James Service a chance to show you the way to bigger profits.

OPPOSITE PARK **D. L. DEY**
TELEPHONE 336.

FOR CHRISTMAS

- Nuts and Candy
Oranges, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c dozen
Grape Fruit, 8c each or 2 for 15c
White and Red Grapes, 20c and 25c pound
Fancy Baldwin and Spy Apples, 40c and 45c peck
Olives, plain and stuffed, 10c, 15c, 25c bottles
Cranberries, Lettuce, Celery, Radishes.

We wish our friends and patrons a Merry Christmas.

HEARN & GORTON
Free Delivery Main Street Phone 29

Have Your Horses Shod With Steel Center Shoes

While They Last

J. S. LORENZ
The Blacksmith Plymouth, Mich.

Local News

Mrs. Charles Olds visited friends in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Elmer Toncray was a Pontiac visitor last Thursday.

The U. of M. boys are at home for the holiday vacation.

George Videau of Detroit, was a visitor at O. F. Beyer's last Saturday.

Mrs. Champion of Detroit, was a week-end visitor with Mrs. Carl Heide.

Leora, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Gottschalk, Tuesday, December, 19th.

Warren Clarke of Cleveland, visited at R. G. Samsen's and Dr. J. Olsvater's this week.

Mrs. Fred Stocken of Ann Arbor, has been the guest of friends in town this week.

We now have the Journal, the Times, the News and the Sunday Tribune on sale at Rockwell Pharmacy.

Frank Rambo who has been confined to his home several days on account of illness, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Paul Groth is seriously ill with pneumonia. Her condition at this writing shows a slight improvement.

Fred Gentz, daughter Blanche and little grandson, Clifford Wood were week-end visitors with Detroit relatives.

For the gentlemen—beautiful traveling sets, manicure sets, cigar humidors, pipes, Xmas boxes of cigars. Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Toncray expect to go to Flint tomorrow (Saturday) where they will spend Christmas with their daughter.

Miss Imogene Smith is visiting friends at Livonia today, and attending the Christmas exercises given by school District No. 3, where she was a former teacher.

Mrs. Frank McGraw who was taken to Harper hospital the latter part of last week, underwent an operation last Monday. She is getting along as well as can be expected at this writing.

Miss Helen Mauger of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Evered Jolliffe. She will remain over until after Christmas.

Oliver Showers and C. J. Bunyea visited the former's brother, Jas. Showers who is in very poor health, at Ypsilanti, last Thursday.

Mrs. G. N. Dean, who underwent an operation at Harper hospital three weeks ago, is improving, and they expect to bring her home the first of the week.

Herbert Pelham and daughter Ora of Iron Mountain, are spending the holidays with the former's father, Dr. A. A. Pelham, and sisters, the Misses Cora and Nettie Pelham.

Mrs. Emma Wise of Reed City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Evered Jolliffe. Mrs. Wise will go from here to Philadelphia, where she will spend the winter with her daughter there.

The basaar and supper given by the Lutheran Ladies Aid society in the hall over the Beyer Pharmacy last week Thursday afternoon and evening, was exceedingly well patronized. The ladies will clear over one hundred dollars.

Elan Moore, aged twenty-two, a student at Albion college, who a few months ago was stricken with infantile paralysis, is expected to be brought to the home of his father, N. I. Moore in north village tomorrow, (Saturday,) where he will remain during the winter.

Little Ronald Beyer, the fourteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rowland, died of convulsions at their home a short distance west of town last Wednesday afternoon. The remains were taken to Lyons, Ohio, Thursday morning for burial. Mr. Rowland resides on the McLaren farm.

The Pythian Sisters entertained the Sir Knights at an oyster supper in their hall last Monday evening. About fifty were in attendance. After the supper a Christmas tree and exercises were enjoyed. A. A. Hood as Santa Claus caused much amusement. He brought with him gifts for everyone. All who attended report a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Wm. Reddeman passed away at her home in Canton last Wednesday morning, after a brief illness of pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and several grown children. The funeral will be held from the Lutheran church Saturday afternoon at one o'clock. The pastor, Rev. C. Strasen, will conduct the services. Interment in Riverside cemetery.

A new bridge over the River Rouge just north of Phoenix on the Pere Marquette R. R., is completed, with the exception of the filling in. The new bridge is constructed of cement and represents a total of 10,000 yards of concrete. The arch is a trifle over 21 feet in width. It is a fine piece of work and makes a permanent and lasting improvement.

The dancing party given by the Order of the Eastern Star in Penitman hall last Friday evening, was attended by about seventy couples and many spectators. The hall was tastefully decorated in Yule-tide colors and pineapples, under the direction of E. J. Cross. Music was furnished by Finner's orchestra of Ann Arbor. Serpentine paper, confetti and hallopes furnished much merriment for the dancers. Luncheon was served by Glenn Smith at his restaurant, and all who attended report an enjoyable evening.

Stomach Trouble and Constipation. Those who are afflicted with stomach trouble and constipation should use the following: "I have never found anything so good for the stomach and bowels as this medicine. I have used it for years and it has cured me of all my troubles."—J. H. Rogers, Adams, N. Y. Advt.

Miss Eliza McDonald of Barcia, is a guest at Dr. Luther Peck's.

E. A. Foster of Detroit, visited at Henry Sage's last Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Brown of Wayne, visited her cousin, Miss Mildred Hood, over Sunday.

There will be Catholic services at the Grange hall, Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, at 8 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Harwood expect to go to Iowa tomorrow, where they will spend Xmas with friends.

Beautiful pieces of Parisian ivory, in fact the best selection in town may be found at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Titus Ruff and Mrs. C. Killian visited Mr. and Mrs. James Showers in Ypsilanti, last Sunday.

Charles Mason and family have moved here from Dearborn and are living with Mrs. Mason's father, Dr. M. R. Grainger.

Wm. Smitherman has broken ground for a new bungalow next to Albert Gayde's residence on Starkweather avenue.

Miss Harriet Bennett of Thompsonville, who is attending the State Normal, was a week-end visitor with her sister, Mrs. Pierre Bennett.

Mrs. Wm. Addison returned to her home last Saturday after a few weeks stay with her mother, Mrs. Conrad Springer.

Don't forget to cure your meat with Wright's Liquid Smoke and Dry Pickle and get a butcher set cheap. Rockwell Pharmacy.

Chas. Wolfe of Livonia, has purchased Wm. Smitherman's house on Spring street and will move to town in the spring.

Edmer Jewell has sold a half interest in his barber shop to Eugene Riggs. Mr. Riggs has been employed in Chas. McConnell's barber shop for the past several months.

Miss Helen Mauger of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Evered Jolliffe. She will remain over until after Christmas.

Oliver Showers and C. J. Bunyea visited the former's brother, Jas. Showers who is in very poor health, at Ypsilanti, last Thursday.

Mrs. G. N. Dean, who underwent an operation at Harper hospital three weeks ago, is improving, and they expect to bring her home the first of the week.

Herbert Pelham and daughter Ora of Iron Mountain, are spending the holidays with the former's father, Dr. A. A. Pelham, and sisters, the Misses Cora and Nettie Pelham.

Mrs. Emma Wise of Reed City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Evered Jolliffe. Mrs. Wise will go from here to Philadelphia, where she will spend the winter with her daughter there.

