

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

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PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1916



People with sensitive ears who cannot bear talking machine "music" are the most enthusiastic over

The New Edison

because it really recreates music so that its recreation cannot be told from the original. Not only does it transfer the music to your home, but you feel the personality of the artists as well. It's the instrument with a soul. When you can have the New Edison why be satisfied with a talking machine? Remember, the New Edison is not a talking machine, but a very recent invention of Thomas A. Edison. Call and hear it free from all constraint at our cozy Phonograph Room.

Victrolas and Edisons Our Specialty.

BEYER PHARMACY

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Newhouse & Hillman
The Heating Men.
Phone 287.

Trunks, Suit Cases and Traveling Bags...

Just received a new stock, a nice assortment of travelers equipment. Nothing nicer for a Birthday or Christmas present than a good Leather Traveling bag, and nothing that is appreciated more.

You can select them now while the assortment is good, and have them put aside until wanted. Prices are much lower than the same quality can be bought in Detroit. Buy at home and save money Satisfaction guaranteed.

Genuine Leather Traveling Bags, \$5.00 and up
Trunks, \$4.50 to \$10.50
Suit Cases at all prices

GEORGE W. RICHWINE
THE LEATHER GOODS STORE.
Phone 114-F2 Plymouth, Michigan

Columbus Wagons....

We have just received a stock of these celebrated Wagons, and if you are going to be in the market for a wagon, we want you to be sure and see them before buying.

They are built of A No. 1 thoroughly seasoned stock.
They are Guaranteed. They are Durable.
They will give long Service

HENRY J. FISHER

North Village.

Subscribe for the Mail Today

The Man Who Does Not Care

We sympathize with the man who has tried, though he has failed, to help himself or another. We have no sympathy for the man who has made no effort to better his own condition or that of another.

God pities the man who tries and fails. God wishes to help that kind of a man. God finds the greatest handicap in the man who does not care about himself or any other person.

There are many such in the world today

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

Hear about these men next Sunday night

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Services for Sunday, November 26th:

10 a. m.—"The Cause of Failure."

11:20 a. m.—Sunday-school.

7:00 p. m.—"The Man Who Does Not Care."

Lay Corner Stone for New M. E. Church

Bishop Henderson Assisted By Others Conducted Impressive Service in Presence of a Large Gathering Monday.

Two magnificent congregations which completely filled the auditorium of the Presbyterian church greeted Bishop Theodore S. Henderson Monday and incidentally showed that the people of Plymouth were not unmindful of the unusual significance of the visit of so distinguished a personage. Bishop Henderson was appointed this fall to the newly created Detroit area of the Methodist Episcopal church, comprising the entire state of Michigan and foreign speaking conferences stretching all the way from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains. He has 150,000 members under his jurisdiction.

The impression made by the bishop in his first visit to Plymouth bore out his

church," declared Bishop Henderson. Every point in his strong address was illustrated from actual experience. The most striking was that of a scholarly pastor who, on beginning a pastorate in a mill town in the East, saw the need of new material in his church and set about to present the claims of the christian life to twelve leading men of the town, whose wives were members of his church. Out of the twelve he got every one and to each of those twelve men he assigned five other men who were not christians and out of the sixty, fifty-nine were brought into the church.

In the afternoon a large number of the high school students heard Bishop Henderson as he told in a very graphic

view and be considered interesting relics: One copy each of the current issue of The Plymouth Mail, Michigan Christian Advocate, Christian Advocate of New York, copy Methodist Discipline, minutes of 1916 Detroit annual conference, history of Methodism in Plymouth by T. C. Sherwood, list of contributors to new church, members and officers of Methodist church, a photograph of Bishop Henderson who laid the corner stone.

Among those from out of town who were present Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Voorhis, Mr. and Mrs. E. King, Mr. Hauser and Rev. Dunning Idle of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Rev. Joseph Dutton of Howell, and others from Northville, Wayne, Dearborn, Farmington and other neighboring towns.

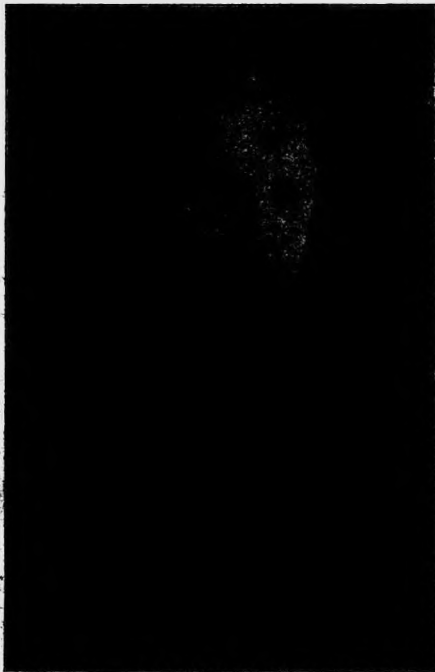
Bishop Henderson was entertained at the parsonage where he administered the sacrament of baptism to the infant daughters of Rev. and Mrs. Field and Mr. and Mrs. Evered Jolliffe.

Plans for County Farm Federation Formulated

The preliminary steps towards the formation of the Wayne County Farmers' Federation were launched at a meeting held in Detroit last week Wednesday. This was the first meeting of a committee appointed by the Wayne County Grange several weeks ago to prepare the preliminary organization through which the county farm agent will work when he comes on the job early next January. The general plan of the new Federation will be along the lines recommended by the officials of the Michigan Agricultural College, under whose auspices the work is being carried on in all parts of the state. Community working farmers' clubs will be formed in various parts of Wayne county where there is no organization at the present time.

The members of this permanent organization committee are G. C. Raviller, chairman; A. Warner, James Gates, Plymouth; E. Wagner, N. Allison, Henry Soup, Belleville; J. W. Brighton, C. E. Downing, Wayne; Jud Smith, A. Wilds, Canton; George Van Riper, Henry Briscoe, Flat Rock. At the meeting Wednesday Charles Evans of Belleville, was elected secretary of the committee and the following names were added: John C. Near of Flat Rock; J. C. Pullan of Belleville, and Samuel Spencer of Nankin.

The first organization meeting will be held at Belleville, Saturday evening, Nov. 25, at the Grange hall, to which all farmers in this part of Wayne county are invited to attend. Speakers will be present to explain just what the Wayne county Farmers' Federation aims to accomplish. It is the purpose of Chairman Raviller to get the organization work under way as far as possible before the county agent appears.



BISHOP THEODORE S. HENDERSON, D. D., L. L. D.

reputation as being a leader of rare insight and a comprehensive program. He told of this gigantic program last Monday evening to a crowd which filled every corner of the Presbyterian auditorium, a program involving an increase of 50,000 members of the Methodist church in the Detroit area by 1920, the enlistment of 50,000 members in definite soul winning and the securing of five hundred young men and women as volunteers to definite christian work as the ministry and missionary service.

This great ecclesiastical leader presented his message without any frills of oratory and manifestly was not working for oratorical effect, but his directness of utterance and earnestness of manner won the interest of every hearer. His magnetic personality was as powerful as the words which he spoke.

"Evangelism" was the theme Monday evening, not the professional type, but pastoral and personal, all the year round evangelism on the part of the whole church.

There is no more reason why that pastor should be expected to win souls for Christ than the laymen of his

way of his plan of linking up every church in the Detroit area, with a definite piece of christian work in the home and foreign field.

Other speakers of the afternoon were George W. Richwine on "The Church and Civic Betterment," Rev. F. L. Walker of Northville who spoke on "The Community and the Church," and Rev. Dr. Dawe of Dearborn on "The Church and the Child." Rev. Joseph Dutton of Howell, until recently pastor of the local church, led the opening exercises in the evening. Mrs. E. E. Cooper rendered a beautiful solo which added greatly to the program.

The laying of the corner stone at 3:30 o'clock was witnessed by a large company which thronged about the site of the new Methodist church. Bishop Henderson conducted the service, using the impressive ritual of the discipline and assisted by the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, district superintendent and the pastor, Rev. Frank M. Field.

A metal box, 6x12 inches was deposited in a cavity in the corner stone and in it were the following documents, which may years later be discovered to

Christmas

We now have a large stock of

Dolls, Toys, Ivory

Victrolas and Records

It is especially important that you make your selections early on account of the general shortage of goods. WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

THE PEOPLES DRUG STORE Always Open.

A Delicious Lunch

can be quickly prepared, and without the usual trouble, on an

Electric Chafing Dish

This handsome and convenient table utensil is a source of both comfort and pride to the housewife. Just the thing for a busy lunch or Sunday supper. Cooks practically any dish you have a desire for—makes toothsome fudge. No trouble, no alcohol, no mess. Just attach to a lamp socket. Come in and inspect them.

The Detroit Edison Co.
MAIN STREET, PLYMOUTH

PERSONAL ADVICE

The officers of this Bank recognize the need for closer personal relations between the banker and his customers.

We want you to feel at free to discuss your financial affairs with us as you would to discuss your legal troubles with your lawyer.

You will receive financial advice and reasonable accommodations by carrying your funds in this bank.

Plymouth United Savings Bank
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

CIGARETTES

Stachleberg's and Insurgents

THIS MONTH ONLY

7 for 25 Cents

HYGIAL QUALITY

Phone 103, O. R. B.

SCHOOLHOUSES BUILT LAST YEAR

Bring Total Valuation of Public Educational Property in State to \$53,347,934.

NEW STRUCTURES MODERN

Buildings of Old Type in Rural Districts Are Rapidly Being Replaced, Declares State Superintendent.

Lansing.—The passing of the "little red schoolhouse" with its discomforts and inconveniences and general unwholesomeness is commented upon by Fred L. Keeler, state superintendent of public instruction, in his annual report.

"Six cities in Michigan," Mr. Keeler said in his report, "have open-air schools with an enrollment of 342 pupils and 13 teachers. The first open-air school was established in Michigan in 1912. Thirty-two cities report medical inspection and 21 the employment of school nurses. In 20 cities classes are provided for children who are not normal. Civic education for immigrants is reported by 41 cities. Fifty-two centers report community center work."

"One hundred and thirty-four schoolhouses were built at a cost of \$3,500,000 during the year ending June 30, 1916. The total valuation of school property is \$53,347,934, an increase of \$5,000,000 over the preceding year. The number of schools erected was a gain of 22. There are 7,337 districts in the state. The total number of children between the ages of five and twenty is 845,764, and increase of 19,354. There are 329 12-grade high schools reporting with an enrollment of 86,377. The teaching force of the public schools numbers 50,161. A total of \$11,932,892 was paid in teachers' salaries. The average wage per month for men is \$95.55; for women, \$59.96. The latter is an increase of 8 per cent over the preceding year."

Jackson Prison Self-Sustaining. Jackson Prison is now doing a business of \$1,500,000 yearly, according to the biennial report of Warden N. F. Simpson, who will soon retire as head of the institution.

During two years the institution has increased its assets \$296,208. The prison farms show an increased valuation of \$37,068 for the period ending June 30, 1916.

In his recommendations for improvements Mr. Simpson urges the remodeling of the east-end cell block, the construction of another warehouse and providing for railroad sidetrack facilities and drainage of the Lowden farm. The warden also recommends that the convicts construct houses to be sold to private individuals.

