

**America Compelled to Take Up the Arms Forced Into Her Hands**

By **CARDINAL FARLEY**



Our country is at war. The fateful hour has struck, fraught with momentous events. Solemn is the thought of it, and though reckless still the import of it, yet insensible are its demands. Long and anxiously had we hoped that our land would not be drawn into the seething vortex which has engulfed so many of the nations of the world. Long and anxiously had we hoped that the lurid flames of war would not cast their hateful shadows upon our shores. Our government withheld no effort to avert the peril, while our president employed the whole advantage of his great intellect and his high position for the prevalence of the ideals of a true, genuine Americanism.

But what was so ardently and so wholeheartedly desired was not to be. Our country had to take up the arms that were forced into her hands, had no choice but to grasp and wield the weapon wherewith to defend her honor, to vindicate the right and the justice of her cause, and to insure a triumph that will be the victory of civilization and humanity.

In the solemn hour, then, when her fortunes are at stake, when all that she has stood for, and stands for, is jeopardized by the hazard of impending warfare, will not her sons hearken to her call, will they not buckle on the armor of the conflict and, rushing to her rescue, lift her glorious banner of liberty and justice? Our president having spoken, and our national representatives having spoken, the response to the voice of the authority they embody will be that we will rally around our flag with the complete fullness of devotion, and with loyal hearts and sturdiest arms placed all that we have and all that we are, at our country's service.

We will not shrink, then, from any sacrifice in her behalf. We will do, in a word, what our fathers have done in this loved republic of ours from the time it was set up among the nations, and at every time that a hostile hand was lifted against her in the sweep of her beneficent, glorious career among the peoples of the world. Our path of duty lies clear before us. May the blessing of Almighty God enable us to walk in it steadfastly and unwaveringly to the end.

**Y. M. C. A. Goes With Soldier From His Home to the First Line Trench**

By **CHRISTOPHER MORLEY**

The Y. M. C. A. goes with your boy from the time he leaves home right through the whole gamut of warfare. In those dark, lonely minutes before he goes over the top, his last contact with this world, with this life he loves so well, is a cup of tea given him in the front line by the Y. M. C. A.

And as the wounded man hobble back to the dressing station—and men are walking back from No Man's Land with wounds that would kill most of us outright in less heroic times—the Y. M. C. A. is ready with tea, cakes of chocolate and other comforts. Every man, before his wounds are dressed, gets hot soup, biscuits—whatever the Y. M. C. A. has. One Y. M. C. A. tent behind the British lines has cared for 13,500 wounded men in one day; 40,000 in a month.

A colonel in the British medical corps, looking out into a courtyard where 2,000 wounded Tommyes were waiting stoically to have their wounds treated, cried "What under heaven would we do here without the Y. M. C. A.?" In the dressing station haggard doctors were treating wounds. And in a tent besides that courtyard the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were brewing tea, passing out chocolates, soups, etc., as fast as they could work.

Back to these same stations come the German prisoners, with their captors. Tommy, who half an hour earlier has been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with Fritz, now stands side by side with him, with nothing but compassion for his wounded enemy. He will give Fritz half his chocolate or light his prisoner's cigarette before his own.

The Y. M. C. A. is on the job. To carry on its war work to July 1, 1918, it has planned to spend (in round numbers) \$1,000,000 for the work with the army and navy in this country; \$12,000,000 for work with our army and navy overseas; \$7,000,000 for work with the Russian, French and Italian troops; \$1,000,000 for work in the prisoner-of-war camps. The budget provides for nearly \$4,000,000 in reserve to provide for inevitable expansion. A total of \$55,000,000.

**Women Have More Endurance Than Men and Should Make Good Soldiers**

By **DR. ELIZA M. MOSHER, Formerly Dean of Women at the University of Michigan**

I agree with Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard university that women are biologically more savage than men and have more endurance and should make as good soldiers as armed men. What Doctor Sargent says is perfectly true, and no one else in the country is more fit than he to pass on the question of woman's physical fitness. For 35 years he has watched them go through strenuous exercises in the college gymnasium, and has noted their growth.

And what is true of the college woman has always been true of all other women. Women taking care of large families—washing, cooking, sewing and tending continuously—have gained in endurance. The women who have had to go out into business, as stenographers and office girls, have not weakened in stufy offices. By an actual investigation I found they had reached a remarkable degree of endurance. They have acquired physical efficiency.