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A CARD—In behalf of the Woman's Literary club, the civic committee desire to thank the Presbyterian society for the use of their church for the social evening, Tuesday, Dec. 19th, and for all other courtesies extended to the club at that time.

The Ladies Aid society of the Lutheran church wish to thank all who patronized them and helped to make their basaar and supper a success.

NOTICE—A gentleman's new soft hat was taken by mistake from the hall over O. F. Beyer's drug store last week Thursday evening, during the serving of the supper by the Lutheran Ladies Aid society, and will the party please return the same to O. F. Beyer's store and claim their own.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.
See or Line. On Insertion

Several nice Shetland ponies that would make fine Xmas presents. Price, \$50 to \$75. E. O. Huston.

WANTED—A position as nurse or general house work. Inquire at 31 Center avenue.

LOST—Dec. 9th, between postoffice and harness shop, index pocket memorandum with red cover, containing names and addresses. Finder please return to Geo. W. Rishwain.

LOST—A gold watch fob with locket attached, containing two pictures. Reward if returned to O. H. Kincaid at Bonafide garage.

FOR SALE—Collie puppies. Inquire of J. J. Neely. Phone 259-F2.

FOR SALE—Seven-passenger Studebaker, looks like new. Big bargain. Inquire Pinckney Pharmacy. 2tf

FOR RENT—House on E. Ann Arbor street. Inquire of Wm. Keboe. 3tf

FOR RENT—House on Main street. Electric lights and water in house. Inquire at Riggs' store. 3tf

FOR SALE—Reed baby carriage. In first-class condition. Phone 138.

FOR SALE or Exchange—Good implement store in good business locality, doing a good business. Will exchange for a farm on account of health. Edmond Mollenkoff, Conroy, Van Wert County, Ohio. 3tf

TO RENT—A dwelling house on Mill street. Phone 316-F4. 2tf

FOR SALE—Number of full blooded Barred Rock Cockerels. Enquire of F. L. Becker, phone 317-F31. 2tf

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein yearling bull. Byron Wilkin, Route 4. Phone 314-F13. 2tf

FOR SALE—Collie puppies, nice for Xmas presents. Will deliver Xmas morning any place in town. Price, \$3.00 each. J. J. Neely. Phone 259-F2.

FOR SALE—1 1/2 miles southwest of Plymouth and 1 1/2 miles from cement road, 115 acres of fertile, level well-drained land; no waste. \$30 per acre; \$2,000 down buys it.

FOR SALE—Farm of 80 acres on Plymouth road, four miles east of Plymouth. Enquire of George Oldenburg. 52-14

FOUND—Boat for automobile top. Owner may have same by calling at Griffith Garage.

FOR SALE—A modern home on Penniman avenue. Inquire of D. M. Berdan. 50tf

What to Buy

And now comes that happy annual Xmas dinner to which we all look forward. The delight of the kiddies and the joy of the grown ups. But it cannot be an event to be remembered unless there is a special effort made to make it tasty and pleasing to the palate. And this department is where we shine.

- | | | |
|---------|-------------|----------|
| Grapes | Sweet Spuds | Candies |
| Oranges | Cabbage | Nuts |
| Apples | Turnips | Raisins |
| Bananas | Carrots | Currants |

Canned Fruit As Follows:

- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------|----------|
| Pineapple | Peaches | Plums | Pears |
| Raspberries | Strawberries | Apples | Apricots |

Choice Chocolate Candies in bulk or boxes to take to your girl on Xmas night.

Phone your order—we'll do the rest. Wishing all our patrons and friends a Merry Christmas.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON
PHONE 99

Murray's Candy Store



Home-Made - Candies

- ...For Christmas...
- Peanut Brittle, Fudge,
Taffy, all flavors
Mixed Candies, Chocolates
- Murray's Home-made Candy Has No Equal.

Calendars
A nice line of Calendars and Calendar Pads, which always make acceptable Gifts.

Christmas Cards
We are showing the prettiest and most up-to-date line of Christmas cards in town. See them.

Fancy Package Candy
We have a fine line of package goods for the Holiday trade.

Christmas Decorations
We have a large stock of Christmas Garlands, Bells and other decorations appropriate for the season. We also carry a line of Christmas Tags, Seals, Stickers, etc.

SPECIAL ICE CREAM FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE
BRICK ICE CREAM—Two Flavors in individual pieces. Any amount you want.

H. W. MURRAY

To My Helpers—

You will a very nice line of very popular gifts at

C. G. Draper's Gift Shop

I would call your special attention to:

FOR THE LADIES—Wrist Watches, Lavalieres, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and French Persian Ivory.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN—Watches, Chains, Fobs, Links, Bells, Fountain Pens.

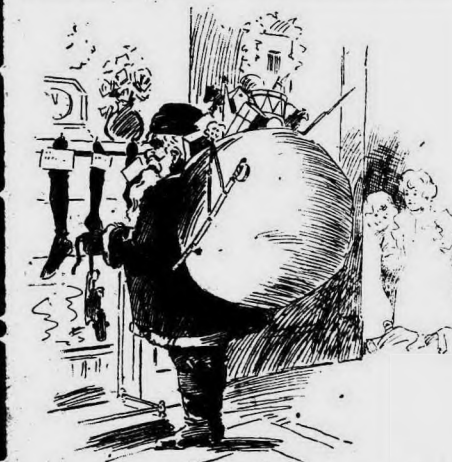
FOR THE HOME—Fine Mantle Clocks, Cut Glass, Fancy China, Books, Stationery, Silverware, Sewing Machines.

Yours Truly,
SANTA CLAUS.

C. G. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician

145 Main st.

GALE'S



We wish to give you a partial list of Toys at Gale's for Christmas

TOYS

- We have dolls from 1c to \$1.50 each. Dressed Dolls, Character Dolls, Biscuit Dolls, etc. Cradles, Beds, Doll Buggies, Go-Carts, Children's Chairs, Shoo Flies, Rubber Balls, Wool Balls, Alphabetical Blocks, Picture Blocks; Games, 10c, 25c, 50c; Tea Sets, Toy Water Sets, Folding Tables, Blackboards, Brooms, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Iron Toys, Mechanical Autos, Mechanical Birds; Banks, 10c to 50c; Musical Toms, Drums, Stuffed Animals, Drawing Slates, 2, Mouth Organs, Santa Claus

Viols, Trumpets, Horns, Erectors No. 1 and Maaks.

Grocery Dept.
We have a large stock of Fine Candy to sell at cheap prices. Just received a new stock of Citron, Lemon Peel, Raisins, Currants, Mince Meat, Etc. A fine stock of Oranges, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Grapes, Cranberries, Apples, Celery, Vegetables in season. We carry a fine line of Canned Goods, Nuts of all kinds, Teas, Coffee, Chocolates, Cocoa, etc. Pickles in bottles and bulk. Open Kettle Molasses, 60c per gallon.

Christmas Cards
We have a large stock of Christmas cards, booklets, Christmas letters, tags, etc., bells and wreaths.

Books
We have a fine line of books for boys, girls and children from 5c to 50c

Chinaware
Come in and see our fine line of Water Sets, China and Glass Dishes of all kinds and prices.