The warden would increase the capacity of the twin plant from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 pounds a year. A total of 2,137 acres of land is now under cultivation. Five hundred and seventy-one new inmates were received in the two years, 622 were paroled and 161 violated their paroles.

No money has been drawn from the state treasury for current expenses by the prison during the period.

Accuses Bean Buyers. J. N. McBride, state director of markets, sent dispatches to his representatives in the various parts of the state to prepare to fight buyers, who, it is said, are attempting to lower the price of beans by issuing false reports as to the bean crop.

According to the circulars, which have been widely distributed by certain jobbers and canning companies, the Michigan crop this year is 7,500,000 bushels, or more than the total yields for 1915 and 1916 combined, as given in the government figures.

The state crop report gives the bean yield this year at 2,930,333. The federal estimate puts the yield at 3,750,000 bushels.

The market director says that copies of the circulars will be laid before the federal authorities that they may determine if there has been any misuse of the mails.

Hunting Fatalities Many. From present indications the hunting season of 1916 in Michigan will break all records for fatalities.

Since the opening of the hunting season, September 1, when duck came in there have been no less than 12 deaths traceable directly to hunting accidents and one death of heart disease while hunting, a report of which was made to the state game commissioner's office, and which, on his records at least, is classed as a hunting accident.

New Corporations. Civic company, Flint; \$200,000. Reschauer Chandler company, Detroit; \$300,000. University Bolder company, Detroit; \$200,000. Fred Schindler, Fred L. Newberry & Lawrence Fulman.

The State Warehouse company, 21. The State Warehouse company, 21. The State Warehouse company, 21.

Predicts Prices Will Soar.

"Meat will be selling at the highest price in history before the winter is over," said J. M. McFadden, state market director. "Small pigs are already being put on the market in large numbers and this means that the supply of grown stock will be greatly reduced. Farmers are anxious to get rid of their stock, young and old, because of the shortage and high prices of foodstuffs."

"The shortage of meat is a great problem, but there is far greater shortage in other food products. Cheap vegetables are extremely scarce. The potato crop is so limited that we now find five buyers in Michigan to one in former years. This means a serious shortage before the winter is over."

"Our great problem now is to make the farmer realize that it is absolutely essential to keep a good supply of seed for planting next spring, otherwise we are bound to have a still greater shortage next year. Every farmer should set aside at least five bushels of seed potatoes."

"I recommend that people start right now to boll-potatoes with the skins, as is being done in Germany and other countries where there is a shortage of food products. We must conserve our supply if we are to avert a food famine in 1917."

Object to Hospital Charges.

Resentment among state officials against the University Hospital at Ann Arbor crystallized when Superintendent of Instruction Fred L. Keeler was authorized by the state board of auditors to take up with the board of regents of the University of Michigan some of the bills that the hospital has been charging other state institutions.

The specific instance which caused the matter to come to a head was the bill rendered to the state public school at Coldwater by the hospital for the treatment of a four-year-old boy named Lester Ford. This bill totalled more than \$300, and Superintendent J. B. Montgomery of the Coldwater institution, insisted that it should be cut in two. This Superintendent Greves of the hospital refused to do so and Mr. Montgomery, in referring the bill to the board of state auditors, sent the correspondence along.

Several months ago Auditor General Fuller, who has to approve all bills rendered by the hospital for children sent from various counties under the law for indigents, complained that the hospital was charging top notch prices and that the state was really paying retail prices for treatment there, whereas by the nature of the cases, it should be given actual cost rates. Objections of Mr. Fuller were met by officials of the institution with a straight denial. They insisted the state was not being charged too much, not even as much as the private patients were charged.

Fuller Pleads For Economy. "Please tell the legislature to pare all special appropriations to the bone. Keep them down to the minimum, the absolute necessities."

Such will be the message of Auditor General O. B. Fuller to Governor Ferris and Governor-elect Sleeper, the former for use in his exhortation and the latter in his inaugural address to the incoming legislature.

Mr. Fuller has shouted for economy in the state affairs in the past, but this time he expects to make an exceptionally strong request to the legislature through the executive office, not to run wild when it comes to special appropriations. The regular appropriations for the current expenses of the state government and the current expenses and maintenance of the various state institutions, will go up by leaps and bounds. In order to keep everything in the limit, Mr. Fuller wants the special to be dropped as far as possible.

While it is true that the state today has in its general fund about \$2,000,000 more than it had at the same time previous to the opening of the 1915 legislature, all indications are that the expenses of the state government are going to be much higher.

"I have not received the estimates from all of the hospitals as yet," said Mr. Fuller, "but one estimate I got staggered me somewhat. A certain state hospital gave the money needed for potatoes alone for the next year \$10,000 more than what it has been although the population of the institution has not increased to any alarming extent."

"I will ask both Governor Ferris and Governor-elect Sleeper to call the attention of the legislature to the fact that special appropriations at this time, unless they are absolutely necessary, will simply be adding more to the load the state may have to carry."

The legislature of 1915, for all purposes, practically appropriated \$14,000,000, exclusive of deficiencies it had to make up. The \$14,000,000 figure was the general running of everything connected with the state for the last two years, including the special appropriations for some of the institutions.

SHORT STATE NEWS.

Escanaba.—It cost P. L. Utley of this city, who was Democratic candidate for state treasurer in the recent election, just \$3 to conduct his campaign. Mr. Utley was one of a party which went to Rapid River, near here, for a Democratic meeting. When they were informed that the hall would cost \$3, he paid the bill and charged it up to his campaign expenses. He says this was all he spent in his campaign and that he received no contributions.

Cheboygan.—The fishing industry has closed for the season. The fish products, which are shipped principally to New York, amounted to over \$150,000.

Bay City.—Mrs. John Bogard, fifty, took a life with suicidal intent and died a few hours later. Despondency is given as the cause. She leaves a husband and several children.

Huron.—A movement to annex all Huron township, lying between the U. S. and Grand Trunk tracks, is now being backed by residents in Huron who have formed the Huron township association.

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

Vom Schauplatz des europäischen Völkerrkrieges

Herborragende deutsche Erfolge auf der russischen Front bringen einen weiteren und überzeugenden Beweis für die Richtigkeit der Annahme, daß die russische Widerstandskraft in den letzten Monaten ganz bedeutend gelitten hat. Die Angriffe der Deutschen spielten sich auf verschiedenen Teilen der östlichen Front ab, und am erfolgreichsten waren sie nördlich von Baranowitsch, einem der wichtigsten Eisenbahnknotenpunkte auf der ganzen östlichen Front. Seitdem stichbarer Kreuzpunkt von zwei wichtigsten Hauptstraßen, die Wilna mit Kowno und Brest-Litovsk mit Warschau verbinden, in deutschen Händen befindet, haben die Russen des östern vergrößerte Anstrengungen gemacht, sich wieder in den Besitz dieses Ortes zu setzen. Zahlreiche und Abertausende von Menschen haben sie an diesen Verjungen, die samt und fonsers in fortwährender Beschäftigung erbeten, geopfert. Der letzte große Versuch wurde vor zwei Monaten gemacht. Mit zwei Armeekorps liefen sie damals an, aber eine schwere dreitägige Schlacht entschied gegen die Russen, die wie Berlin damals mehr als 40,000 Tote eingestrichelt hatten.

Kleinere Verjungen sind seitdem gemacht worden und waren gleichfalls vergebens. Jetzt drehen die Deutschen den Spieß um und greifen selbst an. Der Angriff war erfolgreich, indem die russischen Stellungen, die Baranowitsch vom Nordosten bedrohten, weggejagt wurden. Die Stellung der Deutschen bei Baranowitsch ist fester denn je, da die Russen über den Skrobova - Fluß, einen kleinen Nebenfluß des Schara, getrieben wurden. Sie waren anscheinend nicht mehr in der Lage, die Küden, die die letzten Beschläge dort griffen, wieder auszuführen.

Nebstlich erging es ihnen am Stodoch und am Marjoromka, wo von den unter den furchtbarsten Opfern erungen Stellungen der Russen ein Stück verloren ging, bis schließlich selbst die Hauptstellungen erjchüttert wurden.

Bei der Betrachtung der Gesamtlage auf der russischen Front darf man nie außer Acht lassen, daß der Zweck der russischen Offensiv im Juni der war, die deutschen Verbindungen aus Rußland zu verjagen und daß auf russischem Boden gefämpft wird. Der Vorteil oder das Hauptziel würde also in den Händen der Gegner bleiben, selbst wenn die Deutschen sich lediglich auf die Defensiv beschränken. Anstatt dessen denken die Deutschen aber, wie der Fall von Baranowitsch beweist, ihre Stellungen auf russischem Boden noch weiter aus, vermehren also die Kampfplätze, die sie schon gegen Rußland in der Hand haben. Selbst der härteste russische Partegänger muß sich unter solchen Umständen fragen, ob auch die allerletzte Aussicht auf Erfolg für Rußland endgültig und für immer begraben sein muß.

Wegnet man zu diesem ekläranten Beweis der Niederlage noch die russischen Beschläge in der Automina und neuerdings in Rumänien, so gestalten sich die Aussichten Rußlands noch schlechter. Es kampt einen gänzlich aussichtslosen Kampf, den es nur aus fälliger Scham und aus Eigennutz weiter führt.

An dieser Stelle ist es angebracht, nochmals auf die Meldungen einzugehen, die von russischen Separatfriedenswünschen berichten. Es heißt, daß russische und deutsche Diplomaten in Stodochla zusammengetroffen sind und daß die Zwischenverhandlungen des königlichen Polen durch Rußland ein Entgegenkommen für die Russen war, denen eine polnische Grenze lieber wäre als eine deutsche.

Aber erst wenn Rumänien am Boden liegt, wird Rußland seine letzte Hoffnung begraben, und dann wird auch der deutsch-russische Separatfriede kommen.

Dunkles Auen.

Berlin, drahtlos nach Sanville. Die meisten deutschen Zeitungen melden die Rede des Premieres Asquith beim Lord Mayors Bankett ohne längere Berjprechung und bemerken nur kurz, daß die Rede zum Behen der Neutralen gehalten wurde, welche infolge der britischen Kriegsmethoden anlangen, die Geduld zu verlieren. Die "Wollische Zeitung" bemerkt, daß es um die britische Sache schlecht stehen muß, wenn der Premier logar dem brutal gemishandelten Griecheland Kompimente macht. Die "Königliche Zeitung" bringt ein Interziew mit einem französischen Staatsmann, der zwar einen Conzerridien zwischen Rußland und den Mittelmächten für unmöglich erklärt, aber hinzuffügt, daß es gelassen könne, daß nicht alle Mitglieder der Entente an demselben Tage Treiben jchließen.

Zu den Waffen.

Berlin, drahtlos nach Sanville. Eine österreichisch-deutsche Proklamtion, unterzeichnet von General-Gouverneur von Belser und General Kuf, ruft politische Freiwillige zu den Waffen, um gegen Rußland zu kämpfen.

Die Proklamtion wiederholt die Verjprechungen der Gründung eines unabhängigen Königreichs Polen, dessen Verwaltung wegen der Gefahr der Kriegszeit vorläufig noch in den Händen der Eroberer bleiben muß. "Der Kampf mit Rußland", jagt die Proklamtion, "ist noch nicht zu Ende. Ihr müßt mit zu tun. Zretet deshalb als Freiwillige an unsere Seite, um unsere Siege über Rußland zu vollenden. Ihr sollt unter Euren eigenen Fahnen kämpfen und die Grundlage jchaffen für eine polnische Armee, indem ihr die ruhmreichen Ueberlieferungen Eurer Kriegsgeschichte durch Eure Treue und Tapferkeit erneut."

