



Booker T. Washington.

The death of Booker T. Washington raises the question, Who will now take the leadership of the negro race in America? Washington was born in slavery, but rose to a position of great influence.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR POVERTY?

So long as the belief prevailed that poverty was merely a symptom of inherent viciousness and a thing for which the pauper was directly and solely responsible, the public took thought of Adam's sin, shrugged its shoulders, and resignedly left the individual to face his penalty, tempering the rigor of his discipline now and then with the mere- of penitentiaries, reformatories, jails, poor houses, charities and training school hospitals. But one scientific investigation after another conclusively showed that children born in poverty are not viciously inclined, but are the victims of a large proportion of all the social evils that afflict the human race.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

The opal is the only gem not successfully counterfeited.

One dollar to get married, 10 cents to go to college and 50 cents to graduate are some of the items in the new regulation "governing the selling of stamps on certificates concerning human affairs," which were recently promulgated in China.

The population of French Indo-China is about 26,000,000, of whom 20,000 are Europeans, the rest French.

The human family is subjected to about 1,200 different kinds of disease and almost.

SUFFRAGE BEAUTY HELPS THE CAUSE



Miss Blanche Waters.

Miss Blanche Waters, the youngest and one of the prettiest suffragists, established a record one day last week when in the rounds of the national capital's high schools she gained the pledge of ninety young men to march in the pageant to be given by the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage December 13.

Married Life on \$80 a Month

Discouraged and Overworked, Molly Sutner Breaks Under the Strain.

"Well, that poor little Molly Sutner is quite sick," Olive sat down, looking very sober and thoughtful. "Gaylord says he is afraid it will be a run of fever."

"Poor little thing. She had all her care of him between us," Nell glanced down at the chubby two-year-old she was leading. "Hal will enjoy a playmate."

"Yes, I was thinking we could relieve the nurse of the care of the boy," replied Olive. "I imagine it will make it easier to get help, too."

"After the two women had about exhausted all their powers of persuasion, Mrs. Moore reluctantly consented to go to Mrs. Sutner's aid."

"We will take care of little Jack between us and relieve you every day, so you can get a little outing," said Olive gratefully.

"Yes, and we can help by bringing in little delicacies for her to eat, and so save your time and strength," added Nell.

"The three women sent John off to the office, and proceeded to get affairs in running order. Olive packed a suitcase with Jack's clothes and made Molly comfortable, while Nell helped Mrs. Moore establish herself at the start of the dinner."

"Now, good-bye, dear," said Olive as she left the bedroom. "You are not to worry about Jack. I'll take the best of care of him." Molly smiled faintly and reached out a feverish hand to her friend, her eyes dim with tears.

"I'll tell the doctor to bring this suitcase when he comes over, but you had better leave it right by the door so he will see it, or he will forget it," Mrs. Moore closed the door behind her and sighed.

"I don't want to come," she thought, "but that cooing, wheedling Mrs. Moore. No one can refuse her anything and the poor, dear, is here as in a tight place. The line is no discounting that."

She looked in at the bedroom door. Molly was in a daze and was not moving in her sleep.

"She is in for a run of fever or I shall have to look after her as she lies in bed," she thought as she closed the door.

gets some counsel wise from innocent bystander. I like to weave into a song some Christmas old and older, until the Aleck comes along and gives over my shoulder.

"Your extra stanza has a fault," I hear the Aleck shrug. "You're right, it's lame and blind and bald, your rhymes are sawed off. You try to follow after Pope, by fiddle-fiddle, a kid could turn out better doggerel, though, he were feeble-minded."

I throw that Aleck down the stairs, who would with heels add me and pull him with the arm and chair, but my old dog, Aleck, is a devil. Another Aleck comes along, he is a good fellow, he is the very best of my kind, and says the same old rhyme.

We all are prone to neglect the worst another's poem and whisper in his ear, "Blessed be your name, but be a runt." If I should do such work as that, forever I should be it. Just stand aside, peer, worthless fat—let show you how to do it."

Now when we see the tailor exact what we come up a snelling and say, "You are the one best bet! Your style is sure beguiling!"—By Walt Mason, from Judge.

Household Hints

DRIED PUMPKIN. Dried pumpkin may be had for a few cents. On a farm it is a culinary genius who, in fall, takes a delicious pumpkin pie to perfection. This is how she does it: the pumpkin is cut in halves, the seeds are removed, and the pulp is scooped out.

Cut a pumpkin into pieces and remove the seeds. Put in a pot with enough water to keep it from burning. Stew until dry and thoroughly done; this will take three or four hours. Press the pulp through a colander and form into thin cakes the size of a shallow cookie. Place these cakes in shallow pans and dry for several days above the stove. They will then look like small dried bits of old leather and will keep indefinitely.

A good crock in a dry place is best for them. One medium sized pumpkin will make enough dried pumpkin for about seven pies. The cakes are soaked in boiling water over night, then eaten and used as fresh pumpkin.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. Skirts of serge, parama, etc., become slick and shiny-looking before they are nearly worn out. Place skirt on a board and rub shiny places with a match and will turn long just enough to rough up the nap.

To start a fire quickly, don't use coal oil. Mix ten cents worth of crude oil with sawdust. A half cup of this mixture will ignite easily with a match and will burn long enough to get the wood of coal ablaze.

Now that brooching is such a fad, when working wear a black apron or spend a black cloth over the lap; it relieves the tension brought to bear upon the eyes.

When putting paraffin on jelly be sure to have the jelly cold; pour the paraffin on thick, up to top of glass, and jelly will not work out the top.

THE TABLE. Fluff Cake—One and three-fourths cups flour, one cup granulated sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt. Sift dry ingredients three times through flour sifter. Put whites of two eggs, unbeaten in milk, one teaspoon of soda, a table-measuring cup, add enough small soft pieces of butter to half fill. Fill balance of cup with half milk and half water. Add wet ingredients to

Fluff Cake—One and three-fourths cups flour, one cup granulated sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt. Sift dry ingredients three times through flour sifter. Put whites of two eggs, unbeaten in milk, one teaspoon of soda, a table-measuring cup, add enough small soft pieces of butter to half fill. Fill balance of cup with half milk and half water. Add wet ingredients to

Fluff Cake—One and three-fourths cups flour, one cup granulated sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt. Sift dry ingredients three times through flour sifter. Put whites of two eggs, unbeaten in milk, one teaspoon of soda, a table-measuring cup, add enough small soft pieces of butter to half fill. Fill balance of cup with half milk and half water. Add wet ingredients to

ABOUT HIRED HELP

In England—or in English books—folks have no trouble keeping cooks and other help in their employ, from chambermaid to stableboy. A woman spends her whole long life working for the British wife; and when she dies of whooping cough, her daughter starts where she left off. And when that daughter dashes in, from mixing water with her gin, her daughter steps into her shoes, as though she had no choice to choose. And when that daughter gets a lyre, for pouring coal oil on the fire, her daughter takes the place she had and earns each month a British scud.

And so for seven hundred years one family of buxom dears will labor in the same employ and hold allegiance a joy.

But in this country, of the free, where all the spangled banners be, you're lucky if you get a maid who doesn't seem a bit afraid that she will prove a sort of bore if she should stay a week or more.

"The blamed fool girls," says Mrs. Spink, "they are a blessing, I don't think! I've had eight girls since Christmas day; they come and loaf and go away. They bring a ton of baggage here, as though they hoped to stay a year, and for a day or two, alack! they do just nothing but unpack; and when they have unpacked their trunks, before they're earned a brace of plunks, they find the job's not what they like and straightway go upon a strike. You see the gray hairs shining now, upon my alabaster brow, the sign of dark, corroding care the hired-girl problem brought them there."

"I am an independent dame," remarks the haughty Mrs. Hame. "I'd look a monarch in the face and show of tremor not a trace. But how I truckle to my cook and tremble at her slightest look! In our abode she is the czar; she's taught us where our places are, and we approach her hat in hand—ours to obey, hers to command. And if she spoils a costly meal, and I attempt reproachful spite, her temper promptly starts to skid, and she puts on her coat and lid, and says she won't return a day and be oppressed for your r's pay."