Just received a new assortment of Souvenir Dishes at 10 cents each

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

JOHN L. GALE

Store Open Evenings During Christmas Week.

W. E. SMYTH
Watchmaker and Optician
Watch inspector for the Michigan Central R. R. for 17 years.
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

OUR CHOICE CONFECTIONS WIN THEIR AFFECTIONS

We Are Headquarters

FOR—

Candies and Fruits

HOWE

The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

SYNOPSIS.

The time of the story is about 1875. The place is the Texas cow country. The chief character, Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a lust to kill which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a downed bull and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Blundell's outlaw band. Euche, an amiable rascal, tells him about Jennie, a young girl who had been abducted and sold to Blundell for a bad fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Euche has just encountered, and is reporting the outlook to Buck. Euche is killed. Buck kills Blundell and is dangerously wounded by Mrs. Blundell, but escapes with Jennie. Jennie is abducted. Buck never sees her again, but kills her abductor. Duane barely escapes death at the hands of Lynchers for a crime he never committed. He goes to see Captain MacNary of the Rangers, who hands him a pardon on condition that he join the Rangers and assist in breaking up the outlaw band. Duane accepts and goes to the outlaw headquarters on a secret mission.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

But in striking contrast to this mystery was the person, character, and cold-blooded action of Poggin and Knell, the chief lieutenants. They were familiar figures in all the towns within two hundred miles of Bradford. Knell had a record, but as gunman with an incredible list of victims, Poggin was supreme. If Poggin had a friend no one ever heard of him. There were a hundred stories of his nerve, his wonderful speed with a gun, his passion for gambling, his love of a horse—his cold, implacable, inhuman sniping out of his path any man that crossed it.

"Cheseldine is a name, a terrible name," said Colonel Webb. "Sometimes I wonder if he's not only a name. In that case where does the brains of this gang come from? No; there must be a master craftsman behind this border pillage; a master capable of handling those terrors, Poggin and Knell. Of all the thousands of outlaws developed by western Texas in the last twenty years these three are the greatest. In southern Texas, down between the Pecos and the Nueces, there have been and are still many bad men. But I doubt if any outlaw there, possibly excepting Buck Duane, ever equaled Poggin. You've heard of this Duane?"

"Yes, a little," replied Duane quietly. "I'm from southern Texas. Buck Duane, then, is not known out here?"

"Why, man, where isn't his name known?" returned Colonel Webb. "I've kept track of his record as I have all the others. His fame in this country appears to hang on his matchless gun-play and his emity toward outlaw chiefs."

"Has Cheseldine's gang been busy lately?" asked Duane.

"No. Probably all the stock that's being shipped now was rustled long ago. Cheseldine works over a wide section, too wide for news to travel inside of weeks. There are some people who think Cheseldine had nothing to do with the bank-robberies and train hold-ups during the last few years in this country. But that's poor reasoning. The jobs have been too well done, too surely covered, to be the work of greasers or ordinary outlaws."

"What's your view of the outlook? How's all this going to wind up? Will the outlaw ever be driven out?" asked Duane.

"Never. There will always be outlaws along the Rio Grande. All the armies in the world couldn't comb the wild brakes of that fifteen hundred miles of river. But the sway of the outlaw, such as is enjoyed by these great leaders, will sooner or later be past. There's talk of vigilantes, the same that were organized in California and are now in force in Idaho. So far it's only talk. But the time will come. And the days of Cheseldine and Poggin are numbered."

CHAPTER XVI.

Next morning Duane mounted his horse and headed for Fairdale. He rode leisurely, as he wanted to learn all he could about the country. There were few ranches. The farther he traveled the better grazing he encountered, and, strange to note, the fewer herds of cattle. It was just sunset when he made out a cluster of adobe houses that marked Sanderson, half-way between Bradford and Fairdale. When he drew up before the inn the landlord and his family and a number of loungers greeted him lazily.

"Beat the stage in, hey?" remarked one.

"There she comes now," said another. "Joel shore is drivin' tonight."

Far down the road Duane saw a cloud of dust and horses and a lumbering coach. Presently it rolled up, a large mud-bespattered and dusty vehicle, littered with baggage on top and tied on behind. A number of passengers alighted, three of whom greeted Duane's interest. One was a tall, dark, striking-looking man, and the other two were ladies, wearing long gray dresses and veils. Duane heard the proprietors of the inn address the man as Colonel Longstreth, and as the party entered the inn Duane's quick ears caught a few words which acquainted him with the fact that Longstreth was the mayor of Fairdale.

Duane passed inside himself to learn that supper would soon be ready. At table he found himself opposite the three who had attracted his attention.

"Such, I envy the lucky cowboys," Longstreth was saying.

Ruth was a curly-headed girl, with gray or hazel eyes. "I'm crazy to see bronchos," she said.

Duane gathered that she was on a visit to western Texas. The other two were Mrs. Blundell, sweet like a bell, and a woman whose name Duane did not remember. The Colonel, the innkeeper, was, and Colonel Longstreth and the other two passengers. The

bearded robber had wheeled once more. Duane had not moved a muscle, but stood perfectly calm with his arms high. The robber strode back with his bloodshot eyes fastened upon the girl. Miss Longstreth never flinched, but the little girl appeared about to faint.

"Don't yap, there!" he said, low and hard. He thrust the gun close to Ruth. Duane had a little gun in his pocket. The robber had missed it. And he began to calculate chances. "Any money, jewelry, diamonds?" ordered the ruffian, fiercely.

Miss Ruth collapsed. Then he made at Miss Longstreth. She stood with her hands at her breast. Evidently the robber took this position to mean that she had valuables concealed there. But Duane fancied he had instinctively pressed her hands against a throbbing heart.

"Come out with it!" he said, harshly, reaching for her.

"Don't dare touch me!" she cried, her eyes ablaze. She did not move. She had nerve. She eluded two lunges the man made at her. Then his rough hand caught at her waist, and with one pull ripped it asunder, exposing her beautiful shoulder, white as snow.

She cried out. The prospect of being robbed or even killed had not shaken Miss Longstreth's nerve as had this brutal tearing off of half her waist.

The ruffian was only turned partially away from Duane. The gun was still held dangerously upward close to her. Duane watched only that. Then a fellow made him jerk his head. Colonel Longstreth stood in the doorway in a magnificent rage. He had no weapon. Strange how he showed no fear! He belted something again.

Duane's shifting glance caught the robber's sudden movement. He seemed struck. The hand that clutched Miss Longstreth's torn waist loosened its hold. The other hand with its cocked weapon slowly dropped till it pointed to the floor. That was Duane's chance.

Swift as a flash he drew his gun and fired. Then the robber's gun boomed harmlessly. He fell with blood spurting over his face. Duane rushed out of the room, across the patio, through the bar to the yard. In the gloom stood a saddled horse, probably the one belonging to the fellow he had shot. His comrade had escaped. Returning to the sitting-room, Duane found a condition approaching pandemonium.

The innkeeper was shouting to find out what had happened. Joel, the stage-driver, was trying to quiet the men who had been robbed. The woman, wife of one of the men, had come in, and she had hysterics. The girls were still and white. The robber Bill lay where he had fallen. Like a caged lion Longstreth stalked and roared. There came a quieter moment in which the innkeeper shrilly protested:

"Man, what're you ravin' about? Nobody's hurt, an' that's lucky. I swear to God I hadn't nothin' to do with them fellers!"