Vertreter der Liga des polnischen Staates sandten durch Vermittlung des General-Gouverneurs an Kaiser Wilhelm eine Landbereife für die Proklamtion des Königreichs Polen.

"Wir glauben und hoffen," lautet die Bepelche, "daß die Verjprechungen erfüllt werden, und wir sind entschlossen, Gut und Blut an der Seite unserer Vertreter zu opfern, um das Königreich Polen zu einem unabhängigen und mächtigen Staat zu entwickeln."

Sechs Staaten trocken gelegt.

Chicago. Als besonderes Merkmal der politischen Situation des Landes nach der Wahl ist das Jatum hervorzuheben, daß mehr als die Hälfte der Staaten des Landes jetzt trocken sind, oder trocken werden, sobald die Prohibitionsgefelle und die geachteten Quanten in Aktion treten. In Territorierl Hinsicht haben 75 Prozent der Ver. Staaten den Verkauf von Spirituosen verboten.

Dienstag, der 7. November, sah einen großen Sieg der Prohibitionisten. Sechs Staaten — Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Utah und Florida — stimmten für Prohibition. Letztere drei stimmten zwar nicht direkt über Prohibition ab, aber der Kampf fand zwischen Kandidaten der Trockenheit und Jassif statt und die Trockenheit siegen mit großer Majorität.

25 Staaten sind jetzt trocken, nämlich: Maine, Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, West Virginia, Colorado, Virginia, Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Idaho, South Carolina, Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, Florida, Montana. Zu diesen kommt noch das Territorium von Alaska, welches dafür stimmte, die Saloons abzuschaffen.

Eine wichtige Farmerkonferenz.

Zur Erhöhung der Jarmprodukte tragen nicht in geringem Maße die großen Kosten für den Produzenten auf bei. Diejem Hebel zu steuern wird dieser Tage in Chicago eine Farmerkonferenz gehalten werden, um eine das ganze Land umfassende Kampagne zur Verminderung der Kosten für den Produzenten bekannt einzuleiten. Es ist berechnet worden, daß jährlich hunderte von Millionen den Jarmern und Konsumern verloren gehen, weil die primitiven Methoden zur Veredlung der Produkte zum Markte bejaltet werden. Das Problem schließt fevative Aktion ein und ist von allgemeinem Interesse. In einigen Gegenden des Nordwestens gibt es Jarmvereinigungen, die den Verkauf lebenden Viehs erleichtern. Der Farmer, der nur einige wenige Schafweide oder Schafe oder Kinder zu verkaufen hat, kann nicht den Preis erwarten, der durch Sendung einer oder mehrerer Wagonladungen erzielt werden könnte. Die Jarmvereinigungen haben einen Betriebsleiter, der in Jäßlung mit den Jarmern eines Bezirks bleibt und die Zeit einer gemeinsamen Sendung vereinbart.

Ein greijer Feld.

Berlin, drahtlos. (Uebersee-Nachrichten - Agentur.) Das im deutschen Heer die persönliche Tapferkeit kein Vorrecht der Jugend ist, ist wohl eine bekannte Tatsache, aber daß ein 78jähriger Veteran, der als Freiwilliger an die Front gegangen ist, sich noch in diesem großen Kriege einzubeteiligen.

Sauptmann Jahn, welcher in diesem Alter steht und bereits die Kriege von 1866 und 1870-71 mitgemacht hatte, kämpft als Freiwilliger mit den Jungen tapfer Seite an Seite und ist mit dem Eiferen Kampf er. Der Stelle ausgeschieden worden.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Grand Rapids.—After a quarrel with his sweetheart, Isaac Dehollander, nineteen years old, went to his home wrote a farewell note, drank acid and died.

Grand Rapids.—Miss Laura Bonyng Wishart, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Wishart, of Fountain Street Baptist church, was married to Lieut. Gilbert Smith Brownell, Seventeenth United States Infantry.

Port Huron.—Pe-To-Greeco, an Oklahoma Indian of Walpole Island, who said he was one hundred and fifteen years old, is dead. He clung to the Indian customs until his death, and requested that he be buried, according to the rites of his tribe, on the banks of the Stycary river.

Port Huron.—Following a complimentary dinner tendered to A. L. Marvin and Herbert L. Cope, leaders of the dry campaign in St. Clair county by the Port Huron Ministerial association, a resolution was adopted that the ministers would oppose any move to advance by statute the date on which Michigan is to go dry which, under the amendment, is May 1, 1918.

Marshall.—Fear that infantile paralysis might become epidemic among local school children was expressed after health authorities determined Miss Laura Greenfield, a teacher, is a victim. Frances Leach, also a teacher, was quarantined when she showed symptoms. Daily examinations of all the children taught by the two strictest teachers will be made. This is the first case of infantile paralysis that has been reported here.

Alpena.—Following the finding of a man's foot and portions of his clothing near Silver City, four miles from Alpena, by a section crew of the D. & M. railway, search revealed scattered along the railroad track for a mile and a half other portions of a human body. The only clue was given by a woman who said description of the clothing tallies with that of clothing worn by Lorenzo Deloney, who had left Alpena the day before for the farm of Charles Boiore, six miles from the city.

Battle Creek.—Lawton T. Hemans, state railroad commissioner and twice Democratic candidate for governor, died in the Battle Creek sanitarium here. Mr. Hemans has been in ill-health for nearly two years. He was said to have been suffering from cancer, but prominent physicians consulted by Mr. Hemans in a desperate effort to restore his health, disputed this. The strain of the work of the railroad commission during the last few months has gradually sapped his strength.

Tawas City.—John A. Stewart of East Tawas, defeated candidate for prosecuting attorney, has petitioned for a recount in the townships of Burleigh, Grant and Plainfield. Mr. Stewart was the winner in the Republican primaries last August against E. E. French of East Tawas and G. H. W. Snyder of Tawas City, his plurality over Mr. French being 20 votes. There was no Democrat in the field this fall, but Mr. French was prevailed on to run on slips, and won by 34 votes. Mr. Stewart was one of the attorneys who defended the prosecuting attorney and the three supervisors in Isosco county book row with Judge Wildis last winter.

Grand Rapids.—Michigan State Horticultural society will hold its forty-sixth annual meeting here December 5 to 7. Horticultural machinery, spray material and other accessories will be exhibited. R. C. Case, Sodus, N. Y.; C. E. Bassett, Washington, D. C.; Prof. Aubrey Toulou, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Prof. H. Eusette, Michigan Agricultural college Lansing; George Friday, Coloma; Leon J. Baker, Traverse City; Eugene Hart, Middleport, N. Y.; George Lou, Bangor; C. F. Schneider, Grand Rapids; A. J. Rogers, Jr., Beulah; Prof. R. H. Pettit, Michigan Agricultural college, Lansing; and J. H. Carnody, Lansing, will speak. Mrs. Alta L. Ludwick and Miss Letitia Foster, Cloverdale, will tell their experiences in the fruit business.

Holland.—Henry Geerlings, former mayor of Holland, and president of the Ottawa County Sunday School association, was elected president of the Michigan Sunday School association and Detroit was selected as the next convention city. Other officers elected are: Vice presidents, W. B. Phillip, Battle Creek; Rev. E. E. Branch, Ionia; J. H. Nisbet, Twining; S. H. Meyers, Flint; George C. Higbee, Marquette; E. S. Taylor, Pickford. Members of the executive committee, two years, to fill vacancy of Eugene C. Foster of Detroit, James Schermerhorn, Detroit; three years, W. M. C. Reed, Jackson; Rev. James Gleason, Boyne City; Rev. D. H. Glass, Bay City; R. S. Campbell, Port Huron; John Griggs, Calumet; T. N. Fuller, Farwell. The offices of secretary and treasurer, now held respectively by F. S. Goodrich and E. K. Mohr, are filled by the executive board.

West Branch.—John McDonald, an old man living in a shanty near Rose City, burned to death when the dwelling caught fire. He had been living with an old soldier named John Masterson, who died a few days before.

Flint.—Complying with a request of the United States department of Justice, Mayor Earl F. Johnson began an investigation into the coal shortage and prices being charged for the product in Flint. It is said that the local coal dealers are not to blame for the shortage here, the jobbers being responsible for exorbitant prices being charged.

Lansing.—The state tax commission has four county reviews on its hands, caused by the request of supervisors. The four counties are Monroe, Mackinac, Iron and Wayne.

Grand Rapids.—More than \$250,000 in bond payments and bond interest will be disbursed from the offices of the Michigan Trust company early in December. Bond payments will include \$100,000 of Antrim Iron company bonds, \$30,000 in Edward Butler gold coupon notes, \$15,000 in Star-Salt & Lumber company bonds and \$16,500 Dennis Canadian Lumber company bonds.

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Safety in Moderation. A leading physician, famous for his scientific attainments, has published a statistical work on apoplexy. He says it is the lazy, thick-set, short-necked individual who eats and drinks more than he should, who most frequently falls a victim to this disease, and he draws the conclusion that the majority of seizures occur on Sunday and Monday, owing probably to the greater indulgence in the joys of the table on the day of rest and the excitement consequent on the return to business. Big eaters and cocoa drinkers, otherwise abstemious are just as liable to it as heavy drinkers, and he adds that "alcohol is frequently made the scapegoat for attacks of this character when really excessive eating is to blame." His report concludes with the sage advice that the only cure which is really a preventive, lies in moderation.

Tiny but Deadly. Two canary birds of the Hartz variety, belonging to Mrs. W. W. Leete of Gladstone, Okla., were killed by a humming bird recently and the murderer was caught in the cage beside the bodies of his victims. The canary birds were on the perch of the cage and struck the canary bird with its long and pointed bill. The canary birds, although larger than their assailant, were almost powerless against the quick dart. The humming bird came out of the battle all most unhurt, but was unable to make his exit the way he had come in. The canaries were valuable. She Also Needed Food. This from a member of the Boston Authors' club: "A neighbor of mine threw a book out of his window and it has been lying in the gutter ever since." "Maybe he doesn't love books." "Oh, you can't judge of that by his treatment of this particular novel. It's entitled 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' It's advertised as 'daring,' and was written by a woman who left her husband because her son was 'starved'."

His Job. "Please, mister, have you got any work for a poor man what ain't had nothin' to eat for three days?" "What kind of work can you do?" "I'm a demonstrator, mister." "A demonstrator? And what do you demonstrate?" "My best hold is demonstratin' the superiority of teeth over victuals. Just lead me to a square meal and I'll show you a sample of my work."

HEROES ARE SADLY LACKING. Few Generals Are Mentioned in Stories of Conflict in Europe—Army Is Like Machine. Most amazing of all the wonderful things about this war is the extremely few names of generals we ever hear about, writes Girard in the Philadelphia Ledger.

One Italian, a couple of English, two or three Frenchmen, four Germans and the same number of Russians, and not one Turk. That makes up the list after two years of fighting and with 25,000,000 soldiers under arms. The vast armies are moved like machines. Hardly a reputation for any individual anywhere. What a different story in Napoleon's day! He made four kings, a viceroy, a crown prince, five other princes and twenty-one dukes. The names of some of his marshals are almost as well known as that of Bonaparte himself. So, too, in our revolution.