"I had so many girls last year, I cannot count them all, I fear," in tearful tones says Mrs. Blast, "each one was punkier than the last. One had a temper harsh and sour, one had the eyes for 'I' of an hour, one had a spiteful lip, one tried the best of a girl, one's stock of Billings was worn out, one used to whip her sundry switch. 'All were so bad, they made me shiver,' and yet they wouldn't say a word."

When at their college club they meet, the women thus their woes repeat. Instead of living hard so rare, their souls by reading Shakespeare's plays, they give the poor hired girls a crack, who are not there to answer back. By Walt Mason from Judge.

Little Snatches of Philosophy. When a man says it is safe to assume that he is a few notches short of making good.

We will fill your orders by mail or express prepaid for any books.

Dennens Book Shop
19 E. Grand River Ave.
DETROIT, MICH.

Use the Patent Side-View Lens Shield. We do on all Side-View mountings; no more loose lens.

L. GOLDSMITH
Expert Exclusive Optometrist and Optician
At the J. L. Hudson Co. Detroit
Hudson 2 — Balcony — Woodward Building

OPTICAL SERVICE THAT SERVES
Is what you've a right to expect from any optician, but it's not always forthcoming.

I GUARANTEE IT
For I believe in it. And my service is a worthy accompaniment to my work; 27 years of increasing success should speak for themselves.

Careful attention to the details, a thorough knowledge of eye problems, a corps of splendid assistants to help—and my service.

Your eyes can be best cared for by.

There are plenty of troubles in the world for which there are no specific remedies. Some shop troubles are eliminated by experts in scientific shop management. Agricultural bureaus help the farmer over some of the rough places. The wife, however, has but little relief from the countless large and small troubles in the home. Poor coffee is one of the most annoying of home troubles. Thank goodness, relief is at hand. Empire Coffee is good, fragrant, appetizing, satisfying and dependable coffee—today—tomorrow—next week—next year. Your grocer has it at a popular price.

BERDAN & CO.
IMPORTERS AND ROASTERS OF COFFEE
Founded 1836. TOLEDO, O.

HULCE'S Underwear Store TOLEDO, O.

OLD FASHIONED WARM FLANNEL SHIRTS and DRAWERS

70 per cent Wool \$1.00
80 per cent Wool \$1.25
90 per cent Wool \$1.50
Parcel Post Paid on Mail Order

DENNEN'S BOOK SHOP Book Service

We will deliver to your address prepaid any book or books you may want. Send your Xmas requirements now.
University Bldg. 19 E Grand River
DETROIT, MICH.
Opposite Newcomb Endicott Co.

"MENDELSSOHN"

Wonderful Piano Value at \$275 (Style Illustrated) Exceptionally Easy Terms

Choice of beautiful mahogany and quartered oak, double veneered case; full length music desk; full iron frame; ivory keys, repeating action. Its clear, sweet tone delights every music-lover. Guaranteed by the manufacturer and ourselves. We are sole Michigan representatives.

GRINNELL BROS., Detroit.
Please send me free, postpaid, latest Catalogue of Mendelssohn Pianos, illustrating and describing the different styles. It is understood this does not obligate me in the least.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS HOME-GIFT
Freight Paid Anywhere in the State

Grinnell Bros.
24 Stores, Headquarters, 245-247 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Use the Patent Side-View Lens Shield. We do on all Side-View mountings; no more loose lens.

L. GOLDSMITH
Expert Exclusive Optometrist and Optician
At the J. L. Hudson Co. Detroit
Hudson 2 — Balcony — Woodward Building

OPTICAL SERVICE THAT SERVES
Is what you've a right to expect from any optician, but it's not always forthcoming.

I GUARANTEE IT
For I believe in it. And my service is a worthy accompaniment to my work; 27 years of increasing success should speak for themselves.

Careful attention to the details, a thorough knowledge of eye problems, a corps of splendid assistants to help—and my service.

Your eyes can be best cared for by.

There are plenty of troubles in the world for which there are no specific remedies. Some shop troubles are eliminated by experts in scientific shop management. Agricultural bureaus help the farmer over some of the rough places. The wife, however, has but little relief from the countless large and small troubles in the home. Poor coffee is one of the most annoying of home troubles. Thank goodness, relief is at hand. Empire Coffee is good, fragrant, appetizing, satisfying and dependable coffee—today—tomorrow—next week—next year. Your grocer has it at a popular price.

BERDAN & CO.
IMPORTERS AND ROASTERS OF COFFEE
Founded 1836. TOLEDO, O.

The Fifty Dollar Bill

By WILSON CLAY MISSIMER.

Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service.

Her trip had been planned hurriedly and her packing had been done in haste and confusion, and when she entered the Pullman and the porter had found her berth for her, she was all in a flutter. It had been one of those last-minute trips to New York to do some shopping, decided on because her husband had made her a present of a fifty dollar bill which, with the money she had already laid aside, was sufficient for her to make the journey now instead of later as she had intended. The matter of the money which her husband had given her was merely one of the odd little surprises he was generally lavishing upon her, and she had stuck the bill with a pin into a pin-cushion and decided then and there not to postpone her trip any longer, and had begun packing immediately.

Settled at last, the hurry and excitement of the last hour seemed to fade away to a mere nothing, and changed from a bit of annoyance to a rather pleasant memory. Reminiscently she rehearsed the scenes in her mind. She remembered how flustered she had been, how she had ordered the maid about to do her bidding, how she had literally thrown a few clothes into her traveling bag, how she had taken a most hurried leave of her husband. She could remember distinctly having at the last minute snatched up the fifty-dollar bill from the pin-cushion and thrusting it loose into her handbag. And now after all the confusion and excitement, and worry, here she was safe aboard the train, and apparently none the worse for the rush.

There were not many people in the car. Two middle-aged gentlemen sat three or four seats in front of her, heatedly discussing some topic which she could not overhear. Opposite was a rather young woman, oddly dressed, whose eyes seemed to wander restlessly through the car. Behind, a mother and two small children were conversing tirelessly, the mother endeavoring to answer patiently the questions of a very talkative son.

When the train started Mrs. Rockwell purchased a newspaper and passed an hour or two in its perusal. Then, becoming thirsty, she started down the aisle for the water cooler, and it was while drinking a glass of water that she remembered having left her handbag in the seat and she realized that this was a very serious thing to do as it contained all her money. Hurrying back she saw with some relief that the bag was still there, and, sitting down, Mrs. Rockwell, obeying some strange sudden impulse, opened the bag and looked in. The fifty-dollar bill was not there!

She sat up rigid and stiff, gazing straight ahead of her. She had been robbed in the most heinous short time! She could scarcely believe her senses. She searched the side compartments of the bag, found her other money which she had packed away carefully but there was no sign of the fifty-dollar bill. She did not know what to do. She glanced about her cautiously and found the eyes of the oddly-dressed woman upon her when Mrs. Rockwell looked at her she immediately glanced away.

Mrs. Rockwell was not a woman of very decided character, and was rather easily excited. She lacked the common which enables one to act quickly, and she lost much time sitting rather dazedly gazing ahead of her. She was at a loss what to do. There was nothing particularly suspicious in the attitude of those near her, yet the only person who could possibly have had the time and the chance to look into her handbag was the woman across the aisle. But Mrs. Rockwell did not relish the task of accusing her openly, and had just decided to call the

CZAR AND SON REVIEW COSSACK TROOPS



Czar and czarvitch (right foreground) reviewing troops.

A splendid review of Cossack troops marked the czar's assuming of supreme command over his armies. Dressed in Cossack uniform the "Little Father" of all the Russians and his son and heir reviewed the Caucasian troops in the area of the fighting lines. They are seen here accompanied by one of the commanding officers.

conductor and explain the circumstances to him, when the lady across the aisle arose and went to the water cooler for a drink, leaving a black handbag behind in her seat. Acting on a strange swift impulse Mrs. Rockwell took a long chance. Glancing through the car she saw that the woman with the two children was very busily engaged with them and that the men ahead were at the height of their argument. So she noiselessly slipped across the aisle, picked up the handbag, snapped it open and there, thrust in hurriedly amongst a confusion of other things lay her fifty-dollar bill. Mrs. Rockwell took it, returned to her seat, and calmly deposited it in her own bag before the lady returned.