"I ought to kill you anyhow!" replied Longstreth. And his voice now astounded Duane. It was so full of power.

Upon examination Duane found that his bullet had furrowed the robber's temple and had glanced. He was not seriously injured, and already showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Drag him out of here!" ordered Longstreth; and he turned to his daughter.

Before the innkeeper reached the robber Duane had secured the money and gun taken from him; and presently recovered the property of the other men. Joel helped the innkeeper carry the injured man somewhere outside.

Miss Longstreth was sitting white but composed upon the couch, where lay Miss Ruth, who evidently had been carried there by the Colonel. The Colonel, now that he finally remembered his womanfolk, seemed to be gentle and kind. He talked soothingly to Miss Ruth, made light of the adventure, said she must learn to have nerve out here, where things happened.

"Can I be of any service?" asked Duane, solicitously.

"Thanks; I guess there's nothing you can do. Talk to those frightened girls while I go see what's to be done with that thick-skulled robber," he replied, and, telling the girls that there was no more danger, he went out.

Miss Longstreth sat with one hand holding her torn waist in place; the other she extended to Duane. He took it awkwardly, and he felt a strange thrill.

"You saved my life," she said, in grave, sweet seriousness.

"No, no!" Duane exclaimed. "He might have struck you, hurt you, but no more."

"Did you kill him?" asked Miss Ruth, who lay listening.

"Oh, no. He's not badly hurt."

"I'm very glad he's alive," said Miss Longstreth, shuddering.

"Tell me all about it," asked Miss Ruth, who was fast recovering.

Rather embarrassed, Duane briefly told the incident from his point of view.

"Conco," said Miss Longstreth, thoughtfully. "It was fortunate for us that this gentleman happened to be here. Papa scots—laughs at danger. He seems to think there was no danger. Yet he saved after it came."

"Go with us all the way to Fairdale, please," asked Miss Ruth, earnestly, looking at Duane.

"I am Ruth Herbert, and this is my cousin, Ray Longstreth."

"I'm trusting that you'll notice Duane to your cousin. So do

not know how to meet the situation. Colonel Longstreth returned then, and after bidding Duane a good night, which seemed rather curt by contrast to the graciousness of the girls, he led them away.

Before going to bed Duane went outside to take a look at the injured robber and perhaps to ask him a few questions. To Duane's surprise, he was gone, and so was his horse. The innkeeper was dumfounded. He said that he left the fellow on the floor in the barroom.

"Had he come to?" inquired Duane.

"Sure. He asked for whisky."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Not to me. I heard him talkin' to the father of them girls."

"You mean Colonel Longstreth?"

"I reckon. He sure was some riled, wasn't he? Jest as if I was to blame for that two-bit of a hold-up!"

"What did you make of the old gent's rage?" asked Duane, watching the innkeeper.

"He scratched his head dubiously. He was sincere, and Duane believed in his honesty."

"Wal, I'm doggoned if I know what to make of it. But I reckon he's either crazy or got more nerve than most Texans."

"More nerve, maybe," Duane replied. "Show me a bed now, innkeeper."

Once in bed in the dark, Duane composed himself to think over the events of the evening. Why had that desperate robber lowered his gun and stood paralyzed at sight and sound of the mayor of Fairdale? This was not answerable. There might have been a number of reasons, all to Colonel Longstreth's credit, but Duane could not understand.

Next morning Duane walked up the main street and back again. Just as he arrived some horsemen rode up to the inn and dismounted. And at this juncture the Longstreth party came out. Duane heard Colonel Longstreth utter an exclamation. Then he saw him shake hands with a tall man. Longstreth looked surprised and angry, and he spoke with force; but Duane could not hear what it was he said. The fellow laughed, yet somehow he struck Duane as sullen, until suddenly he espied Miss Longstreth. Then his face changed, and he removed his sombrero. Duane went closer.

"Floyd, did you come with the teams?" asked Longstreth, sharply.

"Not me. I rode a horse, good and hard," was the reply.

"Hump! I'll have a word to say to you later." Then Longstreth turned to his daughter. "Ray, here's the cousin I've told you about. You go to play with him two years ago—Floyd Lawson, Floyd, my daughter—and my niece, Ruth Herbert."

Duane always scrutinized everyone he met, and now with a dangerous game to play, with a consciousness of Longstreth's unusual and significant personality, he bent a keen and searching glance upon this Floyd Lawson.

He was under thirty, yet gray at his temples—dark, smooth-shaven, with lines left by wildness, dissipation, shadows under dark eyes, a mouth strong and bitter, and a square chin—a reckless, careless, handsome, sinistral face strangely losing the hardness when he smiled. The grace of a gentleman clung round him, seemed like an echo in his mellow voice. Duane doubted not that he, like many a young man, had drifted out to the frontier, where rough and wild life

had wrought sternly but had not quite effaced the mark of good family.

Colonel Longstreth apparently did not share the pleasure of his daughter and his niece in the advent of this cousin. Something mingled on his meeting. Duane grew intensely curious, but, as the stage appeared ready for the journey, he had no further opportunity to gratify it.

patch in the mass of gray. For the barrens of Texas it was indeed a fair sight. But he was more concerned with its remoteness from civilization than its beauty. At that time, in the early seventies, when the vast western third of Texas was a wilderness, the pioneer had done wonders to settle there and establish places like Fairdale.

It needed only a glance for Duane to pick out Colonel Longstreth's ranch. The house, not more than a few minutes' walk from the edge of the town, was a low two-story structure made of red adobe bricks. All was green about it, except where the fenced corral and numerous barns or sheds showed gray and red.

From all outside appearances Fairdale was no different from other frontier towns, and Duane's expectations were scarcely realized. As the afternoon was waning he halted at a little inn. A boy took charge of his horse. Duane questioned the lad about Fairdale and gradually drew to the subject most in mind.

"Colonel Longstreth has a big outfit, eh?"

"Reckon he has," replied the lad. "Donna know how many cowboys. They're always comin' and goin'. I ain't acquainted with half of them."

"Much movement of stock these days?"

"Stock's always movin'," he replied, with a queer look.

"Rustlers?"

"But he did not follow up that look with the affirmative Duane expected. 'Lively place, I hear—Fairdale is'—'So so lively as Sanderson, but it's bigger.'"

"Yes, I heard it was. Follow down there was talking about two cowboys who were arrested."

"Sure. I heard all about that. Joe Bean and Brick Higgins—they belong here, but they ain't heah much. Longstreth's boys."

Duane did not want to be over-inquisitive, so he turned the talk into other channels.

After getting supper Duane strolled up and down the main street. When darkness set in he went into a hotel, bought cigars, sat around, and watched. Then he passed out and went into the next place. It was a full of men coming and going—a dusty-booted crowd that smelled of horses and smoke. Duane sat down for a while, with wide eyes and open ears. Then he hunted up the bar. He stayed in there for a while, and knew that strangers were too common in Fairdale to be conspicuous. Then he returned to the inn where he had engaged a room.