"Washington and His Generals" is the name of a once popular book, and the generals are known to millions of schoolchildren—Greene, Wayne, Putnam, Knox and Lee. The South as well as the North had lots of heroes in the '60s—Lee, Jackson, Johnson, Bragg, Beauregard, Stuart, Hill, Pickett, and Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, Hancock and a host of others, almost as much talked about as the supreme commanders themselves. But this is a war minus heroes, and that is the worst part of it, because hero-making was about the best a war ever did.

MOVING STARS IN HEAVENS. Mystery Explained When Telescope Is Brought into Use—Were Lights on Automobiles. William R. Gardner, who has a cottage on the west shore of Pontoosuc lake, in the Berkshires, has been noticing what he termed moving stars in the northwestern heavens. "These stars," he had said, "appeared quite high in the sky and slowly descended. They disappeared and then appeared again lower down in the sky." Recently a powerful telescope was brought into play and the mystery was solved. The lights were found to be those on automobiles coming down the Rockwell road from the summit of Greylock mountain.

Pats Nearly Wrecked This Man. A writer in the American Magazine says: "I have always been obsessed with a desire to be patted on the back. I am that economic hybrid, the successful failure, just escaping complete wreck by suddenly realizing the truth. The other day, just after I had been promoted to a position of considerable importance, a friend slapped me on the back and said, 'Good boy, I knew they would appreciate your worth some time.' His words were gold. I had held the same position more than 20 years before. I had merely won back by hard work a position that, in early manhood, I had achieved without much effort."

Beacon Fires. In these days, when it is possible to chat over the telephone with a person hundreds of miles away, we have no use for beacon fires, but in the old days they served a very useful purpose: When the Spanish Armada was sighted they carried the tidings in a succession of fires from Cornwall to the Cheviots, and thence to London. In the early part of the nineteenth century they were scattered all over the British Isles as a precaution against the threatened French invasion. The last occasions on which beacon fires were lighted were the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the coronation of Edward VII. On many of these medieval castles the fire-baskets in which the fires were lighted may still be seen.—London Tit-Bits.

Daily Thought. Even in the anxieties of life, when we are like pilgrims walking with peas in our shoes, still there is the scent of flowers, the song of the birds and the sweet light of even about our path.—Grey. Milk for Cracked Dishes. If cracked dishes are boiled in enough sweet milk to cover them for about forty-five minutes, the cracks will glue together and become invisible, and the dishes will stand almost as much usage as when new.

THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

SYNOPSIS.

The time of the story is about 1855. The place: The Texas cow country. The chief character: Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a just to kill, which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a drunken bully and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Bland's outlaw band. Euehre, an amiable rascal, tells him about Jennie, a young girl who had been abducted and sold to Bland for a bad fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Euehre has just reconnoitered, and is reporting the outlook to Buck.

Buck Duane appears now in the role of rescuing angel. It is a queer role for a murderer. For his generous service to one helpless he is rewarded with a fine devotion. One of the most thrilling incidents in this thrilling story is described in this installment. The manner of telling is one that will hold you spell-bound.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"I didn't see anybody but the greaser, an' I sure looked sharp. Comin' back I cut across through the cottonwoods past Bland's cabin plumb into Beppo, an' when I inquired of his boss he said Bland had been up all night fightin' with the Senora. We're pretty lucky."

"It seems so. Well, I'm going," said Duane tersely.

"Lucky! I should smile! Bland's been up all night after a most draggin' ride home. He'll be fagged out this mornin', sleepin' some, an' he won't be expectin' hell before breakfast. You'll have to kill him, an' it'd save time to go for your gun on sight. Might be wise, too, for it's likely he'll do that same."

"How about the horses?" "I'll fetch them an' come along about two minutes behind you. Once on them horses, we can ride out of camp before Alloway or anybody else gets into action. Jennie ain't much heavier 'n a rabbit. That big black will carry you both."

"Buck, a last word—look out fer that Bland woman!"

Duane merely nodded, and then, saying that the horses were ready, he strode away through the grove.

No outlaws were in sight. He saw several Mexican herders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over the tops of the cabins. The fragrant smell of it reminded Duane of his home and cutting wood for the stove. He noted a cloud of creamy mist rising above the river, dissolving in the sunlight.

Then he entered Bland's lane. While yet some distance from the cabin he heard loud, angry voices of man and woman. Bland and Kate still quarreling! He took a quick survey of the surroundings. There was not even a Mexican in sight. Then he



"Kate, Let Go!"

buried a little. Halfway down the lane he turned his head to peer through the cottonwoods. This time he saw Euehre coming with the horses. There was no indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had feared this.

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter. He reached the porch and then distinguished what was said inside the cabin.

"If you do, Bland, by Heaven I'll fix you and her!" That was panted out in Kate Bland's full voice.

"Let me loose! I'm going in there. I tell you!" replied Bland, hoarsely.

"No! no! I won't let you. You'll choke the truth out of her—you'll kill her."

"The truth!" hissed Bland.

"Yes, I lied. But she lied to save me. You needn't—murder her—for that."

Bland cursed hoarsely. Then followed a wrestling sound of bodies in violent straining contact—the scrape of feet—the jangle of spurs—a crash of alighting table or chair, and then the cry of a woman in pain.

Duane stepped into the open door, inside the room. Kate Bland lay half across a table where she had been flung, and she was trying to get to her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and had one foot across the threshold. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering cry. Then he wheeled on loud and clear.

With cat-like swiftness Bland whirled, then froze on the threshold. His right quick as his action, caught

Duane's menacing, unmistakable position.

Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad place to reach for his gun. But he would not have time for a step. Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant Bland shifted his glance to his wife. Then his whole body seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

Duane shot him. He fell forward, his gun exploding as it hit into the floor, and dropped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn him on his back. Bland looked up with clouded gaze, then gasped his last.

"Duane, you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland, huskily. "I knew you'd have to!"

She staggered against the wall, her eyes dilating, her strong hands clenching, her face slowly whitening. She appeared shocked, half stunned, but showed no grief.

"Jennie!" called Duane, sharply. "Come out, hurry!"

She came out with uneven steps, seeing only him, and she stumbled over Bland's body. Duane caught her arm, swung her behind him. He feared the woman when she realized how she had been duped. His action was protective, and his movement toward the door equally as significant.

"Duane!" cried Mrs. Bland. "It was no time to talk. Duane edged on, keeping Jennie behind him. At that moment there was a pounding of iron-shod hoofs out in the lane. Kate Bland bounded to the door. When she turned back her amazement was changing to realization.

"Where're you taking Jen?" she cried, her voice like a man's. "Get out of my way," replied Duane. His look perhaps, without speech, was enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury.

"You bound! All the time you were fooling me! You made love to me! You'll never leave her alive. Give me that girl! Let me—get at her! She'll never win any more men in this camp."

"Help! help!" she shrieked, in a voice that must have penetrated to the remotest cabin in the valley.

Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. And she jerked it down, throwing a shell into the chamber and cocking the weapon. Duane leaped upon her. He struck up the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face.

"Jennie, run out! Get on a horse!" he said.

Jennie flashed out of the door. With an iron grasp Duane held to the rifle-barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a pull that he swung the crazed woman off the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he.

"Kate! Let go!" He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given way to such an extent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly. Like a tigress she fought him; her face no longer resembled a woman's.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming. "No—I don't mean—what you think. But I'll drop soon. My strength's going. If I die—you ride back to the main trail. Hide and rest by day. Ride at night. That trail goes to water. I believe you could get across the Nueces, where some rancher will take you in."

Duane could not get the meaning of her incoherent reply. He rode on, and soon he could not see the trail or hear his horse. He did not know whether they traveled a mile or many times that far. But he was conscious when the horse stopped, and had a vague sense of falling and feeling Jennie's arms before all became dark to him.

When consciousness returned he found himself lying in a little bit of mesquite branches. It was well built and evidently some years old. Duane felt weak and had no desire to move. Where was he, anyway? A strange, intangible sense of time, distance, of something far behind weighed upon him. He thought he heard a step and listened, but he felt tired, and presently his eyes closed and he fell into a doze.

Awakening from this, he saw Jennie sitting beside him. In some way she seemed to have changed. When he spoke she gave a start and turned eagerly to him.

"Duane!" she cried.

"Hello. How're you, Jennie, and how am I?" he said, finding it a little difficult to talk.

"Oh, I'm all right," she replied. "And you've come to—your fever's healed, but you've been sick. Fever, I guess. I did all I could."

Duane saw now that the difference in her was a whiteness and tightness of skin, a hollowness of eye, a look of strain.

"Fever? How long have we been here?" she asked.

"She took some pebbles from the crown of his sombrero and counted them.

"Nine. Nine days," she answered.

"Nine days?" he exclaimed, incredulously. But another look at her assured him that she meant what she said.

"Bland's men didn't come along here?"

"No."

"Have you slept any?"

"A little. Lately I couldn't keep awake."

"I should think not. You've had a time of it sitting here day and night nursing me, watching for the outlaws. Come, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing much to tell," she replied, simply. "We must have

den forty miles that day we got away. You bled all the time. Toward evening you lay on your horse's neck. When we came to this place you fell out of the saddle. I dragged you in here and stopped your bleeding. I thought you'd die that night. But in the morning I had a little hope. I had forgotten the horses. But luckily they didn't stray far. I caught them and kept them down in the gorge. When your wounds closed and you began to breathe stronger I thought you'd get well quick. It was fever that put you back. You raved a lot, and that worried me, because I couldn't stop you. Anybody trailing us could have heard you a good ways. I don't know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so dark and lonely an' still all around. Every day I put a stone in your hat."

"Jennie, you saved my life," said Duane.

"I don't know. Maybe. I did all I knew how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life."

Their eyes met in a long gaze, and then their hands in a close clasp.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said, with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked.

"We'll find some honest rancher."

"And then?" she persisted.

"Why," he began, slowly, "that's as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice.

Duane kept silence.

"What will you do?" she went on.

"Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw."

"You won't go back among these terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you? Oh, Duane, don't—don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least not Bland's hand. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone-wolf it, as they say on the border. Never mind about me, Jennie."

CHAPTER X.

In three days Duane was able with great difficulty to mount his horse. During daylight, by short relays, he and Jennie rode back to the main trail, where they hid again till he had rested. Then in the dark they rode out of the canyons and gullies of the Rim Rock, and early in the morning halted at the first water to camp.

From that point they traveled after nightfall and went into hiding during the day. Once across the Nueces River, Duane was assured of safety for her and great danger for himself.

At last, far ahead over a barren mesquite-dotted stretch of dusky ground, he espied a patch of green and a little flat, red ranch-house. He headed his horse for it and turned a face he tried to make cheerful for Jennie's sake. She seemed both happy and sorry.

When near at hand he saw that the rancher was a thrifty farmer. And that he spoke for honesty. There were fields of alfalfa, fruit-trees, corn-rows, windmill pumps, irrigating-ditches, all surrounding a neat little adobe house. Some children were playing in the yard. The way they ran at the sight of Duane hinted to both the loneliness and the fear of their isolated lives.

Duane saw a woman come to the door, then a man. The latter looked keenly, then stepped outside. He was a sandy-haired, freckled Texan.