The success of her impulsive plan did not surprise her so much as did the extreme boldness of the other woman. She had heard and read of the audacious and one little robbery that occurred at the train, but she had always believed them with rather a shade of doubt. That an ordinarily good-looking young woman, whose manner appeared to say the worst of it, was of rather an odd selection, would be so daring as to actually try to commit robbery in the space of time required for one to pass down the aisle and take a drink of water was indeed a astounding. She could readily appreciate that it was merely because the time was so limited that the woman did not ransack the whole bag, and strip it of its moneyed contents.

When the woman returned to her seat, the rather carelessly pushed her bag to one side and picked up a book which she had with her and began to read, leaving Mrs. Rockwell to wonder what kind of a criminal she was.

As she studied her Mrs. Rockwell thought the woman had a hard face. There was nothing about it by which one could judge her age. The lack of the faintest trace of wrinkles might lead one to think she was young, but the lips were too thin and the eyes gazed about too calmly and too carelessly for a person of inferior age. Her easy manner too, gave one the suspicion that she had seen lots of the world, and that it would take a great deal to throw her off her guard. Yet there was something about the face that attracted Mrs. Rockwell, and she found herself at times almost pitying the poor creature, and even going so far as to advance to herself the theory that possibly she was a victim of kleptomania.

The gravity of the act she herself had committed, or the possible consequences of it should she be apprehended, did not once occur to Mrs. Rockwell. She was one of those women who move upon impulse and never stop to anticipate possible results, and it never occurred to her that if she had been caught in the act of going through the other's handbag her own story of having first been robbed would not have been credited by the conductor, and the other woman had only to tell a simple little lie to put Mrs. Rockwell in a very compromising position. However, she had not been detected; she had made a really lucky move, had recovered her fifty-dollar bill, and was inwardly congratulating herself that she had done a clever thing. And the rest of her journey was divided between patting herself on the back and watching the movements of the woman across the aisle.

In New York the money went fast enough, but even with what she had saved it was quite impossible to complete the list she had made out. However, when one runs short of funds there is nothing to do but to turn home or go anywhere where the funds can be replenished, and Mrs. Rockwell returned home.

She telegraphed her husband, and he met her at the train. There was an odd little expression on his face when he listened her, and a certain serve in his voice when he asked what kind of a time she had had, both of which hinted at Mrs. Rockwell's peculiar.

"And about your money?" he asked suddenly. "You didn't lose it, did you?"

"Indeed I did," Mrs. Rockwell replied. "You didn't?" he exclaimed rather wonderingly. "Why, what on?"

"Why, on the money I had saved, but principally on the fifty dollars you gave me, dear."

Rockwell stared at her. "The fifty dollars I gave you? Why, my dear, don't you know that you forgot that fifty dollars and left the bill pinned to your pin-cushion, where I found it the morning after you had gone?"

All telephone operators in Egypt are required to be able to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.

STATE NEWS

OWOSSO—The Owosso Sugar Co. paid out \$410,000 to farmers of Shiawassee county Monday for about 65,000 tons of beets. This is the largest amount ever paid out by the company at one time for beets. Nearly all the beets have been delivered by the farmers.

SAGINAW WORKING PRISONERS ON ROADS

SAGINAW, Mich.—Saginaw county tried out the plan of working prisoners on the county roads. Sixteen prisoners were taken out and placed at work in a road building bee on a thoroughfare leading from Richland township to the Midland county line.

BACK AFTER 20 YEARS, HE BRINGS FORTUNE

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Missing for more than 20 years and believed dead, Abe Van Dyke has returned to Kalamazoo from Alaska where he made a fortune. Van Dyke found his only sister, a rag sorter in the Bryant Paper mills, and purchased a little farm near the city where the two have moved.

CONSTABLES MUST STAY IN THEIR OWN COUNTIES

LANSING—Constables, Stop, Look, Listen!

No more trips outside of your own county for you to serve criminal warrants. Attorney-General Fellows ruled Monday that a constable cannot serve criminal warrants outside his own county.

It is said this ruling will work a decided hardship on some of those who serve the state, as they have been wont to go into other counties and serve criminal warrants. It is all right for a sheriff, but a constable is supposed to be a time to be in his own county.

BETTER OFF NOW

WANT THEIR SON

SAGINAW, Mich.—Three years ago, when a son was born to them, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hausbeck, of Bay City township, were so poor in this world's goods that they could not properly care for their offspring. That was in Detroit. Now the Hausbecks are living on a fine farm here and things are coming their way and they want their son. It is in possession of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen, of Bay City, and a writ of habeas corpus has been served directing the Allen's to bring the boy into Bay county Thursday of this week. The father and mother allege that there was no written agreement of adoption and they ask the court to decide whether they are entitled to the child. The Allen family claims a lien through board and care which Mr. and Mrs. Hausbeck are willing to discharge.

SHOWING VICTIMS OF TUBERCULOSIS HOW TO GET WELL

LANSING, MICH.—Dr. William DeKleine, head of the state board of health and anti-tuberculosis campaign, for which the 1915 legislature appropriated \$100,000 to wage a war against the dread white plague, is well pleased with the results obtained thus far. Tuberculosis can and must be treated in the home is the opinion of Dr. DeKleine. He adds that Sanatoriums are valuable, but not all people can be treated in such places, there being few of them, but the home can be utilized, and one feature of the present campaign is to demonstrate to the people that the home is a proper and safe place for such treatment.

"We have up to this time carried on a campaign in three counties, Wexford, Barry and Ottawa," says Dr. DeKleine. "Our work will begin in Grand Traverse next week. The results of our work so far are gratifying. Because of its newness, we naturally wondered how people would take to it. We had no precedent on which we could base any conclusion. The work is absolutely new and is pioneer in every detail. But the results so far, I believe, have justified the methods. I can see no reason why we should not sail right ahead now as fast as we can."

"We are reaching the tuberculosis individuals all over the county and we are bringing the very best advice directly to them, in their homes. We are reaching the individual and that, after all, is the most important part of it. Tuberculosis can be treated in the home and must be treated in the home if we ever hope to stamp it out. Sanatoriums are valuable, but not all people can be treated at sanatoriums. We must treat the majority of cases in the home. Therefore, whatever advice we can bring directly and in a practical way into the home as going

to bring results, as much so as the treatment of all other ailments in the home by the family physician.

"We aim to bring the patient and family physician together in such a way that there will not be any question about the ailment for which the patient is being treated. Physicians often fail to make a diagnosis; and if they do, they hesitate to tell their patient as to the real nature of the trouble. The people do not change their mode of living one iota and as a result no real good is accomplished."

DETROIT AUTO SHOW

FORMERLY SET FOR JANUARY 15 TO 22

All that is best in 1916 crop will be displayed in beautiful surroundings—many new models are announced each week; business continuing to establish production records.

Detroit automobile show will be held January 15 to 22, which brings it between the New York and Chicago shows, the dates always selected by the Detroit Automobile Dealers association. Those who are in charge of the affair are working out the details, complete announcement of which soon will be made.

Meanwhile, they assure all who have the show habit that it will be a big display, and that it will be held in a place that is at once attractive and accessible.

In no other city have the automobile men had to jump about for a place in which to stage their exhibits as they have here, and the fact that the D. A. D. A. has been able to discover new places, make them attractive and fill the spaces with the pick of the latest models is a high tribute to the ability of the officers. It is advance proof that the 1916 show will bear the same relation to other shows in its period as have those of the past. Detroit will have the best.

BOOKS YOU WANT

No Trouble to Secure the Latest Literature.