Duane sat down on the steps of the dingy little restaurant. Two men were conversing inside, and they had not noticed Duane.

"Laramie, what's the stranger's name?" asked one.

"He didn't say," replied the other.

"Sure was a strappin' big man. Struck me a little odd, he did. No cattleman, him. How'd you size him?"

"Well, like one of them cool, easy, quiet Texans who's been lookin' for a man for years—to kill him when he found him."

"Right you are, Laramie; and, between you an' me, I hope he's lookin' for Long—"

"S-sh!" interrupted Laramie. "You must be half drunk, to go talkin' that way."

Thereafter they conversed in too low a tone for Duane to hear, and presently Laramie's visitor left. Duane went to his room in a thoughtful frame of mind. There was something wrong about the mayor of Fairdale. The innkeeper Laramie would be worth cultivating. And last in Duane's thoughts that night was Miss Longstreth. He could not help thinking of her—how strangely the meeting with her had affected him. It made him remember that

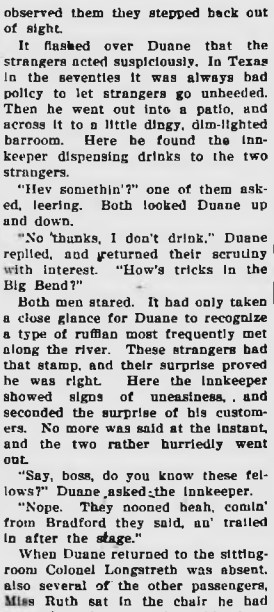
CHAPTER XVII.

Duane followed the stage through the town, out into the open, on to a wide, hard-packed road showing years of travel. It headed northwest. To the left rose a range of low, bleak mountains he had noted yesterday, and to the right sloped the mesquite-parched sweep of ridge and flat. The driver pushed his team to a flat trot, which gait surely covered ground rapidly.

Early in the afternoon from a ridge Duane's eyes caught a glimpse of a



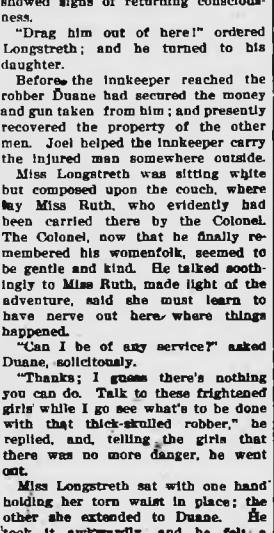
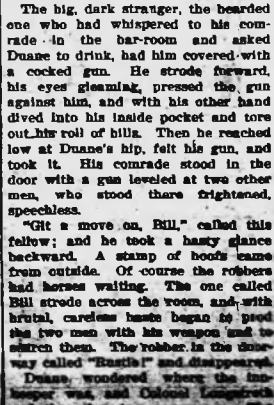
One Was a Striking-Looking Man.



More Nerve, Maybe.



More Nerve, Maybe.



More Nerve, Maybe.



More Nerve, Maybe.

long-past time when girls had been a part of his life. He had no right even to dream of a beautiful woman like Ray Longstreth.

Several days passed. Duane did not succeed in getting any closer to Laramie, but he found the idlers on the corners and in front of the stores, unsuspecting and willing to talk. It did not take him long to find out that Fairdale stood parallel with Hunteville for gambling, drinking, and fighting. The street was always lined with dusty, saddled horses, the town full of strangers. Money appeared more abundant than in any place Duane had ever visited; and it was spent with the abandon that spoke forcibly of easy and crooked acquirement. Duane decided that Sanderson, Bradford, and Ord were but notorious outposts of this Fairdale, which was a secret center of rustlers and outlaws. And what struck Duane strangest of all was the fact that Longstreth was mayor here and held court daily. Inquiry had brought him the fact that Ray Longstreth had just come to live with her father. Longstreth had originally been a planter in Louisiana, where his family had remained after his advent in the West. He was a rich rancher; he owned half of Fairdale; he was a cattle-buyer on a large scale. Floyd Lawson was his lieutenant and associate in deals.

On the afternoon of the fifth day of Duane's stay in Fairdale he returned to the inn from his usual stroll, and upon entering was amazed to

find a rough-looking young fellow rush by him out of the door. Inside Laramie was lying on the floor, with a bloody bruise on his face. He did not appear to be dangerously hurt.

"Bo Snecker! He hit me!" said Laramie, laboring to his feet.

"Are you hurt much?" queried Duane.

"I guess not. But he needn't to have soaked me. I've been robbed before without that."

"Well, I'll take a look after Bo," replied Duane.

He went out and glanced down the street toward the center of the town. He did not see anyone he could take for the innkeeper's assailant. Then he looked up the street, and he saw the young fellow about a block away hurrying along and gazing back.

Duane yelled for him to stop and started to go after him. Snecker broke into a run. Then Duane set out to overhaul him. There were two motives in Duane's action—one of anger, and the other a desire to make a friend of this man Laramie, who Duane believed could tell him much.

Duane was light on his feet, and he had a giant stride. He gained rapidly, kept him in sight, in the shade, on the path, and up the road into the courtyard, and he saw Snecker go straight for Longstreth's house.

Duane was not to be turned back by that, singular as it was. He entered the first door and burst into the presence of Miss Longstreth and a number of young people. Evidently she was giving a little party.

Lawson stood leaning against one of the pillars; at sight of Duane his face changed remarkably, expressing amazement, consternation, then fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATE NEWS

Charge Farmer Sold Potatoes Short.
Battle Creek.—With potatoes at almost prohibitive prices, it is alleged that Robert Garrett of Richland gave L. D. Hobbs, a local grocer, seven bushels short weight in a shipment of 102. Garrett blames the railroad handling the shipment. A warrant for his arrest was issued.

Former Legislator Is Dead.
Zeeland.—Jacob Den Berder, eighty-two years old, president of the Zeeland State bank, former state senator and presidential elector in 1876, is dead at his home here. He was called to Washington during the Hayes-Tilden balloting of the electoral college to prove his citizenship when each vote in the electoral college counted.

Dog Saves Man From Bull.
Muskegon.—Fenned in a corner by an infuriated bull, Clause Erhora, a Nunica farmer, father of Mrs. Ludwig Griesbach, of this city, narrowly escaped death. The aged man was saved by his shepherd dog, which furiously attacked the bull and finally drove it away.

Accident Victim Dies.
Standish.—Mrs. George Francis of Bentley, a few miles southeast of this city, who was accidentally shot at her home near there, is dead. Mr. Francis, in passing out of their house to hunt rabbits, caught one of the hammers of his shotgun on the edge of the door, the charge of shot shattering his wife's knee.

Father Charged With Cruelty.
Kalamazoo.—Angered by his three-year-old son, Harry Tripp, a well-to-do farmer residing near Richland, threw him into freezing cold water in a stock tank, according to sheriff's officers. He waived examination in municipal court and was bound over to the circuit court.

M. C. R. R. Train Wrecked.
Cheyboygan.—Train No. 158, south-bound on the Michigan Central, was wrecked when a car heavily laden with copper jumbled for several rods. The train was made up of freight cars and passenger coaches, but none of the passengers was injured. Buses were sent from this city to bring in the passengers.