"Howdy, stranger," he called, as Duane halted. "Get down, you an' your woman. Say, now, all you sick or shot or what? Let me—"

Duane, reeling in his saddle, near searching eyes upon the rancher. He thought he saw good will, kindness, honesty. He risked all on that one sharp glance. Then he almost plunged from the saddle.

The rancher caught him, helped him to a bench.

"Martha, come out here!" he called. "This man's sick. No; he's shot, or I don't know blood-stains."

Jennie had slipped off her horse and to Duane's side. Duane appeared about to faint.

"All you his wife?" asked the rancher.

"No. I'm only a girl he saved from outlaws. Oh, he's so pale! Duane, Duane!"

"Buck Duane!" exclaimed the rancher, excitedly. "The man who killed Bland an' Alloway? Say, I owe him a good turn, an' I'll pay it, young woman."

The rancher's wife came out, and with a manner at once kind and practical essayed to make Duane drink from a flask. He was not so far gone that he could not recognize its contents, which he refused, and weakly asked for water. When that was given him he found his voice.

"Yes, I'm Duane. I've only overdone myself—just all in. The wounds I got at Bland's are healing. Will you take this girl in—hide her while till the excitement's over among the outlaws?"

"I shore will," replied the Texan. "Young man you ain't in any shape to travel. I'll take you in along with the girl, an' hide both of you till you get well."

Duane's last fading sensations of that hard day were the strange feel of a bed, a relief at the removal of his heavy boots, and of Jennie's soft, cool hands on his hot face.

a little in the dusk of the evenings. After that his strength returned rapidly. And it was only at the end of this long siege that he recovered his spirits. During most of his illness he had been silent, moody.

"Jennie, I'll be riding off soon," he said, one evening. "I can't impose on this good man Andrews much longer. I'll never forget his kindness. His wife, too—she's been so good to us. Yes, Jennie, you and I will have to say good-by very soon."

"Don't hurry away," she replied.

Lately Jennie had appeared strange to him. She had changed from the girl he used to see at Mrs. Bland's house. He took her reluctance to say good-by as another indication of her regret that he must go back to the brakes. Yet somehow it made him observe her more closely.

"It's likely that we won't see each other again," he said. "That's strange to think of. We've been through some hard days, and I seem to have known you a long time."

Jennie appeared shy, almost sad, as Duane changed the subject to something less personal.

Andrews returned one evening from a several days' trip to Huntsville.

"Duane, everybody's talkin' about how you cleaned up the Bland outfit," he said, important and all full of news. "It's some exaggerated, accordin' to what you told me; but you've shore made friends on this side of the Nueces. I reckon there ain't a town where you wouldn't find people to welcome you."

"Did you hear of any outlaws hunting me?" asked Duane.

"Nobody from Bland's outfit is huntin' you, that's shore," replied Andrews. "Fisher said there never was a hoas straddled to go on your trail. Nobody had any use for Bland. Anyhow, his men would be afraid to trail you. An' you could go right to Huntsville, where you'd be some popular. Reckon you'd be safe, too, except where some of them foul saloon loafers or had cowpunchers would try to shoot you for the glory in it. Them kind of men will hob up everywhere you go, Duane."

"I'll be able to ride and take care of myself in a day or two," went on Duane. "Then I'll go—I'd like to talk to you about Jennie."

"She's welcome to a home here with us."

"Thank you, Andrews. You're a kind man. But I want Jennie to get further away from the Rio Grande. She'd never be safe here."

"All right, Duane. Whatever you think best, I reckon now you'd better go north an' strike for Shelbyville. I'll tell Jennie the names of men who'll help her. You needn't ride into town at all."

At sunset two days later Duane and Jennie mounted their horses and said good-by to the rancher and his wife. Andrews would not listen to Duane's thanks.

"I tell you I'm beholden to you yet," he declared.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Duane. "I may come along here again some day."

"Get down an' come in, then, or you're no friend of mine. An' good luck to you both!"

Duane and Jennie trotted away into the gathering twilight. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds; there was no air moving; the heat and oppression threatened storm. By and by Duane could not see a rod in front of him, though his horse had no difficulty in keeping to the road. To his annoyance, however, a fine, misty rain set in. Jennie was not well dressed for wet weather; and, for that matter, neither was he. His coat, which in that dry warm climate he seldom needed, was tied behind his saddle, and he put it on Jennie. The night passed quickly despite the discomfort, and soon a gray, dismal, rainy dawn greeted the travelers.

Jennie insisted that he find some shelter where a fire could be built to dry his clothes. He was not in a fit

condition to risk catching cold. In fact, Duane's teeth were chattering. To find a shelter in that barren waste seemed a futile task. Quite unexpectedly, however, they happened upon a deserted adobe cabin situated a little off the road. Not only did it prove to have a dry interior, but also there was firewood. Water was available in pools everywhere; however, there was no grass for the horses.

A good fire and hot food and drink changed the aspect of their condition as far as comfort went.

Jennie slept while Duane watched. The saving of this girl meant more to him than any task he had ever assumed.

As he looked down upon her, a slight, slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face, pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep, and her long, dark lashes lying on her cheek, he seemed to see her fragility, her prettiness, her femininity as never before. But for him she might at that very moment have been a broken, ruined girl lying back in that cabin of the Blands. The fact gave him a feeling of its importance in this shifting of her destiny. She was unharmed, still young; she would forget and be happy; she would live to be a good wife and mother. Somehow the thought swelled his heart. His act, death-dealing as it had been, was a noble one, and helped him to hold on to his drifting hopes. Hardly once since Jennie had entered into his thought had those ghosts returned to torment him.

To-morrow she would be gone among good, kind people with a possibility of finding her relatives. He thanked God for that; nevertheless, he felt a pang.

About the middle of the afternoon Jennie awoke. They cooked a meal and afterward sat beside the little

fire. Sometimes when her eyes were on him she did not seem to be thinking of her freedom, of her future.

"This time to-morrow you'll be in Shelbyville," he said.

"Where will you be?" she asked, quickly.

"Me? Oh, I'll be making tracks for some lonesome place," he replied.

The girl shuddered.

What is your guess about Duane's future relations with Jennie—that he will decide suddenly he wants her for his own, will rush her into a town and in the presence of a marrying parson, and then will make her his partner for better or worse?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Fever? How Long Have We Been Here?"

den forty miles that day we got away. You bled all the time. Toward evening you lay on your horse's neck. When we came to this place you fell out of the saddle. I dragged you in here and stopped your bleeding. I thought you'd die that night. But in the morning I had a little hope. I had forgotten the horses. But luckily they didn't stray far. I caught them and kept them down in the gorge. When your wounds closed and you began to breathe stronger I thought you'd get well quick. It was fever that put you back. You raved a lot, and that worried me, because I couldn't stop you. Anybody trailing us could have heard you a good ways. I don't know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so dark and lonely an' still all around. Every day I put a stone in your hat."

"Jennie, you saved my life," said Duane.

"I don't know. Maybe. I did all I knew how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life."

Their eyes met in a long gaze, and then their hands in a close clasp.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said, with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked.

"We'll find some honest rancher."

"And then?" she persisted.

"Why," he began, slowly, "that's as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice.

Duane kept silence.

"What will you do?" she went on.

"Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw."

"You won't go back among these terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you? Oh, Duane, don't—don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least not Bland's hand. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone-wolf it, as they say on the border. Never mind about me, Jennie."

CHAPTER X.

In three days Duane was able with great difficulty to mount his horse. During daylight, by short relays, he and Jennie rode back to the main trail, where they hid again till he had rested. Then in the dark they rode out of the canyons and gullies of the Rim Rock, and early in the morning halted at the first water to camp.

From that point they traveled after nightfall and went into hiding during the day. Once across the Nueces River, Duane was assured of safety for her and great danger for himself.

At last, far ahead over a barren mesquite-dotted stretch of dusky ground, he espied a patch of green and a little flat, red ranch-house. He headed his horse for it and turned a face he tried to make cheerful for Jennie's sake. She seemed both happy and sorry.

When near at hand he saw that the rancher was a thrifty farmer. And that he spoke for honesty. There were fields of alfalfa, fruit-trees, corn-rows, windmill pumps, irrigating-ditches, all surrounding a neat little adobe house. Some children were playing in the yard. The way they ran at the sight of Duane hinted to both the loneliness and the fear of their isolated lives.

Duane saw a woman come to the door, then a man. The latter looked keenly, then stepped outside. He was a sandy-haired, freckled Texan.

"Howdy, stranger," he called, as Duane halted. "Get down, you an' your woman. Say, now, all you sick or shot or what? Let me—"

Duane, reeling in his saddle, near searching eyes upon the rancher. He thought he saw good will, kindness, honesty. He risked all on that one sharp glance. Then he almost plunged from the saddle.

The rancher caught him, helped him to a bench.

"Martha, come out here!" he called. "This man's sick. No; he's shot, or I don't know blood-stains."

Jennie had slipped off her horse and to Duane's side. Duane appeared about to faint.

"All you his wife?" asked the rancher.

"No. I'm only a girl he saved from outlaws. Oh, he's so pale! Duane, Duane!"

"Buck Duane!" exclaimed the rancher, excitedly. "The man who killed Bland an' Alloway? Say, I owe him a good turn, an' I'll pay it, young woman."

The rancher's wife came out, and with a manner at once kind and practical essayed to make Duane drink from a flask. He was not so far gone that he could not recognize its contents, which he refused, and weakly asked for water. When that was given him he found his voice.

"Yes, I'm Duane. I've only overdone myself—just all in. The wounds I got at Bland's are healing. Will you take this girl in—hide her while till the excitement's over among the outlaws?"

"I shore will," replied the Texan. "Young man you ain't in any shape to travel. I'll take you in along with the girl, an' hide both of you till you get well."

Duane's last fading sensations of that hard day were the strange feel of a bed, a relief at the removal of his heavy boots, and of Jennie's soft, cool hands on his hot face.

WAS KNOWN AS "EUROPEAN KING OF BORROW" HAD REIGNED THE AGE OF 88 YEARS.

OCCUPIED THRONE 88 YEARS

Saw Many Rises and Falls During His Long Reign—Record of Tragedy.

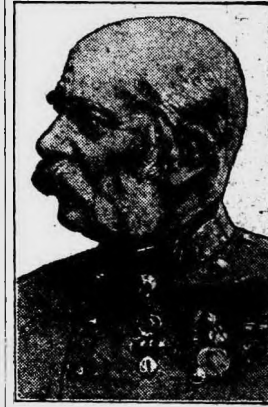
London—Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, died at Schönbunn castle, according to a Reuter dispatch just received here from Vienna by way of Amsterdam.

Ruled Nation 68 Years.

It is doubtful if in all history there has been an active, authenticated reign longer than that closed by the death of Francis Joseph.

At 19 years of age he ascended the throne of Austria on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. December 3, 1848, his death ending an active reign of nearly 68 years, all but the first 10 of which he was also Opatostia King of Hungary.

Tradition says that Pharaoh ruled for 99 years and there is the more credible instance of Rameses II, scion of the Greeks, whose reign is reputed to have covered 67 years.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

But in recorded history there certainly has been no reign equal in period of time of that of the Hapsburg which is now closed. Louis XIV, of France, was nominally king for 71 years. He actually occupied the throne for little more than half a century. A closer rival and the only one of modern times, was Queen Victoria, who reigned for 64 years.