It is not yet known how the women of the Scottish women's hospitals, without the help of a single man, have carried men, driven auto, and performed every duty connected with a field hospital, thus proving to us one, for just see how easily and how quickly they can do it. And they have done it for two years.

When young women are not strong it is because they have a physical defect, or have not had proper training. And yet, in spite of that lack of training, they can undergo pain, hardship and the most exhausting labor.

It is the lazy woman who is not strong. Give her work, and plenty of it, and watch her improve, as Doctor Sargent has watched her. She will outwear a man every time.

One trouble with cheap substitutes is that they don't seem to remain cheap.

The total amount of money in circulation is nearly \$5,000,000,000, but a whole lot more of it ought to be in pennies.

And Manager Johnny McGraw wasn't ever thinking of Russian revolutionary dictators when he said "they never come back."

Eat bran when rheumatic, advise a health expert. At last a use for rheumatism! Save white flour and win the war!



**A SURPRISE PRESENT.**

"It was Christmas morning, bright and early," said Daddy, "and three children, a man and a woman, Frank, Ralph and Catherine went hopping and jumping down the stairs to the library; they followed by their mother and father.

"As they entered the room there stood a beautiful tree all trimmed. Their daddy looked and saw many candles on the tree, which he lighted, and what a glorious light they made."

"First the children went to their stockings. They all sat on the floor, and in every stocking were the things they had told Santa Claus they wanted.

"In the toe of every stocking was an orange and in the heel a red apple. There were nuts in the stocking and a package of dates and one of figs. Then Frank had a pencil box, a splendid knife with three blades, a bright new ten-cent piece, and several other things, and ends which he liked tremendously.

"Ralph had the paint box he had wanted to match with every imaginable color in it, and he had a pair of mittens lined with fur which he longed for to keep his hands warm when he was working.

Catherine had a lovely doll and a little package with an extra dress, hat and coat for the doll and a package with a little slip of paper which read: 'My name is Evelyn and I love you. Will you love me very much. If I lie down I close my eyes and go to sleep, but the minute you take me up again I awaken.'

"Of course Catherine had to try it. It went right away, and sure enough Evelyn went to sleep the minute Catherine laid her lie down, and the second she was picked up again she awakened.

"There were other toys and gifts they received, and they were about to look at the tree and see what special gifts were there when they heard a funny little whimper that had been?"

"What that whimper had been?" asked their mother.

"It must have been the cat," said their daddy. "I will get the scissors to cut the presents from the tree."

"But again the whimper was repeated. "It sounds like a little animal of some sort," said Catherine.

"That's right," said Frank. "It does." "I think it's a dog," said Ralph, and they all went in the direction of the sound.

There was a box which was quite deep at the other side of the tree, and the children peeped in it.

"Oh, look," said Catherine.

"You were right," said Frank to Ralph. "It's a little dog—a very dear little white dog. He must have been asleep for he seems very drowsy and spry now. Oh, look!"

"Each child in turn was saying, 'Oh, look, again and again.' Soon the daddy of the children had discovered something.

"See what is on his collar," he said.

"And Ralph read, 'I am not very much of a dog, but I think you will love me. I was found by Santa Claus when he was here his night last night. I had no home and I was so very cold. Santa Claus gave me such a nice drink of milk and he made me such a warm home. He said you loved animals, and that you wanted a dog most especially. So I am to belong to every one of you, and Santa Claus says I will be very happy. My name is Gyp. I cannot write and I cannot talk, because I am a real dog, so Santa Claus is writing this note for me. Merry Christmas!'"

"Oh!" exclaimed the children. "A pet dog—a really real dog. Oh, how wonderful!"

"And to turn they hugged Gyp and kissed his little brown ears until he was quite the happiest dog in the world. He thought that Santa Claus and Christmas were quite the most marvelous of wonders.

"To thing that Santa Claus wrote us that note," said Ralph.

"To think that he rescued a little dog on Christmas eve when he is so busy," said Frank.

"And to think of his remembering that we have wanted one for so long, but that he knew we were asking for a great deal and did not want to be greedy," said Catherine.

"I know Santa Claus wished Gyp a merry Christmas as well as wishing us one, for just see how quickly and how easily he is," said Ralph. And indeed Gyp was, for Santa Claus had wished him a merry Christmas by rescuing him and giving him to the three children this Christmas day."