Bay City Suicide Identified.
Bay City.—Homer Iffland of Blissfield identified the body of the man found in a marsh near Linwood as that of his brother, Elmer Iffland, who had been missing from his home several days. The brother said that Elmer had been brooding because of illness. An autopsy satisfied Coroner Vantuly and Sheriff Fitzgerald that Iffland killed himself.

Plan Co-Operative Buying.
Battle Creek.—Having won a fight to increase the price paid for each hundred pounds of milk in Calhoun county, the dairyman's organization is mapping out a plan for obtaining further profits. They propose to employ a salaried officer to manage their marketing and the buying of produce, such as grain and feed for dairy farms co-operatively.

To Continue Wage Premium.
Calumet.—The Calumet and Hecla Mining company and its eleven operating subsidiary companies announced that the 10 per cent premium over normal wages now being paid will be continued from January 1 till July 1, 1917, will be doubled. The Calumet and Hecla Mining company and subsidiaries are at present paying an increase of 35 per cent over normal wages. Twelve thousand five hundred employees of the companies will benefit.

Death Ends Long Sleep.
Boughton.—Werner Beckman, thirty-seven years old, who went to sleep and could not be wakened for 24 hours, is dead, while Charles Sjostrand is being held for his murder. At the Copper Range hospital here it was learned he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Sjostrand was arrested when it was reported he and Beckman had a fight shortly before the latter went to sleep.

Insanity Is Increasing.
Grand Rapids.—Dr. A. M. Barrett of the psychopathic hospital, Ann Arbor, told the Association of Commerce committee of 100 and the Builders and Traders' exchange that but 1 per cent of the population of Michigan is insane, but that insanity is increasing faster than the population. "Foreigners and those born of foreign parents contribute more largely to the percentage of insanity, including the feeble-minded, than do the native-born," he said.

St. Joseph Negro Gets 15 Years.
St. Joseph.—Harry Fields, negro, was sentenced to from five to fifteen years at Jackson prison, with a court's recommendation of fifteen years. Fields last September attempted the life of his foreman, D. M. Marshall.

Adrian Teacher Dies at Monroe.
Monroe.—William Harms, thirty-two years old, unmarried, for the last seven years a teacher in St. John's parochial school at Adrian, died here at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Harms.

Lapeer Boys Must Reform.
Lapeer.—Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the school board that any student using intoxicating liquors or tobacco in any form would not be permitted to graduate from the Lapeer school.

SEA BATHING HITS HEARING

Deafness Often Caused by Blowing Nose Too Soon After Taking a Dip in the Ocean.

Says a prominent physician about "bathert deafness," a common summer ailment:

"This is a saltwater, not a freshwater, complaint, and many people who have been dispersing themselves by the seaside return home much harder of hearing than when they left it. Cases are on record in which people have become actually deaf after bathing in the briny ocean."

Bathers' deafness is caused by blowing the nose after your dip. People blow their noses instinctively after bathing, because the salt water in their nostrils makes them uncomfortable. The result is that water is forced into the little eustachian tubes, which run from the ears to the nose.

Here the water remains for days till inflammation is set up by the particles of salt. Then the eustachian tubes get blocked, remaining more or less permanently, causing partial deafness.

So, if you must blow your nose, wait till some time after your bath is over, and then do it very gently. But it is better not to blow your nose at all until at least an hour has elapsed.

HOW RUSSELL GOT NICKNAME

Lord John Was Called "The Widow's Mite" Because of His Short Stature.

Lord John Russell's diminutive stature earned him other nicknames besides the inevitable "Johnny". The neatest is the one recorded by Creevey, which was bestowed by some wag upon him when he married the widow of the second Lord Ribblesdale—"the Widow's Mite."

John Russell was a frail and delicate child from the first, but his physique cannot have been helped by the hardship of his school days. He had to be taken away from Westminster because he could not stand the fagging and unwholesome food. And before that, came a private school at Sunbury, where, as he recalled in later life, he found the mutton fat so intolerable that he dropped it under the table. But the master, a clergyman, made him sweep it up off the dusty floor and eat it, dirt and all.—London Chronicle.

Hard Luck

"Talk about perverse fate! This proves it."

"What proves it?"

"Here it is leap year when a woman has an extra chance to be married, and along comes the war to take all the men away."

Short Lived Wires

It has been found that telegraph wires will last for 40 years under the weather, but in the manufacturing district the same wires will last only ten years.

Flint Aids Pathfinders

Landing.—In an effort to aid in the movement of stumps and timbers from Michigan, the city of Flint has organized a Flint flint utility.

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CANADA AGAIN A PRIZE WINNER

Highest Premiums Awarded at Many Exhibitions.

The Fall fair season is past and a retrospect of them shows that Western Canada is stronger than ever in the matter of exhibits, and has taken more than her usual share of the prize money. From Western Canada to Texas is a long look from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to the southwestern corner of Texas is several days' journey, but the enterprising farmers from this new country to the northwest were wide awake to the possibilities that waited them at the International Dry Farming Congress held at El Paso, Texas, a few weeks ago, to bring to the attention of those in that far-off corner what the land of Western Canada could do in the production of grains and roots from its soil. And what did these farmers do? The first thing was to carry off the first prize and sweepstakes for wheat. That was a foregone conclusion, for it has now become an established fact that nowhere else in the world is there grown wheat of the high character and market value of Western Canadian wheat. The same may be said of oats, of barley and of rye. But when it came to notice that Western Canada took first prize for alfalfa, it was then that more special attention was given to the products from Western Canada. It showed that in that country there lies the opportunity for supplementing the wonderful native grasses, so full of nutrition that with the tamed varieties, among them being alfalfa, the cattle with no other food were fattened and fitted for the shambles. Western Canada's worth was proved as probably the greatest mixed farming portion of the continent. When the steers from the Western Canadian prairies reach the Chicago stockyards they bring the top price and outweigh those from other places where grass fattening is the process. But it was not only in grains that Western Canada carried off the highest honors at the El Paso exhibition. Potatoes, parsnips, beets, carrots and rutabagas also took the highest honors. In root production this country is becoming favorably known.

The question often arises as to markets. There is always the highest price awaiting the producer, and as soon as the Hudson Bay Railway, now about completed, reaches the Bay, there will be an additional outlet for the product of the farm. The Pacific coast route, via the Panama canal, will give another outlet of which full advantage may be taken. With virgin land selling at from \$15 to \$20 per acre, and improved farms at reasonable prices and on easy terms, there is no better opportunity for the man with limited means and a desire to secure a home at the least cost in a country where he can soon become wealthy, as thousands of others have done, than in Western Canada. To the man with less means and who is prepared to accept a farm of 160 acres free, the Dominion Government offers him his choice in districts that have land of the highest type, but at present being from ten to twenty miles from a railway.

The Peace River Country, now being opened for settlement and reached by railway affords excellent opportunity to the homesteader. To secure information as to Western Canadian lands write the Canadian Government agent, whose name appears elsewhere in this paper.—Advertisement.

Irish Wit Triumphant.
An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something that Kenny couldn't answer at once.

A bottle of champagne was ordered, and the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a bang and flew into Kenny's mouth. "Ah," he said, "that is not the way to cork!" "Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No; but it's the way to Kil-Kenny."