Saw Many Rises and Falls.

Francis Joseph's reign was an eventful as it was long. From his imperial vantage point he saw the French monarchy go down, the second empire rise and crumble, the commune flare briefly, and the republic of today rise on its ashes; he saw the black pinnacles of the Prussian eagle stamped on the flag of the new German empire—later to tower threateningly over Austria itself; he saw the papacy shorn of its territorial domains, while about it a bickering family of petty principalities was welded into united Italy; he saw Spain, once the greatest of colonial powers, lose the last of her dependencies in two oceans; he saw Japan opened to western civilization, and later defeat the sprawling colossus

FIRST ANNUAL POULTRY AND PET STOCK SHOW

Of The Plymouth Poultry and Pet Stock Association

PENNIMAN HALL,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

DECEMBER 5, 6, 7 & 8

Show Open Day and Evening

Admission: Adults 20c., Children 10c. Don't Fail to Attend.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN

L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager

Local News

Miss Rena Pierson of Detroit, visited her parents here over Sunday.

Philo Forbach of Detroit, visited at Lina Galpin's last Saturday.

Mrs. Lee Jewell of Detroit, visited relatives here over Sunday.

M. H. Riley of Chicago, was an over Sunday guest at R. G. Samsen's.

Mrs. McVicar and son of Cherry Hill, were guests at Titus Ruff's last Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Grierson, who has been seriously ill at her home in north village, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Charles Valentine, who is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Sears at Grand Rapids, is very poorly.

Mildred Brown of Gladstone, a student at the university, visited at the home of Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Field last Sunday.

Ernest L. Hill, the night operator at the depot, has moved his family into the house with the Misses Holbrook on Penniman avenue.

The big foot ball game of the season will be played here this afternoon with the Wayne high school team. Everybody come and see the last game this year.

Mrs. and Mrs. Floyd Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Burick of Tecumseh, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dicks and Burns Freeman and family over Sunday.

Rev. D. H. Ramsdell of Ann Arbor, District superintendent, was in Plymouth Wednesday afternoon conferring on business connected with the Methodist building enterprise.

Rorn, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Homer Williams of Detroit, Friday, Nov. 17. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were former Plymouth people. Mrs. Williams will be remembered as Miss Gretta Willett.

Linus Galpin had the misfortune to fracture one of the small bones in his wrist last Sunday while cranking his automobile. His arm was badly bruised and the injury has been very painful.

The famous play, "The Eternal City," will be given at the opera house tonight. Don't miss the opportunity of seeing it for only 15c. Benefits of C. H. Reese's Sunday-school class of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Robt. Bird, formerly Mrs. Charles Kishburn of this place, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Stevens and other friends of Romulus, were calling on friends here Monday, and also attended the laying of the corner stone of the new Methodist church.

How is Your Label?

Subscribers Asked to Look Up Their Standing

The subscription list for the Mail is corrected up to date and the labels should inform each subscriber just how he stands on the books. The figures following the name is the date to which the subscription is paid, and if you are owing on subscription, your attention is respectfully called to the matter. There is a large sum due in small amounts, and with the price of print paper soaring every day we would like to have some of the delinquents, take the hint and get busy with the dollars.

Occasionally we have a complaint that the labels are not correct and that way back somewhere in the dark ages a credit has not been given. If you have any receipts that read a later date than your label, bring them in and get credit now. It is better to have it straightened than to have the constant dun for money staring you in the face every time you look at the label. While no one owes very much, the aggregate is enough to put the printer on Easy street for many months, and we want to get on that street. Please get busy.

Auction Sale

Harry Clark is to have a big sale of 80 Holstein cattle, 65 registered; also horses, hogs, farm tools, milking machine, gasoline engine, etc., on his farm three miles west of Northville on the Base Line, Tuesday, Nov. 28. The sale begins at 9 o'clock a. m., and lunch will be served at noon. Three of the best known auctioneers of this part of the country have been secured—Harry C. Robinson, Frank J. Boyle and L. W. Lovell. D. U. R. cars will be met from 9 to 12 o'clock at the Northville waiting room.

NOTICE!

There will be a meeting of the members of the Plymouth Poultry and Pet Stock Association at the council chamber, Tuesday evening, Nov. 28. The time for the coming poultry show is near at hand and there will be considerable important business to transact at this time. Every member of the association is urged to be present next Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

An Old Man's Stomach

As we grow older and less active, less and less food is required to meet the demands of our bodies. If too much is habitually taken, the stomach will rebel. When a man reaches the advanced age of 25 or 30, you will find that he is a light eater. Be as careful as you will, however, you will occasionally eat more than you should and feel the need of Chamberlain's Tablets to correct the disorder. These tablets do not contain poison, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They also cause a gentle movement of the bowels.

FOR SALE—New, up-to-date bungalow in Beautiful Elm Heights Large lot. House complete with plumbing, heating and lighting. Ready for occupancy about November 15th. Low price and terms to suit purchaser. Property shown by appointment. C. H. Raupp, Treasurer. Phone 100. 501

Presbyterian Bazaar

The ladies of the Presbyterian church are holding their annual bazaar at the church today (Friday). Both dinner and supper will be served. Everybody welcome. Following are the menus:

DINNER		SUPPER	
Corned beef	Cabbage	Roast beef	Creamed potatoes
Roast pork	Apple sauce	Pickles	Jelly
Boiled Potatoes	Mashed	Cherry sauce	Cake
Brown Bread	White	Tea	Coffee
Apple Pie	Pumpkin		
Apple Cheese	Coffee		
Tea			

Price 40 cents

December Taxes Will Be Month Later

Plymouth citizens will begin paying their December taxes a month later we are informed by Supervisor Rattenbury. The delay is due to the fact that the tax rolls of Wayne county are in the hands of the state tax commissioners for equalization in spreading the state and county tax upon the rolls. Collection of taxes cannot begin until January 1 instead of December 1, as heretofore. The penalty clause goes into effect March 1, so a month will be clipped off the time of payment of taxes.

When the board gets the books, they will have to be copied on the tax rolls. The supervisors will then have to re-calculate and re-apportion the taxes, duplicating the equalization made at the October session because of new figures.

Class Will Have Banquet

The annual banquet of the Rev. A. L. Bell's Sunday-school class takes place this evening in the parlors of the Baptist church. Supper will be served at 7 o'clock sharp, after which the following program will be rendered:

Introduction of Toastmaster, Rev. Burgess of Detroit, by the class president.

Song by the male quartette of Pontiac. Address by the Rev. R. Traver of Pontiac.

Song by male quartette.

Address by the Rev. C. Burnett of Detroit.

Song by male quartette.

Closing remarks and benediction by pastor.

CHURCH NEWS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
First Church of Christ Scientist, corner Main and Dodge streets. Sunday morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Subject, "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, alias Memerism and Hypnotism Denounced." Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m. Wednesday evening, testimony service, 7:10. Reading room in rear of church open daily except Sunday, from 2 to 4 p. m. Everyone welcome. A lending library of Christian Science literature is maintained.

BAPTIST
Rev. Archibald L. Bell, Pastor.
Morning worship, 10 o'clock. Theme of sermon, "Smitten by a Look." 11:15 a. m., Sunday-school. 6 p. m., young people's meeting. 7 o'clock, evening service. Subject of sermon, "The Model Teacher." Mid-week prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7 o'clock.

LUTHERAN
At St. Peter's Lutheran church there will be no Sunday-school next Sunday, because the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Confessional services begin at 9:15 standard time. The regular services begin at 9:45 and the sermon will be in German. Text, Phil. 3:17-21. Theme, "Wie ist euer Wandel?" All who wish to partake of the Lord's Supper, must announce themselves Friday afternoon or evening. The evening services next Sunday will be in English. Text, Hebrews 4:1-2. Theme, "Why we christians shall strive to enter into the rest, promised us by God." Nov. 30th there will be Thanksgiving services at the Lutheran church at Livonia in the afternoon and at Plymouth in the evening. Both services will be in German. The Ladies Aid will meet immediately after the morning service.

METHODIST
Rev. Frank M. Field, Pastor.
Do you know what the true Thanksgiving spirit is? Hear Rev. Field's Thanksgiving sermon at the village hall next Sunday evening, on "A Thanksgiving Humberg." Service at 7 o'clock. Morning theme, "Building the Church." Service at 10 o'clock. Sunday-school at 11:20 and Epworth League at 8 o'clock in the hall. We had a splendid congregation the first Sunday in the hall. Mid-week service, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Universalist church.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL MISSION.
R. Midworth, Missioner.
Sunday, Nov. 26. Divine service at 10:15 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon. All are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. B. F. Farber, Pastor.
Services will be held in this church on Sunday, November 26th, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. The pastor preaches. Theme: "The Cause of Failure." Sunday-school at the close of the morning service. Evening service at 7 o'clock. The pastor preaches. Theme, "The Man Who Does not Care." Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

BIBLE STUDENTS
Services at the hall as usual for Sunday, November 26, at 2 p. m. Ten minutes talk by David Cook of Northville. The class will start in on a new chapter Sunday, viz., "The Restoration of Israel." In regard to this historic nation a highly important commentator has said "in them we have a monument of antiquity of incalculable value, upon which are recorded in clearly legible characters, the origin, progress and final destiny of the whole human race." How many know that the glorious earthly restitution blessings cannot flow out to the Gentiles in the near future until first the Jewish nation have been healed and restored to divine favor. See Amos 9:11, 14, 15 and Isa. 60:15-22.

Woman's Literary Club Meet

The fourth meeting of the Woman's Literary Club was held at the home of Mrs. C. L. Wilcox last Friday afternoon. About forty ladies were present. The president, Mrs. R. E. Cooper, presided over the business session, which was followed by the program prepared by the fourth division with Miss Lina Durfee as leader. A paper on "Rockwood Pottery," was given by Miss Nellie Riddle. A description of "Pewabee Tiles" was given by Miss Ada Rafford, who had recently visited the studio on Jefferson in Detroit. Mrs. J. R. Rauch read a paper on "China and Pottery of our Forefathers." "Real Ibsen Ware," an interesting story was then read by Miss Lina Durfee, after which the ladies were invited into the dining room to inspect an exhibit of antique ware and Rockwood pottery which had been brought by different members of the club for the occasion. The next club meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Hilda Knapp Friday afternoon, December 1st.

Your Guest

WILL PRAISE YOUR COOKING

Garland Ranges Take the Lead

Your family and your guests appreciate good things to eat, and you, doubtless, enjoy seeing them eat. But if your stove is at fault you simply can't do yourself justice. You can produce the dainties you know how to prepare if you have a "Garland." The largest makers of cooking appliances in the world have been working for half a century in perfecting Ranges that will meet your every requirement. There is hardly a woman in America but knows the "Garland" trade mark. It stands for the absolute best in cooking appliances. Don't experiment. Demand a "Garland"—insist upon it—you are entitled to "The World's Best."

Come In and See Our Line of Garland Ranges Before Buying.

The Conner Hardware Company Ltd.

Probate Notice.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the sixth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.
Present: Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Walter W. Hudson deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Lillie White, praying that administration of said estate be granted to Alfred White, or some other suitable person.
It is ordered, That the thirtieth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, eastern standard time, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
Albert W. Flint Register.