After thorough investigation of the best bookshop in the city, we have found the perfect place for such a collection. Located by DeWitt's, 1915 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Especially for the Christmas season, we have a fine collection of books for boys and girls, and certainly nothing more suitable for the "grown ups" than the books which hang long as a reminder of thoughtful friendship.

No matter what book you want, a postal card order will bring it to you, and at a price which will prove a long saving. Special attention is given to all mail orders, and to matter what book or holiday gift you desire, drop a postal to PENNEN'S 1915 Grand River Ave., Detroit, and you will secure the best service and attention to be obtained anywhere. (Just across from Newcomb End cott Co., on Grand River Ave., drop it when in town and see the many new Holiday novelties.)

And the average man spends nine-tenths of his life trying to accumulate enough money to enable him to spend the other tenth in comfort.

SOCIETY GIRL TO WED PASTOR'S SON



In Persia there grows a weed the seed pods of which have long horns that enter the nostrils of grazing animals and frequently kill them by preventing them from eating or drinking.

It takes a city man to figure out a fortune from raising chickens, but his figures are apt to go wrong because hens are not mathematicians.

After a girl gives her hand in marriage she may never later that she put her foot in.

Occasionally a man makes a great hit by doing the wrong thing at the right time.

Many a man imagines he's the whole circus and hasn't the ghost of a show.

A mouse scare a woman almost as badly as a railroad's cill scares a man.

And one little taste of success makes a man love for all he can swallow.

Don't be in a hurry to accept a bald head as an official badge of wisdom.

GOVERNMENT'S MOVIE SHOWS

Department Busy Turning Out Varied Educational Films

The department of agriculture keeps up a special motion picture factory at which it makes the films it uses in promoting scientific farming. The department heads use the films to illustrate lectures, and the field force shows them at country schoolhouses and churches, where they have invariably attracted large and interested audiences. Even before the factory was set up various bureaus of the department made use of films in educating the public. Thus, the bureau of animal industry had a special film to show southern farmers how to make and use the dipping vats that would free their herds of ticks. It also showed films that illustrated the correct ways of handling meat, breeding cattle and raising poultry.

The good roads division and the forest service have made a similar effective use of motion pictures.

ALL WRONG

The Mistake Is Made by Many Citizens

Look for the cause of backache to be cured you must know the cause.

If it's weak kidneys. You must set the kidneys working right.

The following statement shows you how.

G. P. Henthorn, Water St., Oak Harbor, Ohio, writes: "I had a bad attack of kidney trouble and was unable to do my work. My back felt as though it was broken and that constant ache across the lower back was the life out of me. I tried all kinds of remedies but to no avail. The first box of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills I tried. Before long the pain in my back left and I felt like a different person."

Price 50c, if a dealer. Don't simply ask for a "cheap remedy"—get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Henthorn had. Lozier-Milburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.



AND THIS ADVERTISEMENT BUYS THIS \$1.75 CASSEROLE

Fireproof Earthenware Dish, in a beautiful Nickel-Plated Serving Frame. Ebonized Handles. This casserole is a genuine \$1.75 value. Mail orders promptly filled.

HEYN'S BAZAAR

"The Glassware-China-Silverware Store of Detroit"

FOR YOUR BOOKS TRY

Dennen's Book Shop

19 E. Grand River Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

Dr. A. E. MATTLER

Chiropractor and Foot Specialist. All ailments of the foot successfully treated. Try A. E. Mattler's Eczema Ointment. Relieves itching instantly. Send 25c for trial. 242 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

FOOT SPECIALIST

GERMAN SOLDIERS NOW USING INDIVIDUAL SEARCHLIGHTS



Five German soldiers and their individual searchlight.

More and more as the war progresses it is evidenced that the most modern appliances which the inventive genius of the Kaiser's forces can devise are being used to good purpose in the German lines, both in the trenches and on the battle front. The photo shows one of the most modern of the inventions—a portable searchlight. This searchlight, small as it is, is a remarkably powerful one. When set in use it is taken

"JOHN DOE"

Synopsis—Chapter I

An injured, unknown man, speaking a strange foreign tongue is brought to Bellevue Hospital and is nicknamed John Doe by the doctor and nurse.

CHAPTER II

Scarred Visitors

Breakfast-time and the morning paper brought the unidentified patient to my mind, for on an inside page of the peridical I found an item which ran:

WATER-FRONT HOLD-UP

Unidentified Foreigner Picked Up Seriously Wounded. Speaks Strange Language.

Stabbed in the back, his left arm and three ribs broken, his pockets emptied and turned inside out, an unconscious foreigner was found lying abreast of Pier 18, North River, shortly after dusk last evening.

Taken to Bellevue Hospital, the injured man was revived, but none of the interpreters were able to converse with him. The surgeons are of the opinion that the man was stabbed, robbed, and then thrown out of a rapidly moving vehicle.

Little hope is expressed for the recovery of the victim. The police profess to have no clue to the identity of the assailants.

"He's a funny guy," said the day attendant when I reported for duty that evening.

He jerked a thumb in the direction of Cot 12, and continued:

"When I was about to wheel him into the X-ray room this morning to get a picture of his ribs he hung onto the cot with that good right wing of his. Wouldn't have till he had around under the bedclothes and dragged out his wooden foot. I stepped on his foot and then he was happy. He's a fat shape."

"Find anybody that can talk with him?" I asked.

"Night night" greeted the day man negatively as he struggled into his overcoat. "Old Moses was up here this afternoon. He tried him with all the languages he speaks. Nothing doing. Moses says he thinks it's some dialect of Polish. Well, we've transferred all our old dialects to the Metropolitan and moved away the 'springs'. You'll have a easy night. So long."

Thankfully I even the clock center of the long war and then went about my duties.

As I took my temperature I noticed that John Doe had considerable fever. But he seemed to be resting easier than he had been the night before, and he flashed me a grateful look as I took his pulse.

"What do you make of those scars, doctor?" I asked the ward surgeon, a little later, as he halted before Cot 12 after attending to an urgent summons from another part of the ward.

"Couldn't say exactly, Mac," pronounced the interne as he stroked his near Vandyke and glanced at the chart posted at the foot of the cot.

Then he bent over the wounded man and turned his attention to the recently healed lacerations.

"Looks like the work of poisonous thorns," he murmured as he ran his trained fingers over the pitted and lumpy skin of John Doe's forearm. "Probably we'll never learn definitely," he added as he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

It was nine o'clock, or a little after, when the telephone-bell brought me out of Gray's chapter on the connective tissues. The "Gate" was speaking:

"Three guys comin' up to identify your John Doe. The 'sistant-super's office says to let 'em look him over. If they recognize him you're to fill out his history sheet."

To Miss Julia I repeated the message from the man at the entrance gates of the big institution.

"Hope they're friends of his, and that they cheer him up," said the black-haired night nurse as she slipped into "Surgical 14" on a still hurried for reserve hot-water bottles. For three empty cots in No 13 yawned for post-operatives still up in the amphitheater.

The fireproof door swung open a few minutes later, and following hard upon the heels of a messenger, three dark-complexioned strangers entered the ward.

They were rough-looking customers. The man in the lead was a hairy-faced ruffian bearded to the top of his cheekbones. Slouching behind him was an oily-skinned rascal whose shoe-bottom eyes roved restlessly over the cot along the walls. The third member of the ugly trio lagged behind, and each of the three seemed to be

actually fearful of recognizing its occupant.

As I caught a full-faced glimpse of the laggard, I noticed that he had but one serviceable eye. The other organ, atrophied and shrunken in its socket, lent an expression to the cruel face once seen never to be forgotten.

One's antipathies are a hard thing to explain, particularly when they apply to strange persons with whom one has never exchanged a word. I conceived a dislike for these visitors as soon as I laid eyes upon them.

Ugly in person as was the man in Cot 12, there was some spark in his doglike brown eyes that kindled a responsive flame. Countrymen of John Doe or not, my sixth sense told me that their presence in Surgical 13 was not to the advantage of the wounded man.