Joy in Our Lives. We should have more joy in our lives if we had more gratitude in our hearts.

His Idea of Neighbor. Teacher—Charles, you may spell the word "neighbor." Charles—No, e-i-b-b-o-r.

Do Your Own Steering. Don't drift; don't let the other fellow do your steering. God gave you a mind, and he expects you to use it to decide what you will and will not do.

**We Get You, Madam.** "He used such grand words and elegant illustrations," said Mr. Hinderley of a lecturer she had heard: "the stately, electrified his audience."—Boston Transcript.

**This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use**  
It's different from other stove polishes because more care is taken in its making and the materials used are of higher grade.  
**Black Silk Stove Polish**  
Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub through. It is made of the finest materials and is used by the best housewives and hotel-keepers.  
It is the best stove polish you ever used, and it is the only one of its kind in the liquid or paste form.

**Black Silk Stove Polish Works**  
The Black Silk Stove Polish, when used on black and blue iron, metal, brass, tin, and copper, will give a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub through. It is the best stove polish you ever used, and it is the only one of its kind in the liquid or paste form.  
**A Shine in Every Drop!**

**ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING CLAIMS.**  
State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ELIZABETH KEMP, Deceased.

**ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—General.**  
State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ELIZA HAGERMAN, Deceased.

**ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Estate of Mortgage of Real Estate.**  
State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of JOHN K. ADAMS, Deceased.

**MORTGAGE SALE.**  
Default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Elmer K. Marcher and his wife, Lena Marcher, of the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, to the Bank of Pontiac, in the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, to wit: On the 27th day of February, A. D. 1917, and recorded in Book 1917, of said County of Oakland, State of Michigan, at 2:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the 27th mortgage, on page 212-213, on which mortgage there is mortgaged to be paid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of two hundred thirty-four and fifty-two one-hundredths dollars, (\$234.52), and is presently agreed to the terms of said mortgage that should any principal or interest be not paid at the end of thirty (30) days from the date of this notice, the mortgagee, at his option, declares all of said principal and interest due, and more than thirty days having elapsed, and said interest not having been paid, and said mortgage hereby declares all principal and interest to be due, and all suit or proceedings at law having been instituted against the mortgagor, and by said mortgagee, an part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in this case made and provided, on and after the 15th day of February, 1918, in order to the foreclose of said day, the undersigned will, at the publicly front entrance to the Court House, in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, that being the place where the circuit court for the County of Oakland is held, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit: Lot No. 213, First Eminent lot, in the City of Pontiac, Michigan. Dated November 12th, 1917.

**ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Appoint ment of Administrator.**  
State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of DANIEL BOYAN, Deceased.

**ORDER FOR PUBLICATION—Appoint ment of Administrator.**  
State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of DANIEL BOYAN, Deceased.

**To Our Customers and the Public:**  
On and after January 1, 1918, we ask you to save the ticket you get with each purchase. When you have saved \$5.00 worth of these tickets, return to us and receive 25c in trade; \$10.00 worth, 50 cents in trade.

Buy where price and quality counts—not quantity.

Yours for business,  
**Our Cash Market**  
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We also maintain a delivery. All orders sent C. O. D.

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Flawless Diamonds in all sizes from 1/4 to 3 karats set in attractive mountings of platinum, platinum and gold, and all gold with platinum lined setting.

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110 SOUTH WOODWARD AVENUE AT GRAND HOTEL  
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**Christmas Exhibition and Sale of Pianos and Player-Pianos ENDS SOON**

You deal with other large mercantile houses by mail, or travel many miles to look over their stock. As a distinct departure this \$4,000,000 Music House brings its store to you. In your own home town you thus receive the same advantages, such as wide assortment, remarkable bargains, careful attention, small-payment terms, etc., as if you purchased at our Detroit Headquarters.

This Special Exhibition and Sale is intended to introduce to the good people of Birmingham and vicinity the various beautiful instruments for which we are exclusive Michigan representatives, and also to demonstrate conclusively the advantages of patronizing the House of Grinnell, specialists in musical instruments and merchandise.

The special Player-Piano we offer is handsome. Its tone is sweet and pure and its music-control features are highly responsive. See the other Players on our floor. BENCH, DRAPE and MUSIC, FREE.

**Special Easy Payments**  
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**OPEN EVENINGS**