Probate Notice.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the first day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.
Present: Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of John E. Kennedy deceased.
Dewey M. Berdan, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of an estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.
It is ordered, That the fifth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, eastern standard time, at said Court Room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
Ewitt R. Palazzi, Deputy Register.

Commissioner's Notice.
In the matter of the estate of Fred J. Williams deceased. Wm. the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioner in and out of court, of all assets and accounts of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of E. H. Fessenden in Plymouth, Mich., in said county on Wednesday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1917, and on Saturday, the 12th day of said month, A. D. 1917, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 10th day of November, A. D. 1916, were allowed by me to any claimants to present their claims to me for consideration and allowance. Dated, November 19, 1916.
LOUIE HILL MFR, E. H. FESSENDEN, Commissioners.

DR. W. G. BAKER
Veterinary Surgeon
Office on Corner of Maple Ave. and Kelllogg St.
Phone No. 282. Plymouth.

NEW MEAT MARKET

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to the citizens of Plymouth and vicinity that I will open a new meat market in the building formerly occupied by Wm. Streng as a meat market, on Holbrook Avenue in North Village, on

Saturday, November 18

We will carry in stock at all times the best of everything in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Oysters

A share of your patronage is most respectfully solicited.

FREE DELIVERY.

WILLIAM GAYDE

Telephone 12R North Village

FORD

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Three strong reasons urge you to buy the Ford car: First, because of its record of satisfactory service to more than fifteen hundred thousand owners; Second, because of the reliability of the Company which makes it; Third, because of its large radiator and enclosed fan, streamline hood, crown fenders front and rear, black finish, steel trimmings, it is most attractive in appearance. To these must be added its economical economy in operation and maintenance—about two cents a mile, likewise the fact that by reason of its simplicity in construction anyone can operate and care for it. Nine thousand Ford agents and service as universal as the car. Touring Car \$360, Runabout \$348, Coupelet \$505, Town Car \$495, Sedan \$645—4 a. b. Detroit. On sale at

THE BONAFIDE GARAGE

Wm. J. Beyer, Prop. Plymouth, Mich.

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.

Thanksgiving Postcards

We have just received a fine assortment of Thanksgiving Post Cards for your choosing. You will want to send your friends a greeting on Turkey Day. Come in and see them.

Thanksgiving Ice Cream

In order that you may not be disappointed in getting Ice Cream for your Thanksgiving day dinner, place your order now. We will have Plain and Fancy Cream for Thanksgiving day.

Murray's Ice Cream Store
Penniman Ave., Plymouth.

Oysters Oysters

We have Hamblen's Seal Shipt Oysters FRESH EVERY DAY. They are the best we can buy.

California Grapes

We have just received some of those Selected Fancy Red Emperor California Grapes at 16c lb.

Grape Fruit

Try some of those Large Juicy Grape Fruit that sell at 10c each.

TRY NE-RO-MA COFFEE—NONE BETTER

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FOR SATURDAY.

HEARN & GORTON
Free Delivery Main Street Phone 29

Holiday Goods Now on Display

We wish to announce that our line of Holiday Goods is now in and on display. We cordially invite everybody to come in and look them over. You can select your gifts now and we will lay them aside for you until wanted. Watch for announcement next week.

North Village Phone 55 **GAYDE BROS.**

When you order your baking supplies don't forget

HO-MAYDE BREAD IMPROVER

The price of baker's bread is high, and every careful housewife welcomes HO-MAYDE BREAD IMPROVER. It enables you to make larger loaves of whiter, smoother and sweeter bread for less cost. HO-MAYDE BREAD is deliciously appetizing. A teaspoonful of HO-MAYDE added to the water in which the yeast is dissolved, accelerates the yeast. Bread set in the morning is out of the oven by noon. HO-MAYDE is a wholesome product that complies with pure food laws. No sour or chilled bread—no failures—more loaves from the same materials. If your grocer can't supply you, send 15c. Write for free sample. HO-MAYDE PRODUCTS CO., Detroit, Mich.

Ask the best dressed people of Plymouth about my work.

R. W. SHINGLETON'S TAILOR SHOP

with a MODERN DRY CLEANING PLANT operated in connection.

A business which owes its successful growth to Work of Merit and Satisfied Customers.

PHONE NO. 237-F2

Nine Rooms and Bath

An excellent location on West Ann Arbor with large maple shade trees, half acre lot, well drained, several fruit trees, large barn, chicken house, etc. House has heavy oak frame and joists, hot water furnace, five rooms and bath on first floor, and four bed rooms on second floor. Price \$2,250. Terms, \$600 cash, balance \$15 per month.

WHY PAY RENT?

R. R. PARROTT
Phone 39 No. 136 Main St. Plymouth, Mich.

Local News

Poultry show at Plymouth, December 5, 6, 7, 8.

Mrs. George Richwine visited friends at Milan last week Thursday.

Miss Etta Reichelt of Detroit, was the guest of Mrs. E. C. Leach over Sunday. A. G. Burnett and family were guests of friends at Chelsea Saturday and Sunday.

Twelve inches of snow and good sleighing in Houghton, Dr. Betts reports.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott and son of Detroit, were guests at Wm. Glympe's last Sunday.

Benefit of fire department—Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina," Monday, Nov. 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Welles of Ortonville, were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Griffith.

Mrs. H. J. Daniels and little son of Grand Rapids, have been guests this week of Mrs. Ella Chaffee.

The Misses Mary J. Johnson and Wilma Young of Detroit, were Sunday guests at the home of Dr. Betts.

Arthur Sharro attended the Penny-Michigan game at Ann Arbor last Saturday with a party of Detroit friends.

Honey in ten pound pails at \$1.50, delivered every Friday. A postal card to Dell Silver, Northville, will bring it to you. 59c.

John R. Jones, who is attending school at the U. of M., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson and little children of Detroit, were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharro.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Warner were called to Oxford last week on account of the death of the latter's brother and the illness of her mother.

Boon, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kline, Wednesday, Nov. 15th Mrs. Kline is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Isaac Smith on Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Arms and son Theron, and the Misses Bess and Beulah Lovejoy of Milford, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson last Sunday.

Miss Mildred Tyler, who is teaching at Reubon this year, was a week-end visitor with her grandmother, Mrs. Charity Harlow and other relatives here.

The Gleaners will have a special meeting Monday afternoon, Nov. 27, at 1:30 o'clock, when Elvin Ten Eyck will speak for the good of the Arbor. All Gleaners are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Johnson and Mrs. Alma Pincney were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burrows at their home in Detroit Sunday.

Oakland county wets are considering the matter of getting petitions for another local option vote next spring in the form hope that the county might permit saloons for a year before the constitutional "dry" amendment goes into effect.

An alarm of fire was turned in Tuesday morning about eight o'clock when the house owned by Joseph Stanley in north village was discovered to be on fire. The fire caught around the chimney in the garret. The prompt use of several fire extinguishers saved the building from much damage.

Section Foreman L. Seger of Brighton, won the banner just awarded by the P. M. Railroad for having the best kept section on the whole P. M. system. Officials of the road recently made a tour of inspection of the whole system and checked up each division and each section. This is the second year Seger has won the banner.

There will be a lot of chickens in town from Dec. 5 to 8.

Miss Edna Minkler of Detroit, visited Mrs. L. B. Warner over Sunday.

George Proctor of Tonquish, is building a new house on Harvey street.

All colored hats at one-half off. Mrs. C. O. Dickerson, 88 Harvey street. 51st

Mrs. Charles McLaren of South Lyon, visited Mrs. J. D. McLaren last Wednesday.

There will be Catholic services at the Grange hall, Sunday morning, Nov. 26, at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. J. D. McLaren spent Saturday and Sunday with her son Will and family at Wixom.

Benefit of fire department—Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina," Monday, Nov. 27.

Mrs. Norval Ayers of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer.

Be sure and see Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City" tonight at the opera house. Admission, 15c.

Mrs. John Lutz, Jr., and two sons, Robert and Merle, visited friends in Detroit, Saturday and Sunday.

We carry a complete stock of Victor records from which to make your selection. Pincney's Pharmacy.

Wm. Strang is greatly improving the appearance of his home on Holbrook avenue by the addition of a new porch.

District No. 3 will give a shadow play at the home of Frank Hake, Friday evening, Nov. 24. Everybody welcome. Come and have a good time.

Mrs. Helen Willett spent the weekend with her daughter, Mrs. Homer Williams, in Detroit. Her little grandsons, James and Roy Williams, returned home with her.

Frank Smith, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia in Detroit, was brought to the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. A. B. Estep, last Sunday, where he is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer and Mr. and Mrs. John Root returned home Tuesday evening from a week's stay in Washington D. C., where they attended the National Grange Convention.

John E. Loomis of Detroit, was arrested here last Sunday morning by Deputy Sheriff Springer for the Detroit police who wanted him on a charge of wife abandonment. Loomis has been staying in Plymouth for some little time.

Miss Nellie G. Field, an Ann Arbor instructor in music and accompanist in the University school of music, visited last Friday at the home of her brother, Rev. F. M. Field, and on returning was accompanied by little Doris Field. Mrs. I. H. Field of Ann Arbor, Rev. Field's mother, will be a guest at the Methodist paragonage this week-end.

Vertan Hagoporan, an Armenian, who has been employed with the Pere Marquette bridge gang here was arrested last Saturday by Deputy Sheriff Springer on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was taken before Justice Campbell, pleaded guilty, and was bound over to the circuit court. In default of bail he was remanded to the county jail.

The examination of Albert Keach charged with a felonious assault upon a young girl was heard in Justice Campbell's court Wednesday afternoon. Upon the recommendation of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Van Zile the charge was changed to assault and battery. After hearing the evidence in the case, Keach was assessed a fine of \$10.00. Attorney Bolton of Detroit, represented the defendant.

Beginning December 2, there will go into effect a new schedule of rates for car demurrage that effects both state and interstate cars, and which more than doubles the old rate. The new schedule is as follows: Two days free time with no allowance for weather conditions. The third day \$2.00 will be charged; fourth day, \$3.00; fifth day, \$4.00; sixth day, \$5.00. Five dollars per day is charged for every day after the sixth day, Sundays included. The shortage of cars is the reason for the raise in rate.

One brighton business man has for a long time been making his brags how he was going to vote "wet" on election day and that Michigan would never go dry. He even had a considerable amount of money up on the outcome of the wet and dry vote. After he came from the polls Tuesday he remarked how he voted them both wet, saying that he put a cross in the "yes" square of both liquor amendments. In so doing he voted for prohibition for which action he will never forgive himself.—Brighton Argus.

Announcement

We wish to announce to the people of Plymouth that we have taken over the agency for the Studebaker cars. With this agency we also have the good will of Mr. D. Schrader, their former agent. We also suggest to anyone wishing to buy a car in the near future, that they get in touch with us at once, as the Studebaker will advance in price on January 1, 1919, from \$75 to \$100 per car. We have two almost new seven-passenger cars on hand to be sold at once. Don't miss this chance to get a car at a bargain price. We will be glad to show these cars at any time. J. E. Rauch & Son.

Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City" at the opera house tonight.

Mrs. Michael Schmidt of Wayne, visited Mrs. J. D. Pettigill, this week.

A fresh barrel of molasses kisses. See our window. Pincney's Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Cheney of Wayne, were calling on Plymouth friends last Monday.