Miss Prendergast led the way to the corner cot of our unidentified patient, and I was about to follow, when once more the ward door swung open to admit a white-swathed post-operative from the amphitheatre above.

It was a case which kept me busy for fully ten minutes. When I turned again to Cot 12, it was to see Miss Julia remonstrating with the bearded visitor.

"Mac," she called, as she caught my eye.

Instantly I sprang across the ward in time to see them with the withered eye withdraw his hand from beneath John Doe's pillow. And the man with the beady eyes and saffron skin was actually sitting upon the cot of the sufferer.

"They're annoying this poor man," complained Miss Julia, her eyes sparkling. "Did you see that? He's sitting on his back!"

"I don't know what he's doing," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot." "He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

haunted John Doe and addressed myself to Blackbeard.

"We do not know thees ol' fellow," was the sneering reply.

With his eyes he seemed to be measuring the distance between us. Then they leaped suspiciously to the white-robed woman at the telephone, whom he had just noticed.

"What language does the sick man speak?" I went on, edging simultaneously toward an instrument cupboard which I knew to contain surgical implements that might be used as weapons of defense should the emergency arise.

An insulting laugh was my sole reply. Then, at a word from their hasty retreat.

With an idea of securing their detention I sprang to the telephone and called up the Gate; but before I was connected several minutes had elapsed, and the watchman on duty reported that the three men had just entered a waiting hack and had been driven rapidly away.

And when a pair of blue coats burst into the ward there was nothing left to do but for me to inform them of my suspicions and to describe the actions and personal appearances of the unwelcome visitors.

Perfunctorily, with obvious yawns, the policemen drew out their memorandum-books and jotted down brief notes. Then they returned to their posts on the ground floor—in the gloomy ward with the barred door and windows.

Later, in the incoherent watches of the early morning, Miss Julia and I, seated upon opposite sides of the big, flat-topped ward desk, conversed in low tones of the unusual events of the night.

That a mystery, seemingly unsolvable, shrouded the identity and history of the man in Cot 12 the buxom "Up State" girl and I were agreed.

CHAPTER III

John Doe as a Penman

"Look" and Kelly, the day attendant, as I was relieving him the next evening. He was pointing at the corner cot of Cot 12.

I looked at the cot and saw John Doe sitting up in bed, looking at the cot. "He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

"He's sitting on the cot," I replied, looking up at the man who was sitting on the cot. "He's sitting on the cot."

Buried in one of the chapters on the connective tissues, too deeply occupied in my studies to more than raise my head as the door at the far end of the ward opened and closed to the gaily visits of supervising nurses and the sturdy tramp of the blue-shirted night watchman, it must have been about two in the morning when Miss Julia brought me out of my anatomy back to the realities of Surgical 13.

"John wants you," she said, placing a white-hand over the paragraph I was digesting.

For the moment I couldn't for the life of me grasp her meaning. Then the bony right arm adn beseeching eyes of the man of mystery made me know that he sought my company.

It seemed that he finished his writing. Five sheets of paper lay atop the writing tablet, each sheet covered with the unusual characters.

The man with the scars greeted me with a haggard smile. His weak and trembling fingers made ineffectual efforts to fold the material into smaller compass. I helped him.

Once across the middle, I folded the letter-sized sheets, and then twice the other way. Then I fetched a Bellevue envelope, enclosed the writing, and laid the envelope face-up upon the stand, supposing that he would make some effort to address it. To my surprise, he threw the pen upon the floor.

His forefinger touched the document, his lips moved, his eyes sought mine; then he pointed directly at me, immediately thereafter extending his fingers and waving his hand around the ward, as much as if to say:

"There is my message. You can't read it. Take it and find somebody who can."

In pantomime, I told John Doe that I accepted his trust. I stuck up seven fingers and pointed at the clock, trying to convey the hint to him that at seven in the morning I would be free to devote my time to the finding of an interpreter.

And the scarred sufferer must have understood me—had confidence in me—for not only did he make no objection when I removed his extension light; he immediately fell asleep as soundly as if he were a tired lad about his father's house.

Meaning found the man of mystery full steeped off his exhaustion, his gray hair pulled down on his forehead, and I took a look at my watch. I was off duty, then, and turned to my bacon and eggs.

"Time clock found me in the assistant superintendent's office. I'd made up my mind to get along without my day's sleep, if necessary in order that the five-page letter might be translated."

"It's all Greek to me," chuckled the land, good-natured second in command at Bellevue after I'd told my story and produced the message.

He tumbled with the pages of the document, eyed the curious characters, then scowling looked out upon the insane pavilion, across the way. Respectfully I awaited his wishes.

"Here!" he called finally. He rolled his after-breakfast cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and looked up at me with a quizzical grin. "Have you got any detective ability?"

I replied that I didn't know—that I doubted it.

"Well, then, I designate you as a committee of one. You're to get that document read. If we turn it over to the police they'll probably stick it in a pigeonhole, and we'll never know who stabbed and robbed that fellow." The assistant chief refolded the puzzle and tossed it over to me.

YOUNG MILLIONAIRE COMMITS SUICIDE



Warren M. Peabody.

Warren M. Peabody of Chicago, the 21-year-old son of the late Hiram B. Peabody, committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium. The young man came into possession of more than half of \$2,000,000 left him by his father.

pocketed it and turned to go.

"And, by the way"—I halted at the words—"if you run across anything interesting I'd like to have you report to me. And should your investigation keep you out after seven in the evening, you're excused from night duty. Good morning."

The big man turned back to his pile of volumes, when I hunted up "Old Moses," the venerable head of Bellevue's staff of interpreters.

Moses looked up from the writing, shifted his double-lensed spectacles to the end of his nose, and studied me for fully a minute.

"Well?" I ventured.

With the air of a graud duke of all the Russians, the wrinkled son of Israel lit one of his slim cigarettes, inhaled a mouthful of the arid smoke, and then waved the paper tube at John Doe's message.

"It esn't R-r-russian," he purred; "yet the letters are of the R-r-russian. It esn't Poleesh, nor Lithuanian, nor Slovak. For twenty dollars a friend of mine who esn't interpreter in the Municipal Courts weel r-render a perfect transla-"

But I picked up the letter and fled, leaving Moses to his cigarettes and memories of pogroms. I had no money to invest in the solving of the mystery, and felt confident that somewhere in the big city I could find a person willing and able to read the message and give me the gist of its contents.

At the office of the Russian consul-general an obliging underling descended to look at the writing.

"I recognize the language," said he at length.

Perceptibly my heart beat faster. "It is written," went on the clerk, "in the Dalmatian dialect of the Serbo-Croatian language by a man possessing very fair education. I cannot read it myself. One word out of five I might decipher."

"Tell me, please, who can read it?" I begged, my heart once more pumping at normal speed.

The consular clerk examined his manicured nails, frowning the meanwhile.

"It's very hard to know just where to direct you," he answered after some moments. "I happen to know that it will not do you any good to visit the office of the Austro-Hungarian consul-general, for we once had an occasion to have translated a letter written in the Dalmatian dialect, and they couldn't help us. Over three they can translate only German, Hungarian, Polish and Bohemian. The man who translated the letter for us is no longer in the city. He—"

"Who are these Dalmatians?" I interrupted. "Where can I find one of them in New York?"

"They come from a kingdom—a part of Austria bordering on the Adriatic Sea," the Americanized Russian was good enough to answer. "Most Dalmatians are of Slavish descent. A few of them speak the Venetian dialect of Italian. They are mostly sailors and farmers by occupation. Like the Montenegrins who live near them, they are nearly all tall in stature and very dark-complexioned. Very few of them come to America."

My informant looked up from his nails, to gaze upon the gloomy facade of a building across dingy Stone Street. He shrugged his shoulders as he concluded:

"Maybe—in some sailors' or immigrants' boarding-house on West Street—possibly Greenwich Street—you might be able to find a person who can make the translation."

I thanked the clerk for his trouble and pains, and made my way across-town to the North River.