HOW TO TREAT DANDRUFF

Itching Scalp and Falling Hair With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair and freedom, in most cases, from dandruff, itching, itching, crustings and scalings. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

To Clean White Paint.
To clean white paint that has not been varnished put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have ready some clean, warm water and a piece of flannel. Dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. Wash off well with water and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color. It will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

A pear tree on the farm of J. R. Edwards of Shoemakersville, Pa., one hundred and sixty-three years old, is bearing fruit.

A tiny electric lamp is mounted on the handle of a safety razor of English invention.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" is the genuine, call for full name BAXANTY BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of W. W. Parke. Name a Cold in One Day.

Apple, Kansas, has a Female Laundry Workers' Union.



The sergeant in the trenches
Slid his rifle from its mound
And bared his aching forehead
Where a red-stained rag was wound.
"Tonight, somewhere beyond us,
There is holly on the door,
And children smile in sleep," he said,
"Unmindful of the war.
And somewhere there is laughter,
And hymns of praise are being sung,
Mistletoe and ropes of green
Are somewhere being hung;
Yet we who stand on guard tonight,
Expectant, sleeve to sleeve,
Our hearts by battle hardened,
Forget it's Christmas Eve!
Thru miles of hostile distance
Where the tender home thought climbs,
I hear the frost-claimed echo
Of silver Christmas chimes.
Pardon, comrades, for my fancy
Runs wild and free tonight;
'Twas but a bursting shell I heard
Off there upon our right."
Then he shouted from the ramparts
Where life and death held tryst,
At the lines of hidden legions
Thru the settling powder mist.
"Must our presents be but leaden
Like the rest that you have sent?
Then may Christmas faith among you
Spoil your aiming and prevent!
Unless you court a greater sin
Than you or I conceive,
Ground arms and fly the truce flag,
Make the password 'Christmas Eve!'
Let memory of days that were
The thirst of vengeance quench.
So the glory of the season
May invade each bristling trench;
Let every heart be softened,
Every war tense should receive
The silent, hallowed message
That is sent on Christmas Eve!"
Then, as the his cry was answered,
Clear a bugle order rang
From far off in the distance:
"CEASE FIRING!" it sang.
And the War God loosed its fingers
At the mandate of the horn,
The Star of Bethlehem gleamed down
And Christ our Lord was born.



My Christmas Wish

By GEORGE MATHEW ADAMS
This is my great, earnest Christmas wish—that the Christmas Spirit may enter me and that it may fill me, enthral me, and then that I may dip into its wealth of Love and give it away—to Everybody—everywhere. So that when War can never be again. And Peace shall eternally endure in the Hearts of men.

Not Wholly Slighted.
"Society is more or more inclined each year to employ professional entertainers," said the observant person.
"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The family never lets me in on their amateur theatricals. There's only one role they allow me to play each season."
"What is that?"
"Santa Claus."
A Popular Book.
Church—Have you given much attention to the books in evidence during this season?
Gotham—Oh, yes.
"And which do you consider the most popular this Christmas?"
"Oh, the pocketbook, by all means."
Cut 'Em Out.
Redd—My wife threatens to give me a silk muffler for Christmas.
Greene—Why don't you tell her that for an automobile owner mufflers should be cut out around here?

His Role.
"Are you going to play Santa Claus for the children this Christmas?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Crosslets. "I find that I am less essential to the festivities as time goes on. As children get older they grow more self-reliant. I broke in and insisted on playing Santa Claus this time. I feel lucky if I don't make me play the reindeer and hitch me up on the roof and forget about me."
The Brute.
"What's the matter with young Mrs. Gadder?"
"She's borken-hearted and says Mr. Gadder no longer loves her."
"Why does she think that?"
"She wrote a letter to Santa Claus, asking for a set of furs and gave it to him to mail."
"Well?"
"And he mailed it."
That's What They Will Do.
Mrs. Yeast—Going to do the stocking act this Christmas, dear?
Mr. Yeast—Oh, Christmas stockings be hanged!



Historic Crimes and Mysteries By Walt Mason

HOW BALFOUR MISSED THE MAIDEN.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR was born at the seat of his father, Lord Burreigh, near Kinross, in the year 1687, and in all Scotland there was no infant with fairer prospects. His father was a great man, there were great people among his uncles and cousins and aunts. Among his distinguished and powerful relatives were the duke of Argyle and the earl of Stair. So Alexander, as he grew up, a brave gallant, dreamed dreams of glory.
In the fulness of time he went to the University of St. Andrew, where he distinguished himself for intelligence and zeal. His teachers admired him so much they predicted great things for him, and said he would have been destined to greatness, even had he been born a plebeian. Then one day the university shut down for a brief season, and Aleck went home for a vacation. And, having reached his ancestral hall, the first thing he did was to fall in love with Anne Robertson, the governess of his little sisters. The chronicles say that Anne was passing fair, and as wise as a serpent. She tried to discourage Aleck's infatuation. She handled him the lions in every way she could, but the young man was determined to marry her.
Then his father, old Lord Burreigh, got wise to what was going on and put in his own. He discharged Miss Robertson and told his son to pack up his traps and take a tour abroad, staying away until summoned home. This was a standard antidote for love-sickness in those days. Foreign travel was a cure for many ills which now are reached by patent medicines. Alexander went away, imagining himself broken-hearted. But he wrote a



letter to Miss Robertson, telling her not to marry before his return. If she did so, he would make it his business to kill her husband. Then the young man sailed away to foreign parts, and the months rolled on, and eventually a Mr. Syme came wooing Miss Robertson, and found favor in her eyes.
She went with him to the altar, and the twain settled down to live happy ever after. Alexander's threat caused no uneasiness in Anne's gentle bosom. Doubtless the young man had forgotten her by this time. The threats of love-lorn springals are as idle as the winds. So the months kept rolling along, and it came to pass that one day Anne was seated by a window nursing her first-born, and a shadow fell upon her. Looking up, she found herself face to face with Alexander Balfour. There was murder in his eyes. She read his fell intention at a glance, and shrieked. Her husband, who was in a back room, rushed to her side to see what distressed her. Very calmly, Alexander Balfour aimed a pistol and fired, and Syme fell dead.
Then was Balfour taken to a jail, and shortly afterwards he was tried, and sentenced to death. All the power and pull of his influential relatives could not avail him in this evil case. There came an evening when he knew that the next sunrise would be the last he'd ever see. From the barred window of his dungeon he could see the instrument of death, the maiden, which had been erected that afternoon by whistling workmen. It stood upon a knoll, so that the plain people would be able to see every detail of his execution.
The maiden was the ancestor of the guillotine. The inventor of the latter, whose name has become immortal, was a mere plagiarist. Every salient feature of his machine was embodied in the maiden. This admirable contrivance was introduced in Scotland by the regent Morton, who encouraged labor-saving devices of every kind. Morton, who was the most unpopular man in his kingdom, had the satisfaction of being beheaded by the machine he so greatly admired.
The maiden consisted of two uprights with grooves down the inside. In these grooves there slid a heavy

ax, weighted with lead. There was a cross-bar four feet from the ground, and upon this the patient laid his head at the direction of the executioner. Then another crossbar descended upon his head and held it down. Everything being in readiness for the operation, the executioner requested the patient to look pleasant, please, pulled a cord, and the ax descended. There never was any botched work with this machine, as often happened when the headman swung an ax by hand. The maiden was largely used in the agricultural districts, where the stealing of live stock was a popular diversion. When the thieves were convicted and brought to execution, a touch of poetic justice made their end seem more pleasant. If the condemned had stolen a horse, the cord which released the ax was pulled by that animal; if a cow or a sheep, a cow or a sheep sent him into eternity.