Miss Eva Willett and Alice Eberts were guests of Detroit friends last Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Myers of Denton, is the new assistant in the Plymouth United Savings Bank.

Benefit of fire department—Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina," Monday, Nov. 27.

Walter Warden, wife and little Betty of Rushton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Samson last Friday.

Mr. Learned has moved his family from E. K. Bennett's house on Main street into his fine new home in Elm Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Erwin of Walled Lake, and Mrs. Emma Daugherty of New York City, were callers at George Shafer's, Wednesday.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line. One Insertion

FOR SERVICE—O. I. C. registered stock horse. Terms cash. J. J. Nefey, phone 266-F2. 51st

FOR RENT—Furnished room. 40 Harvey street. 51-1t

FOR SALE—Art Garland base burner with oven. Bert Gunzolly. 51-1t

FOR SALE—Ford touring car in good condition. D. M. Adams. Phone 259-F5. 51st

FOR SALE—At the late J. J. Shearer farm, sixty roasting pigs, \$3.00 apiece. Those wishing one for Thanksgiving engage not later than Saturday, Nov. 25. Call 252-F six rings. E. Gibson. 51-1t

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

FOR SALE—A house. Enquire at 20 Adams street. 49st

TO RENT—A comfortable 5-room house with bath, electric lights, gas and hard and soft water. Enquire of Geo. H. Wilcox. 49st

FOR SALE—Fifteen acres of timber including saw timber and wood. 1000 ft. of planed, thoroughly seasoned white wood finishing lumber. 1 Jersey milch cow. Phone 247-F6. 49st

FOR SALE—Mixed stove wood. Phone 312-F2. 49st

FOR SALE—Lot on Depot street. Inquire of Wm. Waterman. 14st

FOR SALE—12 well located lots in the heart of the village. Prices reasonable. Inquire of George Wilcox. 14st

FOR SALE—New, up-to-date bungalow in beautiful Elm Heights. Large lot. House complete with plumbing, heating and lighting. Ready for occupancy about November 15th. Low price and terms to suit purchaser. Property shown by appointment. C. H. Rauch, Treasurer. Phone 100. 50st

FOR SALE—White Rock cockerels, White Leghorn cockerels, the Everlay strain. Burbon Red turkeys, two fine toms. J. H. Hanford, Uplandist, Route 3. 50st

WANTED—To rent at once, small farm, 10 to 25 acres with buildings. Box 437 Plymouth.

FOR SALE—My entire stock of pedigreed New Zealand Red rabbits, Hutchins, etc. No reasonable offer refused. Box 437, Plymouth.

Special for Saturday and Sunday...

One pound box of Lyon Chocolate for 49 Cents.

HOWE
Main Street

GALE'S

New Goods.....

New stock of Hand Lamps, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 65c each.

Aluminum Salt and Pepper Sets.

Aluminum Children's Cup, Saucer and Plate.

We keep high grade Oleo in colored and white.

Peanut Butter in Bulk.

Sweet Potatoes, Celery, Honey, Grape Fruit, Raisins, Currants, Cranberries and all the good things for Thanksgiving.

Pickles, Olives, Jells, Nuts of all kinds.

Good Butter and Eggs.

JOHN L. GALE

THE HOME OF QUALITY GROCERIES



"SPEAKING of women's rights," says Mrs. Good Provider to me the other night, "after I found this grocery store I was of the opinion that I had secured my rights and after I had found out the delightful quality of food they sold I began to tell others about it.

Pure food is every woman's right! For to our homes it brings delight!

Courtesy, Cleanliness, Honesty, Service.

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY
Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery

Announcement

In preparation for our Fall and Winter trade, we have spared neither time or patience in the selection of new stock. The showing will permit of many selections of particular interest and assistance to those contemplating purchasing

Gifts for Fall Weddings, Thanksgiving and Christmas

Our prices are within the range of all, from the modest gift to the most elaborate, and we offer for sale only such merchandise as has been considered worthy. Although our stock is large, it is best to make your selections early. Call and inspect our stock. It is a pleasure to serve you.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist
140 Main st. Phone 247



Who'll Be the Next to Build?

Look What A Wide Choice!

- A Good Store Building—for use or for rent.
- A Nice Home, Cottage, Bungalow or Mansion.
- A Good Barn, on the farm or in town.
- A Shed, for automobile, stock or machinery.
- A New Porch, or Addition to the House.
- A Henery or Penco.

Be the Next and See Us For Lumber and Building Material

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

Advertise Your Auction In The Mail.

It Has a Large Circulation and Brings Results



He used a pebble in his day, to keep his mouth moist—

WE use WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S gives us a wholesome, antiseptic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite, digestion and deliciously soothe mouth and throat with this welcome sweetmeat.

The Wrigley Spearmen want to send you their Book of Gum-tion. Send a postal for it today. Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1327 Kesner Building, Chicago.

The Flavor Lasts!

Don't Suffer Longer

and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a disordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put your digestive organs in good working order by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They gently stimulate the liver, act on the bowels, tone the stomach—purify the blood and regulate the system. These benefits are particularly marked by women at such times when nature makes special demands upon their vitality. They act promptly and safely.

The next time you feel low-spirited and out of sorts, take Beecham's Pills. Their sure, mild, thorough action will

Give Quick Relief

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

Gale of Trouble. During one of our gales an elderly gentleman was striving to reach his home with the assistance of his son. Just as they passed along a row of small houses there was a loud crash, and a heavy tin chimney-pot struck the pavement at their very feet. "Good heavens!" gasped the feeble old man. "That was a narrow escape. It might have killed us both."

The Partial Teacher. "Have you got a nice teacher?" asked Uncle Ed. "No," said Belle. "She ain't nice."

Quite Wet. "That was a fine dry parade yesterday, wasn't it?" "Well, not when it finished."

Cracked eggs can be boiled safely by placing a little vinegar in the water.

"Oh, He Almost Did!" He is a candy salesman, and lives on the East Tenth street car line. He was heading for town, and every seat on the car was taken. None was standing, however.

Youth the Loser. A. P. Morgan, the famous financier, was talking at a dinner in New York about a young banker who had failed. "It was his youth that made him fail," he said. "Youth is always failing—falling in business, falling in love."

Happy Effort. "Truly a felicitous speech! He has a style—all his own." "Hum! Just where does the felicity come in?" "The felicity is like his style—all his own."

A full-grown elephant yields 120 pounds of ivory.

The History of Thanksgiving

President Washington established the custom officially in the United States, but men have fervently thanked their Gods for blessings in all ages and every clime

THE goddess of the Roman harvest was Ceres. Her festival was celebrated annually and was called Cerialia. It was a day of worship and rustic sports. Men and women formed processions and went to the fields with music. Virgil refers to this festival. He mentions the sacrifices that were offered in the temples, and alludes to the joyousness of the occasion.

In one way or another, a thanksgiving day has been observed in Christian Europe for centuries before its celebration in New England. On the continent, and for a time in England, it occurred at Martinmas, which was a day of feasting and drinking. Occasionally, too, civil authorities recommended the observance of some fixed day. To celebrate the victory of King Henry V of England, at Agincourt, October 25, 1415, a public thanksgiving was held on Sunday, the feast of St. Edward, the King and Confessor.

One legal and annual thanksgiving day, because of the long time it was such, deserves special mention. After the traitors in the Gunpowder plot had been tried and punished in 1605, it was ordered that because of their deliverance the English people should keep the fifth of November every year "as a public thanksgiving day to Almighty God; that unfeigned thankfulness may never be forgotten, and that all ages to come may yield praises to God's divine majesty for the same."

The record made in his "Breeches Bible" by William White, who came over in the Mayflower, has far more significance in determining the origin of our American Thanksgiving day than the event at Monhegan. The record reads: "William White married on ye 3rd day of March, 1620, to Susannah Tilly, Peregrine White born on board ye Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor. Sonne born to Susannah White 19th ye six o'clock morning. Next day we meet for prayer and thanksgiving."

The prototype of our present Thanksgiving day is found in the harvest festival at Plymouth in 1621. The long winter that followed the establishment of the colony had been so severe that less than half the settlers had survived it. "At one time during the winter only Brewster, Standish, and five other hardy ones were well enough to get about."

The first thanksgiving was not for a day only. It continued a week. In a letter to a friend in England, Edward Winslow has given us a brief account of the festivities. This letter bears date of December 11, and in it Winslow wrote: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week."

The records make no mention of a thanksgiving day in the next year, but in the year following, 1623, such a day was held. This, however, was not in the autumn, but in July on the arrival of provisions from England. Nearly 50 years pass before we hear of another thanksgiving day at Plymouth. There was one in 1668, and another for the accession of the Orange Stuarts, William and Mary, in 1689. An autumnal thanksgiving was held in 1690, the last in the history of Plymouth colony.

Independently of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay colony had occasionally its own thanksgiving days. There was such a day for the "safe arrival of ships," July 8, 1630; and again the next February, when the provision ship, Ambrose, arrived. In 1632, the general court ordered a "publique" thanksgiving day in recognition of the "micy of God vouchsafed to the churches of God in Germany and the Palatinate."

During the Revolution Thanksgiving day became national. All through the war, congress annually set apart a day for thanksgiving; but after the "Thanksgiving for Peace" in 1783, there were no more until Washington became president in 1789. On October 3 of this year at New York he issued a proclamation asking the observance of Thursday, November 23, as a day for national thanksgiving. This was the beginning of the orthodox "last Thursday" that has since been named in presidential proclamations.

His Only Hope. "Tell me," spake the easy mark, "what sort of a girl should I propose to?" "She should be rich," rejoined the female fortune teller, "and if you expect her to accept you, she must also be foolish."

The Truth Comes Out. Customer—Do you really think this medicine will have the desired effect? Druggist—Sure it will; I'll guarantee it to work like a charm. Customer—But I have no faith in charms. Druggist—Neither have I.

Advice That Failed. Rich Uncle.—What! Broke again? You ought to take Solomon's advice to the sluggard about going to the ant for— Nephew (interrupting)—So I did, uncle, but aunt says she is in the same deplorable condition.

His Discovery. "After all," said the philosopher, "men are but grownup children." "Huh!" exclaimed the cynic; "you must have been to a circus recently."

Mutual Mistakes. He—I love the smell of powder. She—Oh, so do I. Don't you think the violet scented is the best?

In the Printing Office. "Here's an advertisement for the minstrel show." "Set it in black-faced type."

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble? Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Special Note—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

W. L. DOUGLAS "THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE" \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring a portrait of the inventor and a list of shoe styles and prices.

Advertisement for Spohn's Compound, a medicine for various ailments, including a portrait of the inventor.

PROVED EQUAL TO OCCASION Super's Blunder Merely Served to Show the Resourcefulness of Hamilton Footlites. Devey, discussing the naval battle of Skagerrak, said at a Washington luncheon: "A naval officer, to succeed, must be very quick-witted and resourceful. In fact, he must be like Hamilton Footlites."

Advertisement for Xmas Cards, offering a variety of designs and prices.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment, highlighting its effectiveness for skin conditions.

Advertisement for Kodak Black and Supreme photographic film, emphasizing its quality and ease of use.

Advertisement for Cleveland News, a local publication, and other regional news items.

Advertisement for Grape-Nuts cereal, describing its nutritional benefits and taste.