It was the keeper of a Polish immigrants' boarding-house who finally put me on the right track. In a room lined with frowzy-looking servant-girls and booted farm laborers awaiting employment, the red-nosed proprietor informed me that one, Szabo Roth, keeper of a saloon, could read Dalmatian and "all other Slavish dialects."

Four steps down from the street, in a low-ceilinged room reeking with the fumes of stale beer and cheap spirits, I found Szabo Roth.

He was a rheumy-eyed, piggyish-looking man of a great weight and flabby flesh. Tough-looking characters draped the greasy bar and rubbed shoulders against the blood plaster wall. Sailors clad in sweaters emblazoned with the onec-white initials of various transatlantic steamship companies, foreign-looking fellows with high mustaches curled truculently upward, ox-eyed Slavish immigrants spat and swore and scuffed their heavy foot-gear on the saw-dust-covered floor.

"I am Szabo," admitted the mass of flesh behind the end of the bar. It was the end nearest the entrance.

The red-rimmed eyes of the speaker eyed me suspiciously. Doubtless, decently-clad, shaven and brushed citizens were all too infrequent visitors at the Greenwich Street dive.

"Can you read Dalmatian?" I asked, looking directly at the point

"Can I read my breakfast?" mocked Szabo, with a leer to the nearest of his customers.

There was a drunken guffaw from at least two of them who understood English.

"For three years I run a boarding-house in Braza," supplemented the fat man hastily, as he noted my flush of annoyance. "I can handle der Dalmatianz like a native," he added.

"I've got a letter for you to translate," I said, simultaneously feeling in my pocket for the envelope which held the strange writing.

"Are you for der police?" inquired the keeper of the dive, as he took John Doe's message in his crooked fingers, and eyed me with an increasing degree of respect.

My stature—five plus eleven—and my night-attendant "air of authority" may have had something to do with his inquiry.

"For the space of possibly three minutes, all was silent within the grocery, save for the shuffling of uneasy feet, and the tick-tock of the cheap clock which hung below a gaudily framed lithograph of a once-famous Purple Star seven-day liner. (To be Continued)

All the latest and popular books on sale day of publication—by mail prepaid.

Dennens' Book Shop

19 E. Grand River Avenue
DETROIT, MICH.

Typewriters—All Makes

No. 5 Underwoods, No. 5 L. O. Smith, No. 5 Royals, No. 10 Remingtons at about one-half new prices.

Rebuilt typewriters—black type, all makes, that look and work like new machines. Special—Latest model No. 2 L. C. Smiths, black type, factory rebuilt, \$42.50.

TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES COMPANY

86 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.
One Block North Interurban Depot

Feet Hurt?

Why don't you wear Dr. A. Reed Cushion Sole Shoes. Easiest and most comfortable shoe made. Catalogue sent free.

Dr. A. Reed

Cushion Shoes
272 Woodward Ave.
DETROIT

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

DETROIT Y. M. C. A.
DAY & EVENING CLASSES
For Salesmen, Chauffeurs, Machinists and Owners. Enter any time. For Particulars, Address Y. M. C. A. Automobile School Room 303 Detroit, Mich.

LIBRARY PARK HOTEL

OPPOSITE HUDSON STORE
Rates 75 up Noon Lunch 35c
A. E. HAMILTON
Detroit, Mich.

Save \$'s on Old Tires

From (2) old tires we make one double tread tire, which we guarantee WILL outwear any new tire. We are the original double tread MFRS. and don't get misled. Open week days 8 to 9 p. m. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Also, a large stock of new and second hand tubes and tires.
AUTO TIRE EXCHANGE
237 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit
Phone Cadillac 3-54

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR



You can equal the work of the barber, and cut your own hair. Simple as cutting the hair No. 17—see picture. Use the "Two Safety Hair Cutter" will be sent you fully guaranteed for \$1.00. The TWO SAFETY HAIR CUTTER

OHIO and MICHIGAN and Live Stock Show



10 A. M. TO
10:30 P. M.

OHIO

Dec.
1st

To

Dec.
12th



MICHIGAN

TERMINAL
AUDITORIUM
TOLEDO,
OHIO

A Few of the Leading Exhibitors in the Power and Farm Machinery Section

Ship us your Cream

Honest weights and tests guaranteed
and cash with every shipment.

The Paige Dairy Co.
Toledo, Ohio

GREATEST INDOOR EXPOSITION OF LAND PRODUCTS

LIVE STOCK AND POWER FARM MACHINERY

Breeders and lovers of cattle, sheep,
swine, poultry and pet stock will
find interest and profit in attending the
Ohio and Michigan Land Products
and Livestock Exposition.

Exhibits of live stock have been re-
stricted to blue ribbon animals. The
prize winners at the fall fairs will be
on display. Poultry and pet stock
exhibits already arranged for assure
more than 3,000 birds, an increase
of 300 per cent over last year's splen-
did display, and the greatest number
of birds ever exhibited at any Ohio
or Michigan show.

Cash premiums for all livestock
displays. Cash prizes for poultry ex-
hibits. Daily lectures by livestock,
poultry and farm machinery and soil
experts.

In connection with the Livestock
Exposition will be held a complete
exposition of Power Farm Machinery
and the great Electrical Prosperity
Celebration, an exposition in itself,
with co-operative displays by all the
electrical interests of northwestern
Ohio.

Over 600 Individual Exhibits in Ad-
dition to Special Daily Attractions

Ohio State Agricultural Exhibits,
Good Roads Exhibit of the Federal
Government, Dairy Farm Tractor
Demonstrations, Co-operative Agri-
cultural Display by 16 counties of
northeastern Michigan, Special Elec-
trical Display on the largest scale
ever attempted by any similar ex-
position, Daily Milking Machine Dem-
onstrations, Tank car exhibit of Live
Fish by State Fish and Game Com-
mission, Free Moving Pictures of
Farm Life, Amusement—Instruction—
Profit—for all visitors from town
and country.

The largest manufacturers of farm
machinery etc are exhibitors in the
farm machinery—dairy—automobile
and electric sections.

It sometimes takes a certain amount
of strength to admit our own weak-
ness.

You never can tell. Many a man is
all physically, but mighty short finan-
cially.

A pessimist is a person who is sea-
sick during the entire voyage of life.

Occasionally the early bird makes
a mistake in selecting a worm—and
gets stung.

When visiting the Toledo Exposition
don't miss the splendid exhibit of the

John Deere Plow Co.

Come and inspect the full line of
improved farm implements we have to
offer. Factory representatives—each
and every man a specialist in his par-
ticular line—will be there to demon-
strate the use of each tool; answer
your questions and help you solve
your agricultural problems.

Dr. W. E. Taylor
Noted Soil Expert

will deliver an address on Dec. 8th
and 9th in the Auditorium of the Ter-
minal Bldg., which is going to be one
of the "big events" of the Exposition.
To hear this renowned lecturer and
authority on scientific farming is the
treasure of a life time and an opportunity
you can't afford to miss. Hear Dr.
Taylor and you will go away a better
and wiser farmer—Remember the date.

December 8th and 9th

WINTER CARE OF STOCK

Profitable Wintering of Farm Ani-
mals Depends Largely Upon
Economic Feeding

Dept. Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
—The fall season is here and with it
approaches the winter feeding prob-
lem. It is time to consider what feed
can most profitably be used. Grains
will be high and should be fed judi-
ciously. The bulk of the feed used
for wintering stock should be made
up of roughages from the farm. Small
amounts of concentrates, fed daily
with these feeds, make comparatively
cheap rations entirely suitable to cer-
tain classes of live stock.

For convenience in planning winter
feeding, farm animals may be divided
into three classes:
I. Mature animals not producing
an income during winter months.
II. Animals producing an income
during the winter.
Young and growing stock to be re-
tained on the farm the following sum-
mer.

In Class I may be included all ma-
ture live stock held on the farm, either
for breeding purposes, future work, or
finishing for market the following
summer.
In Class II may be included work
horses, cows producing milk, and
stock being fattened for market or
conditioned for sale during the winter
months.