It was upon this ghastly machine that Alexander Balfour was looking when the sun went down, and there was despair in his face when he turned away from the window—and confronted his sister Jennie. She had her finger on her lips, warning him to be silent. She whispered that she had come to save him. They were much of a size, and in a little while Alexander was wearing his sister's dress and bonnet, and she was blushing in his unaccustomed raiment. The Burreigh pull was of no avail in Alexander's emergency, but it seems probable that the Burreigh money was not so futile. For everything moved like greased clockwork. The sister remained in the dungeon, and the brother walked out of the prison, turnkeys and jailors paying no attention to him whatever. In a bosky dell not far away he found a feet horse, all saddled and bridled, with money and weapons convenient to his hand. So he sped away, and gained a foreign shore.
Even at this distance of time one must sympathize with the unfortunate executioner when he arrived on the knoll next morning and found there was nobody to execute. He had looked forward to this affair as the crowning achievement of his career. Perhaps he figured on taking the lecture platform or making a tour of the Channel Islands, and all his hopes were shattered at one blow. So he had to take his little old maiden away and maybe he used it for slicing turnips for the cows.
Lord Burreigh and the various dukes and lords and other great relatives of the escaped murderer never wailed of working for a pardon for Alexander, and when Queen Anne came to the throne she was induced to extend clemency to him, and he returned to his ancestral halls and lived there in opulence and honor for 50 years. His story is a familiar tale throughout Scotland, but nobody seems to know what became of poor widowed Anne Robertson Syme.

Advantage of Household Work.
For young girls who have finished grammar school, who have no money for further study and who are under the necessity of providing for their own support, there is much to be said in favor of some form of household work. Unfortunately, a great prejudice exists against it; but an ambitious girl has as good, if not better, opportunities for advancement than factory work provides. In the factory she will be obliged to work as hard as she can all the time in order to earn a living, and it is impossible to keep up this effort for more than a few years without a nervous breakdown. While in some factories she will have an opportunity to learn a trade and gain advancement, this is not always the case. The higher positions are comparatively few, and the conditions in the factories not always satisfactory.—Exchange.

Up Through Difficulty.
Tell me the name of one man who has really made good without hardships, struggles and suffering. Any time you make up your mind that there is no use in further trying, and that you will wait for some opportunity to come along, call out the reserves and have the whole force club you into action. If you have any idea that you can make a success sitting down, while men of mental energy and great physical strength are working for all they are worth, you have one more guess coming. If you are not ready and willing to fight, and fight hard, you are in the middle of the stream, near the falls. It's all easy with you now, and will be—until you strike the rocks—Silent Partner.

Oh! Shining Shoes.
"In a democracy it is fitting that a man should sit on a throne to have his shoes polished or, to use a brighter, gayer word, shined. We are all kings, and this happy concept of popular government is nicely symbolized by being, for these shining moments, so many kings together, each on his similar throne and with a slave at his feet. The democratic idea suffers a little from the difficulty of realizing that the slaves also are king, yet gains a little from the fair custom of the livelier monarchs to turn from left foot to right and from right to left, so that, within human limits, neither shoe shall be undemocratically shined first."—Ralph Berggren, in the Century.

Harbor of Rotterdam.
Rotterdam harbor in some ways is more picturesque than the harbor of New York. There are no fringing skyscrapers, but there is as much life and movement, more color and contrast, a finer sweep of line and grouping of detail. The many canals that surround it, the quaint craft that ply up and down, the flying bridges that close many of the distant vistas, all these combine with the rich color of sky and water to make a whole that smacks more of the seafaring of romance and less of the seafaring of commerce that is the keynote of our harbors today.
Brutal.
A Chicago man complains he cannot support his wife on \$20 a week when she buys perfume at \$5 a bottle and stockings at \$8 a pair. The brute.—Puffin Transcript.

HIGH COST OF LIVING
This is a serious matter with housekeepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman.—Adv.

Power of Observation.
Even in the pursuit of other studies the power of observation is of paramount importance. Watch a class of children in a school and see how some seem positively incapable of being or hearing; they will strain every nerve to copy the exercises on the blackboard, and yet there will be mistakes; they will listen to an explanation and yet when it comes to a repetition it seems as though the sound of the words had never gone further than the outer ear; in fact, they cannot study because they have never learned to take the first step in that direction through training of the senses. All knowledge, you know, comes through the senses, and the more widely open we throw these doors the more knowledge we may hope to have come streaming in to enlighten the mind.

Higher Education.
Mrs. Brown called at the home of Mrs. Jones to talk over the fashions and things, and somewhere about the sixty-fifth lap of the conversation the caller referred to the young daughter of the host. "By the way, dear," remarked Mrs. Brown inquisitively, "where is Minnie? I haven't seen her for an age?" "Minnie is at college," proudly responded the fond mother, and then added: "And I am so worried about her. I haven't had a letter for nearly two weeks." "There is where you make a mistake," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. "Instead of letting her go to college why don't you send her to one of those correspondence schools?"

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE
When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is useless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.
It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.
However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The Shoe Pinched.
A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet. "Now, every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in his last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.
"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "you are the only man not able to meet his obligations?"
"I run a newspaper," he answered meekly, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers, and—"
"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.

The Old Yellow Pumpkin.
How dear to my heart is the old yellow pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffing for pies; when peaches and apples have both been a failure, and berries no longer dazzle my eyes. Then fondly I turn to the fruit of the cornfield—the fruit country lads are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the nut-covered pumpkin, the pot-bellied pumpkin, that makes such good pies.

Women are employed as brakemen on passenger trains in England.

Hamilton, O., has celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday.

Boschee's German Syrup
For 81 years has been the quickest, safest, and best remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and sore throat. It acts like magic soothing and healing the lungs, the very first organs to get out of order when one catches cold, 25c and 75c. Sold at all Drug Stores and Dealers. Keep a bottle always handy.

Nature in Line.
"Daughter, do you think you really need all that red on your cheeks? Aren't nature's ways the best?"
"They suit me, dad. Ever see anything redder than the leaves on your tree?"
Then the Row Started.
"Casey is the pertickler frind, O'd have ye know."
"O'wan! If he was pertickler, he wouldn't be yer frind."

Spain has erected a new wireless station at Cape Juby, on the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Women Know
that they cannot afford to be ill. They must keep themselves in the best of health at all times. Most of all, the digestive system must be kept in good working order. Knowing the importance of this, many women have derived help from

Beecham's Pills
These safe, sure, vegetable pills quickly right the conditions that cause headache, languor, constipation and biliousness. They are free from habit-forming drugs. They do not irritate or weaken the bowels.
Women find that relieving the small ills promptly, prevents the development of big ones. They depend on Beecham's Pills to tone, strengthen and

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that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

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