In Class III may be included all
young and growing stock on the farm.
The big saving in the winter feed
bill can be made with Class I. This
does not mean that animals of this
class should be permitted to come
through the winter in a run-down and
weakened condition. Rather than
consider such a practice, it would be
far better to sell the stock in the fall,
and should be maintained on cheap-
er feeds. Roughages, supplemented
by a small amount of concentrates
(oil meal or grain) are in favor of

\$10 an Hour

—That's what you easily gain, or lose depending on the re-
liability of your ensilage cutter. With 8 to 12 men, 3 to
5 teams, and an engine working, there is a heavy loss of
time, labor and money with every breakdown. Use a Papec
and count on every minute. It has a one-piece semi-steel
frame—no rivets to work loose; has gear transmission only
and six fans instead of the usual four it elevates higher
and with less power than any other. Easily set up, oper-
ated, and taken down. Capacities 3 to 30 tons per hour—
sizes for 4 H. P. and up. Guaranteed to elevate perpendicu-
lar to the height of any Silo at 600 R. M. Thousands in
use. There's a reason. You can depend on the

PAPECK PNEUMATIC ENSILAGE CUTTER

Come and see one—talk it over
THE BAYTING MACHINE CO., Distributors
111-121 Superior St., TOLEDO, OHIO

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality
THE FAMOUS PAGE SIXES
STANDARD OF VALUE AND QUALITY

THE PAIGE TOLEDO CO., Distributors
NORTHWESTERN OHIO AND SOUTHERN MICHIGAN
Cor. Madison and 15th St., TOLEDO, OHIO

H. P. Main 359

C. L. STURTEVANT, Mgr.

T & F TIRES

4000 Miles Guarantee

Your dollars go farther if they are on your car.
"We keep our customers." See them at the show.

Manufactured by

Toledo-Findlay Tire & Rubber Co.
TOLEDO, OHIO

for them. Give the horses, cattle
and sheep access to cut-over grain
fields and straw stacks, meadows,
wooded lots, and pastures. Horses
and sheep may have access to husked
cornfields. In certain sections
where losses of cattle have been ex-
perienced in the past from the so-called
cornstalk disease farmers should
consider this fact before turning the
cattle into such cornfields. As the
winter advances, open the bars to
shelters, feed racks, and grain
troughs.

Corn silage will be invaluable at
this time, especially for cattle and
sheep. Keep the feed racks filled
with corn stover, hay and straw, but
do not be wasteful in the feeding.
The amount of grain to put in the
trough can not definitely be given.
The same should vary in accordance
with severity of winter and condi-
tion of stock. This is a point that
can only be decided in the feed lot.
To permit the stock to go entirely
without concentrates at this time
would be a grave mistake, and in all
probability make impossible the task
of bringing it to spring feed in a
healthy and vigorous condition. Such
a condition is imperative in the case
of breeding animals and essential for
feeders if best results are to be ob-
tained.

The matter of feeding hogs, includ-
ed in Class I, presents an entirely dif-
ferent problem, from that of the other

stock. It is true that they may profit-
ably be run on grain fields, meadows,
and pastures before snow arrives, but
concentrates must constitute much of
their ration after outside fields are
closed for winter. Roots, chopped al-
falfa hay, apples, and waste products
of the dairy and household will do
much toward keeping down the cost
of their winter feed. In fact, any
products that will substitute for the
forages and grasses in the field, which
are so essential to the conditioning
of brood sows, can well be used.

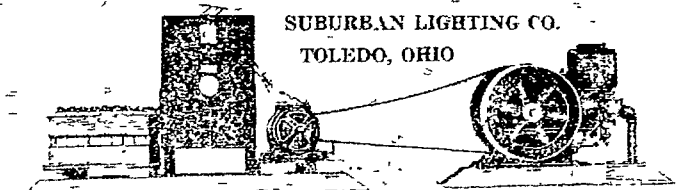
Concerning the feed for stock in-
cluded in Class II little need be said.
It is a fact well known that horses
at work require both care and feed.
This they must receive if their work
is done. To furnish the dairy cow
with rations not intended to meet the
demands made upon her system by the
milk she gives would defeat the pur-
pose for which she is kept. Equally
certain would the stinting of the ra-
tion of fattening steers or hogs fail to
make them ready for the Christmas
market. As the food requirement for
these different classes of live stock
is a matter of common knowledge to
stockmen, it remains only to see that
it is provided in abundance.

With Class III, the young and
growing stock, most costly mistakes
in feeding occur. A full realization
of the fact that cheapest and most
rapid gains in live stock are made
with younger animals should do much

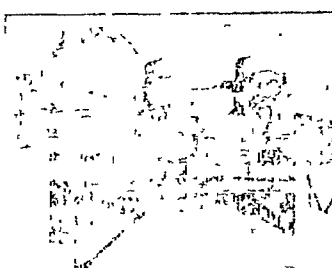
"Suburban Automatic" Electric Lighting Plants

THE MOST ECONOMIC AND RELIABLE PLANT
IN THE WORLD. WILL EXHIBIT IN SPACE 81.

SUBURBAN LIGHTING CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO



WOMAN'S FRIEND



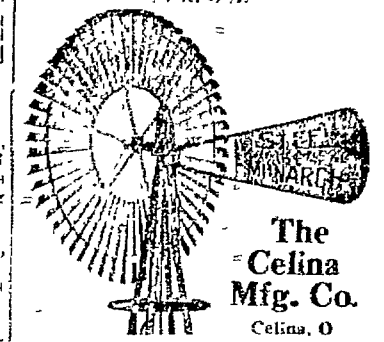
A Real Power Washer

The Round Rubber tube the clothes,
turns them over and forces the hot
soapy water through them. Washes
tub full in 5 minutes. No shifting
weights. Nothing to get out of or
der.
See our big exhibit at the Toledo
Live Stock Exposition.
Write us for free catalogue and
prices.
BLUETON, OHIO White-Black.

Monarch Line Wind Mills

Pumps
Tanks
Etc.

WATER SYSTEMS FOR EVERY
PURPOSE



The
Celina
Mfg. Co.
Celina, O

Use the Best and Cheapest Power

ELECTRIC MOTORS are the cheapest and by far the most sat-
isfactory means of power available.

We have a motor for every power purpose, large or small, for use in
the factory, shop, home or farm.

Let us know your requirements,
our prices will interest you.

The W. G. Nagel Electric Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Electrical Machinery and Supplies of All Kinds

toward obviated losses to farmers
through insufficient and improper
feeding of such animals. The failure
to put gains on animals during the
growing period intended for them by
nature can not be corrected by copious
feeding later at any later time. Their
growth has been stunted, and rarely
will they fully recover from early
setback. Even when they do it is a
costly practice to put growth and
flesh on a stunted animal, as com-
pared to what could have been done
when he was in a healthy condition.

But it is not necessary that young
stock be fed as are fattening animals.
Watch their feed troughs and see
that all of the daily rations are con-
sumed. Do not feed them in excess,
but make certain they are contented
after each feeding. See that the ex-
ercise lot is used daily and that clean
water is provided. The failure to
feed young stock properly will open
the way for future serious troubles,

and no stockman can afford to encour-
age such a practice, even during the
winter months.

A FARM THAT WAS MADE TO PAY

A significant instance of what prop-
er methods of farm management can
accomplish is afforded by a certain
500-acre farm in central Michigan.
For 10 years this farm failed to pay
interest on the capital invested. One
year after the owners had been induc-
ed to make radical changes the farm
paid all the expenses of operation and
returned them 5 per cent on an in-
vestment of \$60,000. The changes
which accomplished this financial re-
volution were as follows:

- (1) Four-horse machinery was
substituted for 2-horse.
- (2) The unprofitable cows in the
dairy herd were weeded out and sold
and the money received for them in-
vested in better stock.
- (3) A silo was built.

Best Gas Range Ever Made



Free Demonstration at our Office.

GAS IS HERE==

And a complete line of ACORN GAS RANGES is on display in the sample rooms of the Gas Company under the Wheeler Building on Center St. We don't want you to have large bills due to the use of faulty gas ranges and therefore we have selected the ACORN GAS RANGES which have a perfect and logical oven circulation, fine workmanship and the best material and construction of any gas range which has come to our attention. An ACORN GAS RANGE is not only useful but ornamental and is something that will last you a life time and you will always be proud of it. It saves fuel. It has a heavy angle iron frame electrically welded for its base and it will never sag and the doors will always close tight. All parts are enameled so that it is easy to keep clean and will not rust. We give a fine "C. E. Z." gas light with every gas stove sold this fall and connect the stove and light free from the meter. AND our prices are five to ten dollars less than you will find elsewhere. Come in and see our GAS RANGES and APPLIANCES.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD
WITH THE GAS COMPANY.

PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE GAS CO.

Office and Sales Room Under the Wheeler Building.

PHOTOS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

You will be wondering again this year what to give your friends for Christmas. A Dozen Photographs will answer this question a dozen times.

Come Early.

C. O. WISDOM,

Northville. (Phone 45.) Photographer.

If You Have a Printing Want

WE WANT TO KNOW
WHAT IT IS

Pointing out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fair, but the best obtainable. If you are "from Missouri" give us a trial and we will

Show You

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," at Alseum Theatre Saturday Evening, November 27, 1915.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," the popular stage play, has been arranged in moving pictures and will be featured at the Alseum theatre Saturday evening.

Jimmy is an expert safe opener and falls in with evil acquaintances which causes his arrest for a crime of which he is really innocent. Previously he has saved from insult on a parlor car, a young girl, who falls in love with him and who later finds him in prison. His release is secured and he is made clerk in a bank owned by the girl's father. By accident her little sister is locked in one of the bank safes and seems doomed to die by suffocation when Jimmie succeeds in freeing her and secures the girl he loves. Robert Warwick acts the part of Jimmie.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Ray Bogart entertained Miss Edith Burrell of Ypsilanti over Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Perry and little son of Wixom visited Northville friends Monday.

Miss Gertrude Chalk of Detroit was the guest of Mrs. Dell Herrick over Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Rytoven of Grand Rapids is visiting Mrs. E. A. Roe and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Harmon spent Thanksgiving with their son and family in Detroit.

J. E. Stevenson of Detroit visited Northville friends from Friday until Saturday evening.

Homer Brooks of Novi was a visitor Monday at the home of his brother, L. L. Brooks and wife.

Miss Lillian Witt left this week for her home near Farmington where she will spend the winter.

Miss Marjorie Hancy from Seneca county, New York, is visiting at the home of Mrs. F. S. Neal.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Seeley are spending the week with their daughter, Mrs. J. D. LaRue, at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Miller and three children of Detroit spent Thanksgiving at the J. W. Perkins home.

Dr. T. B. Henry and T. E. Murdock returned the latter part of last week from a hunting trip in northern Michigan.

Mrs. M. G. Power, E. C. Hinkley, and S. W. Curtiss attended the Scheumann-Heink recital in Detroit Monday.

Mrs. Mary Pradmore went to Detroit Saturday for an indefinite visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Larson.

Stephen Gage and son of Saginaw are the recent guests of the former father and sister of the J. L. Thompson home.

Mrs. Mary York has returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Session after a stay of about a month in New York city.

Mrs. S. J. Hume of Detroit was here to attend the Masonic festivities. Her husband and wife are here and hearty as he did 20 years ago.

D. J. Stark and William Walker went to Kalamazoo today to attend the M. E. Sunday school state conference, as delegates from the Northville church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Raybourn of West Branch were guests at Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook from Wednesday until Saturday of last week. Mrs. Raybourn is a sister of Mrs. Cook.

Mrs. Helen Cable and daughter Mrs. Laura Snyder expect to leave for California Saturday. They will visit the position and various points of interest in that state and then go to Portland, Oregon, to visit the former's sister. They will return home in the spring by way of the Panama canal, New York City and Niagara Falls.

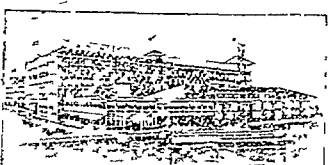
TEEPLES—MIDDLEDORF.

Ralph S. Teeple of this place and Miss Emma Middledorf of Four Towns were united in marriage by Rev. F. I. Walker Sunday afternoon, at the home of Wm. Roberts on Rogers street.

AUCTION SALE.

E. C. Dickinson and Son will sell their farm tools, and stock at auction on what is known as the Geo. Herrick farm, 6 miles west of Northville, on the Fishery road, Monday, November 29. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

Ridicule.
It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.—Doctor Arnold.



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE
MINERAL BATH HOUSE
DETROIT (Jefferson Ave.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydrotherapeutic treatment for Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeutic value by any spring in America or Europe.

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection. Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co's Wharf. Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00 per day and up.
F. R. Hayes, Prop. F. L. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

John D. Mabley

SAYS: Mabley Clothes Are Better. We do not say "as good" but would be glad to show you the superiority of Mabley Clothes.
\$10.00 \$15.00 \$20.00 \$25.00 \$30.00
Our \$5.00 Boys' Suit is a leader with us and none but the very best fabrics and making goes in. TRY ONE FOR YOUR BOY.

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.
Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

The Early Xmas Shopper



Will find a Full Display of
Dennison's Gift
Dressings.

The assortment is larger than ever.

Our Stationery, Kodak

Parisian Ivory, Perfumes,

etc., etc., etc.

are now ready for your inspection.

Initial Stationery and

Correspondence Cards

are Excellent Holiday Presents and they don't cost very much. Big-Line. Better lay away a few choice selections of just the right initial.

A. E. STANLEY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

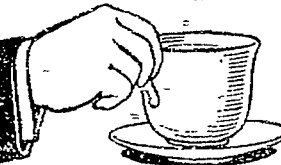
Here's a Royal Coffee for Your Cup

When you have tried one package of Nero you will be so completely won over to its delicious flavor, smooth taste and rich cup quality that no other coffee will do.

Nero Coffee is a superior coffee and its merits have made friends among coffee-lovers.

Nero Coffee—25 Cents

Carefully blended by coffee experts fresh roasted daily and packed immediately, it reaches you in perfect condition.



Pleasant Valley Tea wins in favor because of its delightfully refreshing flavor. Try a pound with your next grocery order—50c, 60c, 80c per lb.

C. F. GOODLI, Novi, Mich.
A. H. KOHLER, Northville.

Stark Bros. Fruits

Announcing their
100th Year

How to Grow Bigger Crops of Superb Fruit—FREE

YOU need this practical, expert information. Whether you own or intend to plant a few trees or a thousand, it is information that will save you the labor and money. Get it! Simply send your name and address on the coupon—or on a postal, if you prefer.

We will gladly mail you a free copy of our New Catalog—an 11 x 8 in. book that is simply packed with hints that will enable you to see to it bumper crops of finest fruit—and sell them at top market prices. The whole book is filled with facts that will interest and instruct you—facts about low fruit-growers.

everywhere are getting prodigious crops and large cash profits from crops of young fruit. Stark Bros. trees—these "fact" books—are the fruit of the Stark Bros. Fruit Farm, the world's largest fruit farm, located in Louisiana, Mo.

Stark Bros. Nurseries at Louisiana, Mo.

Read it and learn about the new fruit trees and plants that are the "Fruit of Success"—the "Double Fruit".

Grimes Golden—the tree development that has made the "Double Fruit" a fact about Stark Bros. trees. Stark Early Elberta, and all the latest peaches, Stark Bro's crown, Stark's peaches, Stark's Luccas, Stark's Montmorency Cherries, Stark's Golden Pines, and the other famous Stark Bros. fruits, berries and ornamentals.



Stark Bros.
At Louisiana Mo.
Since 1816.

Get Our New Catalog FREE from cover to cover with beautiful photographs. Ask for it by coupon or a postal, bearing your name and address.

Stark Bros. Dept. A Louisiana, Mo. I expect to plant _____ trees Name _____ R.F.D. _____ P.O. _____ State _____